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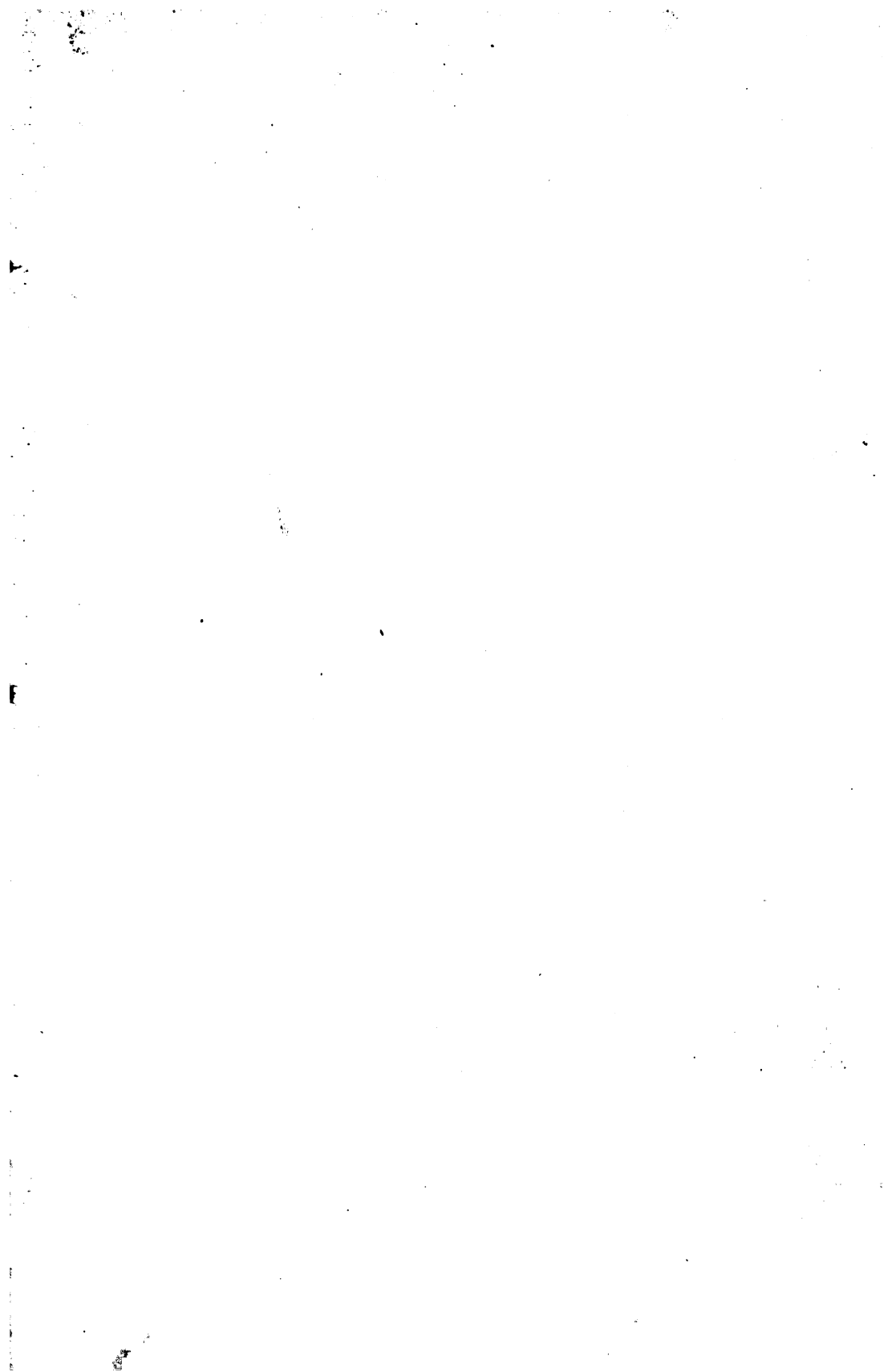
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Wm Thackeray



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CHARLES WICKENS

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1864.

From the London Quarterly.

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S JOURNAL.

IN the last July number of the *Quarterly Review* we hastened to tender our congratulations on the return of the two intrepid travelers who had accomplished the unparalleled feat of crossing the continent of Africa from Zanzibar to Egypt, and to offer our tribute of sympathy in the apparent success of a great undertaking for the purpose of solving the most ancient and interesting of geographical problems. Although Captain Speke did not pretend that he had visited the remote springs of the Nile, or had traced its waters to their fountain-head, he announced that the great lake which he discovered on his first expedition is undoubtedly

the chief reservoir and head water from which the mighty river, swollen by a thousand tributary streams in its long passage to the sea, derives its annual floods. The details of this extraordinary journey, which extended over a period of more than three years, have now been published; and although scientific geographers may hesitate to fully accept all the conclusions at which Captain Speke has arrived, his *Journal*, which records the daily life of a traveler in the center of Africa, and the residence of months among people who had never before seen a European countenance, can not but be read with the liveliest interest. It is a simple record of struggles made from day to day to accomplish the object which he had at heart; and if there is a little sameness in these difficulties, it must be re-

* *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.* By JOHN HANNING SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army, etc. London. 1863.

membered that it is to the manner in which they were met that the final success of the enterprise is due. It was only from his own diary that the picture of patient energy and manly resolution could have been so well brought out. If it does not possess literary merit, to which its author probably never aspired, it abounds with very extraordinary incidents; and this graphic narrative affords probably a clearer insight into savage life than any more artistic production could have given. Although Captain Speke did not encounter

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

or other monsters with which the imagination has sometimes peopled the interior of Africa, he found himself in daily contact with forms of savage life almost equally surprising. He encountered in his journey from Zanzibar to Gondokoro phases of society which exhibited the merely animal nature of man in all its revolting hideousness, while others assumed the highest form of civilized humanity which probably the African can now attain without receiving an impulse from a higher race. It is not our intention to analyze minutely a work which is now being so widely read, but, postponing for the present some remarks upon the important hydrographical questions which will be revived by this publication, we will trace the course of Captain Speke and his gallant companion from Zanzibar across the African equator until, triumphant over all difficulties, they reached Gondokoro, and were rejoiced by the sight of European countenances, after having dwelt for nearly three years among the black tribes of intertropical Africa without having had any communication whatever with England or indeed with any portion of the civilized world.

The route taken from Zanzibar was, as far as Kazé, the same as that traveled over by Captains Burton and Speke in their joint expedition to the Tanganyika lake in 1859. Kazé is the seat of an extensive commerce in ivory, and the residence of many wealthy Arab merchants, who traffic with natives in this commodity, and send it from that emporium to the coast. Here Captain Speke met with the same warm hospitality which is the characteristic of the Arab race in every part of the world. At Kazé the interest

of the *Journal* may be said to commence, for we are thenceforward introduced to a succession of entirely new scenes, new countries, and new characters; the native States passed through having never before been visited by Europeans. However great may be the geographical interest of this exploration, attention will probably be quite as much directed to the characteristics of the remarkable races which have been brought for the first time to our notice; for the ethnography of Africa is almost the only subject which, in its present infant civilization, is capable of exciting much curiosity. The abundance of every thing requisite for the animal enjoyment of man in this region of the globe presents a striking contrast to his moral and social condition. He absolutely revels in the prodigality of nature. It is an unquestionable fact, that the physical wants of the uncivilized African are supplied in far greater profusion and with much less toil than those of the ryot of India. He is better fed and better lodged; and in those districts where the slave trade has not rendered his liberty precarious, his state may be favorably contrasted with that of the peasantry of the most flourishing countries in Europe. The picture presented to us of the comfort of a peasant in intertropical Africa might almost excite the envy of our toiling and, unhappily, too often suffering millions. He lives upon the almost spontaneous produce of the soil. Grain, vegetables, milk, butter, honey, and fruits form his ordinary fare. He can often indulge in the flesh of bullocks, goats, and sheep. Game in vast quantity lies hid in the thickets or roams over the grassy plains. Herds of fine cattle graze on every green hill. The elephant, the zebra, the antelope, the buffalo, and the hippopotamus, afford a variety of animal food; and a beer made from millet, called "pombé," is the common beverage of subjects and kings.

The most remarkable, perhaps, of modern African discoveries is that of the existence from five degrees south to five degrees north latitude of a surpassingly rich zone of fertility, which diminishes, however, in productiveness as it recedes from the equator. This region might in time become one of the most prosperous and populous in the world. Its climate is as salubrious as its natural beauty is enchanting. It has an elevation which greatly modifies the influence of a tropical

sun; its surface is varied by hills and dales; noble rivers flow through it; it possesses vast lakes resembling inland seas; and several of the mountains which rise from this elevated plateau are among the loftiest in the world. The first necessity of mankind, and the sole condition on which all material blessings can be enjoyed, is, however, unhappily wanting. Its population have never yet been able to constitute for themselves a government founded on any other basis but that of slavery and oppression. Society in Eastern Intertropical Africa, therefore, presents—although a certain kind of civilization has sprung up spontaneously—an aspect but little removed from a state of nature. Roads—the first indication of the material progress of a people—are unknown. There are no bridges but the trunks of trees felled where small streams are to be crossed. Architecture has not advanced beyond the construction of a simple hut. The circulating medium is composed chiefly of cloth and beads; and the nearest approach made to a metallic currency consists of coils of copper wire and old iron hoes. This backwardness in one of the most important conveniences of life is the more remarkable in a country where trade is a passion, and the desire to possess European commodities is displayed with almost childish eagerness. Although the imposing march of the Eastern caravan is unknown in Equatorial Africa, traders have traversed from time immemorial the regions between the equator and the eastern coast; but no four-footed animal except the ass can be used as a beast of burden. Camels would be well adapted for the purpose, but the paths are so beset with mimosa and thorns, that these animals—so invaluable in long journeys in other parts of Africa and in the East—could not pass through them. It is this want of roads which makes the work of exploration so tedious and expensive in Eastern Africa. A traveler must be accompanied by a large body of porters, who carry, either on their head or their shoulders, the whole of the baggage and impedimenta. Slowly winding in single file, over hill and plain, penetrating thickets of gigantic grass, and often forcing his way painfully through dense jungle, the leader of an expedition in Eastern Africa has even more serious difficulties to encounter than physical obstructions. He has to battle with the constant

insubordination of his men by an almost hourly assertion of authority; he has to humor their waywardness and keep watch on their dishonesty, and he is liable to be suddenly brought to a stop by open mutiny. Desertions daily try his temper and firmness. Valuable property, and still more valuable time, are irretrievably lost. Of the seventy-five porters with which Captain Speke started from Zanzibar, it appears from a return given in the Appendix to his book, that thirty-seven deserted during the journey and fourteen were discharged as unfit for further service. It is not only the caprices and disloyalty of his attendants that he has to encounter; he is subjected to numberless forced detentions on the route by the chiefs of the countries through which he has to pass. The hongo, or transit tax—or black-mail—which is imposed by these despots on every traveler is a cause of endless annoyance and delay. No sooner does any one of these petty chiefs become aware of the approach of a traveling party than he forthwith considers how much he can make out of such an opportunity for plunder. Nor is it possible to evade this constantly-recurring tax. If a traveling party should betray an intention to pass by instead of through the territory of some black king, its leader speedily receives an invitation, which is to be interpreted as a command, to the palace; and if he should venture to decline the proffered attention, his porters and escort would speedily be assailed by a flight of arrows from some well-arranged ambush, and he would find his further progress barred by a body of armed men.

Captain Speke was deprived by the exactions of these petty potentates of so large a portion of the presents destined for the great kings of Equatorial Africa before he reached the kingdom of Uganda that the object of his journey was almost defeated, and but for a fresh and opportune supply of goods which reached him at Kazé, he could not have proceeded. His contests with these rapacious chiefs, and his devices to evade their extortionate demands form some of the most entertaining passages of the *Journal*. In Unyamuezi, for example, the demands of the king having been apparently satisfied, he sent his prime minister early on the following morning to say that his sisters and other members of his family had been erying and tormenting him all night be-

cause they had got nothing—an appeal which resulted in a few additional presents to gratify the clamorous court.

The arrogance and insolence of some of these chiefs exceeded all bounds. The King of Uzinza demanded as his due a royal salute from the escort, which was accordingly drawn up in line to fire a volley in his honor. "I never felt so degraded," says Captain Speke, "as when I complied, and gave the word of command as he approached my tent." The king was by no means struck with awe by this novel military display, (the first he had ever witnessed,) but made some critical and by no means complimentary remarks on the want of precision in the fire and of steadiness on the part of the men. The attendants of this prince adored him as a superior being, and snapped their fingers whenever he sneezed. From him, however, Captain Speke obtained the first authentic geographical information respecting the existence of the Baringa lake, supposed to be connected with the Victoria Nyanza. There were, the king assured him, two lakes; for on going from Usaga to the Masai country he crossed over a broad strait which connected the big Nyanza* with another at its north-eastern corner. This young chief gazed at the picture-books with intense delight. Turning to the animals he roared over each one in turn as he examined them, and called out their names. The bull's-eye lantern he coveted so much that Captain Speke had to pretend exceeding anger to stop his further importunities. He begged hard for lucifer-matches to aid him in his magical rites, but was quieted by the gift of a pair of slippers, into which he had unceremoniously thrust his feet.

After having passed through several countries in all of which he was more or less plundered by the chiefs, who refused to order their drums to "beat the satisfaction" and release him from his virtual imprisonment until they had not only exhausted his patience, but provoked an attitude of defiance, a remarkable contrast presented itself to the conduct to which he had been previously subjected. It was as great a change as could well be imagined. Captain Speke, to his utter astonishment, now reached a country conspicuous for the humanity, hospitality,

and what may be justly termed good breeding of both its sovereign and people. The territory of the King of Karagué is situated in an elevated region two degrees south of the equator, to the west of the Victoria Nyanza, but separated from it by a small intervening kingdom. This prince, hearing of the approach of white travelers, sent officers with maces, the insignia of authority which commanded universal respect, to welcome the strangers to his kingdom, and to escort them with all honor to his palace. As they advanced into the interior of the country their astonishment increased; the people were every where respectful, and the village chiefs attentive. We are now introduced to King Rumanika, the courteous barbarian—a model of good manners and good taste, and, in the truest sense of the word, a gentleman, ruling his people with justice, mingled, perhaps, with a little African severity. The description of this African chief and of his court forms one of the most singular and attractive chapters in Captain Speke's *Journal*. The first reception is thus described:

"Here, as we entered the State reception room, we saw sitting cross-legged on the ground, Rumanika, the king, and his brother, Nnanaji, both of them men of noble appearance and size. The king was plainly dressed in an Arab's black choga, and wore for ornament dress stockings of rich colored beads and neatly-worked wristlets of copper. Nnanaji, being a doctor of very high pretensions, in addition to a check cloth wrapped round him, was covered with charms. At their sides lay huge pipes of black clay. In their rear, squatting quiet as mice, were all the king's sons, some six or seven lads, who wore leather middle coverings and little dream charms tied under their chins. The first greetings of the king, delivered in good Kisūhili, were warm and affecting, and in an instant we both felt and saw we were in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. Having shaken hands in true English style, which is the peculiar custom of the men of this country, the ever smiling Rumanika begged us to be seated on the ground opposite to him, and at once wished to know what we thought of Karagué, for it had struck him his mountains were the finest in the world; and the lake, too, did we not admire it? Then laughing, he inquired—for he knew all the story—what we thought of Suwarora, and the reception we had met with in Usui. When this was explained to him, I

* Nyanza is the general native term either for a lake, or large river.

showed him that it was for the interest of his own kingdom to keep a check on Suwarora, whose exorbitant taxation prevented the Arabs from coming to see him and bringing things from all parts of the world. He made inquiries for the purpose of knowing how we found our way all over the world. This of course led to a long story, describing the world, the proportions of land and water, and the power of ships which conveyed even elephants and rhinoceros—in fact all the animals in the world—to fill our menageries at home, etc., etc., as well as the strange announcement that we lived to the northward, and had only come this way because his friend Mûsa, had assured me without doubt that he would give us the road on through Uganda. Time flew like magic, the king's mind was so quick and inquiring, but as the day was wasting away, he generously gave us our option to choose a place for our residence in or out of his palace, and allowed us time to select one. We found the view overlooking the lake to be so charming that we preferred camping outside, and set our men at once to work cutting sticks and long grass to erect themselves sheds.

"One of the young princes, for the king ordered them all to be constantly in attendance on us, happening to see me sit on an iron chair, rushed back to his father and told him about it. This set all the royals in the place in a state of high wonder, and ended by my getting a summons to show off the white man sitting on his throne, for of course I could only be, as all of them called me, a king of great dignity, to indulge in such state. Rather reluctantly I did as I was bid, and allowed myself once more to be dragged into court. Rumanika, as gentle as ever, then burst into a fresh fit of merriment, and after making sundry enlightened remarks of inquiry, which, of course, were responded to with the greatest satisfaction, finished by saying with a very expressive shake of the head, 'Oh, these Wazungû, these Wazungû! they know and do every thing.'

The good taste of this chief in not asking for any one of the rare articles which were displayed before him, both surprised and delighted his visitor. His sons were as polite in their manners as a thoroughbred Englishman. All were pleased at the presents which were given to them, but asked for no more. The king sent to say that the "Raglan coat" was a marvel, and the scarlet broadcloth the finest thing he had ever seen. The minister, a keen sportsman, having hinted that the present of a gun to himself would be highly appreciated, received a severe rebuke from the king for his want of delicacy, and nearly lost his head for the offense.

Rumanika, like all the African kings,

* White men.

possesses a taste for music, and sent the state band to entertain his guest. The art must have made some progress in Karagué, for we observe in the wood-cut representations of instruments which bear a considerable resemblance to clarionets, oboes, pan's-pipes, and harps: there are also harmonicons composed of bars of metal forming scales, and struck with a piece of iron, and drums of different sizes and forms. The effect of the whole is described as much resembling that produced by the regimental Turkish bands. Great intelligence was displayed by this polished chief in his inquiries relating to the European world and its wonders; but the childishness of the African character was characteristically shown in an eagerness for toys. The king was transported with delight at a "jumping jack," which Captain Grant had made for the amusement of his children, appropriated it himself, and wished one made as large as life; but he begged, above all things, that he might be supplied from England with an American clock in the form of a man, made to wind up behind and with eyes rolling at every beat of the pendulum, a "jack in the box," a china milk-pot in the form of a cow, carriages and horses, and—a railway. The king, having avowed that he had no idea of a God or a future state, was pressed to state what advantage he expected from sacrificing a cow yearly at his father's grave. He laughingly replied that he did not know, but hoped to be favored with better crops if he did so. He also placed pombé and grain, he said, before a large stone on the hill side, although it could not eat or make any use of it. No one in Africa, as far as he knew, doubted the power of magic and spells.

We are next introduced to the powerful King of Uganda, whose territory forms the most important State in the once great but now divided kingdom of Kittara. Some particulars respecting this country, but derived chiefly from oral sources, were obtained by Captain Burton, on his visit to Kazé in 1858, and were briefly noticed in a former number of this Review.* Captain Speke gives us his experiences of a long residence at the court of this African potentate, whose territory extends for a great distance along the western shore

* No. 218. The army of Uganda, Captain Burton heard, amounted to 300,000 men.

of the Victoria Nyanza. It was considered of the greatest importance to acquire the favor of this prince. From no other country could Captain Speke hope so easily to explore the great lake and determine the problem in the hope of solving which the expedition had been sent out. In his despair, in consequence of his numerous disasters, of being able to reach that kingdom, he had formed the bold resolution of striking off to the north from Kazé, and arriving by his former route at the southern extremity of the lake, there constructing a raft, and embarking on a voyage of discovery in search of a northern outlet. From the necessity of so hazardous an enterprise he was happily relieved, and he was enabled to resume his route to Uganda. On approaching the kingdom, he crossed the river Kitangulé, which, as he had heard in 1858, flows into the Victoria Nyanza. He describes it as a noble stream eighty yards broad, and running in a deep channel below the surface of the country with a velocity of from three to four miles an hour. It flows from the Mfumbiro Mountain, ten thousand feet high, one of the Mountains of the Moon, which may give birth, it has been conjectured, both to the Congo and the Nile. The whole country is described as surpassingly rich, and "a perfect paradise for negroes," whose gardens are kept in excellent order. The palace of the King of Uganda consists of a collection of gigantic huts, such as Captain Speke had never before seen in Africa. On the day following his entrance into the capital, the king held a levee for the reception of his English visitor. Courtiers of high dignity, and dressed with scrupulous care, stepped forward to greet him. The royal band played in the adjoining court, as was customary on state occasions. The dress of the courtiers and people of Uganda is regulated with a strict regard to propriety, and any, even an accidental, deviation from decorum in the presence of the king is punished with instant death. Captain Speke calls the people of Uganda the French of Africa, from the polish and refinement of their manners. It was intimated to him that he would be expected to comply with the usual custom of prostration on presentation; but following the example of Lord Amherst at the court of Pekin, he declined to be received unless in a manner conformable to the usages of his own

country, and the point of etiquette was graciously waived. The young king's character is described as a mixture of childish frivolity and uncontrollable passion. It is a singular illustration of the state of society in this portion of Africa, that no regular provision was made by the king for the maintenance of his visitors; they were not even allowed to purchase provisions for their daily wants, but were told to help themselves from whatever Uganda contained. The leader of the expedition was thus placed under the painful alternative either of starving or sanctioning acts which appeared to him like the plunder of a helpless population. The politeness of this young barbarian king was often exhibited in striking contrast to his ferocity. He even showed himself capable of friendship, and appears to have treated his guest with generosity and even affection. Captain Speke taught him to shoot, and under his guidance he became a skillful sportsman: taking his first lessons on cows in the palace inclosure, he was able at length to bring down vultures on the wing. The possession of fire-arms seems to have almost deprived him of reason. At one of his levees he loaded a carbine with his own hands, and giving it to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court, which was no sooner done than the boy returned to announce his success, "with a smile of glee such as might be reflected in the face of a boy who had just robbed a bird's nest or caught a trout." On sending a bullet from a Whitworth rifle through sixteen of the country shields, arranged behind each other, a great idea was suddenly generated in the barbarian mind: "I shall not go to war again," he said, addressing his attendants, "with bows and arrows; I must have guns."

Savage life has probably never been seen in all its fantastic phases and terrible realities more completely than during the compulsory residence of Captain Speke at the court of the young King of Uganda. In the midst of revelry, and while apparently at the height of enjoyment, he would, in a fit of sudden caprice, order a young and beautiful wife for instant execution. Captain Speke interceded for the life of one, and saved her; but he could not venture to interfere in domestic affairs a second time. It must have required no small amount of tact to evade the consequences of the occasional sallies of anger

on the part of this wayward and impetuous young king. One day more than thirty wives were being driven to the slaughter, when the king, observing his visitor's distress at the shocking spectacle, laughingly asked whether he would like any of them for himself. Captain Speke would assuredly have gladly rescued the whole from their impending fate, but as it did not enter into his plans to form a harem in Uganda, he could only select one, whom he handed over to the commander of his escort.

Music, in which the king was a considerable proficient, had certainly not tamed his savage breast, or imparted gentleness to his character. He was frequently found by his guest playing the flute or clarinet in concert with his numerous brothers; and the royal musician sometimes condescended himself to lead the drums of the household band. One of the most extraordinary customs of this extraordinary country is the immolation of all the brothers of the reigning king, on the occasion of his coronation, with the exception of one or two, who are spared in order to prevent a failure of the royal line. Captain Speke happily did not witness this event, but it was to take place shortly after he left Uganda. On the occasion of the solemnity, the thirty brothers, with whom the king lived on terms of apparent affection, and whom he constantly associated in his musical recreations, were to be publicly burned to death. They looked forward to their fate with indifference as inevitable by the constitution of Uganda. The cause of this horrible custom is the existence of polygamy, which, giving rise to a large family of half-brothers, produces numerous pretenders to the throne. One of the first requests which even the humane and gentle Rumanika made to Captain Speke, was for some powerful charm which would put an end at once to a brother and to the war in which he was then engaged.

It required considerable address on the part of Captain Speke to extricate himself from the hospitable captivity in which he was held by the King of Uganda. He might even now have been an honored officer at his court, and, perhaps, raised to the dignity of master-general of the ordnance, if his store of ammunition had not been limited. To the assurance that as soon as a road was opened from the Nile to his dominions the king would receive

inexhaustible supplies of powder and shot, our traveler is probably indebted for his safe return to England.

Notwithstanding Captain Speke's long residence at the court of Uganda he was not permitted to avail himself of his close proximity to the Victoria Nyanza to explore it thoroughly, and thus obtain an accurate knowledge of its shores. With the exception of the Kitangulé, which he crossed on his route to Uganda, and which he describes as equal in dimensions to the Nile, he saw no considerable river which flows into the Victoria Nyanza, nor did he hear of any. The Luajerri, which he represents as a huge rush-drain, three miles broad, and fordable when he crossed it to within a short distance of the right bank, is, however, said to issue from the lake, and to fall into the Nile. If it possesses a current and should really unite with the river which flows over the Ripon Falls, it may be questioned whether it has not the best title to be considered the principal effluent of the lake. He had before passed another "rush-drain," which he calls Mworango River, three hundred yards in span, and in which he found a large volume of water flowing north. He expressed himself at the time as delighted at this "very surprising fact," feeling that he was really on the northern slope of the continent, and had apparently found one of the branches of the Nile's exit from the Nyanza.* If this river carries off—as Captain Speke says it does—a portion of the surplus waters of the lake, the Luajerri with a much larger channel may do so too. But we reserve the discussion of this and some other hydrographical questions until we have followed Captain Speke to the end of his adventurous journey.

The social state of Uganda appears to be one of great material prosperity and happiness, the effects of royal caprice being probably confined to the court and its precincts. Order seems to be established throughout the kingdom; food is abundant; and cheerfulness and good humor prevail. The population, as well as that of the contiguous kingdom of Karagué, is doubtless susceptible of a much higher civilization; but the dark and debasing superstitions of these members of the great African family are, and must long be, great obstacles to their fur-

* P. 279.

ther progress. The religion of Uganda and of Karagué consists, not in the adoration of a supreme and beneficent Being, but in the propitiation of malignant powers ever desirous of inflicting evil. Rulers and people are alike slaves to the most childish fears. The former pass hours over horns filled with magic power, in the hope of divining the future. Magic is the science of savage life, and in these kingdoms it is held in universal esteem. Policy is regulated by omens, and kings tremble at the cries of animals and the inauspicious flight of birds. The chief of Karagué, the most intelligent and enlightened of these African princes, told Captain Speke that if on marching to battle he heard the bark of a fox, he would immediately order his army to retreat. The art has its regular professors, who are in alliance with the State; private sorcery is forbidden, and those discovered practicing it are condemned to death and their property is confiscated.

The ethnology of the races dwelling near the African equator is a subject of great interest. Captain Speke is of opinion that the people collectively called Wabūma, who occupy a large portion of this part of the African continent, are an offshoot from the Abyssinian stock. They differ in feature and in character from the simple negro type, although there has been a considerable intermixture of races. The pure negro type is exceptional in Africa. "A large portion," says Mr. Brace, in his admirable work, *The Races of the Old World*,* "of the brown and black tribes of Northern and Eastern Africa belong to the same family as that which first originated commerce, invented the alphabet, produced the sublime Hebrew poetry and Arabian science, and which was through many ages in one of its branches the especial medium chosen by Providence for transmitting the most elevated religious inspirations to mankind, and in which the divine manifestation of Jesus Christ was made. Another group of people brown and black—many fully black—are descendants of that family which erected the ancient empires on the Euphrates, and which, unknown centuries ago, built the Pyramid-tombs on the Nile, and founded the gloomy art, the artificial civilization, and the science of Egypt. The families of Central Africa have not, indeed, all

been classified, and no absolute proof can be presented of their identity of origin with the rest of the human race, but their languages show no radically different features. The laws of human speech apply to them, as to all other tongues; they are founded on the same principles, they are sometimes conspicuous for their richness and flexibility, and a great scholar of Germany (Pott) has ranked many of them among the noble tongues of more cultivated races." The African languages, however, Captain Speke found to possess radical differences north and south of the equator.

The great object of Captain Speke before leaving Uganda was to obtain the permission of the king to explore the Victoria Nyanza, and particularly to visit the spot from which, according to native information, a great river issued, and which he felt certain must be the Nile. The "admiral" of the lake, however, put his veto upon this plan, on the pretext that dangerous shallows impeded the navigation. The only course which then remained was to proceed by land to the banks of the supposed river, and then ascend it to its point of departure from the lake. On the 21st of July, 1863, he accordingly stood, he says, on the brink of the magnificent stream, from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, which flowed between high grassy banks, with noble trees and plantain-groves in the distance. Proceeding southward by the left bank, his guides led him to the Ripon Falls, but the lake itself was there shut out from the view by hills and by the high ground about the Falls. With respect to the distance of the Ripon Falls from the lake, Captain Speke's *Journal* does not afford any information.

It is to be regretted that Captain Speke was prevented from proceeding to the north-eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza, to ascertain whether there exists any connection between the great lake and another lake from which a considerable river is said to flow also northward. It would also have been a most important addition to our geographical knowledge to have obtained some accurate information respecting the Asua river, which Captain Speke considers a great tributary of the Nile, entering its channel at about four degrees north latitude. It would have been the more interesting since the Asua has been thought by many to be

* London. 1863.

the largest branch of the Nile; and he had himself suggested that Mr. Petherick should ascend it, in order to ascertain whether it possessed any connection with the Victoria Nyanza. It is a striking fact in connection with this river that the Hindoos, who certainly had some kind of intercourse both with the northern and southern shores of the Victoria Nyanza, should have called the source of the Nile "Amara"—the name of a territory bordering on the lake to the northeast.* Dr. Krapf, moreover, heard from natives that beyond the Asua river, in the Galla country, there was another lake, navigated by very large vessels, and that somewhere in the same neighborhood there was an exceedingly high mountain. Dr. Krapf says he made the acquaintance of a merchant from Umbo, a country two days' journey from the river Dana; who told him that at the foot of the snow-capped mountain Kenia, from which the Dana and the Tamburi rivers flow into the Indian Ocean, another river, the Nsaraddi, takes its course towards a lake called Baringa, the end of which could not be reached under a hundred days; "and now," adds Dr. Krapf, "we know almost for certain where the sources of the Nile are to be looked for, namely, in the lake Udurkenia, from which flows the Nsaraddi; this, again, flowing through the Baringa." The king of the Bari also told the officers of the Egyptian Expedition that the Nile came from the southeast, its source being a distance of one month's journey.

Captain Speke thus sums up the result of his discoveries:

"From this southern point, round by the west, to where the great Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangulé river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance, for the traveled Arabs one and all aver that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake, where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly and so scantily watered that they had to make long marches in order to find water. Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia Mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his informa-

tion was true on this latter point, then without doubt there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connection between my Salt Lake and his Salt Lake, which he heard was called Baringa.* In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in three degrees south latitude, where in the year 1858 I discovered the head of the Victoria Nyanza to be."

It may be quite true that no river flows into the Victoria Nyanza from Kilimandjaro, but it is by no means certain that a great stream does not flow into it, or possibly into the Baringa lake, from the slopes of Kenia. The western shore of the Victoria Nyanza is not more than one hundred and fifty miles from the snow-capped Kenia;† and both the Nyanza and the Baringa may be partially fed by rivers which have their sources on that mountain. An exploration of the watershed of this country, together with a measurement of the quantity of water annually carried down by any river which flows from the northern flank of Kenia, is necessary in order to complete our hydrographical knowledge of the basin of the Nile.

Retracing his steps from the Ripon Falls down to the left bank of the river, Captain Speke crossed twelve considerable streams—the largest of which, the Luajerri, he had before seen, and which he reasserts issues from the Nyanza—and proceeded down the river in boats to visit the capital of the King of Unyoro. The territory of this potentate is the largest in this quarter of intertropical Africa, but it is only a fragment of the great kingdom of Kittara, which has been subjected to some political convulsion which has shattered it into several independent or tributary States. A sort of rude balance of power is maintained among these African kingdoms, but the sovereign of Unyoro is suspected by the minor potentates of entertaining ambitious designs, and of desiring a rectification of his frontiers by a reërrangement of the map of Eastern Intertropical Africa. The western boundary of this kingdom is formed by the Little Luta Nzigé Lake. It is supposed to constitute a very important feature in

* It is not to be supposed that the water of this lake is salt, but that deposits of salt exist on its shores.

† Sir R. Murchison's Address to the Royal Geographical Society in 1859.

* See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii.

the hydrography of the basin of the Nile. Captain Speke conjectures it to be a great backwater to the river, and that, after being surcharged with the tropical floods, it pours its overflow into the Nile. The exact position and function of this lake have not, however, been ascertained. The King of Unyoro is represented as an importunate beggar and an extortioner. The first reception of Captain Speke and his companion by Kamrasi, and the appearance of the king, are thus described :

"Sitting on a low wooden stool, placed upon a double matting of skins—cows' below and leopards' above—on an elevated platform of grass, was the great King Kamrasi, looking enshrouded in his mbügü dress like a pope in state, calm and actionless. One bracelet of fine twisted brass wire adorned his left wrist, and his hair, half an inch long, was worked up into small peppercorn-like knobs, by rubbing the hand circularly over the crown of the head. His eyes were long, face narrow, and nose prominent, after the true fashion of his breed, and though a finely made man, considerably above six feet high, he was not so large as Rümanika. A cow-skin stretched out and fastened to the roof acted as a canopy to prevent dust falling, and a curtain of mbügü concealed the lower parts of the hut, in front of which, on both sides of the king, sat about a dozen head men.

"We entered and took seats on our own iron stools, whilst all the presents were placed upon the ground before the throne. As no greetings were exchanged, and all at first remained as silent as death, I commenced, after asking about his health, by saying that I had journeyed six long years (by the African computation of five months in the year) for the pleasure of this meeting. The purpose of my coming was to ascertain whether his Majesty would like to trade with our country, exchanging ivory for articles of European manufacture, as, should he do so, merchants would come here in the same way as they went from Zanzibar to Karagüé.

"Kamrasi, in a very quiet, mild manner, instead of answering the question, told us of the absurd stories which he had heard from the Waganda, said he did not believe them, else his rivers deprived of their fountains would have run dry, and he thought if we did eat hills and the tender parts of mankind, we should have had enough to satisfy our appetites before we reached Unyoro. Now, however, he was glad to see that although our hair was straight, and our faces white, we still possessed hands and feet like other men."

The most serious loss which Captain Speke sustained during his detention by this barbarian was his only remaining chronometer, which the king insisted must be a magical instrument of irresistible

power. On its being opened in the presence of the court the attendants averted their faces with terror on the first glance of the mysterious mechanism. Kamrasi is represented as of a mild disposition compared with King Mtésa, whom he always alludes to when ordering his subjects to be flogged, reminding them that if they were in Uganda their heads would suffer instead of their backs.

Escaping from the King of Unyoro, who would not suffer any of his subjects to see his white guests, Captain Speke and his companion worked their way slowly through the Chopi territory. At Koki, a short distance from Kamrasi's palace, the river bent considerably to the west, taking a wide sweep and narrowed to only two hundred yards, with an average depth of from two to three fathoms. Continuing his course due north, and leaving the river on his left, he came at length again in view of the Nile and also of the river Asua. The bed of the Asua appeared, he says, in the distance "very large." When he next struck the Nile it was running "like a fine Highland stream" between gneiss and mica-schist hills in Kuku. Again it trended to the west. The Asua, a deep but at that season not very broad stream, was then forded. This great river, as we have before remarked, has been considered by many to be the main branch of the Nile. Where it comes from is as yet a mystery; it probably rises on the Kenia mountain range, and its course being deflected too far to the north to reach the Victoria Nyanza, it falls into the supposed Nile at about three degrees and forty-two minutes north latitude.

Captain Speke's description of the appearance of the Bahr el Ghazal at its junction with the Nile differs essentially from that given by the officers of the Egyptian Expedition and by the Baroness van Capellan and the other adventurous Dutch ladies who entered it in their small steamer and are now engaged in exploring it. The commander of the Egyptian Expedition would have decided without hesitation in favor of the Bahr el Ghazal as the true Nile and would have proceeded up it with his flotilla had not his orders been imperative to direct his explorations to the south.* Captain Speke says he found the Bahr el Ghazal "only a small piece of

* See *Quarterly Review*, No. 227.

water, resembling a duck pond, buried in a sea of rushes." There is so important a difference between this statement and that of the other persons who have entered this great mere, that further evidence is necessary before any positive conclusion can be arrived at with respect to its hydrographical importance. The Giraffe and the Sobat, although considerable and even imposing streams, are pronounced unworthy of being brought for a moment in comparison with the Nile; and the pretensions of the Bahr el Azrek to be considered the principal stream have long since been disposed of. Captain Speke strenuously contends that the river which issues from the Victoria Nyanza above the Ripon Falls is the true and parent Nile; "having viewed," he says, "all its great tributaries in the dry season, which is the best time for estimating their relative perennial values."

We have now followed Captain Speke through his long and adventurous journey. It remains to consider how far his alleged solution of the great geographical problem can be accepted as final and complete.

In an attempt to discover the source of any river, it is, in the first place, necessary to define its basin. The basin of a river, we need not inform our readers, consists of those declivities, considered collectively, from which flow all the streams and rivulets which discharge themselves into one particular river, and are therefore called its hydrographical region or basin. It frequently happens that the basins of two rivers almost touch, as is probably the case with those of the Congo and the Nile. The basin of a river being determined, we have next to ascertain the principal arms which unite to form the main stream: we must, therefore, trace to their heads the several smaller branches which form those arms; and when we have done this, we shall then, but not before, be competent to decide which of all those numerous ramifications possesses the fairest claim to be regarded as the fountain-head. The possible sources of the Nile are, therefore, as Dr. Beke has shown,* all the streams which rise upon the extreme limits of the basin of that river. It is important, moreover, to note with accuracy the hydrographical masses or groups of moun-

tains which surround any important stream. Lakes which receive and discharge streams of water constitute the basins of those streams. They possess, as a general rule, only one outlet, which generally takes its name from that of the principal river which flows into it, although it can not be said with strict propriety that a river traverses a lake, since its waters, after entering it, necessarily mingle with and form a portion of its mass.

Taking these geographical axioms for our guide, we must consider whether the problem which Captain Speke took in hand has been yet completely solved. He discovered in 1858 a vast lake, possessing, he now informs us, three outlets, all eventually uniting in one stream. Which, in the first place, is the principal effluent of the lake? Captain Speke did not see any part of the course of the Nile above the Ripon Falls, nor does he state their distance from the Napoleon Channel or from the lake. A considerable river, or more than one, it is clear, issues from the Victoria Nyanza; but can the conclusion yet be received with unhesitating acquiescence that this river, or any one of them, is the Nile? To put the question beyond all further controversy, a measurement or approximative estimate should, we conceive, be made of the annual flow of water from the Bahr el Ghazal, the Asua, the Sobat, and perhaps other great rivers, and their effect upon the periodical rise of the Lower Nile; and the proper time for ascertaining the relative real magnitude and importance of these rivers is not, as Captain Speke assumes, in the dry season, when their streams are feeble and low, but during the period of their fullness and strength. Now, the Bahr el Ghazal is most assuredly a very important agent in the hydrography of the Lower Nile; for, although it presents at times the appearance of a motionless lake, it was found by Mr. Petherick, who entered it in 1858, to possess a channel twenty feet deep, with a perceptible current of a quarter of a mile an hour. But the Nile in several parts of its course very much resembles the Bahr el Ghazal. Captain Speke describes it as presenting in one place the appearance of a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, and at another as a long lake, varying from two hundred to one thousand yards broad; and it is undeniable that it forms in the dry season, for

* *The Sources of the Nile.* By Dr. BEKE.

hundreds of miles, a series of stagnant pools, and is, as he himself describes it, for a great portion of its course, more like a long pond than a river. Nor, in estimating the hydrographical importance of the Bahr el Ghazal, ought the statement of Herodotus to be overlooked. He says that he was informed that the Nile flowed "from the west and from the setting sun;" and several modern explorers have described the Bahr el Ghazal as a magnificent stream, possessing at times a considerable current. Nor can the pretensions of the Sobat be reasonably overlooked. Captain Speke has himself admitted the probability that its two arms form one great river higher up its course: and Dr. Krapf has stated that at the point where it joins the Baro, in nine degrees north latitude, it is four hundred feet broad, with higher banks and a current greater than the Nile. There has certainly been a tradition that the Nile had its origin in a lake, or chain of lakes, at or near the equator; but, bearing in mind Seneca's description of the sources of the great river—"magnus solitudines pervagatus, et in paludes diffusus, gentibus sparsus"—it may be that not one but many lakes contribute their overflow to swell the main stream of the Nile; and we are still in total ignorance with respect to one extensive and probably immense division of its basin, namely, the whole of that portion of it which lies to the west. It may be considered as established that the Victoria Nyanza supplies the Nile with a considerable portion of its water; but whether the true and primary source may not yet be found among the high regions which flank the river on both sides of its upper course is still open for geographical inquiry.

The region of the equator is undoubtedly the source of those abundant rains which supply not only the Nile, but many other rivers of Africa, with their periodical floods. It is, as Captain Speke justly says, the center of atmospheric motion, and there are only two months during the year in which no rain, or very little, falls. There is, however, a remarkable difference in the phenomena which rivers present under the influence of the periodical rains. If a river flows in a direction parallel to the equator, its waters spread themselves with a certain degree of equality over the whole extent of its banks, as in the Orinoco, the Senegal, and

the Niger; if it flows perpendicularly to the equator, the effect of the tropical rains is very unequal in different parts of the river's course, for the flood is carried almost entirely toward the lower region of the stream. This is exactly what happens in the inundation of the Nile. No river beyond the torrid zone is subject, like the Nile, to regular periodical swellings. The overflow which occurs in the temperate zones, arises almost wholly from the melting of snow, and from rain which has fallen among the mountains. In rivers which flow perpendicularly to the equator, as the swell requires time to travel, it occurs at regular but different periods in various parts of the same river. "The height," Mrs. Somerville says, "to which the water rises in the annual floods depends upon the nature of the country, but is wonderfully constant in each individual river where the course is long, for the inequalities in the quantity of rain in a district drained by any of its affluents are imperceptible in the general flood; and thus the quantity of water carried down is a measure of the mean humidity of the whole country comprised in its basin from year to year. By the admirable arrangement of these periodical inundations, the fresh soil of the mountains, borne down by the water, enriches countries far remote from their source. The Mountains of the Moon and of Abyssinia have thus fertilized the banks of the Nile through a distance of twenty-five hundred miles for thousands of years."*

Captain Speke states his belief that the Victoria Nyanza was once much larger than it now is. Undoubtedly a mass of water lying so near to the equator must be exposed to enormous evaporation; and the more a body of water loses in depth, the more it evaporates, for the evaporation of water is, as is well known, in the direct ratio of its surface, and in the inverse ratio of its depth. There are, in all mountainous and marshy countries, numerous traces of small lakes, which have thus been dried up: we might therefore conclude that the same phenomena have occurred upon a much larger scale in Eastern Equatorial Africa. The Victoria Nyanza, like all lakes, is moreover subject to two agencies which must operate in the course of ages in gradually diminishing its area. The largest deposits

* *Physical Geography*, vol. II.

of fresh water on the globe, the American lakes, are slowly contracting their dimensions under the joint influence of the enlargement of their barriers by erosion and the accumulation of detritus carried into them by their affluents. It has been generally supposed that no lake can have more than one outlet; but if Captain Speke's observations are correct, the Victoria Nyanza presents the peculiarity of at least three outlets at distances respectively of from thirty to forty miles from each other, thus forming, as it were, a reversed delta. It has been assumed that the perpetual wearing away of the banks of an outlet prevents the formation of others. Instances, however, have been recently adduced proving that the Victoria Nyanza is not singular in possessing two or more outlets. The Lake of St. John, in Lower Canada, discharges itself, it is said, by three outlets into the river Saguenay, first by two branches called the "Grande Décharge," and next by a chain of alternate rivers and lakes which join the main stream after a course of fifty miles. An example on a small scale has also been adduced of a Scotch loch possessing two natural outlets.* There appears, therefore, to be nothing inconsistent with hydrographical experience in the fact of two or more rivers issuing from the Victoria Nyanza. The tendency, however, of vast and shallow lakes, swollen by periodical rains, is to subside during the dry season into temporary marshes, and the surface of the Victoria Nyanza must be subject to considerable annual oscillations; it would therefore be both interesting and important to ascertain the effect of those oscillations upon the stream of the effluent which descends the Ripon Falls.

We possess, however, incontrovertible proof that the periodical rains of Upper Ethiopia have not varied for at least five thousand years. Sirius, the dog star, was worshiped by the Egyptians from its supposed influence on the rising of the Nile. According to Champollion, their calendar commenced when the heliacal rising of the star coincided with the summer solstice, the time at which the Nile began to swell at Cairo. "Now, this coincidence," Mrs. Somerville says, "makes, with the nearest approach to accuracy, 3291 years before the Christian era; and

as the rising of the river still takes place precisely at the same time, and in the same manner, it follows that the quantity of rain which falls in the basin of the Nile has not varied for five thousand years." This basin occupies, it has been estimated, an area of at least five hundred thousand square miles. The cause of the retardation of the inundation is not yet accurately known, but the inundation itself can be satisfactorily explained, as has been frequently pointed out, by the annual overflow of a vast interior watery plateau, the exact configuration and limits of which yet remain to be ascertained. Many large, and doubtless innumerable smaller, streams pour their tributary floods into the Nile. Many of these streams are probably feeders of the Victoria Nyanza; but as almost the whole of that lake lies south of the equator, it must be subjected to conditions with respect to rainfall different from those of the country to the north, from which the principal supplies of the Nile are in all probability derived.

The rains commence at Kazé, five degrees south latitude, about the 15th of November, and end on the 15th of May, during which period they fall almost continuously. About two and a half degrees farther north, at the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, the rainy season commences somewhat later. At Karagué, upon the western shore of the lake, the rainy season lasts from October to June, when the dry season sets in. The altitude of the Nyanza, and the argillaceous color and the sweetness of its waters, suggest the inference, Captain Burton says, that it may be one of the feeders of the Nile; and it may be right to quote his reasons for thinking that it is not the chief source of the annual inundation, and therefore not of the Nile itself. "About the summer solstice," he says, "when the rains cease in the regions south of and upon the equator, the White Nile begins to flood. From March to the autumnal equinox (September) it continues to overflow its banks till it attains its greatest magnitude, and from that time it shrinks through the winter solstice (December) till March. The Nile is therefore full during the dry season, and low during the rainy season south of, and immediately upon, the equator. The inundation is synchronous with the great falls of the northern equatorial regions,

* See *Athenæum* for July 18th, Nov. 28th, and Dec. 19th, 1863.

which extend from July to September, and is dependent solely on tropical rains. It is therefore probable that the true sources of the 'Holy River' will be found to be a network of runnels and rivulets of scanty dimensions, filled by monsoon torrents, and perhaps a little swollen by melted snow on the northern parting line of the Eastern Lunar Mountains.* "In the map appended to M. Brun Rollet's volume," Captain Burton adds, "the large water to the west of the Padongo tribe, which clearly represents the Nyanza, is made to drain northwards into the Filtri lake, and eventually to swell the main stream of the White river. The detail supplied by the Egyptian expedition, which about twenty years ago ascended the White river to 3° 22' N. lat. and 31° 30' E. long., and gave the general bearing of the river from that point to its source as southeast, with a distance of one month's journey or from 300 to 350 miles, would place the actual sources 2° S. lat. and 35° E. long. or in 2° eastward of the southern creek of the Nyanza lake. This position would occupy the northern slope of the Lunar Mountains, the upper watershed of the high region whose culminating apices are Kilimandjaro, Kenia, and Daemgo Engai, the first supposed to be at least twenty-one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and consequently three thousand or four thousand feet above the line of perpetual congelation, and would admirably explain the two most ancient theories concerning the source of the White river; namely, that it rises in a snowy region, but its inundation is the result of tropical rains."

We have little or no exact information as to the amount and duration of the rainfall in the region of the Victoria Nyanza, but Captain Speke incidentally supplies a fact which may be thought to strongly corroborate the hypothesis of his former companion, in reference to the flooding of the Nile. The great rush-drains or rivers which Captain Speke crossed on his route to Mtesa's palace were, he was told by the natives, at certain seasons so flooded that they could not be forded, but, from some unaccountable cause, they were always lowest when most rain fell in Uganda;—a conclusive proof, we think, that the Victoria Nyanza

must receive its chief supply of water from the regions far to the south of the equator, and is consequently fullest at a time when very little rain falls in the regions to the north from which the Nile necessarily derives the largest portion of its flood.

The periodical rise of the Nile is certainly not, in any considerable degree, owing to the melting of the snow on those mountains which have now been ascertained to exist at no great distance from the equator in Eastern Intertropical Africa; for the power of the sun is there so nearly equable throughout the year that it must operate in supplying the streams which descend from those mountains with nearly the same amount of water at all seasons. There has been a constant tradition that the mountains in the vicinity of the head waters of the Nile are covered with perpetual snow. Ptolemy repeatedly alludes to the fact. Philostratus says that "he does not mean to gainsay the snows of the Ethiopians on the hills of the Catadupi."* Bruce often heard of the snowy regions in the vicinity of the equator. The missionaries Rebmann and Krapf were the first Europeans who saw these stupendous mountains, and their existence has since been indisputably established by the partial ascent of the great Kilimandjaro by the Baron von Decken. The pertinacity with which the fact of mountains in Eastern Equatorial Africa being crowned with perpetual snow has been denied is unaccountable. Unless it is now intended to impugn the veracity, or to question the powers of scientific observation, of a Hanoverian nobleman and officer of high attainments, the question must be considered as settled, for there can not remain a scintilla of doubt in any unprejudiced mind on this most interesting subject. Why there should have been any is not easy to understand, for the limit of perpetual snow is not a mere function of geographical latitude nor of mean annual temperature. In the Andes of Quito, directly under the equator, the limit is 15,790 feet above the sea. On the southern declivities of the Himalaya the snow limit is found at an elevation of 12,180 feet, on the northern declivity at 15,000 feet. Neither the tropics, nor even the equator itself, is the situation, as was long believed and taught,

* *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, vol. ii. p. 218.

* See Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, vol. ii. p. 27.

where the snow limit attains its highest elevation. "The phenomenon," says Humboldt, "is an extremely complicated one, and depends generally on various relations of temperature, moisture, and mountain configuration. While the snow line in South-America reaches a height under the equator which equals that of the summit of Mont Blanc, and in the high lands of Mexico, near the northern tropics, in latitude 19° north, descends from that by a quantity equal to about 960 feet, it rises in the Southern tropical zone (lat. $14\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to 18° south) and in the western or Chilian Andes, 2500 feet higher than under the equator, at Chimborazo and Antisana, not far from Quito."*

Kilimandjaro, as seen by Dr. Krapf, had a dome-like summit; but the summit of Kenia, which lies farther to the north, presents the form of a lofty roof, over which two peaks arise like pillars or horns. These peaks, he says he has no doubt, are seen by the inhabitants of countries bordering on the northern latitudes of the equator; and he thinks there can be no doubt that the waters which Kenia throws off to the north run toward the basin of the Nile. Baron Von Decken has recently ascended Kilimandjaro to the height of nearly 14,000 feet, and ascertained by trigonometrical measurement that the principal peak attains an altitude of 20,065 feet, and the other upwards of 17,000 feet. The altitude thus determined being greatly above the limit of perpetual congelation, fully accounts for the existence of perpetual snow; and thus has been conclusively established the existence of a new and grand phenomenon in the physical geography of Africa. The meteorological observations made by Baron Von Decken are important. The rainy season in Eastern Africa was found to commence in the month of June, and to extend through July, August, and September, but near Kilimandjaro it extended over ten months of the year. Whatever may be the importance of these stupendous equatorial snow-covered mountains, that of Kenia especially, in the hydrography of the Nile, their discovery forms one of the geographical triumphs of the age. Rising in rival majesty not from arid plains or desolate sierras, but from a country clothed with the most exuberant tropical vegetation, they must give to the

scenery of that part of Africa a character of surpassing magnificence.

The physical characteristics of the countries through which the two greatest rivers of Africa run, present as marked a contrast to each other as the populations which cluster on their banks. The Niger, equal in magnitude to the Nile, flows through a country rich in the most splendid tropical vegetation, and abounding with every thing than can conduce to the well being of man, but that country has never yet been occupied except by savage tribes, which have remained for ages in a condition of brutal degradation. The cause of this contrast between the two great rivers of Africa was simply the direction of their respective courses. The one flows into a sea long the center of commerce and civilization; the other into a great and, for ages, a lonely and unknown ocean.

A spontaneous civilization has arisen in several parts of Eastern Intertropical Africa, of which not the least interesting are those native kingdoms which have been discovered by Captain Speke and his gallant companion. There agriculture has made respectable progress; some rude essays have been attempted in the arts; and even manners have acquired a certain refinement. It is a melancholy consideration that the only intercourse which these primitive nations have yet had with the civilized world has tended rather to depress than to raise them in the scale of existence. There, as on the Atlantic coast, civilized man has introduced the scourge of the African race. In the west of Africa it is the European who has brought slavery in his train; in the East it is the Arab who has still further debased and degraded the indigenous native of the soil. There, as in the West, the stimulus imparted to native wars, by conferring a money value on man, has opened a vast slave market, of which the frequenters and best customers are the subjects of civilized States. This infamous "institution" has, in Eastern Africa as elsewhere, enslaved not only the body, but the soul. It has subverted the very foundation of human character by destroying even the consciousness of natural independence; for, with a touching but perverted sense of justice, the slave considers that he would be acting dishonestly, after having been bought, if he should run away from his master, because he would thus bring on

* Humboldt's *Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 363.

him pecuniary loss.* This humble acquiescence in the greatest wrong which man has ever inflicted on man is a proof how completely slavery has benumbed the moral faculties and darkened the reason of its victims in Eastern Africa; for in physical strength, as in numbers, they are so superior to their masters that, should they resolve to rebel, they might scatter them as chaff before the wind and sweep them from the face of the earth.

It will be inferred from the foregoing remarks that we still entertain a doubt whether the great geographical enigma of ages has yet been satisfactorily resolved. On the return of Captains Speke and Grant to their native land, there was a general and perhaps too hasty a disposition to accept all the conclusions at which they had themselves arrived. There are, as we have shown, several important geographical and hydrographical questions to be determined before an unhesitating acquiescence can be accorded to the statement of Captain Speke that in 1858 he found the "top head of the Nile at the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza," or before we can accept as an established geographical fact that the river which issues from it is indeed the great stream whose sources have baffled the curiosity of mankind from the remotest period of history.

The personal adventures of Captain Speke necessarily constitute the prominent features of his *Journal*, and they may seem perhaps to throw the services of his coadjutor and companion somewhat into the shade; but we have every reason to believe that he fully recognizes the assistance which he derived from his companion whenever illness did not deprive him of his services. Captain Grant contributed, as may be seen, largely to the illustrations which adorn the *Journal*; and he has not only enriched the science of botany by his researches, but the Museum of Kew by a large collection of previously unknown plants; and he may be assured that his countrymen recognize no less in himself than in his companion those great and sterling qualities which make the British officer an impersonation of all that is daring and devoted in the service either of science or of the State.

The services which the explorer renders

to mankind are not, however, confined to the world of science. In bringing to the knowledge of civilized nations communities the very existence of which was previously undreamed of, he makes them objects of interest, and they become the subjects of benevolent exertion. By bringing to light the resources of vast and hitherto unknown countries, he tempts commerce—the sure harbinger of civilization—into regions which would otherwise remain permanently shrouded in darkness; he communicates an impulse never to be arrested until it has accomplished the work to which it is unconsciously set, and thus becomes the secondary instrument for imparting the blessings of purer morals and a purer faith to millions of the human race. The countries recently visited, it may be almost said discovered, by Captain Speke and his companion, are even now attracting the attention of the power most interested in their future. His Highness the Viceroy of Egypt has already dispatched a considerable military force to Khartum, as a reinforcement to the troops now stationed there; and he has announced his determination not only firmly to establish his authority in those remote districts which border on the Upper Nile, but to suppress the slave trade, in which even his own officers, removed from the surveillance of their government, are suspected of being largely engaged. For this purpose he is about to establish a river police, provided with swift and well-armed galleys, which will patrol the Nile as far as it may be found navigable, for the purpose of boarding suspicious vessels, and of liberating any slaves which may be found in them. A railway, and the telegraph wire, to be extended to Khartum, will speedily follow; and we may expect that even Gondokoro will at no distant day be thus connected with the capital of Egypt. Facilities for approaching the great fertile regions of Equatorial Africa will then have been so greatly increased, that many years can not elapse before their valuable products will be accessible to commerce, and the countries to which Captain Speke has introduced us will be regularly supplied with European manufactures. Their rulers, enlightened by communication with Europe, will in time discard their savage vices and superstitions, and engraft on the native stock of an imperfect civilization the humanities and perhaps the religion of

* Introduction to the *Journal of the Discovery of the Nile*.

Europe. The novel and surprising articles which have been presented to them have inspired them with an intense desire for trade, and for a regular intercourse with England. It is far from unlikely that, together with the commodities of Uganda and Karagué, we may some day receive a consignment of black princes for the purpose of being instructed in the wisdom of the illustrious visitors, by whose immeasurable superiority their fathers had been so deeply impressed.* The great achievement of Captain Speke and his

* This wish was expressed both by the kings of Uganda and Karagué.

companion will thus have accomplished a far more important object than the solution of a geographical problem, however interesting; and whatever may be the scientific results of future explorations in the basin of the Nile, they can not deprive them of the fame of having been the first Europeans to penetrate those mysterious regions, and of having successfully forced their way through savage tribes and the obstructions often opposed to their progress by barbarian kings, with that true British courage and perseverance to which no travelers who have ever faced the perils of African discovery can more justly and honorably lay claim.

From Chambers's Journal.

I C E - C U L T U R E .

It is not now, as in the old days, when people gathered ice only as it happened to form on ponds and streams; a lake is treated as a sort of field from which a good crop may be obtained by careful attention; and moreover there is *ice-making*, an actual manufacture, which may be carried on just as well in summer as in winter.

We do not speak here of the *ices* or *ice-creams* of the confectioner, although these are often produced by very beautiful refrigerating processes; we refer to actual blocks and slabs of ice, solid and translucent, susceptible of carriage from place to place, and fitted for use in pieces of very varied size.

The trade of ice-collecting in this country, though comparatively a small affair, is not without its peculiarities. Half-a-dozen men often bring into a joint-stock their capital, consisting in each case of a small cart and a donkey or pony. They make a bargain beforehand, with the owner of some pond or other piece of water, for the ice that may happen to form during the winter. Keenly on the watch for frosty mornings, they rarely miss an opportunity of gathering in a film of ice, thicker or thinner, as the case may be. The first films, small in quantity, are generally taken at once to the shops of fish-

mongers and confectioners, where they find a ready sale; but when the frost intensifies, and the layers become thicker and heavier, the men take the ice to ice-merchants, who are ready to buy it in any quantity, and place it in regularly-constructed ice-wells or ice-houses. From these storehouses it is brought forth at all periods of the year, especially in summer, to lend its cooling and preservative aid to confectioners, fishmongers, poulterers, hotel-keepers, and others. There are ice-merchants at Billingsgate, to supply the salesmen and fishmongers; and at Barking, there are large stores of ice, to fill the ice-wells in which fish are brought from the North Sea by the Barking smacks. The ice-carts above noticed are the humble means of obtaining a large portion of this supply; and any one who will look about him during a hard winter, in the neighborhood of rivers, brooks, ponds, and canals, will be pretty certain to meet with indications of this trade. Of course, the men will not *pay* for the ice if they can avoid it; and it all depends upon the nature of the locality whether they can help themselves gratuitously, or have to pay a small "royalty," as mine-owners would call it, for the privilege. If the gathering can be made before a gleam of winter sun shines

out, so much the better for the dryness and money-value of the ice; hence the men are stirring betimes in the morning, with their donkeys, carts, rakes, shovels, and such warm wrappers as they happen to possess.

There is an Ice-store or *Ice-granary*, as some persons call it, at Chelsea, in which our common pond and river ice is stored in considerable quantity. The owners are quite at the mercy of the weather as concerns a supply; the winter of 1862-3 was a bad one in this respect. When the winter is favorable, many scores of carts may be seen drawn up in procession, waiting to deposit their cargoes of ice. Mr. Charles, the proprietor, built, in 1860, an ice-house superior in many ways to those usually seen in this country. The outer casing of the building is of massive brick-work; within this is another casing, or wall of strong timber; and between the two is a compact stratum of saw-dust, a substance remarkably efficacious in checking the transmission of heat. The inclosed area of the building is divided into four compartments, each capable of containing a thousand tons of ice. The only door, extending from floor to roof, is narrow, and closed by a sliding-shutter, over which, on the outside of the building, is fixed a crane. When the laden carts come into the courtyard, the ice is quickly put into baskets, hauled up, and emptied into one or other of the compartments; here it is strewn about equally, layer after layer, until the whole place is full. Most of the older ice-houses in this country are built underground, on the theory that the atmosphere is colder there than above; but it is now known that the exclusion of damp is a great desideratum, and that this can be better insured above ground than below. The rays of the sun do more good than harm, if the building be well constructed, because they tend to dry the air in and around the building.

Concerning all the smaller modes of obtaining ice, by evaporation, refrigeration, etc., they belong to the scientific processes presently to be noticed; but in reference to naturally-formed ice, gathered only when Jack Frost chooses to make it for us, there is obviously a difficulty to be contended against in mild winters. At such a time our ice-users look about them, to see whether a supply can be profitably obtained from other quarters. Norway, Sweden, and the Baltic provinces, are

colder than England during winter; and advantage has been taken of this fact. A Fleet-street fishmonger is credited with the introduction of Norway ice into England as an article of commerce. About forty years ago—in a season when the supply of ice in England was very small, and the resources of the forthcoming winter of course doubtful—he boldly determined to make a voyage to Norway, and see what could be done there. He purchased a large quantity, chartered a vessel, brought it home, and sold it at a good profit. Encouraged by this first success, he made a second venture; and a regular trade was thenceforward established. On board the vessels that bring the ice from Norway, the hatchways and bulkheads are tightly calked. When deposited in the store-houses in England, the upper surface of the ice is kept covered with thick woollen cloths, which are also used when the ice is conveyed in carts to shops and hotels.

Although Norway ice can be sold in England cheaper than American, it is not so good in quality, and it is not the object of so remarkable a trade. It is to America that we refer when we speak of the *culture* of ice—namely, the careful management of bodies of water for this purpose only, with the view of producing an ice-crop which will pay all expenses and leave a profit.

The first idea of sending ice from North America to hotter countries for practical use seems to have occurred to Mr. Tudor, a Boston merchant. In 1805 he procured a supply of ice from Saugus in Massachusetts, brought it to a shipping port, and sailed with it in a brig of his own to Martinique. He carried on an increasing trade till 1812, when the war with England occasioned an interruption. Recommencing in 1815, he established an ice-trade to Cuba, Savannah, Charleston, and New-Orleans; sometimes losing by the venture, but making a fair profit under average circumstances. At last, in 1833, he made a bold venture—to cross the Atlantic and Indian Ocean, and land a cargo of Massachusetts ice at Calcutta; he sent a hundred and eighty tons, of which sixty melted on the voyage, and twenty more in getting up the Hoogly. The ice was packed in large blocks, closely fitted together between a double-planked casing, filled in with dry tan; but still he had only a hundred tons in salable state when it reached Calcutta.

The ice was at once sold to the natives at a good price; and a trade thereupon commenced which has never since ceased. In 1834, an ice-trade with Brazil commenced; and from that time this very curious kind of commerce extended with wonderful rapidity. In 1836, there were forty-five cargoes of ice shipped from Boston and other North American ports, one hundred and seventy-five in 1846, and three hundred and sixty-three in 1856 (containing a hundred and fifty thousand tons of ice); and since the last-named year the increase has been very rapid. Before the desolating civil war in that country began, the Boston merchants found the ice-trade advantageous, in affording freights to southern ports for some of the ships which were to bring back cotton, sugar, tobacco, and rice; but this exchange of produce has for three years been woefully interrupted.

When Mr. Tudor's enterprise was seen to be successful, several ice companies were formed in the New-England States, one of which (the *Wenham Lake Company*) is familiarly known to us by name. The ice produced in deep ponds in that country is particularly good, hard and compact for keeping, and clear and clean in quality. The small lakes near the Hudson river, the river itself above the reach of the tide, and various streams and ponds over a large area of country, contribute towards the supply. One of the best sources is Rockland Lake, in Orange county, which yields far more than a hundred thousand tons every winter. All the companies adopt a pretty uniform plan in gathering the ice. The water is kept as free from twigs, leaves, etc., as possible, when still in an unfrozen state. When the frost has lasted some time, and the ice is about nine inches thick—or double this amount if intended for exportation—the snow or sleet is swept off, or rather scraped off by a wooden apparatus drawn by a horse. A sort of cutting plow, drawn also by a horse, is then passed over the ice, in such manner as to cut parallel grooves about three inches deep; and another machine, midway in action between a plow and a harrow, drawn over the ice in two rectangular directions, separates it into small squares or cubical masses. As the grooves thus made are only intended to serve as guides for a saw and a wedge, they only extend a few inches in depth. A saw, worked by hand, cuts out one row of blocks; and then the rest are easily sev-

ered by a shovel used in the manner of a wedge. The blocks are either floated through the small channels of exposed water to the shore, where they are hauled up, or they are jerked out with a hook at the end of a pole, up a slide upon a platform placed at the edge of the opening, and moved by means of low sledges to the edge of the pond. The storehouses are always very large buildings, of wood or brick, constructed near the edge of the lake, pond, or stream; as they usually vary from one to two hundred feet in length, with a considerable breadth, and have no windows, they present a singular appearance. Two of these storehouses at Rockland Lake have a capacity for forty thousand tons each, while one at Athens, on the Hudson, will hold sixty thousand tons. In many cases, the blocks are raised by steam-power up an inclined plane to the top of the building, and thence let down another plane to any part within where it is to be packed. Around Fresh Pond, near Cambridge in Massachusetts, there are upwards of fifty of these vast storehouses.

To exclude warmth when the winter relaxes, the hollow walls of the storehouses are filled in with tan, dried leaves, rice hulls, hay, shavings, or saw-dust; and the blocks of ice themselves are packed in similar non-conducting materials. The saw-mills of the neighborhood find a good market for their saw-dust in this way. The blocks are placed upon their edges rather than upon their flat sides, as they are found to keep better in this position. The season of the ice harvest being short and uncertain, the operations are conducted with great activity at the proper period; numbers of men assemble on the ice with their various machines, and the scene is a very busy one. If there is moonlight and the night be clear, the operations are continued uninterruptedly. One gang or party, working together, will sometimes cut, raise, and deposit in the storehouse six hundred tons in an hour. In the interior towns of America, the ice is sold at two-and-a-half to four dollars (ten to sixteen shillings) per ton; at Boston it is sold wholesale for shipment at about two dollars (eight shillings). Wenham Lake, about eighteen miles from Boston, is very deep, and the ice forms upon it beautifully clear; here the blocks are made to range from one to two hundred weights each. An acre yields a thousand tons of ice of average thickness. We may thus, in speaking of the

ice as a *crop* or *harvest*, say that the crop yields from £400 to £800 per acre. The Wenham Company has a railway of its own to Boston, and the storehouses in that busy city often contain as much as six hundred thousand tons of ice at one time. Even four years ago, it was estimated that ten thousand persons and six million dollars of invested capital were concerned in this remarkable American ice-trade.

There is one aspect of this matter really important—the effect which cheap supplies of ice may possibly have in enabling the white man to live and work in tropical climates. If beverages can be cooled by means of ice; if meat and other articles of food can be preserved in good condition for some time by its agency; if rooms can be cooled by placing vessels of ice in them; if (which is now known to be the case) seawater can be frozen into fresh ice, and this be melted into fresh water—if these things be so, then some, at least, of the miseries that press upon the white man in a hot climate might be alleviated, and we might then really see what northern muscles can effect in southern regions.

Whether *ice-making*, with a lofty disregard of cold, climate, or season, is ever to take the lead of *ice-gathering* as practiced in England, or *ice-culture* as observed in America, remains for the future to show; but the machines invented for this purpose are highly ingenious. Professor Leslie, Dr. Faraday, M. Thilorier, and other philosophers, have shown how easy it is to cool and freeze water by certain processes of evaporation and absorption; but their experiments were made for scientific purposes, not to produce ice commercially. As in other matters, the question of L. s. d. enters here, in its own imperious way. Our lecture-tables have exhibited the marvellous phenomenon of *freezing water in a red-hot crucible*; but such high-style philosophy would be of very little use to our fishmongers and confectioners.

The attention of some millions of persons was attracted, in the International Exhibition of 1862, to two ice-making machines of very remarkable character. It seems wonderful, in a hot building on a July day, to see beautiful slabs and cylinders of ice produced before our eyes, and to test the reality by touch and tasting. One of these machines, known as *Siebe's Ether Ice-machine*, acts in a way that may be briefly described as follows: It

consists essentially of an air-pump, driven by a steam-engine; a refrigerator; and a freezing-vessel. The refrigerator consists of a large number of parallel copper tubes united at the ends, and immersed in an outer vessel; the tubes contain ether, while the vessel contains a saturated solution of common salt or brine. In a wooden cistern are placed several tinned copper rectangular troughs, each eighteen inches long, the same in depth, and two inches wide; they are filled with the water to be frozen, and are immersed in brine. We have thus water, brine, ether, and an air-pump. Ether rises into vapor at a very low temperature. As fast as this vapor is formed in the tubes of the refrigerator, it is pumped out by the air-pump. It takes a good deal of warmth to produce this vaporization; and this warmth can only be obtained by robbery of heat from the brine which surrounds the ether-tubes; the brine becomes intensely cold, but not frozen, for it will retain the liquid state even at thirty degrees below the freezing-point of water. Then, how to freeze the real water in the ice-moulds? The brine is kept in constant agitation by means of machinery, and circulates in a continuous current through the cistern containing the ice-moulds; the water in these moulds is hereby cooled down to a temperature sufficiently low to freeze into ice. By ingenious adaptations of mechanism, the vaporized ether is re-condensed into a liquid, and is used over and over again; the brine, too, though made alternately temperate and cold in the course of its travels, remains the *same* brine during a long continuance of operations. In the best machines of this kind, one pound of coal consumed in the steam-engine produces six or seven pounds of ice. The troughs are lifted out, one by one, as soon as the water in them is frozen; they are dipped nearly to the brim for a minute or two into warm water, by which the copper of the mould is a little expanded, and the ice extricated. In this way were produced the beautiful slabs of ice at the International Exhibition. Sixty-four gallons of ether were employed in making one ton of ice; but this ether was used again and again for weeks, with very little deterioration or loss. Machines in this form have been made so large as to produce ten tons of ice per day. Mr. Harrison, the original inventor and patentee of the apparatus which has thus been perfected by M. Siebe, has introduced it

into Anstralia, where, it is said, the ether-made ice is beginning to undersell the ice brought from America. The East India government, and the Peninsular and Oriental Company, use this apparatus.

M. Carré's *Ammonia Ice machine*, also represented at the International Exhibition, works upon the same general principle, but differently applied. Ammonia is used instead of ether. A strong iron vessel filled with a concentrated solution of ammonia is so placed that heat can be applied to it. A smaller iron vessel, containing ammoniacal gas, is so placed that it can be immersed in cold water. When a tube connects the two vessels, and heat is applied, a curious alternation of states may be brought about in the ammonia, first

liquid, then gaseous, then liquid again, and so on; and each process of vaporizing freezes some of the water in which one of the vessels is immersed. The details are a little too complicated to be given here; but it is worthy of note that there is no steam-engine needed — the fuel employed being for heating the vessels and not feeding an engine - boiler. It is said that one pound of coal (or rather charcoal) will produce as much as nineteen pounds of ice by this machine, and three times as much as Siebe's; on the other hand, retort-like explosions have to be guarded against, alike ruinous to apparatus and dangerous to persons. By this machine were produced the beautiful *cylinders* (not slabs) of ice at the International Exhibition.

From the National Review.

P O L A N D A S I T I S . *

[It may be right to say that we give in the following article the exact words of a most intelligent eye-witness of the Polish Revolution.]

THE saying of the Emperor Nicholas, "there is no Poland except among the *émigrés*," may now take place with the similar aphorism of Metternich, that Italy was only a geographical expression. At the very moment when the work of the Holy Alliance seemed to be complete, the accident of a political dinner among a few third-rate politicians in Paris shook it to the ground. The first Italian War, and the reëpearance of a Napoleon in France, led up so naturally to Sebastopol and Solferino, that the new order might almost seem to have been inherited. The instinctive hatred which the Tory and Legitimist party every where have felt for the Crimean War, and their unreasoning previsions of evil, have been fully justified by the results on the absolutist system. We are making a new world every where in Europe; or rather, perhaps, we are

stripping off the lath-and-plaster with which certain kingly architects defaced the natural work of time nearly fifty years ago. There has been much bloodshed in the operation, and not a little blundering and intrigue. But the final results at present attained have been Italian liberty, serf-emancipation in Russia, a constitution in Austria, and a great expansion of material progress in France and England. Perhaps fifteen years could hardly have been expected to do more.

With the first beginnings of troubles, all eyes were turned upon Russian Poland. To the surprise of all, it remained quiet. There was insurrection in Posen and a war in Hungary, in which Poles did gallant service; but they seemed still to be the true countrymen of Sobieski, doing battle for every banner except their own. The Crimean War came and passed with no armed uprising against the Russian yoke in Warsaw. The campaign of Solferino had almost produced an insurrection in Hungary; but Poland was still apathetic, or at least peaceful. Suddenly,

* *La Pologne Contemporaine.* Par CHARLES DE MAZADE. Paris: Michel Lévy.

Recueil des principaux Traités. Par MARTENS. Vols. VIII. and X.

in 1861, the news came, not of insurrection, but of massacre. Europe heard with consternation of an unarmed crowd shot down in a public square without warning, and, as it seemed, with no better motive than the caprice of a subaltern of police. Presently, however, it appeared that a struggle of a kind never yet known had commenced throughout the Polish provinces of Russia. On the one hand, the Russians were striving to provoke a revolt, in order, as Wielopolski once expressed it, that they might bring the abscess to a head. On the other hand, the Poles had resolved to offer themselves to death on every possible occasion, in the belief that the spirit of martyrdom would at length be too strong for despotism itself. The parallel steadily kept in view, and unflinchingly acted up to, was that of the early Christians under the Empire. "The crown of thorns," said a manifesto, "has been our emblem for a century: . . . it means patience in grief, self-sacrifice, deliverance, and pardon." The crown of thorns is never long waited for. Not two months after the first massacre a second crowd assembled near the castle, refused to disperse, and received fifteen volleys with the solidity of veterans. Only prayers and hymns answered the roll of musketry. It might seem that this enthusiasm would be as short-lived as all violent emotions commonly are. But months passed; and the Poles were still readier to offer themselves to death than the Russians to slay. The whole country wore the garb and the aspect of a funeral. Such depth of national sentiment, the growth of long misery, confounded observers in happier distant countries, and was at first mistaken for a mere masquerade. The *Saturday Review*, which is professedly incapable of understanding that there is a noble side to humanity, accused the Poles of acting like petulant children. That fatal contempt for weakness, which clings to Englishmen, added to the general misconception of the drama whose first scenes had been already acted, and the demonstrations were disregarded precisely because the actors were unarmed. At last the fatality of great crimes hurried the Russian government into a new step. It was resolved to draw the new conscription entirely from the towns, with the double view of sparing the peasantry and of thinning the educated class, who are the eternal enemies of misgovernment. The

deed seemed to be done, when some unlucky official conceived the idea of insulting the victims. Europe was told in a telegram that the conscription had been carried out in perfect tranquillity. The jest was one of questionable good taste even for an *employé* of the school of Nicholas, and its results were disastrous. A majority of one in the secret government decided that war at any hazards was preferable to extinction without a sign; and the conscripts not already in custody were instructed to take to the forests, and defend themselves as they could, unarmed in mid-winter, against a disciplined army. "And now," a Polish gentleman lately said to us, "Europe believes that we are alive because we are fighting. Is it not horrible that all our sufferings, all our struggles after constitutional reform, were actually unheeded till we appealed to arms—the last argument of the barbarian?"

Without wishing to defend English apathy on the Polish question, we are constrained to admit that it is not quite inexcusable. The Poles have been too apt to rest their cause primarily on the injustice of the two partitions of Poland, and to date all their demands for redress from 1772. We believe this to be a mistake in principle. The spoilers of Poland were certainly not sovereigns of high character, and they carried out their designs with a mixture of low intrigue, hypocrisy, and brutal violence, which made the injustice additionally revolting. Perhaps the only extenuating circumstance was, that they did not invoke a blessing upon their plunder, like the Congress of Vienna a little later, in the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity. But their victim deserved its fate. Since the rescue of Vienna by Sobieski, Poland had governed itself worse than any nation is permitted to do and live. It had the most disorderly form of government, the most intolerant church, and the most degraded peasantry in Europe. Its one redeeming virtue was the courage of its people, and, thanks to its nobles, it had no army. It was a perpetual occasion of war on the confines of countries that might wish to be at peace. To have saved such a nation from its natural fate, foreseen for more than a century, and to have propped up its decrepitude by European guarantees, would have been policy eminently worthy of the cabinet that now keeps the Turks

in Constantinople. But it was not the statesmanship of Chatham or his contemporaries in England, any more than of Choiseul in France. Sensible men regretted that another bulwark against the Muscovite had been broken down, and that even such a shadow of freedom as the Polish constitution had been was replaced by very actual tyrannies. But it would have been the extreme of political quixotism for England to declare war against Russia and Prussia, its old and late allies, in behalf of a people who scarcely protested by words, and in no wise protested by acts, against the usurpation. At the time of the second partition we were in no condition to interfere, if we had wished it; the war with France absorbed every energy.

The real second life of Poland dates from the second partition. Short-lived as the struggle for liberty was, it had a few glorious memories. A body of insurgents in Warsaw, never stronger than fifteen hundred, by the admissions of the Russian general opposed to them, drove out a garrison of more than ten thousand disciplined troops from the town. Kosciuszko invented the terrible Polish scythemen—imitated, perhaps, from the old flailmen of Ziska, who are still the only known instances of peasants that have been able to cope with regular troops. Crushed by overwhelming forces, and by the ferocious energy of Suvarof, the insurrection now became an emigration, and traversed Europe under the banners of Napoleon. But Napoleon in his heart regarded Polish nationality as a chimera, useful only as a phrase in bulletins and a stalking-horse in diplomacy. He consented at the treaty of Tilsit to dismember the country for the benefit of the man he most hated and despised, the King of Prussia; he declared Lithuania Russian; and in reconstituting a sort of shadowy Poland in the grand duchy of Warsaw he made it the appanage of a petty German prince, the King of Saxony. Nevertheless, under all discouragements, the Polish name made itself so well respected, that the conquerors of Vienna, who punished Saxony and Denmark for adherence to the fortunes of the fallen chief, were well disposed to reconstitute Poland. The time was eminently favorable for reconstruction, and Austria and Prussia would have made sacrifices to keep a few hundred miles of neutral

ground between themselves and their Muscovite ally. To Russia alone Poland was too important to be given up. It was the richest province of the empire, the point of contact with the West, the advance-post upon Europe, and it symbolized Russia's retribution on an old foe. In face of the colossal Russian force occupying the country, and bound as they were by recent obligations to the czar, the allies did not care to enter upon a war for the sake of reconstituting a fallen nationality. But they made it the very first article in the treaty of Vienna, that "the Poles, the respective subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall obtain a representation and national institutions;" and, in the peculiar phraseology, "the duchy of Warsaw" "shall be united irrevocably by its constitution" "to the empire of Russia," they implied, as Lord Russell has well observed in his dispatch of August 11, that the constitution was the consideration for which Poland was surrendered. Europe wished to mitigate as much as possible the sacrifices it was obliged to ratify.

But the allies did even more than this. By the fourteenth article they decreed that the regulations for free trade and free use of rivers, canals, and ports throughout the whole extent of ancient Poland—that is to say, the Poland of 1772—which Russia, Austria, and Prussia had agreed to by private treaties, should become of international force, and be maintained inviolably. The intention obviously was to minimize the evils of the partition, and preserve a shadow as it were of the old Poland, which might some day, under favorable chances, become a reality. If therefore the persistence of the Poles in claiming Lithuania and parts of Little Russia is to be treated as irrational, it must be remembered that the chimera has been sanctioned by the public law of Europe, and agreed to by the spoilers. In the same spirit, no doubt, article six decreed the independence of the free town of Cracow under the protection of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The royal town was left inviolate, as a sort of symbol of the unimpaired right of the nation to exist. Its seizure in 1846 by its protectors was a flagrant violation of the compact; and Prince Metternich's explanation, that the treaty only gave a hypothetical right of inquiry and remonstrance, was enough to sap the foundations of all international

good faith. In saying this, however, we are not caring to waste regret upon the fallen fortunes of Cracow. Its position fitted it for nothing but to be an emporium of smuggling, of secret presses, and of conspiracies; and it fully availed itself of its position. A free town of Cracow between three enslaved provinces was an anomaly; and more tolerant men than Metternich and Nicholas I. might have been tempted to suppress it. Still in 1815 its establishment was one of several articles that all tended to the same end—the ultimate restoration of the old Poland—every one of which has been violated.

Up to a certain point, then, the efforts of the Polish patriots, if not altogether successful, had not been useless. Poland was once more a name in Europe, and a name for which those who bore it need not blush. The next fifteen years were the *Lehr-Jahre* of the people born again. If the constitution given them by Alexander had been loyally carried out, the Poles would have been mad indeed to try the chances of war for the mere phantom of nationality. That memorable instrument must, as Lord Russell has observed, “when once promulgated, be taken to be the constitution meant by the framers of the treaty,” and as such, we may add, can not be revoked arbitrarily. It guaranteed freedom of the press, freedom from arrest before conviction, and the secure possession of property, confining the government to natives, and making the ministers responsible to the bicameral parliament. The functions of the czar as king were virtually confined to proposing laws, nominating life-judges and life-senators, and commanding a native army within the country. The whole reads like Utopia or England. The system at first worked so well that opposition was scarcely known in the Chambers; and Alexander declared his intentions of extending representative institutions to Russia. Population and wealth increased as it were by miracle. But the beginnings of evil were soon evident. We do not wish to hold the Poles blameless. These were times of revolution every where, of Carbonari, and Turnvereine, and Luddites. There were men in Poland for whom every thing was insufficient short of national independence. In England such dissentients would have been allowed to talk till they were dumb, or the public tired out. The Russian government at once established a censor-

ship of the press (1819). Opposition transferred itself to the parliament, and the parliament was no longer summoned, or when it met, once in ten years, was packed. Readers of De Custino, who may perhaps be trusted when he reports conversations, will remember how he admires the remark of Nicholas, that all representative monarchy was “the government of falsehood, fraud, corruption.” It was so in Poland, because the czar, who never recovered the panic of Pestal’s conspiracy, degraded it by intrigues and violence; but after all said he could never fashion it to his pleasure. The case for Poland, however, is best summed up in the manifesto which the Polish committee issued in 1831 (Jan. 10): “The union of the crown of an autocrat and of a constitutional king is one of those political anomalies which can not long exist. Every body foresaw that the kingdom would become the germ of liberal institutions for Russia, or succumb under the iron hand of its despotism. The question was soon decided. Public instruction was corrupted. . . . The people were shut out from all means of obtaining instruction. An entire palatinate was deprived of its representatives in the council. The Chamber lost the power of voting the budget. Monopolies were created calculated to dry up the resources of national wealth. . . . Calumny and espionage had penetrated even into the privacy of families. . . . Personal freedom, which had been solemnly guaranteed, was violated; the prisons were crowded; courts-martial were appointed to decide in civil causes, and imposed infamous punishments on citizens whose only crime was that of having attempted to save from corruption the spirit and character of the nation.”

Nevertheless, whatever its excuses may have been, the insurrection of 1831 had the worst of all faults: it was a political blunder. The revolution in Paris had by this time died out, with no better issue than that of replacing M. Sotenville by Jérôme Paturot—the most foolish of sovereigns by the most undignified. Never man was less disposed to risk his family fortunes for any abstract principle of good, or more inclined to pay his debts of honor with frothy phrases, than was Louis Philippe. He had studied the English constitution with no other result than to believe that corruption was the main-spring of representative government. He

cheated in statesmanship from a simple feeling that life was a sharper's game, and that it was due to himself to have the winning hand. In one respect, however, he was beyond his country and his time. The principle of non-intervention, which he first put forward as a European programme, was so little appreciated in 1831 that it only provoked contempt and incredulity. Men persisted in believing that the strong nation ought to protect the weak, and that the interests of Belgium and Poland were those of free countries every where. For a moment it seemed as if the little province of Luxembourg would be the apple of discord between West and East, Russia and the German empire maintaining the principles of the holy alliance against France, and perhaps England. We know now that Louis Philippe would have blustered up to the last moment, and truckled at the last; but it was not so understood then, and the czar prepared for a campaign on the Rhine. The whole forces of the empire were actually in march to the frontier when the insurrection in Warsaw broke out. Well might Marshal Diebitsch say to the Polish deputies that their movement at least had not the merit of being *à propos*. But if the blunder was a great, it was also a splendid one. Never men fought with more reckless heroism than the Poles of that generation. At Grochow less than 50,000 men repelled the main Russian army of 180,000, under Diebitsch. On one occasion 500 Polish gentlemen, in court-dress and armed with small swords, threw themselves in mere wantonness of battle on a detachment of the Russian guards, and were cut to pieces to a man, not unavenged. The population of Warsaw by the time order was restored in it had sunk from 140,000 to 75,000. Had Prussia been neutral, or Poland itself more firmly united, the issue might still have been different; for the Russian army was almost disorganized by the loss of officers, who have always been disproportionately few in its ranks. As it was, fortune remained on the side of great battalions.

The wrongs of the present generation of Poles may be said to date from the surrender of Warsaw. Nicholas told the deputies, in language strangely characteristic of the man, that he would destroy Warsaw at the first symptom of an outbreak; and that it was a real happiness to

belong to Russia. A single incident of the punishment dealt out to the conquered will illustrate the absolutist conception of happiness. The mother of Prince Roman Sanguszko addressed a petition to the czar, imploring mercy for her son, who had been condemned to Siberia. The czar wrote at the bottom of the petition: "He shall go on foot." The leader of the convoy in which the prince actually went, with a sort of grim poetry, led a riderless horse, to the saddle of which a huge knout was attached, and from time to time pointing to it, with the words "The czar's instrument," forced the prisoners to make genuflexions before it, as to a cross. Even in Siberia the exiles found that there were distinctions in misery, and that Poles and Russians were on a very different footing. Generally all depended on the character of the governor of the district, from whose caprice no appeal was possible. An exile who spent seventeen years in the country assured the author that six of his companions had been punished with six thousand blows apiece. Horrible to state, one of them survived the infliction for years with a broken spine. Nevertheless the emperor was so well satisfied with the expedient of transportation, that he actually issued an order to transfer five thousand families, by force if necessary, to the crown lands on the frontier of the Caucasus, the latter position being of course exposed to all the horrors of a border war. In the kingdom itself all independence was destroyed. The government recoiled indeed before a total change of the laws, and the Code Napoléon still subsists accordingly. But the troops were incorporated in the Russian army, where there is no distinction of nationality in the regiments, but all are arranged by height. Russian officials were introduced; the Chambers dissolved; the Catholic religion persecuted; the university and upper schools abolished or put under control; and an attempt was even made to force the Russian costume upon the peasantry. But the most effectual engine of despotism undoubtedly was the conscription. Throughout the reign of Nicholas it was maintained at the rate of fifteen in the thousand, ten in the thousand being the highest proportion which statisticians regard as consistent with steady increase. In fact, the population of the country districts remained almost stationary throughout the reign. The

present insurrection would scarcely have been possible if the treaty of Paris had not stipulated that the Russian army should be reduced within limits which practically made it impossible to draft soldiers during the last six years. That breathing-time has given the country a new generation of combatants.

Englishmen are not inclined to extenuate the vices of such government as this. But there is a tendency to look back on the stormy past of Poland—an almost unbroken history, for two centuries before the partition, of wars, or civil feuds, or internal anarchy—and to ask if such a people, however chivalrous and richly endowed, can ever be capable of self-government. There are races which seem fitted only for peculiar phases of civilization, and which die out by some natural process when the appointed term has expired. The Pole, like the Hungarian and the Spaniard, was eminently a warrior; his very tribe-name, Lech, means "soldier." He bivouacked in the broad plains which the Vistula and the Bug water, and held his own manfully, without mountain fastnesses or fortified towns, against all comers. Once, indeed, the Tartar swept over him; but the wave of conquest broke as it passed on, and ebbed back again. Placed between the heathen Prussian, the barbarous Muscovite, and the fanatical Turk, Poland was for ages the border-garrison of Latin civilization. But for more than three centuries a change has been coming upon the world; and the tradesman is supplanting the feudal soldier, buying him out of his estates, multiplying in terrible disproportion around him, and at last beating him in the field by dint of endurance and drill. The Pole did not move with a moving earth. His country, admirable for corn and timber, was comparatively unfitted for commerce, and had never been studded with towns instinct with municipal life. In the absence of a middle class the peasantry will always be unduly depressed; and in the old Polish provinces there was a difference of race between them and their nobility sufficient to widen the gulf between high and low. They were not lower than the Irish peasantry of the last century; perhaps not than the continental peasantry generally, whom the Hohenzollerns kidnapped or an Elector of Hesse sold; but there was less chance that they would ever be elevated. Meanwhile the Pole

was the Frenchman of Eastern Europe—gay-hearted, prodigal, thoughtless, dividing his time between the faro-table and his seraglio. But whereas the French nobility—held in check by the towns, decimated by civil war, and controlled by able sovereigns—had surrendered the essentials of power and clung only to the most meaningless and vexatious privileges, the Polish nobles had seized the opportunity of the dying out of the Jagellons to establish their own power on the ruins of the throne. In 1572 the crown for the first time was thrown open to the world by the fatal advice of a Zamoiski, and the right of election extended to the lesser nobility; that is, from two hundred or three hundred magnates to one hundred thousand gentlemen. From that hour the ruin of Poland was sealed. Under competent kingship it might have done almost any thing in the sixteenth century, at the period of Russia's greatest weakness and of the Thirty Years' War. But with its kings mere titular presidents it lost provinces even under the ablest; under Sigismund III., who burned Moscow, and under John Sobieski, who saved Vienna.

Admitting all this, and without seeking to extenuate the excesses of a rampant liberty, we can hardly regard it as the very worst form of political error. The Polish nobles were perhaps not more factious than the Swedish; the difference was that the former were placed between great powers, whose interest it was to maintain disorder. From the time of Sobieski to the first partition, the country had three sovereigns; the first an Elector of Saxony, nominated by Austria and maintained by Russia; the second his son, nominated by Russia and Austria; and the third an old lover of Catherine II., nominated by a Muscovite army. Great political virtue in all classes of the nation might still have saved the country, or retarded its fall; but the eighteenth century was not the epoch of great political virtues in Europe generally. The Poles fell, as we have said, unjustly, but not undeservedly. The question really is, whether they are to be condemned to all time for having committed a gross political blunder in the sixteenth century, which they clung to as a privilege in the seventeenth, and which they were not allowed to reform in the eighteenth. For the influence of the Saxon court and Russian

arms were steadily employed to maintain the Polish constitution in its most obnoxious form. In 1773 the partitioning powers declared, as fundamental laws which they would not allow to be disputed, that the crown should be elective for ever, and that no son or grandson should succeed his father until after an interval of two reigns; and further, that the republican form of government should be maintained. In 1788-1791, the Polish Diet, notwithstanding, declared the throne hereditary, gave political rights to the middle classes and peasants, and reformed other flagrant abuses of the old system. The reforms were made the excuse of the second partition.

There is a common idea in England that nations are born free, and without special natural endowment can not be made fit for constitutional government. It is the fashion to assume, accordingly, that the past failures of the Poles are decisive against them; that having enjoyed and lost liberty, they are clearly unfit for it. We venture to think that this view is at least overstrained. Even, taking our own country, it may fairly be asked whether an observer in 1689, recalling the history of the past fifty years—the misgovernment of Charles I., the rebellion, Cromwell's military government, the servility of all classes under Charles II., and the open defiance of law by his Catholic brother—might not have pronounced representative institutions an utter failure in England, and only possible in States like Holland or Sweden. But there are even better instances at hand. Down to 1815 Norway was a Danish province, with absolutely no rights; since then it has had the freest government in Europe. Spain failed for forty years, and has yet succeeded within the last ten in making her constitution work. Italy seemed to want almost every element of the system; the people were of the Latin race, unused to self-government, with the aristocracy abased, and the peasantry uneducated; yet the Italian Chambers are not sensibly below the English standard. The fact is, Europe generally has become familiarized with the parliamentary system, and the errors of the first French experimentalists have been fruitful of good to their successors. But, besides this, there is a sensible difference between generations of the same people. The pictures of Vandyke and Reynolds tell their own tale. The

Polish gentleman would be more or less than human, if the events of the last century, the struggles and sufferings of at least three generations, had not left their impress on the national character. A French traveler in the seventeenth century remarked a general carelessness about religion; the *Times* correspondent now speaks of a morbidly religious sentiment. The people was the most outspoken of all; it is now one vast conspiracy under a secret government. Two generations have grown up under the Code Napoléon. But, above all, the position of classes is changed. There is now a large middle class of native tradesmen and artisans; it is, in fact, the only part of the population that tends steadily to increase. The peasants were serfs; they are now not only free, but copyhold proprietors, the only question unadjusted being that of compensation to their landlords. Railroads and steamers are binding the different provinces together. A national literature of singular fertility and depth has grown up. It is, of course, impossible to say beforehand that even these advantages would enable the Poles to govern themselves well; but we may fairly regard them as elements of hope, if a new trial were given. That trial, be it remembered, has never been vouchsafed since the treaty of Vienna, except for a few years under Alexander; and the success then was considerable. Even the secret government may be fairly cited as proof of the people's capacity. In spite of its immense difficulties, it commands the entire confidence of the nation, and beats the Russian police on their own ground. We are constantly told, in "inspired" newspapers, of disunion among the leaders. Differences of opinion there no doubt are and must be, but there are no signs as yet of disunion, or even of such opposition as Fox and his followers maintained throughout our greatest national struggle. Even the class jealousies which have existed in Poland, as every where, and which the Russian government has steadily fostered, appear to melt away before partnership in danger.

Assuming, however, that the Poles have been misgoverned, and that they are capable of self-government, the question still remains whether they were justified in insurrection. We are most of us apt to think that it is better to endure certain grievances than to redress them at the

risk of extinction. Could not the Poles have developed the institutions actually conceded to them by a certain exercise of political tact and long-suffering? And, if so, is Europe to bear the penalty of the impatience that preferred appealing to arms? A glance at the relations of Poland with Russia, and at the history of the last seven years, will answer this question. Poland and Russia represent two opposite civilizations. The central idea of Russian government, from time immemorial, has been the czar-father, the paternal despot; of the Polish, the independence of a large governing class. Distinctions of rank in Russian are bureaucratic, and the pride of family is a modern exotic; in Poland, the feeling of race has often bordered on insanity. Leave a Russian village to itself, and its peasants organize a communistic system; in a Polish settlement the divisions of land are broadly marked and jealously guarded. Traditions and immobility are the principles of the Russian church, and of its most powerful sectaries; it has no political ambition, except so far as its patriarch and priests are the instruments of the czar. In Poland, the adopted land of Socinus, Catholicism has constantly represented, as it does even now, the divorce of Church and State, and has thus been a principle of spiritual liberty. Lastly, Polish civilization has been Latin from the earliest times, and that of Russia has been Byzantine. Each nation, therefore, represents opposite principles of life. The experiment of Russian civilization is one to which every thinking man must heartily wish success, not only for the sixty millions whose happiness is involved in it, but because the very novelty of the conditions under which it has been developed, promises to throw new light on the whole history of man. But the possession of Poland rather hinders than assists the working out of the problem. It produces the worst antagonism of all, the bitterness of the conqueror towards the conquered; and Russia, having reached a point where contact with the West has become necessary, is in danger of isolating herself from the sympathies and influences of all Europe. Political liberty and freedom of thought will be for ever proscribed in St. Petersburg, if they are put down at Warsaw.

We dwell upon this antagonism of character between the two nations be-

cause we believe it explains in great measure why they have never been able to assimilate. The idea at St. Petersburg has been that a propaganda of Panslavism would finally remove all difficulties. There have been moments when it had some chance of success. In 1846, when Austria encouraged the Jacquerie of the Gallician peasants against their landlords, Wielopolski called upon all his countrymen to sink their nationality in the Russian, that they might be revenged on their German enemies, and a deputation waited upon the czar offering to put Galicia into his hands; receiving the characteristic answer, that if he wished for the province he would conquer it, but would never take it as the gift of revolted subjects. At the accession of Alexander II., when milder measures were promulgated, the exiles released, and a certain liberty allowed, the comparison of Russia to Austria, not yet chastened by Solferino, was more than ever favorable to the former. Men hoped every thing from a young prince. But Alexander II., himself a partisan of new ideas, was under the influence of men of the old order. Poland, to the generation of Russians that has grown up under Nicholas, is a conquered province that must be absorbed. These men know nothing, think nothing, of the treaty of Vienna, and of international obligations. They imagine that the war of 1831 has annulled all; as if a revolt provoked by misgovernment could cancel Russia's obligations to France, England, and Germany. Alexander II., reluctantly, it is said, but resolutely, made himself the mouthpiece of the old Muscovite party. Addressing a people who had thronged to do honor to him, he told them: "I mean the order established by my father to be maintained. Therefore, gentlemen, and before all, no dreams, no illusions. The happiness of Poland depends on its entire fusion with the other peoples of my empire. What my father has done, therefore, was well done, and I will maintain it. My reign shall be the continuation of his. . . Have you understood me? I love better to reward than to punish; but know, and take it as my word, gentlemen, that if need be, I shall know how to repress and to punish, and it shall be seen that I will punish severely." This speech, to say the least, was ungracious and unkingly from a sovereign to the subjects whom he saw for the first

time. But words, after all, are words. It remains to be seen by what acts that declaration was commented on and explained.

The leading man among Poles for the last thirty years, and therefore a fair type of the national aspirations and character, on one side at least, has been the Count André Zamoiski. He belongs to a family which is professedly *Anglomane*, and several of whose members have been educated in England, while some of them are said to speak English better than their native tongue. Certainly no man could better represent than Count André the English horror of war, or our belief in material progress and in all gradual processes of constitutional growth. In Count Cavour, also a student of English institutions, the acquired culture was only subservient to a passionate Machiavellic Italian temperament, that would have wrapped Europe in flames at any moment to save a single province of Italy. But to Count André Zamoiski's temperament peace was necessary, as the condition of self-culture and self-government. His great works have been industrial enterprises: stud-stables, a line of steamers on the Vistula, a society for lending money on mortgage, and the famous Agricultural Society for improving the staple of Polish industry. In England such a man, however respected and respectable, would have no great political influence. In Poland he was regarded by his countrymen as the leader of the patriotic party, and by the Russians as a conspirator; the more dangerous because acting with steady legality. In fact, the Agricultural Society served first as a small bond of union between Polish gentlemen in distant counties, then as an excuse for meetings in which social questions, such as serf-emancipation, were discussed privately, within the limits of the existing laws. That a portion of its members would have liked to go further, and give the society a distinctly political character, is no doubt true; but their president never permitted this deviation from their statutes. At last, after the massacre of February, Prince Gortschakoff, trembling for the safety of the town, invited Count André to provide for public security. The result was, that during a week of unparalleled ferment, with a crowd of one hundred thousand spectators invited to assist in the funeral of the victims, perfect order

was maintained. The success was a fatal one. "All the town obeys you," said Prince Gortschakoff, indignantly. "Things cannot remain in this state; I do not fear you; I have troops now." Five weeks later the Agricultural Society was dissolved. Its dissolution occasioned the second massacre, the crime of the victims being that they petitioned for its re-establishment. Then power passed definitely into the hands of the Marquis Wielopolski; and in August, 1862, Count André, having committed the crime of encouraging some hundred gentlemen to sign a petition to the czar for national institutions and official union with the old provinces of Poland, was insulted by the Grand Duke, sent to St. Petersburg, and dismissed into honorable exile.

Those who care to follow out at length the complications of 1861-62, must seek them in the excellent *résumé* of M. de Mazade, from which we have drawn freely. It is perhaps a misfortune that the book is made up of articles which have not been recast, so that the whole has a rather fragmentary character; but this fault of composition is abundantly redeemed by the author's thorough knowledge of his subject, and by his candor and breadth of view. Our own object is simply to point out, that ever since April, 1861, Alexander II. has been carrying out his programme to govern Poland as his father did, and that the second tyranny has been even worse than the first. Except that the commissioners of roads are now to be elected by districts instead of by provinces, a change of very doubtful value, no single organic reform has been promulgated. On the other hand, schools have been shut up by hundreds, industrial enterprise has been discouraged, the clergy have been threatened, leading nobles and authors imprisoned or transported as a precautionary measure; and finally, a conscription organized with the express object of forcing the men most averse to service into the ranks. Since the revolt provoked by these measures, the government has set no limits to its severity. Twenty-three thousand men have been imprisoned as a precautionary measure. Hundreds are sent every week to Siberia. Torture and flogging are now among the means employed to extract confessions. The country is filled with spies. In Lithuania the infamous Mouravieff has offered rewards of from three to five roubles (from

nine shillings to fifteen shillings) for the head of every insurgent. He has levied a fluctuating property-tax of at least ten per cent., or two years' income; and the goods of those who can not at once discharge this monstrous imposition are put up to public auction at nominal prices. We have before us the list of three hundred and ninety-seven persons whose estates, down to the fourth of July last, he had sequestered. He causes every village in which insurgents have been harbored to be burned down.

For these and other such atrocities he enjoys the unbounded admiration of his countrymen, demoralized by the war, and has received the Order of St. Andrew and a letter of thanks from his sovereign. Unhappily he has imitators among the Russian generals; and Annenkoff in Podolia, Kieff, and Volhynia, is said to be not inferior. But even when the Russian generals are humane, well-meaning men, they can not control the troops under them, embittered by a guerrilla war and constantly drunk. Burning alive, burying alive, flogging, are among the horrors of the present campaign that relieve the ordinary incidents of violation and massacre. At first the Russian organs attempted to represent the revolt as excited by the emigrants, and exclusively carried on by the upper classes. Both statements have been emphatically disproved. Not only are the emigrants not in the national government, but the services of such a man as Mieroslawski have been steadily declined, for fear his reputation as a Red Republican should excite distrust in Europe. As regards the different classes of the nation, the list of official victims alone proves that all are represented, about half hitherto having been peasants, farmers, or artisans, though of course the higher heads are the first struck. But the strongest testimony has been that of the Russian general Boggawout, who excuses the disorders of his troops on the ground that the peasants burn the villages at their approach, and fly into the woods to join the insurgents. We will just add, that in two corps we ourselves saw in Poland above a third were peasants, and only a small proportion educated men. But the lower classes in towns, especially Warsaw, have no doubt furnished the chief number of combatants.

Is compromise possible? The czar has in fact answered that question by re-

jecting all mediation, accepting solemnly the responsibility of his acts, and refusing to treat the insurgents as belligerents. After seven months' struggle, with from twenty thousand to thirty thousand men in the field against him and baffling his best troops, Alexander II. allows no exchange of prisoners, and shoots or even hangs as traitors the unhappy gentlemen who have formerly served against their will in the Russian army. Sierakofsky, who was dragged from the bed on which he lay wounded to the gallows, had made himself honorably famous through the length and breadth of the empire by procuring the abolition of corporal punishment in the army. To ask the Poles to lay down their arms after the bitterness of such a struggle, in blind reliance on the mercy of a prince who permits these atrocities, would surely be to expect too much of human nature. Would any sane man like to pledge himself that the czar-father would not respond to their confidence by sending them Mouravieff? But if Alexander II. were not the weak man he is—*qui a des vellétés mais qui n'a pas de volonté*—and who is swayed by every impulse of popular animosity or rancor, a capitulation of the weak, considered as revolted subjects, to the strong, being a foreign despot, is hardly a measure to be taken while there are yet a hundred men with arms in their hands. What the czar really counts on is the coming winter. His troops have been repeatedly beaten, and barely keep the field in spite of numbers and superior equipment. His treasury is bankrupt, and heavy arrears of pension and pay are even now said to be due. But he believes that four months' frost will save Russia again, as in the campaign against Napoleon. Having amused and baffled the Western powers by a half-evasive, half-insolent diplomacy, he now looks forward in confidence to extirpating their *protégé* during the winter. The weak will have learned a new lesson on the value of moral sympathies.

It is not for us or for any one to predict the future. Considering the national jealousy of France, the dislike to commence a war of which the issue can not be foreseen, and the weakness of the present ministry, who dare not have a decisive policy for good or evil, the chances are certainly considerable that England will remain at peace during the next six months, and that Austria will follow her

example. We need not discuss the possibilities which are still talked of in Vienna of an Austrian army of occupation taking possession of Poland up to the gates of Warsaw. But there is more than one step short of war which would seriously derange the Russian combinations. The recall of the English, French, and Austrian ambassadors, in imitation of what was done in Naples in 1859, would be something more than a mere moral remonstrance. It would shake the prestige of the war-party; it would necessitate fresh armaments on the Baltic, and ruinous expenses throughout the empire. Another and even simpler step would be to acknowledge the Poles as a belligerent power. The *Presse* of Vienna—the Austrian *Times*—has already declared in favor of this step, and it is generally believed that Franz Joseph and his ministers only wait the signal from St. James's, and the assurance that they will not move alone. There are several precedents for this measure. In the Conference held at London in July, 1826, between the cabinets of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, it was postulated "that an intervention is justifiable not only when the safety and essential interests of a State are affected by the internal events taking place in a neighboring State, but also when the rights of humanity are violated by the excesses of a cruel and barbarous government." The Porte refusing to grant an amnesty, the three powers at once recognized the belligerent rights of the Greeks. Similarly the belligerent rights of Belgium were recognized; and in this case England was not eventually drawn into any war with Holland. The insurrection of the Spanish colonies was recognized by England, the United States, and Sweden. We recognized the belligerent rights of the Southern secessionists without even sufficient delay to show that they could hold their own against the government of Washington. Here then appears to be a distinct principle, that it is in the option of any power to recognize insurgents of any kind and at any time during the struggle, as belligerents.

What, it may be said, would be gained by this? The immediate and immense gain would be the winter. During those very months when the Russians expect to draw their enemy, as in a net, the Polish combatants would emigrate into Austria, leaving perhaps a few of the best-seasoned

bands to harass the enemy. The insurrection would become something impalpable and yet terribly near. It would buy its munitions of war at a fourth of their present price, and would recruit soldiers from every country in Europe. The men who are now imprisoned on suspicion by the Austrian police, and sent back over the frontier, would be allowed to traverse Galicia at will, so long as they did not do it in regular companies. It is not too much to say that the whole labor of subjugation would have to be recommenced. Yet, in one particular, at least, the war would have a tendency to be less bloody. It would be difficult for the czar's government to persist in treating as brigands men whom the rest of Europe recognized as regular belligerents. We might fairly hope to hear of flags of truce between the two combatants, and of mercy to the wounded.

It rests with Russia to prevent this recognition, and to reconcile herself with civilized Europe. She is still in a position, if she will only use it, to yield with dignity. The reconstruction of Congress Poland with a native parliament, under a Russian grand duke, and with international guarantees for the honest carrying out of the amnesty that has been so often talked about, would be nothing more than the court of Peterhof is already pledged to by the treaty of Vienna, and yet would suffice to satisfy public opinion. France and England have nothing to gain by the continuance of an internecine struggle, which occupies their diplomacy, produces constant fluctuations in the money market, and keeps cabinets and press in a wearisome state of tension. The fee-simple of Poland would not pay us for the disquietude of a year's European war. That the Poles would dislike such an accommodation as we have suggested is more than probable; but there is just sufficient equity about it to make it certain that they would forfeit the sympathies on which they now rely if they refused to entertain it. Besides, their faith in cabinets must by this time have undergone several disenchantments. As the scheme is in fact that which the Russian organs steadily represent as already contemplated, the only humiliation for the emperor would be in admitting European intervention in the case of a province which he only holds in trust for Europe. The revolt of 1831 no more transferred Poland

to the Russian empire than the revolt of 1848 in the Ionian Islands changed them from a trust into a dependency of the British empire. Sooner or later the czar's government will discover that it is not

wise to disregard public opinion and European treaties; and it may have occasion to learn before many months are over that there are other means of punishing bad faith than by drawing the sword.

From the Leisure Hour.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A SHORT time since, I happened to be in Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance of an American, one of the officers of the United States whaling-ship Nantucket, which had run in from her fishing grounds in the Pacific, to obtain a supply of water and fresh provisions; and one day, in talking over the different events of the cruise, which had lasted two years, he narrated the following curious incident which had befallen them.

One morning at daybreak, when lying becalmed, they found themselves in the midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all four of their boats were speedily lowered and chase given. Two of them proved successful, and by the afternoon, had returned to the ship, towing their captured prey; but the others were not so fortunate. Having by some blunder missed their first chance, it was not until after an arduous chase of many hours that their leading boat at last succeeded in overtaking and making fast to the whale. A long and desperate struggle ensued, the second crew quickly coming to the assistance of the first; but line after line from both was expended by the animal, which proved to be of the largest size, and of immense strength and tenacity of life. It tried every means to escape; sometimes "sounding," ~~that is,~~ descending perpendicularly to a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean, until the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water was more than even its huge strength could bear, and it was forced to return to the surface, along which it would then rush with such velocity, dragging both boats after it, that the water, divided by the sharp bows, curled high in two solid walls on either hand. At length, however, its speed began to slacken, and the

whalemen, anxious to secure their prize before darkness set in, advanced to finish him, and four more lances were rapidly hurled into the body of the monster, which, apparently exhausted by its preceding efforts, lay passive on the water. No sooner, however, had the last steel penetrated, than, as if the stimulus had roused anew all its vital energies, it hurled itself half out of the water, and swinging its ponderous flukes high up in the air, struck two tremendous blows in quick succession, one of which fell upon the foremost boat, cutting it completely in two, and scattering its occupants (one of whom had his thigh broken) in all directions. After doing this mischief, it again sounded; and, hastily picking up their companions, and placing the wounded man in the bottom of the boat, the rest, undaunted, impatiently awaited the coming up of the animal to breathe. But they waited in vain; their prey had escaped them. In his last desperate effort to free himself, he had (so I was told, at least) dived so deeply, that, with his strength exhausted, he was unable again to rise, and dying below, sank still deeper. The disappointed whalers sat in silence, watching their lines disappearing fathom after fathom, until their last yard was gone, when the bowman, who held his tomahawk uplifted ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall and sever the rope, lest the weight of the descending body should drag the boats down with it into the abyss.

Wearied with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling

for some hours, however, they felt a slight breeze spring up, which they knew would bring her down; and, after awhile, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signal was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their oars for some time, but had once more resumed them upon noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely to be again becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears, which made each man pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of moan, which seemed to be borne to them from across the waters; but whether from near at hand, or far away they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and listened. The night was cloudy and dark; but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practiced vision the form of their own vessel, which was only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sounds appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighborhood, they joined together in a shout; but there was no response audible. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment, a distant piercing cry, followed by moanings similar to the first they had heard, rose on the night air. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like them, and, amazed and startled, and with all the superstitious fears excited to which sailors are prone, the men in the boat whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing as I know of that swims the sea or flies in the air, could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft any where within miles, we could see her sails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for any coasters carrying cattle. Besides, there's no such trade on this coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I want to know," said a second. "I know what it is to be adrift and perishing. I was one time on a raft with twenty more, for two-and-thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died raging, from

drinking the salt water, and yelled and fought, and throttled each other till they were pitched overboard; but then, these here sounds aren't human like."

"Couldn't be a whale, Bill, that made that moanin' noise?" asked another of the boat-steerers, who was a veteran salt, having followed his calling as a sealer and whaler in all parts of the world.

"Well, it might be—that noise might; though twarn't exactly like it neither. I've heard 'em too often not to know 'em. Sperm whale don't roar much; but right black, or Greenland species, common all over the world, you can hear, at times, miles away. I remember once, when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay whaling near Hokianga—we killed a cow whale and her calf, and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old bull, he came in from sea at night-fall, and kep' up such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to hear him. He knowed his missus had gone in there, you see, and he was a callin' on her to come out; and for nigh-hand on to a week, every night, he'd tack about in the offing, until daylight, waitin' and callin' her. Twarn't till we stripped the blubber off her, and towed the carcass out to sea, that he gave in and left."

For some time the men listened; but nothing further was heard or seen. They also rowed for some distance in the direction of the sounds, and again shouted, but got no reply; and an hour afterwards they were picked up and taken on board. The captain, when he heard their story, swept the horizon with his night glass; but detecting no sail, he concluded that the vessel from which the light had proceeded (if they really had seen it) had passed out of sight in the interval; and as for the sounds which had startled them, he made light of them.

"You heard a grampus grunting, or some seals snorting, or, maybe, some penguins trumpeting," he said. "You were all knocked up and half asleep. Turn in, the whole lot of you, and take a snooze till daylight, for we must finish stripping and trying out this fish. A set of lubbers you were, to lose that other whale!"

The men did as they were ordered, but were perfectly convinced that the sounds they had heard were not caused by any such agencies as their commander had mentioned. The light, strange as it was, certainly might have proceeded from a passing ship, although, in that case, it

was odd they could not see it. Each of the noises separately also might be thus accounted for, perhaps; but the whole occurring together, and proceeding from one quarter, was to them inexplicable.

They had been asleep some hours, and day was about to break. The breeze had slightly freshened; but the ship, after having picked up the boats, had been hove to, and consequently had remained nearly stationary during the night, the carcass of the whale having been placed alongside, secured by tackles, preparatory to stripping the blubber, or "blanket-piece," as it is technically called. Some of this had already been taken off, hoisted on deck, cut up, and placed in the huge coppers, used in the sperm whale fishery for boiling (or "trying out," as it is termed) the oil—these coppers being imbedded in brickwork, on the upper or open deck. The fires beneath them being laid ready for lighting, the mate was busy with his preparations when the captain, who had been in bed, turned out and came on deck.

"Do you know," said he, "that I really think that there was no mistake in what the hands said? There's something out of the way going on, or afloat near us. My cabin window was open—the head of my bunk is close to it—and as I lay there I heard something—I can't make out what? Did you not hear any thing?"

"No; we've been busy knocking about the decks. What was it like?"

"Well, at first it was like what the men said—deep groaning, moaning, and rumbling kind of noises, a good distance off apparently. Then I heard a scream; then some one laughing—a rum sort of laugh it was too. I should have thought myself dreaming, only for what the men had said."

"How long since was this?" asked the mate.

"Within this last quarter of an hour. But is every thing ready for trying out, Mr. Smart?" And the captain examined the preparations made. "Call the watch as soon as it is light enough, and set all hands to work. The coppers are charged, so you may as well light the fires, and then pass the word along for silence fore and aft. I want to listen, and try and make out what those noises mean."

He went and stood by the taffrail, while the men on deck, ceasing their work, went to the side, or mounted the rigging.

For a short time they remained thus, looking and listening, when the captain, hearing again the deep moaning he had described, raised the speaking trumpet he held, and hailed. As the hoarse sound died away, a startling reply was given. A burst of strange, harsh laughter came ringing across the water, gradually changing into a wild cry, which rose upon the night air, sounding inexpressibly sad and mournful. At that moment, as the seamen, thrilled and awe-struck, listened, the fires which had been lit beneath the coppers, and which had been fed with pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up brightly, the flames presently shooting up half way to the tops, and casting a broad red glare over the surrounding waters. And, as if this flame had been a spell to conjure up the demons of the deep, from the thick darkness beyond the verge of the circle of light issued a succession of sounds of the most extraordinary character. Yells and howls, shrill screams and roars—now mingled, now separate—at times dying away, and again, as the flames shot up fiercely, rising in hideous chorus—assailed the ears of the astounded whalers, while at intervals, mingled with the uproar, was what seemed to some on board to be the sound, indistinctly heard, of human voices. This continued until the vessel had passed on her way some distance, when the noises became more and more faint and finally died away.

Before the fires had been lit the ship had been put before the wind, in order that the smoke and flame might pass forward and not endanger the rigging or incommode the men at their labor. Some of the latter, alarmed at the sounds, would willingly have had her continue her course and leave the vicinity; but the Yankee skipper was not so superstitious; and, being determined to ascertain their cause, he ordered the fires to be put out, (so that the vessel might sail against the wind,) and returned. While the look-outs aloft were trying to catch sight of any vessel or other object in the neighborhood, the sounds again reached them; and, steering in their direction, the ship was hove to and a boat lowered; but the men hung back when the captain ordered a crew in, and wished to wait for daylight.

"Why, what are you afraid of, men? Do you think there are evil spirits cruising?"

He paused in surprise, and all hands

uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon was presented to their view: a pale-blue phosphorescent light suddenly gleamed out of the darkness, and showed them a wreck, dismasted and drifting. Through the open ports and breaches in the bulwarks, broken by the waves, the unearthly-looking radiance shone, glimmering and flickering on the stump of the mainmast, the only fragment of a spar left standing. Its bows were towards them, and from their own mastheads they could at times, when it pitched and rolled, see down on to its deck. Close to the after hatchway burned a blue tremulous flame, sometimes shooting up vividly, at others sinking until nearly extinguished, by the light of which all on deck was rendered visible. All hands looked eagerly for signs of a crew; but nothing in the shape of a man was to be seen. The deck was cleared, the long-boat and spars gone; there was nothing to conceal them from view, had any men been on board.

But although nothing in the guise of mortal man was visible, other objects presented themselves to the view of the awe-struck sailors. Gaunt and weird-looking shapes of hideous animals were plainly seen flitting restlessly to and fro in the ghastly light of that unnatural illumination, of a lonely wreck at sea.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant, at this portion of his narrative, "that I for one was scared, and no mistake about it. I was brought up on a part of New-England where a belief in the supernatural prevails. I had heard that evil spirits appeared at times in the form of beasts, and haunted the places where they had when on earth committed their crimes; and we were off that coast where, for two hundred years, the desperadoes of every clime—pirates and buccaneers—had pursued, when in life, their horrid calling. As the blue light flickered, and the yells once more broke out, these tales of my early days might have made me fancy myself in the presence of some phantom ship with its ghastly crew.

"But daylight soon came, the blue light went out, and we then saw that the wreck was a real one, and that a boat was towing astern; and when we pulled to it and hailed, voices from the cabin aft, replied, and we rowed round and saw a man

with his head and shoulders projecting out of the window.

"'I say, strangers!' he shouted, 'don't none of you offer to come aboard. Some of the critturs got loose last night, and they're dangerous.' And dangerous enough they appeared to be, for at that moment came to the taffrail, and looked down on us, several hyenas, whose eyes, sparkling with famine, glared most ferociously; and no wonder: they had had no food for nearly a week.

"The brig was in fact a complete menagerie, which a speculative American was taking to California, visiting all the South American ports on his way. He had been blown out to sea by a hurricane, which at last carried away his masts, and he had been drifting about ever since, till his beasts were nearly starved. He had a miserable crew, half of them being his showmen, and he himself was his own captain, trusting to his mate to navigate for him. They had prepared the long-boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in with them, but had made repeated abortive efforts to rig jury-masts as well. In their last attempt the spar had fallen, and the heel of it smashed the cage containing the hyenas, and all hands had to make a speedy retreat to the after cabin, and keep below till daylight should enable them to shoot, or otherwise secure them. Our fire, by exciting the beasts, attracted their notice, and at first they thought it was a burning ship. The light seen by the boat early in the night, was made by burning some spirits of wine out of the cabin window, and they now prepared to repeat the signal, hoping to attract our attention; but this time, instead of hanging it out of the cabin window, they managed to open the hatchway and push it out on the deck, where the beasts were prowling about, restless with the hunger which tormented them.

"The crew stayed three days with us; we rigged them up jury-masts, and, what was of greater consequence, supplied the captain with plenty of the beef from the whale for his animals, and thus saved him from ruin; for the poor man had invested all he had in the menagerie. We heard afterwards that he got safe to Callao, and I suppose is in California long before this."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE lecture with which Mr. W. R. Grove opened the session of the Royal Institution was alike worthy of the place and the lecturer. Mr. Grove is so practiced a speaker, so fluent, so clear in his definitions, so fertile in illustration, and so suggestive of philosophical views, that to hear him deliver a lecture is a rare intellectual treat. In the title of the lecture, "Boiling Water," there did not appear to be much promise of interest; but Mr. Grove showed that in its bearings on chemical and mechanical science, and its relations to cosmical science, it is a subject which, in proper hands, would, perhaps more than any other, yield results of the highest importance. He astonished his audience at the outset by telling them that there never had been such a thing as boiling water, and never would be; and he showed reflected on a screen by the electric light, that what is called boiling, is, in fact, the driving out of air from the water by the application of heat. Expel all the air from water, and it will no longer boil in the ordinary sense; and if it were possible to operate on water not contained in a vessel, it might be heated to an intense temperature—more than three hundred degrees—without altering its form. And we are not to forget that the hard nature of the vessel in which water is boiled may have as much to do with the boiling as the other elements in the operation. Then comes the question of constituent gases, and that apparently indestructible bubble of gas, "that everlasting bubble," as Mr. Grove calls it, which remains at the bottom of every experiment, whatever be the liquid operated on. Perhaps among our chemists there may be one who will take up the subject of boiling water as a special research. Wide as the use of steam is at the present day, he could hardly fail to make some discovery which engine-builders would turn to use and profit. We should rejoice, in common with many others, were Mr. Grove himself to undertake the inquiry; but unfortunately for

science, he is a Q. C., and wholly taken up with law.

Astronomers have been kept on the alert by the appearance of a comet, which may be one that has a period of fifty-three years, and was last seen in 1810, or may be a stranger. It was nearest to the sun—18,000,000 miles—at the beginning of the present month. At the Astronomical Society, the sun itself has been a subject of discussion: the best observers can not agree as to the so-called "willow leaves," or peculiar appearances visible on the solar photosphere. Some there are who think that those appearances denote some kind of organism, that is, a form of life, which opens a new, or at least revives a very old doctrine as to the vital functions of the sun. In another branch of solar science, a valuable contribution has been made by Mr. R. C. Carrington, who has just published a large quarto book, *Observations on the Spots on the Sun*, from 1853 to 1861, illustrated by 166 plates. In the plates, the spots are carefully figured as they appeared during the eight years of observation, and their arrangement is such that any competent mind may use them in tracing out and studying the periodical times of solar spots. Mr. Carrington expresses an opinion that there is some connection between the attraction of Jupiter and the greater or lesser occurrence of spots on the sun.

Again, the Registrar-general's returns show that a falling thermometer indicates a rising death-rate. In the metropolitan districts, during the second week of January, 2427 persons died, being 877 more than the average. Strong argument this in favor of warmth; but let those who study the question remember that the summer of last year, though warm enough to produce an abounding harvest, was not particularly favorable to health. A French M.D. has read a paper before the Medical Society at Paris, in which he endeavors to prove that a certain class of diseases may be prevented or cured by an increase of atmospheric pressure. Pa-

tients afflicted with asthma and other affections of the respiratory organs, are to be shut into a small close chamber, to which a gauge and safety-valve are fitted, and air is then to be driven in by a force-pump to any required pressure up to two and a half atmospheres. By this means, there is, of course, a larger quantity of oxygen breathed by the patient, and this is the active remedial agent. We are not informed whether this method has yet been tried in a number of cases; and without a large number of results, no fair conclusion can be drawn. But to some extent experience may be cited in its favor; for it has long been known that asthmatic miners prefer to work in the coal-mine at Monk-Wearmouth, the deepest in England, because the air at the bottom containing a larger amount of oxygen, in consequence of its greater density, enables them to breathe freely.—For patients who require an African climate during the winter, there is good news from Egypt. Steamers that accommodate fifty passengers now start from Cairo for a month's trip up the Nile. The cabins are described as airy, and the dining-room is on deck, an arrangement which those who have dined on the deck of a Rhine steamer will know how to appreciate. The charge for first-class passengers is about one pound a day. If for this sum cleanliness can be secured, and freedom from the insect tribes which infest the sailing-boats, a trip up the Nile will be rendered more enjoyable for invalids than ever before.—There is good news also for travelers who may have to touch or tarry at Suez; the canal cut by the French Company now delivers the fresh water of the Nile to that scorched and sweltering port. If there be a place in the world that needs a constant supply, it is that.

In some of the French journals, there are accounts of a new kind of paper made of wood. But if wooden paper be new in France, it is not new here or in the United States, for in both countries specimens of paper have been exhibited manufactured from wood. When the manufacture succeeds, we shall hear more about it.—We are glad to notice that Ireland is taking steps for a further development of its resources in the article of flax. So much has been written and printed on that subject, that there is nothing new to be said upon it; but there is a great deal to be done. And if the promoters, who

have recently held a meeting at Limerick, will make use of the experience already acquired, they will derive a profit from many at present useless acres. As an example of the value of the article, we find in a trade report that, in the week ending January 9th, the sale of flax in Belfast amounted to 1080 tons, worth £75,000.—Another gratifying subject is, that from most parts of the kingdom we hear that salmon-breeders have taken pains to obtain ova, and thereby stock the rivers with fish. It will be interesting to observe whether the great plenty of salmon and other fish, which is said to have prevailed in our streams in former times, can be restored amid our present overcrowding and civilization.

The great railway bridge at Charing Cross is scarcely opened, when we are told that the railway bridge at Blackfriars, which seems little more than begun, is to be ready for the passage of trains by next June. Even in these days of engineering surprises, the rapid construction of this bridge is something to wonder at.—Then turning to Kensington, where the International building is disappearing, we hear talk of new museums to be built in its place; and again, the question is revived as to whether the natural history collections shall be removed from the British Museum. Another question, that of the National Gallery, is to be settled, if the House of Commons will give consent, by the erection of a handsome building fit for the purpose on the large plot of ground at the rear of Burlington House.

The much-talked-of three hundredth anniversary of Shakspeare's birthday is approaching, but the question as to how it shall be celebrated is not yet settled. Why should not every town or village that sympathizes with the motive hold a celebration in its own way? Why should there be uniformity in the homage to be rendered to him who is so often described as a many-sided poet? Some people will think the best way of doing honor to the occasion will be to buy a copy of Shakspeare's works.—A new review has been started for the special purpose of presenting a record of the progress of science. Judging from the first number, *The Quarterly Journal of Science* will keep its readers well informed of what savans and philosophers are doing in all parts of the world, and of the proceedings of scien-

tific societies in Great Britain.—The Geographical Society have received news of a vague rumor which had reached the Cape of the death of Dr. Livingstone. He is said to have been murdered by the natives. We trust that this painful rumor may not be confirmed, and that the earnest-minded traveler, whose recall has been announced, will once more appear among his friends in England.—Letters from Dr. Baikie announce that he has made further additions to the geography of the countries far up the Niger, has discovered some traces of Dr. Vogel, and obtained the papers of Corporal Maguire, which are described as of importance to geographers. Writing last from Kano, the doctor says: "I every day enjoy nothing less than bread-and-butter for breakfast, wheat-rolls being daily hawked about or sold in the market, while fresh butter is a daily article. It is the nearest approach to home that I have had for a long time. This country (Kano) is the finest and best cultivated I have seen." Students in search of information on the British possessions in Africa, may find it in *The Geography of the British Empire*, an interesting volume from the pen of Mrs. Bray.

The question of iron shipping has been so much discussed of late, that a few particulars as to its progress and merits will prove interesting to non-professional readers. In a paper by Mr. J. Vernon, of Liverpool, read at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, we find that the number of iron sailing-ships and steamers built and registered in the United Kingdom in 1851 was fifty-five, comprising a tonnage of 15,826 tons; in 1862, the number was two hundred and nineteen, and the tonnage 106,497 tons. Compared with timber-built vessels, this shows a remarkable increase in the use of iron, from which we may infer that the conviction as to the superiority of the latter grows every year stronger. Iron offers greater strength than wood, greater durability, and less cost, larger carrying capability as a ship, greater facility of construction, and a more certain supply of the material. Compared with timber, the cost of an iron ship is fourteen per cent. less. A 1200 ton timber ship, with rigging and outfit complete, weighs 1080 tons; an iron ship of the same tonnage weighs 900 tons. The internal capacity of the timber ship is 93,343 cubic feet, equal to 933 tons,

at 100 feet per ton. The iron ship, on the contrary, because of the reduced thickness of the sides and bottom of the hull, has a capacity of 1108 tons. Then, as to facility of construction; when we remember that iron can be fashioned into the exact shapes and sizes required, and used at once, while wood must be grown, sawn, and kept a long time to season, the economy of iron over wood becomes strikingly apparent.

Some of the iron steamers now employed in the coal-trade have the further advantage over wood, that they can take in water as ballast. In this trade, the vessels commonly get no return-freight, and must consequently go through the tedious and laborious operation of taking in and throwing out ballast. The iron collier has a water-tight chamber constructed beneath her hold, and after discharging her cargo of coal, the sea-cocks are opened, the water rushes in, fills the chamber, and so ballasts the vessel without effort. On return to the coal-port, the water is either pumped out, or if the vessel can be laid dry at low tide, is let to run out of itself. A steamer carrying seven hundred tons of coal has space for one hundred and seventy tons of water-ballast.

In the construction of flat-bottomed boats for river navigation, iron is especially useful. In this form it has been turned to good account in the exploration and navigation of rivers in Africa, America, and India. On the Indus, floating steam-trains have been introduced, having a paddle-wheel steamer foremost, with a round stern, which fits into the concave bow of the barge behind it. To this are attached other barges, making in all a length of six hundred and forty feet. Large quantities of merchandise are thus transported by one steamer; but owing to the frequent windings of the stream, there appears to be some difficulty in steering.

Mr. Bessemer argues in favor of steel. He shows that the hull of H.M.S. *Minotaur*, constructed of wood and iron, weighs six thousand tons; the armor weighs nearly two thousand tons more. But if steel had been used for the ribs, the weight of the hull would not have been more than four thousand tons, which would have allowed of the use of armor-plates nine inches thick, without rendering the armed vessel heavier than the ship above named, with her plates of four and a half inches thick. On the question of

guns, which is also an important one, Mr. Bessemer states that he can produce a block of steel, twenty tons' weight, from fluid cast-iron in twenty minutes. In this

there would be no weld or joint; but it is not yet proved that a gun fashioned from such a block would be stronger than one built up by the coil process.

From the Westminster Review.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP.

THERE is much about sleep that is familiar to all: there is much that is at present known to none: there is much also that to many seems mysterious, which nevertheless, when rightly considered, is clear and comprehensible. We propose in the following pages to discuss especially certain of the phenomena of sleep, which have been the subjects of recent scientific investigation, and to refer to the more familiar phenomena only as they are associated with processes of internal change hitherto little thought of or altogether unrecognized. With respect to the many deeply interesting points upon which we have neither information to give, nor explanation to suggest, we would only say, that these, like all other phenomena and laws of nature as yet beyond our ken, although unexplained hitherto, must not be regarded as therefore inexplicable for ever; nor because uninvestigated and unknown at present, as therefore mysterious and beyond our future powers of research. It seems to have been—nay still to be—very generally supposed alike by physiologists and metaphysicians, that the nature of sleep is peculiarly inexplicable, and veiled in impenetrable mystery. Such a supposition is erroneous and mischievous. Erroneous—inasmuch as it attributes to assumed obscurity of the subject difficulties which arise from our own ignorance and inaptitude: mischievous—inasmuch as it neces-

sarily tends to chill the spirit of inquiry, and to stay at their very commencement researches fraught with scientific interest and practical importance.

Now, in order to arrive at a full conception of the nature of sleep, and to learn from its phenomena all we may of the secrets of our being, we must study thoroughly both its anatomy and physiology, so to speak; and not confine our attention to its psychology alone, as most philosophical writers have hitherto been content to do.

Every one has some general idea, founded on personal experience, of what is meant by sleep. And yet, strange as it may seem, it is by no means easy to give a satisfactory description, much less an accurate definition, of this familiar but truly wonderful state. It is even difficult, as Sir H. Holland observes, "to distinguish that which is its most perfect condition—the condition furthest removed from the waking state." Some maintain that we are conscious, others that we are unconscious, during sleep. Some assert that we always dream when asleep, others that dreams occur only between sleeping and waking, or during imperfect sleep. Indeed, on these and many other points connected with our subject, the greatest possible diversity of opinion prevails among different writers. Such diversity of opinion may be to a certain extent explained by the following considerations. First—the sleeping experiences of differently constituted individuals differ in the same way, though by no means in the same degree, as their waking experience; and hence different observers, judging each from his own experience, may have arrived at somewhat different conclusions. Secondly—"Sleep is not a *unity of state*,

* *Le Sommeil et les Rêves. Etudes Psychologiques sur ces Phénomènes et les divers Etats qui s'y rattachent.* Par M. L. F. ALFRED MAURY. Paris: 1862.

On Sleep. By Sir H. HOLLAND. In "Chapters on Mental Physiology." 2d edit. London: 1858.
The Physiology of Sleep. By ARTHUR E. DURNAM. In "Guy's Hospital Reports." London. 1860.

but a series of fluctuating conditions;" and thus it may have happened that some have regarded one *phase*, and some another phase, as the most perfect. Thirdly—Many theories of sleep have evidently been adopted because of their conformity with favorite metaphysical creeds, rather than because of their accordance with the simple teachings of experience and observation.

Sir H. Holland and Mr. Durham, regarding the subject from perfectly distinct points of view, express their opinions as to the nature of sleep in very different terms. The former considers sleep in its most general, the latter in its most special, acceptation. Sir Henry Holland writes as follows:

"Sleep, in the most general and correct sense of the term, must be regarded not as one single state, but a succession of states in constant variation—this variation consisting, not only in the different degrees in which the same sense or faculty is submitted to it, but also in the different proportions in which these several powers are under its influence at the same time. We thus associate together under a common principle all the phenomena, however remote and anomalous they may seem;—from the bodily acts of the somnambulist; the vivid, but inconsequent trains of thought excited by external impressions; the occasional acute exercise of the intellect; and the energy of emotion—to that profound sleep in which no impressions are received by the senses; no volition is exercised; and no consciousness or memory is left, on waking, of the thoughts or feelings which have existed in the mind. Instead of regarding many of these facts as exceptions and anomalies, it is sounder in reason to adopt such definitions of sleep as may practically include them all."—p. 15.

Mr. Durham, on the other hand, says:

"Considered *psychologically*, I think sleep may be best defined to be a state in which volition, sensation, and consciousness are suspended, but can be readily restored upon the application of some stimulus. 'That sleep alone is healthy,' says Dr. Wilson Philip, 'from which we can be easily aroused. If our fatigue has been such as to render it more profound, it partakes of the nature of disease.'

"Considered *physiologically*, sleep may be most correctly regarded as that particular state of cerebral inactivity which is essentially associated with the nutrition and repair of the brain substance."

These descriptions—we can hardly call them definitions—of sleep are by no means opposed to one another, as they

may at first sight appear. Both, we think, may be accepted as true, though neither conveys the whole truth. Their apparent difference manifestly arises from the fact that Sir H. Holland speaks of *actual*, Mr. Durham of *typical* sleep. The one, therefore, describes sleep as it ordinarily occurs; the other, the most perfect sleep that can be conceived. The observations and experiments which Mr. Durham adduces, and the line of argument he pursues in his interesting paper, not only fully support his own hypothesis, but tend also to show, *a priori*, why sleep must necessarily be, as Sir H. Holland rightly maintains, "a succession of ever-varying states."

Every part of the body the office of which is vital, not simply mechanical, passes through alternate periods of rest and action. "The heart pauses after each pulsation, and every breath we draw is followed by a period during which the nerves and muscles of respiration repose before they are again aroused to action." Every one knows that it is impossible to maintain very long any particular position by unaided muscular exertion. After a certain period of action the muscles require a proportionate period of rest. So also with the organs of sense—the brain and every other vital part. These alternating periods of rest and action vary in duration in different parts. Thus the heart acts and rests seventy or eighty times, and often more, in a minute. The voluntary muscles can be made to maintain their active condition for several minutes; and the organs of sense and brain for longer periods. But in all cases the due proportion of rest to action must be accorded, or the health of the part inevitably deteriorates. Every-day experience teaches us that this is true: physiology shows us why it must be so.

During each period of action the tissue of the part (that is to say, the material substance of which it is made up) is consumed and wastes;—during rest the tissue is nourished, and the waste repaired. Temporary inaction appears to be essential to perfect repair. Different parts of the same organ, as for instance different parts of a muscle of the brain, may no doubt be in different conditions at the same time. One part may be in action and undergoing waste, while another part is at rest undergoing repair; but there is reason to believe, as we shall by

and by be able to show, that in the same part the two conditions of action and waste, on the one hand, and of rest and repair on the other, can not coëxist; or at any rate, if they do, only for a time, inasmuch as, sooner or later, the waste outruns the repair. We do not know—we can not even guess—the precise nature of this intimate connection between waste of tissue, and development of function (or action) of a part; but that such a connection exists we have ample evidence.

We sometimes hear the expression, “the lamp of life.” The simile is by no means a bad one. When a lamp is duly prepared and lighted, chemical action is started. This action goes on for a time; the oil is consumed; heat is developed, and light is manifest. By and by fresh oil must be added and the lamp trimmed. While it is burning, the products of its combustion—the new substances formed by the chemical action going on—must be got rid of, or they would speedily extinguish the flame. Just so it is with the tissues of our body. Let the proper stimulus be supplied to any living, healthy part—say brain, or say muscle—and it becomes as it were lighted up. In this as in the former case, chemical action is started, chemical change goes on, the material is consumed, and the products of its destruction must be conveyed away. But in this instance, instead of heat and light, we have developed heat and the *manifestation of the life*—or, in a word, the function—of the part. Whether the chemical changes which take place in the flame of the lamp are the cause of the heat and light, or whether the heat and light are the cause of the chemical changes, we can not tell. Neither can we tell whether the chemical changes which go on in certain organs of our body are the cause or the consequence of their functional activity. This much is certain in both cases—the particular chemical changes are inseparably associated with the more visible phenomena; and when the material is exhausted, or from any other cause the normal processes of chemical action are interfered with or stopped, the other phenomena are modified or altogether cease.

Consciousness, sensation, volition, emotion, and intelligence, are all manifestations of the brain's functional activity. Concomitantly with the manifestation of these the highest attributes of our being,

and to a proportionate extent, chemical changes take place in the brain which necessarily involve the destruction of certain portions of its substance. In order that the waste may be repaired, temporary cessation from action is, as we have seen, requisite. Functional activity of the brain, then, as manifested by sense and intellect, emotion and will, together with destruction of brain-substance, may be regarded as the essential psychological and physiological conditions of perfect wakefulness; and rest of the brain, (suspension to a greater or less extent of those faculties which are the manifestations of its activity,) together with repair and nutrition of brain substance, may be regarded as the corresponding conditions of perfect sleep.

Now, if what has already been advanced be true, it is evident that great and palpable differences must exist between the state of the brain during sleep and that which is associated with the performance of its marvelous functions during waking life. “It is plain,” says Sir Benjamin Brodie,* “that in some respects the condition of the nervous system must be different during sleep from what it is when we are awake; but it seems impossible that we should know in what that difference consists, when we consider that neither our unassisted vision, nor the microscope, nor chemical analysis, nor any analogy, nor any other means at our disposal, enables us to form any kind of notion as to the actual changes in the brain or spinal cord on which any other nervous phenomena depend.” From the opinion thus expressed, Mr. Durham does not hesitate to dissent; and he appears, as far as we are able to judge from his paper, fully to justify the belief he expresses: “that the examination of the living brain, [exposed as he describes, especially when the eye is aided by the microscope.] together with the careful consideration of certain obvious analogies, may do much toward enabling us to penetrate the mystery of the subject, and to advance some steps in the right understanding of the true nature of sleep, and of some other conditions of the nervous system.”—p. 2.

Considered *anatomically*, so to speak, sleep may be described, in accordance with the views of Mr. Durham, as a state

* *Psychological Inquiries*, part i. p. 134.

in which the blood-vessels of the brain are occupied by a comparatively small quantity of blood moving at a comparatively slow rate.

"During sleep the brain is in a comparatively bloodless condition; and the blood in the encephalic vessels is not only diminished in quantity, but moves with diminished rapidity."
—p. 24.

That such a state of circulation in the brain is actually present during sleep has been proved by observation and experiment. A case is recorded by Caldwell,* and quoted by Durham, of a woman at Montpellier, who "had lost part of her skull, (from disease,) the brain and part of its membranes lying bare. When she was in a deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless; when she was dreaming, it became elevated; and when her dreams (which she related on waking) were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture."

Blumenbach also describes cases in which, portions of the skull having been lost, "he witnessed a sinking of the brain during sleep, and a swelling with blood when the patient awoke."

Similar cases have been, and are to be, met with from time to time—indeed, there is one such under the writer's observation at the present time; but the evidence afforded by them is necessarily more or less incomplete and unsatisfactory. The brain and its membranes, when exposed in the human subject, by accident or disease, have always more or less lost their normal appearance before accurate comparative observations can be made with safety to the patient.

Now it occurred to Mr. Durham, "that the artificial exposure of the brains of living animals might afford opportunity for more definite observation" than could be made in such cases as those alluded to. Accordingly he performed numerous experiments upon different animals. "The results obtained were uniform when the necessary and accidental difficulties of the case were successfully overcome."

Mr. Durham describes his method of proceeding, and what he witnessed, as follows:

"A dog having been thoroughly chloroformed, a portion of bone about as large as a shilling

was removed from the parietal region of the skull by means of the trephine, and the subjacent dura mater partially cut away. The portion of brain thus exposed seemed inclined to rise into the opening through the bone. The large vessels over the surface were somewhat distended, and no manifest difference in color between the arteries and veins could be distinguished. As the effects of the chloroform passed off, the animal sank into a comparatively natural and healthy sleep. Corresponding changes took place in the appearance of the brain; its surface became pale, and sank down rather below the level of the bone; the veins were no longer distended. Small vessels containing blood of arterial hue could be distinctly seen, and many which had before appeared congested and full of dark blood, could scarcely be distinguished. After a time the animal was roused; a blush seemed to start over the surface of the brain, which again rose into the opening through the bone. As the animal was more and more excited, the pia mater became more and more excited, and the brain-substance more and more tinged with blood; the surface was of a bright red color; innumerable vessels, unseen while sleep continued, were now every where visible, and the blood seemed to be coursing through them very rapidly; the veins, like the arteries and capillaries, were full and distended, but their difference of color as well as their size rendered them clearly distinguishable. After a short period the animal was fed, and again allowed to sink into repose; the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before. The animal slept in a perfectly natural manner. The contrast between the appearance of the brain during its period of functional activity and during its state of repose or sleep was most remarkable."

In order to obviate certain objections, actual or possible, Mr. Durham, in some of his experiments, "replaced the portions of bone removed by accurately fitting watch-glasses, and rendered the junction of their edges with the bone air-tight by means of inspissated Canada balsam." The different appearances of the brains of animals thus treated could be satisfactorily observed through the windows in their skulls, and "were found to correspond as nearly as possible with the above description."

Whatever may be the opinion of Antivivisectionists as to the justifiability of Mr. Durham's operations, there can be no doubt that the results he obtained are most interesting and valuable. They place beyond question what might possibly have been *a priori* supposed, but certainly could never have been so satisfactorily proved in any other manner.

* *Psychological Journal*, vol. v. p. 74.

Now the skull can not alter in capacity from time to time so as to adapt itself to the ever varying state of its contents; neither can the brain itself (as far as its proper substance is concerned) be supposed to undergo any notable changes in bulk in the course of a few minutes or seconds; and yet the cavity of the skull must always be completely filled. How, then, it may be asked, can there possibly be more blood in the vessels of the brain at one time than another? The consideration of the difficulty thus indicated has led many physiologists into the error of supposing that the total quantity of blood in the encephalic vessels must always be the same, but is differently distributed between the arteries, capillaries, and veins during different states of the brain. But the fact is, the brain and its membranes, their blood vessels and contents, *never* entirely fill the interior of the skull. There is, in addition, a fluid called the cerebro-spinal fluid, which occupies to a greater or less extent certain cavities in the brain, (the ventricles,) and also the space between two of the membranes of the brain—namely, the visceral layer of the arachnoid and the pia mater. This fluid appears, as far as we at present know, to be subservient to mechanical purposes only. It has been proved by experiment to be very variable in quantity. It can very readily be taken up into the blood vessels, or driven out of the skull into the spinal canal, on the one hand, or, on the other, under changed conditions, equally readily secreted, or rather simply exuded from the blood vessels, or forced up from the spinal canal into the skull, by atmospheric pressure acting through the soft parts of the body. Magendie, Hilton, Ecker, and other physiologists, have demonstrated experimentally the great rapidity with which this fluid can be absorbed and produced according to circumstances; and as Mr. Durham observes, “it is evident, from the anatomy of the parts, that as the encephalic blood vessels become distended, the fluid can easily pass from the ventricles to the base of the brain, and from the subarachnoid spaces within the cranium into that of the spinal canal. When, on the other hand, the amount of blood in the vessels undergoes diminution, the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the body (transmitted by the soft tissues) causes the reëscence of an equivalent amount of cerebro-spinal fluid.” It

may further be added, that for purely physical reasons—in other words, in accordance with the recognized laws of endosmosis and exosmosis of fluids—the distended state of the vessels and the rapid movement of the blood through them, which we have seen to be associated with functional activity of the brain, favor absorption, whereas the opposite conditions of the vessels and their contents associated with repose favor secretion, of the cerebro-spinal fluid. Thus the constant repletion of the cranial cavity is maintained, and at the same time the necessary variation in the quantity of blood circulating through the vessels of the brain is permitted.

The correctness of the conclusion at which we have now arrived as to the comparative state of the cerebral circulation during sleeping and waking, although most clearly established by methods which few have opportunity or inclination to pursue, is nevertheless confirmed by everyday facts patent to the observation of all.

It is further supported by the experience of the physician in the treatment of patients whose chief complaint is their “want of sleep.”

First, there is a beautiful experiment, ready prepared by nature, of which almost every one may make use. The bones of the skull of a newly-born infant are, as is well known, so far separated that variations in the state of the cerebral circulation and the comparative quantity of blood within the cranium may be to a certain extent appreciated by the touch, for the superficial structures are thin and yielding. If these openings in the skull (or Fontanelles) are carefully examined, it will be found that, corresponding to them, there are slight depressions of the surface when the infant is asleep, slight elevations when the infant is awake, and proportionately greater elevations during periods of unusual excitement. Again, every one knows that a hot head with “flushed cheeks and throbbing temples, but cold clammy hands and feet, and a general pallor and sense of chilliness over the surface of the body,” are conditions very unfavorable to sleep. In such a case the vessels of the brain are manifestly full and the cerebral circulation active. On the other hand, it is equally well known that coolness of the head with warmth of the extremities are invariably associated with easy sleep; and such conditions imply a comparatively large supply

of blood to the general surface rather than to the brain. In many cases of sleeplessness from over-excitement of the brain, Mr. Durham tells us—and general experience will bear out his statement—that “a warm bath, or even immersion of the feet and legs in hot water, acts like a charm.” He adds: “The explanation is obvious. An increased quantity of blood is drawn to the surface of the body, even to the extremities, and proportionate relief is given to the long-distended vessels of the brain.” The atmospheric boot of Junot, and the centrifugal bed of the elder Darwin, two instruments designed to induce sleep, (by processes apparently very uncomfortable, to say the least,) owed their efficacy to the fact that they drew or diverted the blood from the head toward the extremities, and thus tended to diminish the activity of the cerebral circulation. But perhaps some of the most striking practical illustrations of the correctness of Mr. Durham’s views regarding the nature of sleep are afforded by certain results obtained by Dr. John Chapman, to which we would for a moment allude.

In the *Medical Times and Gazette* of 18th July, 1863, Dr. Chapman published a paper, since reprinted,* on “A New Method of treating Disease by controlling the Circulation of the Blood in different parts of the Body.” In this paper he says:

“I have discovered that a controlling power over the circulation of the blood in the brain, in the spinal cord, in the ganglia of the nervous system, and, through the agency of these nervous centers, also in every other organ of the body, can be exercised by means of cold and heat applied to different parts of the back. . . . If it be desirable to increase the circulation in any given part of the body, this I have found myself able to effect by exerting a soothing, sedative, depressing, or paralyzing influence (according to the amount of power required) over those ganglia of the sympathetic which send vaso-motor nerves to the part intended to be acted on. This influence may be exerted by applying ice to the central part of the back, over a width of from four to four inches and a-half, and extending longitudinally over the particular segments of the sympathetic and of

the spinal cord on which it is desired to act. For example, intending to direct a fuller and more equable flow of blood to the brain, I apply ice to the back of the neck and between the scapulæ. . . . The thoracic and abdominal viscera can be influenced in like manner; while the legs and feet can have their circulation so increased that they become thoroughly warm by ice applied to the lower part of the back.”

On the other hand, the application of heat to the same parts (by means of hot-water bags) produces opposite effects, lessening the circulation in the parts under the control of those portions of the nervous centers along the back over which it is applied.

Now the bearing of Dr. Chapman’s discovery upon the subject we are discussing is at once obvious. He has already published evidence that cold applied to the back of the neck increases the cerebral circulation, and with it the functional activity of the brain. He has, moreover, most kindly furnished us privately with the details of numerous cases under his observation but not yet published, which show, in the most striking manner, that heat applied to the back of the neck palpably diminishes the circulation in the head, and at the same time favors, or rather, actually induces, sleep. We can not forbear adding that we consider Dr. Chapman’s observations deserving of the most attentive consideration, both of the scientific physiologist and the practical physician.

We may next proceed to inquire, why comparative fullness of the blood-vessels of the brain and rapidity of the circulation are thus associated with waking activity, and why the opposite conditions are associated with sleep.

We have already alluded to the fact that peculiar chemical changes go on in the brain concomitantly with, and in a measure proportionate to, its functional activity. These chemical changes appear, from recent investigations, to consist principally in the oxidation of certain portions of the brain-substance. If this be true, it is plain that a rapid and large supply of arterial or highly oxygenized blood must be to the brain what a large and free current of air is to a lamp or furnace. It affords a due supply of the element essential to the particular chemical changes which have to take place. And, further, much in the same way as a good blast not only supplies oxygen abundantly,

* See appendix to *Functional Diseases of Women: a New Method of treating them through the Agency of the Nervous System by means of Cold and Heat*. By JOHN CHAPMAN, M.D. London: Trübner & Co. Some account of this pamphlet is given in our review of the *Contemporary Literature of Science* (Section 3.)

but also serves to carry off from the furnace or lamp the products of combustion, so the rapidity with which the blood courses through the vessels during functional activity not only supplies oxygen to the tissue, but favors absorption into the vessels of the products of disintegration, and materially contributes to their speedy removal from parts where their presence would be injurious.

On the other hand, absence of distension of the vessels, and comparative slowness of the current, are conditions which do not supply sufficient oxygen for functional activity, but which, according to simple physical laws, favor that exosmosis of nutrient material into the tissue which is necessary for repair.

Whatever may be the nature of the vital processes by which nutrition (or the incorporation of fresh material with living tissue) is effected, there can be no doubt that nutrient materials pass from the capillary vessels into the tissue, and the products of the disintegration of the tissue from the tissue into the vessels by the recognized physical process called osmosis.

The causes to which are immediately due the changes in the character of the cerebral circulation we have been discussing, are by no means easy to discover. We know that the arteries are kept *en rapport* with the particular state of the organ to which they are distributed, through the medium of the sympathetic nervous system, and that through the same medium their caliber is regulated in accordance with the changing requirements of the part they supply. We know also that "the interchange of relations" between the blood in the vessels and the tissue outside, has much to do with the development of the peculiar forces of the circulation which act in the capillary portions of the vascular system. It may, therefore, be that Mr. Durham is not far from correct in suggesting that :

"When the brain is stimulated (by whatever means) to action, its affinity for oxygen is increased, or at any rate is especially permitted to come into play. The *vis a fronte* thus developed causes the oxygenized blood to be drawn very rapidly onward. The increased afflux of blood produced necessarily distends the capillaries by mechanical action. Many vessels which, during the unstimulated state of the organ, admitted only the *liquor sanguinis*, now permit the passage of oxygen-bearing cor-

puscles, while those through which corpuscles previously passed now admit them in vastly increased numbers. The quantity of blood and its velocity are both increased. The 'circulation of function' becomes established, and the most favorable conditions for the mutual reaction of oxygen and tissue are supplied. Again, when the stimulus to action ceases to operate, or when from any other cause the tendency to oxidation of tissue is diminished, the *vis a fronte* undergoes a corresponding diminution, and the blood that flows onward is lessened both in quantity and velocity. As a necessary consequence, the capillaries (no longer subject to a powerful distending force) reassume, in virtue of their elasticity, their original dimensions. The 'circulation of nutrition' supervenes, and the conditions most favorable to repair of the tissue are supplied."

Mr. Durham adds a suggestion which from its practical bearing appears especially worthy of note. He says :

"If, from continued functional excitement of the organ, the distension of the capillaries has been unduly protracted, their walls—like all other elastic bodies kept long on the stretch—are slow to recover themselves. Under such circumstances, the circulation of nutrition is not readily established. *Some explanation is thus afforded of the difficulty we experience in obtaining sleep after excessive mental activity.*"

There would appear to be a strong *a priori* probability that the brain-substance itself varies in susceptibility, and that its readiness to undergo the normal chemical changes of functional activity bears a certain relation to the degree of nutrition attained, and to other possible influences, at the existence of which we can only guess, and of the nature of which we are absolutely ignorant. And thus it may be that a high degree of susceptibility and great proneness to chemical change on the part of the brain-substance are essential conditions of wakefulness, while the reverse are essential conditions of sleep. But we have not yet advanced beyond the *a priori* probability that such differences may exist at different periods in the healthy brain-substance. We have no idea in what they can consist, nor how they can be brought about. We are acquainted, however, with one fact, a consideration of which may help us to plain why functional activity of the is normally succeeded by wakefulness by alternately of any supply time to time in the :

brain or in the chemical stability of the brain-substance.

It is well known that, as a general rule, the products of any chemical action interfere by their presence with the continuance of the process to which they owe their origin, long before the necessary materials are exhausted. For example, butyric and lactic acids, unless neutralized, or otherwise got rid of, almost as rapidly as they are formed, check, or even completely stop, the processes of fermentation by which they are severally produced. Again, the sulphate of zinc, as it accumulates in the cells of a galvanic battery, diminishes the chemical action by which comparatively electricity is developed, long before the acid is exhausted. And so in numberless other instances. Now, bearing all this in mind, and at the same time recognizing the indubitable fact that the same laws of chemical action prevail in the living body as out of it, we can not resist the conclusion that the products of oxidation of the brain-substance, or of other chemical changes in the brain, when they have accumulated to a certain extent in the tissue or the blood, must, by their presence, tend to diminish the chemical action by which they have been produced. We have, it is true, no direct evidence that the products of brain-disintegration are ever formed in a state of health faster than they can be got rid of; but we have such evidence in the analogous case of muscle. Immediately after prolonged or violent muscular exertion, the products of oxidation of the tissue, (Kreatin, Kreatinin, etc.,) can readily be found in the part experimented upon in much larger proportion than after a period of rest. It is interesting to consider that thus there are generated compounds which, after a certain period, interfere with the mutual reaction of oxygen and tissue, and by so doing, tend *directly* to prevent over-exhaustion or too great consumption of material; and further, tend *indirectly* to induce at the right moment that state of repose which is essential to repair. "This view," it may be remarked, "is supported by the fact that retention in the body of the products of its waste is almost invariably associated with peculiar lassitude and drowsiness."

If what we have advanced be admitted, it becomes manifest *why* sleep, as we actually experience it, *must be* "a succession of ever-varying states."

In the first place, certain periods of time are obviously requisite for those changes to take place in the character of the circulation which we have seen to be the necessary accompaniments of changes in the physiological condition of the brain. Such periods may be longer or shorter, according to circumstances. They correspond to the intervals between sleeping and waking, and are associated with intermediate conditions of the circulation such as were distinctly observed in Mr. Durham's experiments. "When we are soundly asleep, we do not instantaneously awake to full possession of our faculties; still less do we pass at once from perfect wakefulness into a state of healthy sleep." During such intermediate periods occur those dreams (of all dreams the most common) which we experience between sleeping and waking.

In the second place, the progress from the state in which material is, to a certain extent, expended, and products of disintegration are, by their presence, diminishing the activity of vital affinities, to the state in which expended material is replaced, and waste products are got rid of, must necessarily be *gradual*. The condition of the brain itself also, and its consequent susceptibility to influences, (external and internal,) must pass, during such progress, through a series of variations.

In the third place, it is easy to understand, in accordance with the views expressed, that different portions of the brain may be in very different conditions at the same time. For example, some portions may pass either more slowly or less perfectly; others more rapidly or more completely from the active and wasting, to the quiescent and repairing condition. There is every reason to believe that different parts of the brain perform different functions, or, in other words, are subservient to the development of different faculties. If, then, some parts can continue in action while others are at rest, we may advance a step in our explanation of the continuous dreaming which is familiar to some during habitually recurring hours of imperfect sleep, when the will is in abeyance and the consciousness awake—not to material objects acting through the senses—but to mysterious processes of internal change; when faded pictures, photographed, as it were, in the memory are restored, and, it may be, displaced and distorted by the imagination. Such con-

tinuous dreaming may almost be regarded as imperfect waking rather than as imperfect sleep. It is, at any rate, a condition of constant change.

Very much might be added in support of what we have stated as to the physiological nature of sleep and the anatomical conditions associated with it. It would, however, be impossible to exhaust the subject; and we think we have said enough to commend the views we have expressed to the consideration of our readers. We can not but give our general assent to the opinions both of Sir H. Holland and Mr. Durham upon the several questions we have been discussing. Sir H. Holland's admirable essay can not fail to be read, even more extensively than it has yet been, with pleasure and advantage; and Mr. Durham's observations and suggestions merit the attention both of the psychologist and practical physician as well as of the student of physiology.

M. Maury puts forward, on certain points, very different opinions to those we have been maintaining. He believes, for example, that during sleep the brain is in a state of "passive congestion." His opinion, however, is based on theoretical grounds rather than on correct observations carefully interpreted, and is manifestly opposed to well-known facts. Congestion of the brain, passive as well as active, is common enough as a morbid con-

dition, and it not unfrequently proceeds so far as to produce a greater or less degree of insensibility and unconsciousness. In such a case, if the patient recovers, instead of waking up refreshed and invigorated as he would from sleep, he is depressed and exhausted.

M. Maury, however, is a psychologist rather than a physiologist, and appears to have directed his attention to phenomena of the mind rather than to conditions of the brain. His book is very interesting, and contains matter of considerable value. Perhaps the most important facts are those which relate to a very extensive series of experiments and observations made upon himself, by the aid of a friend, with the view of learning something of the nature of sleep, and especially of the mental phenomenon associated with it. His method consisted in causing himself to be suddenly roused up, under different circumstances and in different ways, at various stages in the transition from waking to sleeping. His own experiences, and the observations of his assistants, were immediately noted down. The general results at which M. Maury arrived have, as he states them, apparently much more to do with the psychological than with the physiological aspect of sleep. We reserve them, therefore, for discussion in a future article on the "Physiology of Dreaming."

From the London Intellectual Observer.

O P T I C A L G H O S T S .

THE old mode of obtaining spectral illusions by means of concave mirrors presented many difficulties, which were practically insuperable when the images were required to be on a large scale, and to be comparable in sharpness and apparent density with actual and similar objects seen at the same time. Lately these difficulties have been wonderfully overcome, as the "Patent Ghosts" exhibited at the Polytechnic, and elsewhere, abundantly testify. So great has been the popularity

of these exhibitions that, now the mystery is out, and an explanation is offered by Mr. Dircks to the public, the book * purporting to reveal the secret would have been widely welcomed had it been better written, and confined to its legitimate subject. Mr. Dircks complains of others, and probably with reason; but about

* *The Ghost, as produced in the Specter Drama, Popularly Illustrating the Marvelous Optical Illusions, called the Dircksonian Phantasmagoria.* By HENRY DIRCKS, C.E. Shaw.

quarrels of this kind the public care little, and when they pay their money for the little book entitled *The Ghost as Produced in the Specter Drama*, by Henry Dircks, Civil Engineer, they do not expect to find nearly all of it devoted to a partially intelligible account of grievances with which they have nothing to do. The amount of explanation given will prove provokingly small, and, to those unacquainted with optics, of little use; while those who are familiar with that science did not want it at all. Mr. Dircks' merit in the patent ghost business appears to consist in the fact that he saw how to utilize the long-known principles involved in the neutral tint reflector, used by microscopists as a substitute for the more expensive *camera lucida*. In this instrument a little plate of thin glass is placed so that the eye looks at it at an angle of forty-five degrees, and receives the reflection of the image which the microscope forms of the object on the stage. Thus the eye is affected, not quite so strongly, but just in the same way as if it had looked straight down the microscope tube; and if a piece of white paper is held below the reflector, the object will appear projected upon it, and the eye can, in addition to receiving the reflection, look through the glass and see the hand and pencil by which the outline is traced.

To make this kind of action plainer, let a few simple experiments be performed, and let the reader remember that the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection, and that objects seen in a looking-glass seem just as far behind it as they are actually before it. If any of our young readers do not distinctly understand the angle of incidence question, they can easily resolve it with marbles or bagatelle balls. Let them place a box, with square sides, on the table, and make a chalk line, so as to form a perpendicular to one of its sides, and falling on the center. Then, if a marble is bowled against the box so as to strike it slantingly on one side of the perpendicular, it will be thrown back in a similar slant on the other side of the perpendicular. The rays of light behave like the marble or bagatelle ball in this respect.

For our first experiment, take a hand looking-glass, and see your face in it; then incline the bottom of the glass *away* from you till your face is quite lost, and then your body, or hand, if in the way, will

appear plainly. You lose sight of the reflection of your face because the angle of the rays from it which fall upon the glass is such that the resulting angle of reflection sends them away from you. You see your body, or hand, because the angle of their incident rays is such that the resulting angle of reflection carries the image straight to your eyes. Old writers were well aware of the fact that a plane mirror could be so arranged that a person looking at it should not see himself, but see something else, which might be behind a screen, and quite out of his natural view. It is, indeed, very easy to make a looking-glass show you objects quite out of your line of vision, and one of the facets of a moderate-sized diamond will easily enable you to see by reflection any object in a room, when you appear only to be looking at the finger that carries the ring in which it is set.

Having made a few experiments with the looking-glass, take a pane of window glass, or, what is better, if you have it, a piece of plate glass, the surface of which is more true, and hold it upright on the table near a window. A few inches in front of it place any small object on the table; a lady's cotton reel will do extremely well. Stand upright with your back to the window, but leave room for the light to fall freely on the top of the reel. Look slantingly down at the glass, and you will see the image of the reel reflected by its surface, and apparently as far behind as it really is before. The top on which the light falls will be brilliant, and the part that is in the shade will be reflected in shadow. Vary the experiment by placing a second reel, exactly like the first, as much behind the glass as the other is placed in front of it. You then have two reels presented to your eye, one actual, and the other spectral, and you can, as Mr. Dircks remarks of a similar case, so arrange the objects, and your position, that the image reflected from the surface of the glass shall exactly correspond with the outlines of the real reel seen *through* the glass. If you put any small article on the top of the reel in front of the glass, or some one else puts a similar object on the top of the reel behind the glass, the optical effects will be the same.

Now make a third experiment. Put a box, or thick book, in front of you, so that you can not see the reel, when placed

on the table just under its edge. Then hold the glass a little way off, and upright as before, so that you see it from top to bottom. You may then obtain a reflected image of the reel, which the book conceals, and if a strong light were thrown upon it, the image would be as sharp, distinct, and apparently solid as the reality.

Thus this kind of optical ghost is very easily made, and Mr. Dircks suggests a few effective tricks. We have not dwelt at any length upon verbal explanations, because every body can make the simple experiments suggested, and they will explain the matter much better than a lengthened essay could effect. We ought, however, to add, that Messrs. Horn and Thornthwaite supply a portable apparatus, by which the Dircksian ghosts can be easily and strikingly shown.

Mr. J. H. Brown, acting upon another set of optical principles, offers us *Ghosts Everywhere and of any Color*.* We need not stay to comment on the explanatory part of this volume, but proceed to the pictures, which are drawn and colored so as to excite similar images on the retina in accidental colors. Our readers have no doubt often tried the experiment of sticking colored wafers on a sheet of white paper, holding them in a strong light, and staring at them fixedly for a few seconds. If this is done, and the eye then taken off the wafer, and turned on to the white paper, the wafer's image will appear sharp and distinct, but in another color. A red wafer will look green, (or blue and yellow combined,) a blue one orange, (or red and yellow combined,) a yellow one purple, (or blue and red combined,) and wafers of composite hues will be affected in an analogous way. These "spectral," "accidental," or "complementary" colors—for they are known under these three appellations—appear bright to the eye in proportion to its sensitiveness to the original color, to the strength of the illumination, and to the steadiness with which the original object has been contemplated. Mr. Brown finds the time occupied in counting twenty, or about a quarter of a minute, sufficient to impress his figures upon most eyes, if the plates are well-lit up. His directions are to look steadily,

for the time specified, at a dot or asterisk to be found in each plate, "the plate being well illuminated by either artificial or day light. Then turning the eyes to the ceiling, the wall, or the sky, or, better still, to a white sheet hung on the wall of a darkened room, (not totally dark,) and looking rather steadily at one point, the specter will soon begin to make its appearance, increasing in intensity, and then gradually vanishing, to reappear and again vanish."

The Brownian specters depend upon the tendency of strong impressions to remain a little while upon the eye, and to reappear in accidental colors. The plates are certainly very effective, and well designed for the purpose; but we should recommend an avoidance of needless horrors in future series. The grotesque and the beautiful will both work just as vividly as the ghastly, and several objects in the present series could not be judiciously introduced to the notice of boys and girls whose disposition was nervous, or whose superstitious feelings had been excited by injudicious nursery tales.

Mr. Brown's direction to enlarge the spectral appearance by looking for it on a white sheet, or wall, some distance off, is very ingenious, and brings us back to the microscopic neutral tint reflector with which we started. This reflector enables drawings to be made much larger than the actual image which the microscope transmits to the eye. Suppose, for example, the image represented an insect one inch long, and the draughtsman tried to sketch it with a long pencil on a sheet of paper placed on the floor, he would have to make a picture on the floor, as big as an object must be to equal in apparent size a far smaller object nearer the eye. This may be made plain by a diagram, and plainer by an experiment. Take, for example, a sixpence, and hold it at such a distance from the eye that its diameter exactly equals that of a large picture across the room. Then the sixpence, at so many inches, and fractions of an inch, from the eye, looks as broad as the great picture so many feet off. For a second illustration, hold the sixpence steadily in front of the eye, about six or eight inches off, and let some one else stand by the wall and make a mark corresponding with the circular space the sixpence hides. In this case the great circle, so many feet or yards off, is equivalent to the little sixpence at six

* *Spectropia, or Surprising Spectral Illusions, showing Ghosts Everywhere and of any Color.* By J. H. Brown. First series, with sixteen illustrations. Griffiths & Co.

or eight inches off. In the instance of the image reflected by the neutral tint glass used with the microscope the pencil was employed to trace out an outline that would be equivalent to the reflected image seen much closer, and in Mr. Brown's

enlarged ghosts, the optical image takes the size of his plates, as they appear at a convenient distance from the eye, but they *seem* as big as they would look if drawn on a larger scale on the wall on which they are *fancied* to appear.

From the London Quarterly.

ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THE sight of Rome, while it brings us near, as nothing else can bring us in the same degree, to the men and to the actions of the city's ancient days, makes us, at the same time, realize in a manner altogether peculiar the vastness of the interval which separates us from them. We can trace, in some cases with certainty, in others with reasonable confidence, places of which the names, or the memories connected with them, have been familiar to us from childhood. But what a change has passed over all! Temples and palaces are gone, or there remain of them only some shattered pillars and some massive but ruined walls; nay, the very soil is piled up to the height of many feet above the pavement on which the ancient Romans trod, and quarters which once swarmed with a busy population are now given up to tillage, or left to utter neglect. "We find," as Goethe says, "the marks of a grandeur and of a destruction which alike transcend our conceptions."

It is across the gulf which separates the imperial splendor of Rome from its present state of desolation and decay that Mr. Gregorovius undertakes to guide us. His subject includes that which Gibbon originally intended to treat, but afterwards exchanged for one of far wider scope—the history of "the decline and fall of the city;" and, while disclaiming

all rivalry with the greatest of modern historians, he tells us that, like Gibbon, he conceived the idea of his project while full of the impressions produced by his first visit to Rome. But with the fall of the city his work embraces also that renewal which, by a process unique in the history of the world, began with the decline of ancient Rome, and long advanced side by side with it, until at length the city of the Cæsars had become the city of the Popes.

Mr. Gregorovius had been enabled, by a residence of some years in Rome, not only to furnish himself thoroughly with local knowledge, but to profit by the assistance of the Roman antiquaries, and to consult unpublished manuscripts, together with a vast mass of topographical books and pamphlets, which it might be impossible to find elsewhere. But his sojourn in Rome and his love for the city have in no degree abated his German spirit; and in the antagonisms of Germany and Italy he never hesitates to declare himself boldly, or rather he is eager to make opportunities of declaring himself. In so far as the cry of "Italy for the Italians" may be directed against the Greeks or the Saracens of former times, or the French of our own day, he heartily sympathizes with it; but as to the Germans, it is very different.

He holds that the Teutons, by whatever name they may be called—Goths, Lombards, Franks, Germans—did all the good that has been done in Italy from the time of Alaric downwards, while all the evil has been done by the Greeks, the French, or the Italians themselves.

The period which Mr. Gregorovius pro-

* *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter vom fünften Jahrhundert bis zum sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS. Vols. I. to IV. Stuttgart. 1859-62.

Die Grabmäler der Römischen Päpste. Von F. GREGOROVIVS. Leipzig. 1857.

Die Papst-Fabeln des Mittelalters. Von G. J. I. VON DÖLLINGER. München. 1863.

poses to include in his work extends from the reign of Honorius to the capture of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon in 1527; and the four volumes already published bring down the story to the end of the twelfth century.

When Honorius, in 403, led up the Capitoline hill the triumph won by the arms of Stilicho at Pollentia, the buildings of imperial Rome were yet standing in their grandeur. From the sixteen gates of the city radiated twenty-eight great roads, most of them lined by splendid memorials of the dead, and the surrounding Campagna was thickly studded with temples and villas, chapels and tombs, over which rose, in every direction, the long and lofty lines of the fourteen aqueducts. But a large part of the population had already been drawn away by the attractions of the new capital on the shores of the Bosphorus; the Palace of the Cæsars had suffered through the absence of emperors who preferred Nicomedia or Constantinople, Milan or Ravenna; and the temples of the old religion, although undestroyed by violence, were closed and abandoned to neglect.* Yet our author shows good reasons for believing that the ecclesiastical writers of the time have gone somewhat beyond the truth in their representations of the temples as already fallen into ruinous decay, and of the statues as every where thrown down. With regard, too, to the ravages of the barbaric hosts which, from the time of Alaric, in 410, successively captured Rome, there is perhaps a yet more evident tendency to exaggerate their effects. Jerome, Augustine, Orosius, and their followers, seeing in the calamities of the imperial city the vengeance of Heaven against idolatry and sin, were naturally led to make the most of it. But if the religious motive was too strong with them, the feeling of Teutonic nationality seems to draw Mr. Gregorovius somewhat too strongly in an opposite direction. He is eager to extenuate as much as possible the amount of damage done by one invader after another.

* In the vexed question of the population of ancient Rome, Mr. Gregorovius adopts M. Dureau de la Malle's estimate, which rates it as having never reached six hundred thousand. He supposes that, in the troubled half century which followed the time from which his history starts, the number, already much reduced, was lessened by one hundred thousand or more, so that after Genseric's invasion it little exceeded its present amount.—i. 216.

The question is an old one, nor has Mr. Gregorovius by any means gone furthest among those who have maintained his side of it; but we should trust his conclusions more if his patriotic motives were less forced on our attention. It was not in one or two such attacks that the ruin of Rome was effected. From the sack by Alaric to the great and crowning destruction by the Normans in 1084, it was the object of contending hosts—the prey of successive assailants: and to the ravages of armies were added many other causes of destruction—hurricanes and earthquakes, floods and fires; but the main cause of the ruin of ancient Rome was the change from Paganism to Christianity. Few temples became churches, and religious motives combined with the distresses of the time in consigning to desolation the theaters and other places of diversion.

As the popes increased in wealth, they built churches more and more, and, by a system which seems to have inherited its principle from the old Roman polytheism, the multiplication of churches was carried on with a regard, not to the number of the inhabitants, (for whom they were vastly too many,) but only to the number of saints who might be so honored. Pillars and ornamental marbles were transferred from temples to churches, the buildings from which they had been torn being abandoned to ruin; nor was it for the churches of Rome only that this spoliation was carried on, for Charlemagne removed some pillars to Aix-la-Chapelle, and Pope Victor III., while Abbot of Monte Casino, adorned the church of his monastery with antique columns from Rome. The first notice of the practice of destroying public edifices for the sake of the materials is found in an edict of the Emperor Majorian, who, in 458, forbade such things under heavy penalties (i. 221); but at a later time, when the popes became independent, and were able to dispose of the ancient buildings of their city without asking the consent of the emperor or of the Exarch, the demolition was freely carried on (ii. 344).

"The nobles, even the abbots, erected towers on splendid monuments of antiquity, the citizens established in public baths and circuses their workshops, forges, ropewalks, and cloth manufactories. When the fisherman near the bridges, or the butcher at the theater of Marcellus, or the baker, offered his wares for sale, they lay

on the finest slabs of marble, which had perhaps once served as seats for the masters of the world, for Cæsar, Mark Antony, Augustus, or the multitude of senators, in the theater or the circus. The beautiful sarcophagi of heroes were now used as water-vats, wash-tubs, or pig-troughs, as at this day; the table of the cobbler or of the tailor might be nothing less than the cippus of an illustrious Roman, or a slab of alabaster on which the noblest matrons of Rome had once spread out the ornaments of their toilet. For centuries Rome was like a great limpet, into which the most precious marbles were cast, to be burnt into mortar.—(ii. 565-6.)

Theodoric ordered some marble pillars to be removed from the Pincian Palace to Ravenna, and, as Belisarius afterward resided in the palace, we do not see that Mr. Gregorovius is justified in assuming that it must have been already ruinous when the Gothic king interfered with it (i. 285). But Theodoric was so far from being a Goth in the unfavorable sense which we have learnt to attach to the word, that he bestowed especial care on the preservation of the monuments of Rome. He appointed officers to see that the buildings and other objects of antiquity should not be injured: one officer under him was styled "Guardian of the Statues," another was "Count of the Aqueducts." He did much to restore and maintain the wall of the city, and directed that in new constructions the ancient style should be followed. Nay, he complains of the Romans for doing those very acts of damage which have since been wrongfully charged on his own nation (i. 278-284). The real date of the decay of Rome, according to Mr. Gregorovius, is from the fall of the Gothic monarchy; and he has a peculiar satisfaction in drawing attention to the fact that, when Belisarius was besieged in Rome in 537, the statues which adorned the Mausoleum of Hadrian were destroyed, not by the Gothic assailants, but by the Greek defenders of the place, who hurled them down on the besiegers. Throughout the struggles between Belisarius and his Gothic opponents, when each party in turn became besiegers and besieged, our author maintains that the Goths were innocent of all barbarian outrage; that Totila, for instance, although he is still held guilty of the destruction of the city by many who acquit Alaric, abhorred the thought of wanton devastation, and in plundering was remarkably moderate (i. 416-421). But after the time of Belisarius, Rome,

with its population thinned by war, by emigration, by hunger, and disease, rapidly sank.* In the end of the century we find the Lombards at the gates of the city, and Gregory the Great, in discourses which Mr. Gregorovius characterizes as "the funeral sermon of old Rome" (ii. 49), describing the miseries of the time, which he regarded as tokens that the end of all things was near. Gregory was so far from sympathizing with the religion of ancient Rome that he even denounced the study of heathen literature. But while this fact rests on the evidence of his own letters, Mr. Gregorovius rightly acquits him of the acts which were ascribed to him by some of his admirers in the middle ages—the burning of the Palatine library and the destruction of ancient Roman monuments (ii. 97-9).

Sixty years after the death of Gregory I., the Emperor Constans II., having left Constantinople amid the execrations of his subjects, appeared at Rome, where, although stained with the blood not only of his brother, but of Pope Martin, and of others whom the West revered as martyrs of orthodoxy, he was received with great reverence by Pope Vitalian. His visit lasted only a few days, but it is memorable in the history of the city from his having carried off the bronze tiles of the Pantheon, which had been converted by Boniface IV. (A. D. 609) into a church. Then followed the Iconoclastic controversy, memorable as having given the chief impulse to the separation of Italy from the empire. Mr. Gregorovius, we are surprised to find, takes part with those extreme Romanists and extreme Protestants who, while utterly differing in their estimate of the act, represent Pope Gregory II. as having renounced his allegiance and stirred up Italy to revolt (ii. 255). For a confutation of his views, we content ourselves with referring to Dr. Döllinger's work (pp. 151-5), and with expressing our surprise that a writer, who is free from vulgar controversial bias in such matters, should have taken up an opinion hitherto advocated only by the zealots of either party. One effect of the controversy was, that, while the adherents of images were persecuted by the Eastern emperors, many pictures were brought from Constantinople to the West—among them, probably, most of the dark and

* Lord Broughton's *Italy*, i. 377.

grim Madonnas ascribed to the pencil of St. Luke; and that many artists were driven to seek a refuge at Rome (ii. 275). By these were executed some of the stern and awful mosaics which still exist in the tribunes of the older Roman churches. But while we agree with Mr. Gregorovius as to the impression which these works produce on a modern spectator, we cannot think with him that the severe representations of the Saviour had a large share in driving men to seek after lower and less repelling mediators with Heaven; for the severity of expression seems to have resulted merely from want of skill in the artists, nor, in so far as we know, are the faces of the Blessed Virgin or of other saints, as represented by the same school, at all more benign or attractive.

Passing over the disorderly time during which the nobles of the Campagna attempted to control the Papacy, and even succeeded in forcing into it a pope of their own, Constantine, who paid terribly for his short-lived dignity, we come to Adrian I., the cotemporary of Charlemagne, and to Leo III., from whom, on Christmas Day, 800, the Great Frankish hero received the imperial crown. The pontificates of Adrian and Leo form an era in the architectural history of Rome; for almost every church of the city was either rebuilt or largely altered and redecorated by the munificence of these popes (ii. 26, 30). But, unfortunately, their wealth and care were not always employed in a manner which would entitle them to our gratitude. Mr. Gregorovius remarks that—

“The innumerable multitude of churches and convents rendered great plans impossible. For this reason, then (if there were no others), we discover a certain smallness in the Roman church architecture of the Carolingian period. The decoration of the friezes under the roof with tile-edges; the composition of the towers, which are generally small, out of arched windows parted by little pillars; the ornamentation of the surfaces of the towers with round plates of marble of various colors; the depressed vestibules, with their little pillars and their mosaic friezes, adorned here and there with medallions in mosaic—all this gives evidence of diminished standards of view.”—(iii. 27.

Rome was now again the capital of the Western Empire, while the temporal power of the popes, founded in reality by the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, was

carried up to a far more venerable origin, and invested with a supposed title to far wider dominion, by the forged donation of Constantine to Pope Sylvester. But the relations of the Papacy and the Empire were full of strange anomalies, and it was after this time that the Papacy itself passed through its worst degradations. In relating the story of the dark tenth century, Mr. Gregorovius does his best to throw a veil of decency over the unsavory memories of the Theodoras and Marozia, while he dwells on the abilities and energy of Pope John X. (the supposed paramour of the elder Theodora), and of Alberic of Tusculum, the son of Marozia, by a father whom he supposes to have been of Teutonic descent. But we must hurry over the times of these personages, of the Othos, and of the Saxon and Frankonian emperors who followed them, until we reach the pontificate of Gregory VII. Of the importance of Gregory in the history of the Papacy we need not now speak; but we may extract from Lord Broughton's *Italy* a sketch of the destruction which was brought on the city of Rome by this Pope's contest with Henry IV.:

“To this time must be ascribed the final extinction of the city of the Cæsars. The Emperor, Henry IV., the troops of the pope's nephew, Rusticus, and the Normans of Robert Guiscard, were more injurious to the remains of Rome, from 1082 to 1084, than all the preceding barbarians of every age. The first burnt a great part of the Leonine city (that is, the Vatican quarter), and ruined the portico of St. Peter's (a covered passage which then connected the church with the Castle of St. Angelo); he destroyed also the long portico from the Ostian gate to the church of St. Paul. In his last irruption he leveled a part of the Septizonium to dislodge Rusticus, razed the fortresses of the Corsi on the capitol, and battered the Mole of Hadrian. The Normans and Saracens of Guiscard's army, with the papal faction, burnt the town from the Flaminian gate to the Antonine column, and laid waste the sides of the Esquiline to the Lateran; they set fire to the region from that church to the Coliseum and the capitol, or, according to some authorities, to the Tiber. He attacked the Coliseum for several days, and finished the ruin of the capitol. It is reasonable to believe that the flames were arrested by the wilderness which had before existed to the south of those positions, and indeed in other quarters. The conflagration of Guiscard created or confirmed a solitude much more extensive than is embraced by that ‘spacious quarter between the Lateran and the Coliseum,’ to

which it is confined by Gibbon. From that period, at least, must be dated the desolation of a great part of the Esquiline, and all the Viminal, and much of the Cœlian hill, including the irretrievable ruin, perhaps, of the Coliseum, and certainly of many of the remaining structures of the forums and the Sacred Way. A cotemporary writer (Bonizo, Bishop of Sutri) says that all the regions of the city were ruined; and another spectator (Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours), who was in Rome twelve years afterwards, laments that, although what remained could not be equalled, what was ruined could never be repaired."

Gregory's last words, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," might serve as a type of the Papal history for centuries after his time. Not, of course, that we can identify, as Gregory did, the love of righteousness and the hatred of iniquity with an inflexible desire to raise the Papacy to universal and despotic empire; but that he and his successors, while they steadily pursued their great object of exalting the Papacy, were continually involved in troubles which destroyed their peace. It was the period when the Papacy was strongest against all other powers; when the great movement of the crusades gave it such a sway as had never before been known over the whole of Western Christendom, and even extended its dominion and its influence widely in the East; yet the popes themselves were oftener in banishment from their own capital than masters of it. Emperors and anti-popes, nobles and democratic factions, in turn expelled them; and we find them sometimes wandering in countries beyond the Alps, sometimes establishing their temporary court in some small provincial town, such as Viterbo, Tusculum, Anagni, or Orvieto, until the time of the "Babylonian captivity" at Avignon. In those days the chief buildings of Rome were occupied as fortresses by powerful families. St. Peter's itself was fortified, and had often to bear the brunt of war; and although Calixtus II., after having ended for a time the strife between the Church and the Empire by the Concordat of Worms, enacted at the Lateran Council of 1123, that churches should not be "incastellated," the practice continued long after. German emperors came to Rome to receive the crown, and the day of their coronation was very commonly wound up by a bloody conflict with the Romans. German armies invaded Italy, committing all

sorts of ravages, and were usually driven back, with their numbers fearfully reduced, by pestilence arising from the unwholesome climate. With the neighboring towns the Romans were engaged in continual feuds, of which that which ended in the utter destruction of Tusculum (A.D. 1191) is a memorable example (iv. 584). There were frequent revolutions and changes of constitution, which Mr. Gregorovius faithfully relates, although as to this part of his subject he speaks with a modest diffidence which it is to be wished that other writers would imitate. The present volumes end just before the election of Innocent III., who became pope at the age of thirty-seven, and during a pontificate of eighteen years carried out to their highest triumph the principles which had been enounced by Hildebrand a century and a half before. There is much of interest in that part of the history which yet remains to be told; but it is not for us to go before our author, and, having thus generally sketched the outline, we shall now turn to some of the details, which we propose to take in a kind of topographical order, beginning, of course, our imaginary walk through Rome from the modern "Burg of the English."

The first object that we notice is the Mausoleum of Augustus. Of its present condition we have lately spoken in reviewing Mr. Story's *Roba di Roma*. Originally, as it was seen and described by Strabo, it was covered with earth, on which grew a grove of trees. In later times, the legend ran that Augustus caused a basketful of earth to be brought from every province of his dominions, "that so he might, as it were, rest in the earth of the whole world which he had ruled." From its form it was styled in the middle ages "*Mons Augustus*," and in the feuds of the Roman factions it became a fortress of the Colonnas (iii. 575).

Proceeding onwards, we come to the Ælian Bridge (now the Bridge of St. Angelo), which leads to Hadrian's mausoleum or mole. The bridge itself was the scene of many a fight between parties which held possession of the opposite sides of the river, the most memorable of them being that which took place on the day of Frederick Barbarossa's coronation (A.D. 1155). The earliest description of the Mole of Hadrian is said to be that by

Procopius ("Bell. Goth." i. 22), which, however, is very slight, and leaves ample room for the play of fancy in attempting to restore the building on paper. He mentions that its upper part was adorned with splendid marble statues of men and horses, which, as we have already seen, were in great part thrown down by the garrison under Belisarius on their Gothic besiegers. At that time, probably, the mausoleum had already acquired the name of "Theodoric's Prison," by which it continued to be known until in the tenth century it became the "Tower of Crescentius;" and there the Consul of Rome held out until (whether by fair or by foul means is disputed) he fell into the hands of Otho III., by whom he was put to death (A.D. 998). Here, too, Gregory VII. was forced to take refuge, when his imperial enemy, whom he had humbled to the dust at Canossa, had gained the rest of Rome, and had enthroned an anti-pope in St. Peter's. The modern name is derived from a story of uncertain date, but which relates to a time earlier by four centuries than that of Crescentius. In the year five hundred and ninety the pontificate of Pelagius II. had closed amid deep and general distress. Many buildings had been destroyed by a fearful inundation, in which it was believed that multitudes of serpents, and among them one of enormous size, were seen swimming down the Tiber. Pestilence and famine followed; for the waters had carried away the public granaries, with the stores of corn collected in them. The first act of Gregory I., on being elected the successor of Pelagius, was to institute a solemn procession in order to entreat the removal of these calamities. Clergy, monks, and nuns, with innumerable mourners and penitents of all classes, wound their way slowly through the streets, chanting doleful litanies; and even as they were moving along, eighty persons dropped from the ranks of the procession and fell down dead. But when the Ælian Bridge had been reached, on the way to St. Peter's, an angel was seen above the Mole of Hadrian, sheathing his flaming sword in token that the plague was stayed; and three angels were heard in the air singing the anthem *Regina Cæli*. In memory of this, Benedict XIV. erected on the top of the Castle of St. Angelo the figure of the Archangel Michael (ii. 24-36).

Of St. Peter's itself we shall say little, for, although the name frequently occurs in our author's pages, it designates a different building from that which now exists. The original foundation is ascribed to Constantine, who is said to have himself begun the excavation, and to have carried twelve baskets of earth in honor of the twelve apostles (i. 89-90); and the old basilica, although often repaired and embellished, remained in its essence until in the fifteenth century it was swept away to make room for the grand work of Michael Angelo and his successors. Among its benefactors, Honorius I. is especially celebrated as having decorated it lavishly with gold, silver, and mosaics. But the wealth and splendor of the church suffered greatly through an attack of Saracens, who in 846 sailed up the Tiber, and, besides other acts of spoil and profanation, carried off the massive silver covering with which the monothelite pope had adorned the apostle's tomb. In one respect, old St. Peter's has been more fortunate than many other buildings which no longer exist, inasmuch as its appearance has been preserved to us in several representations—the latest of these being Raphael's fresco of the "Incendio del Borgo," where Leo IV. appears in the balcony of the church, quenching the flames by his benediction.* In the course of ages a vast mass of buildings had grown up around it, even before the Vatican Palace was founded by Nicolas III., and among these was the earliest bell-tower in Rome, erected by Stephen II., who was pope from 752 to 757. Such towers are among the features which mark the transition from the basilican to the mediæval style of church architecture; and in the middle ages, when no place was too sacred to be attacked, they served for military purposes, as well as for the professed object of their erection (ii. 343-6). Although there is much cause to regret that in the building of the present church too little care was taken for the preservation of remarkable objects, a good deal still remains to carry back our memories to older times. The tombs of popes which crowded the ancient porch were swept away by Julius II., but many fragments of them still remain in the crypt—the earliest being that of Boniface IV. To the crypt, too, have been transferred the

* As to this fire, see vol. iii. 108-4.

remains of Otho II., and of his kinsman the young German Pope, Gregory V., together with the mosaic which formerly adorned the wall above the emperor's tomb in the porch (iii. 420). The modern portico still displays the inscription composed by Alcuin and set up by Charlemagne in honor of Adrian I. (ii. 504); and the sarcophagus of the Consul Anicius Probus in the chapel of the Pietà, with that of Junius Bassus in the crypt, belongs to the fourth century. From the older church, too, comes the bronze statue of St. Peter, whose foot is kissed by devotees of all classes, from the supreme pontiff to the beggar. A legend tells us that Leo the Great, on his return from that mission to Attila which is the subject of Raphael's famous fresco, celebrated the success of his mediation with the barbaric invader by recasting the bronze Jupiter of the capitol into this figure of the chief of the apostles. The legend symbolizes the great change from paganism to Papal Christianity; but as to its truth there is much room for doubt, and Mr. Gregorovius thinks it likely that the Jupiter of the capitol, instead of undergoing this significant transformation, was among the plunder which was carried off by Genseric and was lost at sea (i. 196, 212, iii. 252).

We now suppose ourselves to be in the Borgo of the English, the ancient haunt of pilgrims from this country—among them of kings who put off their royalty to end their days as monks in the Holy City (ii. 212–14). The whole of the Vatican quarter was defenseless until, after the outrages of the Saracens which we have mentioned, Leo IV. enclosed it with fortifications, of which the high tower above the Papal gardens may serve as a relic and a specimen. It was chiefly with a view to the maintenance of the English hospital and “school” in this quarter that the payment of Peter-pence or “Romescot” was originally imposed by Offa on his subjects (ii. 469); and, although the English hospital for pilgrims became, in 1204, an institution for the relief of sickness and distress, under the title of the hospital of Sto. Spirito, while the same name superseded that of St. Mary as patron of the adjoining church, the English connection with this part of Rome continued down to the sixteenth century, when Wolsey, as ambassador of Henry VIII., inhabited the palace now occupied

by the Portuguese ambassador. In the same quarter other foreign nations also had their colonies—their special churches, their hospitals for pilgrims, their schools for the young, the prototypes of the national colleges which abound in modern Rome. There were the “schools” of the Franks and of the Lombards (ii. 472–3); and the church of St. Michael in Sassia (a name which was popularly extended from the Anglo-Saxon settlement to the whole of the district) was connected with the school of the Frisians, a people who owed their first conversion to the zeal of Anglo-Saxon missionaries, Wilfrid, Willibrord, and Boniface. The church, “small, dark, and forgotten,” retains its Carolingian bell-tower; and an inscription of the thirteenth century is probably correct in referring the foundation to Leo IV., although, agreeably to the spirit of its time, it defies chronology in order to bring in the great name of Charlemagne as that pope's cotemporary (ii. 470–1).

Leaving the Borgo for the Trastevere, we must not allow ourselves to be seduced from our historical objects by the glorious views which might be gained by climbing to the terraces of St. Onuphrius or of St. Peter in Montorio. But as we cast our eyes upward, Mr. Gregorovius reminds us of the antiquity of mills on the Janiculum. There they were, as they are now, until the Gothic king Vitiges, when besieging Belisarius, cut off the Aqua Trajana, which fed them. The imperial general, while pressed by this necessity, had recourse to the ingenious device of establishing floating mills—the ancestors of those which may still be seen moored in the Tiber; but it would seem that he afterwards restored the aqueduct, as it is recorded that Pope Honorius I., in the following century, built mills on the Janiculum, near the church which he had founded in honor of St. Pancras (i. 357; ii. 144).

St. Mary's, in the Trastevere, is one of the principal churches of Rome, and represents the first church which the Christians could call their own—the site having been adjudged to them in preference to the company of victuallers by the eclectic emperor, Alexander Severus. The original church was built by Calixtus I.—the bishop whose saintly memory has been so seriously damaged of late years by the discovery and publication of the *Philosophumena*. In connection with a restor-

ation of that church by Benedict III. (A.D. 855-8), Mr. Gregorovius produces a passage of the *Pontificals*, which is, perhaps, the earliest mention of the art of glass-painting — “Fenestras vero vitreis coloribus ornavit, et pictura musivi decoravit” (iii. 134; Anst. in Migne, *Patrol.* cxxviii. 1354). But in Rome the art of mosaic, as displayed on the walls of churches, and especially on the vault of the tribune, triumphed over the decoration of the windows, so that glass-painting never flourished to any considerable extent. The present church of St. Mary dates from the pontificate of Innocent II., in the twelfth century.

The neighboring church of St. Chrysogonus was rebuilt in 1128 by its titular cardinal, John of Crema (iv. 390), the same whose mission to England for the purpose of enforcing celibacy on the clergy is said to have been marred by the awkward discovery of his own frailty. The spire, which is, we believe, the only one in Rome, cannot be commended for its beauty; but both it and the tower are curious as bearing traces of the northern models which the cardinal had seen on his legation to this island. A later cardinal of the same church was Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury.

A third church in the Trastevere, St. Cecilia, is more interesting than St. Chrysogonus; but it is so fully described in the *Handbook of Rome* that we need not give any further notice of it. We therefore cross to the island of the Tiber, and reach the church of St. Bartholomew, founded by the young emperor, Otho III., whose strange and tragical story is so closely bound up with Rome. The intention was to honor the memory of Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, who, having twice left his see in disgust at the unruliness of his people, had lived for a time in a monastery on the Aventine, and at last, as if by way of penance for the desertion of his episcopal duty, had sought and found martyrdom as a missionary to the heathen Prussians. Otho, who had known him at Rome, and had often listened to his exhortations, was deeply touched by his end; and, after having visited his tomb at Gnesen, in Poland, undertook to erect a church of St. Adalbert in this spot, where a temple of Æsculapius had formerly stood, and where even in our own day, the sculptured form of the Epidaurian serpent carries back the thoughts to the old tales of Livy and

Ovid. The citizens of Benevento, on being required by the emperor to give up the body of St. Bartholomew for the enrichment of the new church, palmed off on him the relics of a less illustrious saint, Paulinus of Nola, and Otho, on discovering the trick, besieged their town, but without success. It would seem, therefore, very questionable whether the body of St. Bartholomew was ever here, and Benedict XIII. decided that it was still at Benevento (iii. 510-1); yet, when the church was rebuilt by Paschal II. in 1113, the name of the apostle was substituted for those of the original patrons St. Adalbert and St. Paulinus.

We reach the left bank of the Tiber and plunge into the Ghetto, with its filthy alleys, crowded by its peculiar population. The settlement of the Jews in Rome dates from the time of Pompey the Great, and their numbers were much increased after the destruction of Jerusalem; Rutilius, in his “Itinerary,” alludes to these facts, and laments the effect of them on Rome:

“Atque utinam numquam Judæa subacta fuisset
Pompeii bellis, imperioque Titi.
Latius excisæ pestis contagia serpunt
Victoresque suos natio victa premit.”

Mr. Gregorovius thinks that the connection of the Jews—“quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex”—with the neighborhood of the Porta Capena was “merely transitional” (i. 301). But this opinion seems to be refuted by the late discovery of a catacomb on the Appian Way, in a situation which appears to have been chosen with a view to the convenience of Jews dwelling in the quarter where they are placed by Juvenal. That this catacomb was used exclusively by Jews is proved not only by the absence of pagan and Christian characteristics, but by the constant use of Jewish symbols, such as the seven-branched candlestick, the ark of the covenant, the palm of Judea, and the like, and by the description of many among the deceased persons as having held offices connected with the synagogue—rulers, scribes, etc.* But for centuries

* Perhaps Mr. Gregorovius may have heard of the discovery of this catacomb when he expressed in his first volume (A.D. 1859) a disbelief that the Jews had any share in the catacombs of St. Calixtus (the entrance to the Jewish catacomb being very near these). But the matter is now beyond all doubt. There is a pamphlet on the Jewish catacomb by

the Jewish settlements were in the Trastevere and in the neighborhood of the bridges, and the site of their ancient synagogue, where they endeavored, in such fashion as they could, to imitate the arrangements of their ruined Temple, is still pointed out in the Transtiberine Vicolo delle Palme (i. 300-1). In the neighborhood of that quarter, too, there was a cemetery, outside the Porta Portese; but, although this was known to the Roman antiquaries of the seventeenth century, the entrance to it has since been lost. The Jews were a recognized "school" in mediæval Rome. They lived under the especial protection of the popes, and on great occasions, such as that of a pope's entrance on his office, or of his return from exile to the jubilant flock which was, perhaps, soon after to drive him out again, representatives of the synagogue were always expected to appear, displaying the book of the law, and presenting gifts in token of their homage. Mr. Gregorovius supposes that the bridge of St. Angelo was called "*Pons Judæorum*," from being the scene of such greetings (i. 300); but we are inclined to suspect that the shops with which it was formerly lined (like London bridge even in the eighteenth century, and the Ponte Vecchio of Florence to this day) were chiefly tenanted by Jews, and that from this circumstance the name may have been derived. Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, who visited Rome under the pontificate of Alexander III., reports his brethren in Rome as then numbering only 200 (iv. 392, 634-5); but among this despised handful were some whose abilities or wealth made them important—the most skillful physicians and surgeons, although they were not above suspicion of unlawful arts; the greatest capitalists and money-lenders, although they were execrated for their usury and rapacity. About the middle of the eleventh century, one of the chiefs among the Roman Jews forsook the religion of his fathers, and was baptized by the name of the pope, Leo IX. The convert and his family supported the hierarchical party under Hildebrand and his successors; and in the beginning of the following century, Peter, the son of Leo, attained the highest dignities and

the most powerful influence in Rome. His wealth was increased by the skillful employment of his capital; and although Orderic Vitalis tells us that the nobles of France detested him as a "most wicked usurer," the greatest Roman families were glad to ally themselves with the sons and daughters of a house so rich and potent. For a time the Jewish pedigree seems to have been almost forgotten, and the genealogy of the Pierleoni was deduced, in common with that of other great mediæval families, and probably with equal truth, from the illustrious Anicii of ancient Rome (iv. 393-6). Peter, the son of Leo, died in 1128. Two years later, one of his younger sons, Peter, who had become Cardinal of SS. Cosmus and Damian, was chosen pope by a party among the cardinals, and took the name of Anacleto II., but found himself opposed by the pope of another party, Innocent II. In the contest that followed, the reproach of a connection with the synagogue, although until then unheard, was put foremost among the many reproaches which were poured forth against Anacleto by the unscrupulous Arnulf of Lisieux and other opponents. The contest was decided in favor of Innocent through the influence of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, then the virtual dictator of Western Christendom: yet Anacleto maintained his pretensions to the last, and died in possession of St. Peter's. The Pierleoni, although they had failed in the attempt to set up a pope from among themselves, long continued to be among the chief of the Roman nobles; and centuries later, the flatterers of the imperial house of Hapsburg sought to exalt its greatness by tracing out for it a connection with the family of the Jewish usurer.

The Pantheon is noticed at some length in connection with the pontificate of Boniface IV. For two hundred years, since the order of Theodosius the Great for the closing of the temples, this noble building had stood deserted—its huge bronze gates opened, perhaps, from time to time, by some barbarian in quest of plunder, or by some curious visitor who, when admitted within, found the statues of gods and heroes thrown down, and everything abandoned to decay. But Boniface conceived the idea of turning it to the service of Christian religion, and, having obtained the emperor's permission (which was then necessary for such a disposal of

Father Garucci. It is remarkable that, while some of the inscriptions are in Latin, some in Greek, and others in the Greek language, but in Latin letters, there are none in Hebrew.

an ancient public building), he consecrated it as a church in the year 609. The popular belief, whether rightly or wrongly, supposed it to have been a Temple of Cybele and all the gods; and in that spirit of accommodation which in many cases turned heathen into Christian rites, the Temple of Cybele and all the gods was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and all martyrs. By this character the Pantheon, alone among the ancient buildings of Rome, has been preserved to our own days, although not without suffering other injuries besides those of time. The bronze tiles of the dome were carried off (as we have seen) by Constant II., in the seventh century; those of the portico were cast by Urban VIII. into guns for the castle of St. Angelo and into the twisted pillars of the canopy of St. Peter's; and the same pope, not content with taking away, added a positive disfigurement by erecting the ugly and unsuitable bell-towers. In the thirteenth century, the oath taken by a senator of Rome bound him to defend and preserve, among other things, "the round church of St. Mary;" but, from the connection in which it is mentioned, we think with Lord Broughton (ii. 132) that the object of this oath was rather to secure the Pantheon to the pope as a military post than to preserve it as a venerable and beautiful monument of antiquity.

Crossing the Corso in the region of the Via Lata, which in the middle ages was the most fashionable quarter for residence, we arrive at the oblong Piazza de' SS. Apostoli, where stands the palace of the Colonna family. This palace is connected with the memory of Alberic and the counts of Tusculum, who formerly possessed its site. The first appearance of the Colonnas in history is in the year 1101, when Petrus de Columpna was master of Monte Porzio and other places near Tusculum, together with the castle of Columna, among the Alban Mountains, which by some writers has been identified with the ancient Labicum; and from that castle, rather than from the pillar of Trajan, which figures in their arms, the name of the family is derived (iv. 303-4). Peter appears to have been an offshoot of the counts of Tusculum—perhaps a nephew of the young scapegrace Benedict IX., who was thrust into the Papacy by the Tusculan family, and was deposed at the council of Sutri, in 1046. But the popular

belief of the middle ages accounted for the rise of the Colonnas by a more romantic story, which is incidentally given by Professor Döllinger:

"A smith in Rome observed that his cow every day took a way of her own. He followed her, crept after her through a narrow hole, and found a meadow with a building in which stood a stone pillar, with a brazen vessel full of money on the top. He was about to take some of the money; but a voice cried out to him, 'It is not thine; take three pence, and thou shalt find in the forum the man to whom the treasure belongs.' The smith obeyed, and going to the forum, threw down the three coins in three different places. A poor, despised lad found all three, became thereupon the smith's son-in-law, bought great possessions with the money from the pillar, and so founded the house of Colonna."—p. 38.

It was after the destruction of Tusculum and the extinction of its counts in the direct line that the Colonnas, as their kinsmen, came into possession of their palace and property in Rome (iii. 326).

Close to this is the site of Trajan's Forum—in the days of imperial splendor the most magnificent part of Rome. The triumphal arch which adorned it was stripped of its sculptures in order to enrich the Arch of Constantine, and in the course of ages the whole of the splendid buildings which adorned the forum were swept away, and their foundations were covered with rubbish or with modern houses, so that we are indebted to the excavations of the French under the first Napoleon for bringing to light the remains of the Ulpian basilica. It was in this form, according to the legend, that Gregory the Great was struck with the sculptured representation of Trajan's kindness towards a poor widow whose entreaties moved him to dismount from his chariot when starting on a warlike expedition, and to delay until he had done her justice for the death of her son. The thought that so good a prince should have been involved in the doom of the heathen affected the pope deeply. As he proceeded from the forum to St. Peter's, he wept continually over Trajan, and prayed for his deliverance; and in the church he was rewarded by an assurance from Heaven that his prayer was heard, while he was warned that such intercession for departed heathens was not to be repeated. The story was famous throughout the middle ages, and received various

additions; according to one form of it (devised, no doubt, for doctrinal reasons), the pope restored Trajan to life and baptized him, and when the rite was completed the emperor's body fell again to dust, while his soul was received into heaven (ii. 86-7). The Romans of the middle ages watched over Trajan's pillar with affectionate pride. Thus, in 1162, when it had become the property of the nuns of St. Cyriac's, we find a decree of the Roman senate that it should be preserved "whole and incorrupt, with its figure upright, so long as the world shall last" (iv. 641).

From the Forum of Trajan we ascend the Quirinal. Here stands the church of St. Sylvester *in Capite*, so called from possessing the head of St. John the Baptist, or rather one of his many heads; for Amiens, St. Acheul, St. Jean d'Angely, and perhaps other places, assert rival claims. But the same church possesses also a relic of yet more remarkable pretensions—the portrait of the Saviour, which He himself is said to have impressed on a cloth and sent to King Abgarus of Edessa (iii. 350, 642). It was in front of this church that Leo III. was attacked by a party of ruffians, headed by two of his predecessor's nephews, who endeavored to blind him and cut out his tongue, dragged him into the church, where they renewed their attempt, and left him lying before the altar as if dead (iii. 525-6). He was healed of his wounds in the monastery, and escaped across the Alps to tell his sufferings to Charlemagne at Paderborn; and the outrage is memorable in the history of the world, as having led not remotely to the imperial coronation.

On the height of the Quirinal now stand the two famous colossal statues, which, with the horses attached to them, are described by inscriptions as the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. From them one of the Crescentian family in the tenth century was styled "of the marble horse." The names of the two great Greek sculptors appear to have been connected with these figures (however incorrectly) in the imperial days, but conveyed no idea to the men of the middle ages. Phidias and Praxiteles were then supposed to have been two young philosophers, who appeared at Rome in the reign of Tiberius. On being asked by the emperor why they went about naked, they answered that it

was because all things were naked and open before them, and undertook to tell him his most secret thoughts. Their promise was performed, and, as they declined all further recompense, the emperor caused these figures to be erected as a memorial of them. The horses stamping the earth signified the rulers of the world; the naked figures of men, with their arms raised and their hands closed, were interpreted as reckoning the coming of a time when a mightier King should appear, who should mount the horses, in token of subduing the masters of the world (iii. 404-5).

We retrace our steps, and on our way to the church of St. Agatha pass through a part of the Via Magnanopoli—a name of disputed etymology. The church of St. Agatha, "of the Goths," was given up by Ricimer to the Arian worship of his barbaric soldiery (i. 235; ii. 83). After it had stood deserted for some years it was dedicated in honor of St. Agatha by Gregory the Great, who in one of his Dialogues (iii. 30) has given an account of the miracles connected with the reopening. During the mass on the consecration-day, a pig was felt by many persons in the crowded congregation to run between their legs, until he made his way out at the door; but no one saw him. This flight of the unclean animal signified, of course, the purification of the church; but the demons who had possessed it continued to alarm the faithful by noises and other prodigies, until at length the completeness of the purgation was signified by the descent of a thick cloud of inconceivable fragrance, and by the repeated miraculous lighting of the lamps.

St. Agatha's has been modernized out of all interest, and even the heart of O'Connell, which is preserved in it, is not attractive to our countrymen in general. But all who have been in Rome know the Church of St. Peter in Vincoli, remarkable for the view from the piazza in front of it, for its fine antique pillars, for the awful Moses of Michael Angelo, for the small picture by Guido in the sacristy, and for the great apostle's chains, from which it has its name. These chains, we are told, were divided between Rome and Jerusalem, until Eudoxia, the Athenian rhetorician's daughter, who became the Empress of Theodosius II., got possession of the portion which was preserved at Jerusalem, and sent half of it to her daugh-

ter Eudoxia, the Empress of Valentinian III. The newly-acquired part, on being applied by Leo the Great to that which was already at Rome, became at once firmly joined to it, and this church was built in honor of the precious relic (i. 213). From the time of Gregory the Great it became usual for popes to send filings of the chains to princes and others as a token of favor, accompanied by a prayer that they might serve to the spiritual benefit of the receivers. A fresco in the church represents a great plague which raged in the year 680, when it is said that good and evil angels were seen by night marking the houses of the city; and that for every blow which the evil angel struck with his lance on the door of any house, one of the inmates was found dead next day. But this legend appears to have been wrongfully appropriated by the Roman St. Peter's *ad vincula* from a church of the same name at Pavia (ii. 184-5). With it is connected an altar of St. Sebastian, by whose relics the plague is said to have been removed; and over this altar is an ancient fresco, which is remarkable as displaying the saint, in the form of a severe old man, arrayed in rich embroidery—an idea for which was afterwards substituted that of the graceful and naked youth, pierced with arrows, who appears in the pictures of Perugino, Francia, and Correggio (ii. 186).

Descending the hill, we come to the

grand mass of the Flavian Amphitheater—still, after all the mutilations which it has undergone, the most imposing object in Rome, and that to which the mind most readily turns in recalling the image of the Eternal City. Its first appearance in this history is in connection with the heroic Greek monk Telemachus, who sacrificed himself to obtain the abolition of the gladiatorial shows in which the Romans had continued to delight, even when Christianity was generally professed. We need not dwell on its later vicissitudes, when it served as a fortress of the Frangipani family, or as a quarry from which modern palaces derived their materials. The first mention of its modern name, Coliseum or Colosseum, is generally referred (and by Mr. Gregorovius among others, ii. 211) to Bede, who is cited for the famous prophecy versified by Byron—

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, the world.”

But in truth the date of this prophecy appears to be quite uncertain, as the work in which it occurs seems to be wrongly ascribed to the “venerable” monk of Jarrow, and, moreover, is merely a compilation of extracts, the sources or dates of which no one has taken the trouble to investigate.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

THE LAST OF THE MOAS; OR, THE WINGLESS BIRDS.

THE gradual disappearance of species from the world of animated nature is not limited to pre-Adamite times. Instances of it have occurred not merely in modern but in recent days. The dodo was a living inhabitant of the Mauritius in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and there is reason to believe that one was exhibited in England about 1638. In the last century, a peculiar amphibious animal frequented the mouths of the great Siberian rivers, which is now seen no more. The great auk is on the verge of extinction, if

not extinct. Although the bones of this bird abound on the shores of Iceland, Greenland, and Denmark, it has been seen of late only on some rocky islands in the vicinity of the first-mentioned country; and of these, one (which took its name, Geirfulga Sker, from the bird in question) sank to the level of the sea during a volcanic disturbance in 1820, and thus further curtailed the auk's already limited breeding-ground. The hook-billed parrot of Philip's Islands has also vanished. Perhaps, however, the most re-

markable case of extinction within our own time is that of the moa, or *dinornis*. It is indeed so very recent, that we can not yet say positively whether or not the species has utterly ceased to be represented on the earth.

It is now twenty-four years since a fragment of bone, about a half a foot long, and very nearly as much in its smallest circumference, was forwarded to Professor Owen for examination. It had been found in New Zealand, where the natives ascribed it to a gigantic bird called moa, which they knew only by tradition, but which they believed might still exist in the more secluded districts of the country. The bone was part of the shaft of a femur; it was one-third as great in diameter as the femur of the largest kind of emu, and it had evidently belonged to a very large and powerful bird. Professor Owen came to the conclusion that it was a relic of a heavier and more sluggish animal, with shorter and thicker legs than the emu or ostrich, and that it probably presented proportions more nearly resembling those of the dodo than of any existing *Struthionidae*. Subsequent discoveries have confirmed, in the main, the correctness of these acute conjectures. Colonel Wakefield, Mr. Earle, Mr. Walter Mantell, Sir G. Grey, and others have sent home a great many relics of the moa. Some of these are now in the British Museum, and the College of Surgeons possesses an almost perfectly restored skeleton. These remains prove that the moa, or *dinornis*, as Professor Owen has styled it, is a wingless bird, somewhat like the apteryx, but very much larger than it or any other living bird. There are eight or nine different varieties, ranging in height from four to ten and a half feet. "The extraordinary number of wingless birds," says Professor Owen, "and the vast stature of some of the species peculiar to New Zealand, and which have finally become extinct in that small tract of dry land, suggest it to be the remnant of a larger tract or continent over which this singular struthious fauna formerly ranged. One might almost be disposed to regard New Zealand as one end of the mighty wave of the unstable and ever-shifting crust of the earth, of which the opposite end, after having been long submerged, has again risen with its accumulated deposits in North America, showing us in the Connecticut sandstones of the Permian period the footprints of

the gigantic birds which trod its surface before it sank; and to surmise that the intermediate body of the land-wave, along which the *dinornis* may have traveled to New Zealand, has progressively subsided, and now lies beneath the Pacific Ocean."

The bones of the moa are found alongside of the remains of men, seals, and birds of existing species; they have cartilage and other animal matter about them; and some have been seen in a fossilized state. Professor Owen deems it probable that the race became extinct shortly after the arrival of the first Malay immigrants. They were the only large animals in the country which could be used as food; and it is natural to suppose that they were consumed before cannibalism was resorted to. But how, it may be asked, should these great and powerful birds have perished, when the small and feeble apteryx has survived? In the struggle for existence, upon which depends the permanence of genera and species, mere size and strength count for little. The moa, being so bulky, would require a wider feeding and breeding ground than the apteryx; and hence the encroachments of men would tell more severely on the former. Moreover, its very size would render it a conspicuous and tempting object to the hunter; while the smaller bird would secure safety by its comparative insignificance. The preservation of the apteryx is also due in no small degree to its nocturnal and burrowing habits. There can, however, be little doubt that at least stray specimens of the moa were alive in New Zealand within a recent period, and probably since the foundation of the British colony. Hence, there has always prevailed a hope that a living specimen of the huge creature might still be found. Repeated searches have been made with this view. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Walter Mantell explored every district, in the North Island, where the remains of the moa had been found, and subjected the natives to a careful examination on the subject, but came back convinced that the big bird was either extinct, or represented only by diminutive descendants, no larger than the apteryx.

Although Mr. Mantell failed in catching a moa, he fell on the track of a surviving cotemporary of that bird. On one of his visits to the Middle Island, he met with some sealers, who were pursuing their avocations among the secluded creeks

and islands of Dusky Bay. One day, there were observed on the snow, which lay thick on the ground, the footprints of a large animal. After following the trail for a considerable distance, they beheld a strange bird, which was of a great size, and ran very fast. It kept ahead of the dogs for some time, but was at length driven up a gully in Resolution Island, and captured alive. It uttered loud piercing screams, and struggled violently to escape. For three or four days, it was kept alive on board of the schooner, and was then killed, cooked, and eaten by the crew, who pronounced it delicious fare. The skin, skull, and a number of the bones were fortunately preserved, and handed over to Mr. Mantell. This bird, which is now called *Notornis Mantelli*, is known to the natives as moho. It was a cotemporary of the moa, and is believed to be also extinct, for no other specimen has ever been seen alive. It is a wingless bird, about the size of a fowl, with red beak and legs, dark purple body, the back being shot with green and gold, and scanty tail.

Last year (1863), a party of enterprising gold "prospectors" crossed the hitherto impassable mountain-chain which runs along the whole length of the Middle Island, and on the west coast discovered traces not only of gold, but, as they aver, of the moa. One evening they encamped about twenty-five miles northwest of the Arrow. It was just sundown, and they were chatting round the log-fire, before going to sleep. One of them suddenly exclaimed: "Look at that rise above us; there's some one there." The others looked in the direction indicated, and beheld an enormous bird on the crest of a bluff, about three or four hundred yards from where they were sitting. The bird seemed to be arrested by the glare of the camp-fire, squatted down, keeping its

head turned towards the light, and after a minute or two, rose and stalked off. In height, it appeared to be about seven feet, "without reckoning the head and neck." It carried its head, which was very long and flat, very much bent forward, instead of held back, as is usual with birds of the ostrich kind. The next morning, the men, armed with tent-poles, set out in pursuit of their remarkable visitor. They soon found its track, and followed it for a long way without success. Each footprint showed the marks of three claws, with an interval of a foot between each. About the same distance in the rear of the claws was the impression of a pad, and behind that again the mark of a spur. Such is the story of the "prospectors." A gentleman in New Zealand has offered five hundred pounds for a moa, dead or alive; and some of the men who profess to have seen one, have, it is said, started on an expedition to earn the reward. There is not much reason to be sanguine as to the result of the search; but if the moa exists any where in New Zealand, it is, in all probability, in this secluded region of the Middle Island. This island never was very densely peopled; and thirty years ago, it was almost depopulated by a raid of a certain tribe. Moreover, the natives were confined to the east coast by the precipitous mountain-range, running north and south. Their traditions, however, point to the land on the other side of the hills as the home of the moa; but as they also represent it as infested by the terrible *taniwa*, a gigantic lizard which preys on men, and as no lizard larger than eighteen inches has ever been found in New Zealand, much reliance can not be placed on this source of information. On the whole, it is to be feared that we have not much chance of ever setting eyes on a living moa.

COPENHAGEN ROYAL LIBRARY.—The Royal Library at Copenhagen, founded by Christian III., numbers at this moment no less than 400,000 volumes. It possesses, moreover, the Sanscrit manuscripts brought home by Rask, besides those of Neibuhr, and a great many most valuable and rare Icelandic ones, chiefly useful for the history of Scandinavia.

QUEEN VICTORIA, it appears, has literary tastes. In 1834, when she was but sixteen years old, a small volume of her poems was published in pamphlet form, for distribution exclusively in the royal family-circle. The *Coburg Gazette* now announces that Queen Victoria is engaged in writing the *Memoirs of her Life and Times*.

From the *Cornhill Magazine*.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

IN MEMORIAM.

It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great writer who established the *Cornhill Magazine*, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that, after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, “which quite took the power of work out of him”—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy, which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, “because he couldn’t help it,” and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I, of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretense of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But when we fell upon these topics it was

never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

When we associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had dispatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterward added a verbal postscript), urging me to “come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me.” He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton, where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And

greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray, or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before :

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused
 pain ;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it

is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been ever attained if the writer's breaking off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year ; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall :

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea ;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him ; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle

the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the arts were bowed around his tomb.

CHARLES DICKENS.

From Good Words Magazine.

THE WEATHER, AND WEATHER PROPHETS.

"Varium et mutabile semper."

"THERE is an ugly look about the sky, and the wind is getting up, and Fitzroy's storm-signals were hoisted yesterday evening and are up now. We shall have a gale. I am afraid we must put off our boating for to-day anyhow," said my friend A—to his wife the other day; "there may be nothing in it, but we should look very silly to come home half drowned in the face of a warning."

And it was well the lady took the advice. It was but a pleasure party after all. But the fishermen to whom the loss of a day was a serious matter, put off. Not that they altogether pooh-pooh'd the inverted cone and drum: but they reckoned on twenty-four hours' law at least, and suffered for their miscalculation. One boat came on shore in fragments, several suffered damage, and all agreed it would have been wiser to have staid at home.

An occurrence like this took place at one of our southern watering-places not far from hence, a few days ago; and the gale which followed was one of the precursors of that far more fearful one which has just (apparently) blown itself out: part and parcel, no doubt, of that great periodical phenomenon whose recurrence under the name of "the November atmospheric wave," is beginning to be recognized as one of the features of our European weather table—a vast and considerably well-defined atmospherical disturbance, peculiar, it would seem, to this portion of the globe, though originating, as we shall see reason to believe, in the opposite hemisphere, and of which the gale of the Royal Charter (October 25, 1859); the great Crimean hurricane of

disastrous memory (November 14, 1855); and the still more awful storm of December 8 (N.S.), 1703, the greatest which has ever swept this island—may be considered as shadowing out the beginning, middle, and end.

The actual barometric fluctuation to which the epithet has been affixed by Mr. Birt, who first drew attention to one of its most peculiar features, is, however, confined to narrower limits of time, and refers to one great billow or mountainous breaker (so to speak) of air, which sweeps in November across the whole North Atlantic and the European continent from N.W. to S.E., preceded and followed by sudden and violent subordinate fluctuations, embracing in their whole extent and in different years the longer period referred to.*

Meteorology, so far as prediction of the weather is concerned (which most persons consider, very erroneously, to be its only practical object), may be regarded as a science still in its infancy, though if such be the case, to judge from the voluminous nature of its records, and the multitude of books which have been written on it, its maturity, if ever attained, would promise to be gigantic indeed; were it not that the progress of all real science is towards compression and condensation, and its whole aim to supersede the endless detail of individual cases by the announcement of easily remembered and readily applicable laws. Most of the indications of the "weatherwise," from Aratus down to Foster, have hitherto

* This was written on the morning of the 2d of November, after a night of most terrific storm.

* This is the direction of the progress of the wave. That of the wind during the gales which accompany it is at right angles to that direction, or from S.W. to N.E.

been little more than what, in the language of Mr. Mill, would be called "simple connotations." The condor is circling in the sky: therefore a lion is devouring a horse below. The sheep turn their tails to the southwest: therefore there will be a gale of wind from that quarter. The "Rainbow in the morning," etc. The "Evening red and the morning gray," etc., etc. All such connotations have their value in an absolute ignorance of causes and modes of action; but it is only by the study of *these* that we learn what to connote. And there is no doubt, that since, after an immense amount of persevering labor bestowed on daily and hourly records of the weather, an insight (and no inconsiderable one) *has* been gained into the *causes which determine it*, and the sequence of phenomena which exhibit them in action, a style of connotation *has* commenced, which is already bearing practical fruit, in the form of telegraphic warnings of approaching bad weather, of positive value and interest. There can be no better proof of this than in the fact, that the example set by our own Admiralty in the establishment of a system of coast weather signals, has already been followed to a certain extent in Holland, and is in course of being so in France. Nations are perhaps not over ready in following up the improvements of their neighbors; but at all events, they are remarkably slow in adopting each other's practical blunders.

The indications of the coming weather which experience has shown to be in any degree dependable, have been embodied by Admiral Fitzroy in a sort of code of instructions or "forecasts," which have been so very extensively circulated by his praiseworthy zeal, aided by the powerful means at his disposal, that we do not consider it necessary to recapitulate them. They rely mainly on the indications of the barometer and thermometer, together with the observation of the direction and force of the wind at the time and place, and of its immediately previous course; all these particulars being regarded not *per se*, but as in connection with each other; their indications not being absolute, but relative: so that a rise in the barometer, coupled in one case with a rise, and in another with a fall in the thermometer, may indicate, under given, or, as the case may be, differing circumstances of wind, widely different or even opposite features

in the character of the approaching weather. It is to be borne in mind, however, most carefully, that all such indications are to be received as valid (*pro tanto*) only for a very brief interval in advance; and that the "weather-prophet" who ventures his predictions on the great scale, is altogether to be distrusted. A lucky hit may be made: nay, some rude approach to the perception of "a cycle of seasons" may possibly be attainable. But no person in his senses would alter his plans of conduct for six months in advance in the most trifling particular, on the faith of any special prediction of a warm or a cold, a wet or a dry, a calm or a stormy summer or winter. Of all the minor or *simply connotative* indications of the coming weather (as distinct from those which connect themselves with our knowledge of causes), the only one in which we place the slightest reliance is that the appearance of "anvil-shaped clouds" is very likely to be speedily followed by a gale of wind.

The moon is often appealed to as a great indicator of the weather, and especially its changes as taken in conjunction with some existing state of wind or sky. As an attracting body causing an "aërial tide," it has of course *an* effect, but one utterly insignificant as a meteorological cause; and the only effect distinctly connected with its position with regard to the sun which can be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty, is its tendency to clear the sky of cloud, and to produce not only a serene, but a *calm* night, when so near the full as to appear round to the eye—a tendency of which we have assured ourselves by long continued and registered observation. This, however, is more than a "simple connotation." The effect in question, so far as the clearance of the sky is concerned, is traceable to a distinct physical cause, the warmth radiated from its highly heated surface; though why the effect should not continue for several nights after the full, remains problematic.

Lunar prognostics about the weather may be classed under three several heads, namely: 1st. Simple connotations of the appearance of halos, coronas, lunar rainbows, and "a watery" moon, as prognostics of wet. No doubt they do indicate the presence of vapor, passing into cloud, in the higher regions of the air (in that of the rainbow, actual rain not far away), and so may be put on a par with the indi-

cations which may sometimes be gathered from the behavior of birds, especially such as fly high, and make long excursions, and which may convey to us some notion of *their* cogitations as to the coming weather, which are perhaps more likely to be right than our own, as founded on a wider range of perception. 2d. Purely arbitrary *laws* or *rules* founded on the hour of the day or night at which the changes of the moon take place. There is (or was a few years ago, for we believe the race is dying out) hardly a small farmer or farm-laborer who had not some faith in certain "weather-tables" in the *Farmer's Almanac*, ascribed (we need hardly say falsely) to the late Sir W. Herschel, and which went on this principle. Others, again, pressed into the service the great and recondite names of APOGEE and PERIGEE, and professed to determine the character of the lunation from her proximity at new or full to these mysterious points of her orbit. Both the one and other rule utterly break down when brought to the tests of long continued and registered experience. Others, again, drew their prognostic for the whole lunation from the character of the weather during the first quarter. Such was the rule said to have been implicitly adhered to by the late Marshal Bugeaud in the planning of any military expedition whose success was likely to be any way dependent on weather:

"Primus, secundus, tertius, nullus.
Quartus, aliquis,
Quintus, sextus, qualis;
Tota Luna talis."

3dly. A more ambitious form of lunar prediction was that of the late eminent meteorologist (for such, this one crotchet excepted, he certainly was), Luke Howard, who took great account of the moon's declination as influencing the *averages* of rainfall, and of the height of the barometer. Still more so was his weather-cycle of nineteen years, the period of the circulation of the nodes of the moon's orbit; in the course of which the *absolute maximum of north declination* occurs when the ascending node is in the spring equinox, and the moon 90° in advance of the node in her orbit, and that of *south* in the reversed circumstances—the intermediate situations of the node corresponding to the *absolute minima* of each. These situations, according to the declination theory, ought to bring round a periodical

increase and diminution in the average rainfalls and barometric heights. Like the others, however, when compared on any extended scale with recorded facts, this results in no establishment of any positive conclusion.

The causes by which that "various and mutable thing" which we call THE WEATHER is produced are in themselves few and simple enough; but the physical laws which determine their actions are numerous and complex, and the results, in consequence, so mutually interwoven, and the momentary conditions of their action so dependent on the state of things induced by their previous agency, that it is no wonder it should be next to impossible to trace each specific cause (acting as it has done through all past time) direct to its present effect. Yet from this very complexity results that sort of regulated casualty—that apparently accidental, yet limited departure and excursion on either side from a monotonous medium—that exceeding variety of climate, which renders our globe a fit habitation for such innumerable diversities of incompatible life—and that general equilibrium in each which secures to every species, and to each individual of them all, its due share in the distribution of heat, moisture, and wholesome air—considerations, these, which are not lost on those who believe that they can trace in nature the operation of motive and design as distinct from a mere necessity arising out of the nature of things and the conservation of *vis viva*.

Let us take our globe as we find it—revolving on its axis in twenty-four hours, and carried round the sun in an orbit oblique to its equator in a year, which is divided into two somewhat unequal halves (if such an expression may be pardoned) from equinox to equinox by its unequal angular motion in a slightly elliptic orbit, and thus giving rise to unequal summers and winters in the two hemispheres—its surface very unequally divided between land and sea—the land mainly congregated upon one half of it, and that half principally belonging to the northern hemisphere, and so distributed as effectually to bar all free circulation of the ocean in the direction of the diurnal rotation (or round the equator), and allow but a restricted one in that at right angles to it (or across the poles), thus compelling whatever circulation does exist, to take place

within three great basins or semi-landlocked areas, and a vast southern expanse into which all the three open, and within each of which a system of circulation is kept up by the action of the winds; its course being determined partly by the sinuosities of their shores, partly by the inequalities of their bottoms, and partly by the rotation of the earth itself.

We have, besides, to consider the globe as entirely and deeply covered by an atmosphere of mixed gases—highly elastic, very dilatable by heat, and of extreme mobility: expanding itself in virtue of its elasticity out into space, far above the tops of the highest mountains; yet, in virtue of its compressibility, so condensed (comparatively) in its lower strata as that one third of its total ponderable mass lies within a mile of altitude above the sea-level—nearly one half within two, and nearly two thirds within five miles; within which latter limit the whole would be contained, were it every where of the same density as on the surface: so that only about one third of its total mass is free to range, unimpeded by the crests of the highest Himalaya; and not much more than two fifths can entirely clear the range of the Andes without a pressure *à tergo*. In consequence, when driven in the state of WIND over these or other mountain ranges, it is thrown up into vast ripples or waves, which are propagated thenceforward onwards over indefinite areas of land or sea, and become, no doubt, the origin of a great part of those casual fluctuations of the barometer which give so much trouble to meteorologists.

This aerial ocean is not of the same temperature throughout, even in the same climate and over the same tract of country. It is every where warmer near the ground, colder aloft: and at very great heights a most intense cold always prevails, more intense than that of our severest winters. Hence the snow which covers the summits of lofty mountains even in the hottest climates. This relation between the temperatures existing below and aloft is not subverted by any amount of mutual admixture of the strata, such as internal movements or ascending currents would produce. On the contrary, paradoxical as it may appear, such ascensional movements are the primary cause of this state of things, in consequence of the habitudes of air with respect to heat when compressed or expanded, according

to a mode of action well understood by meteorologists, which we need not stop here to explain, as the reader will readily collect it for himself from what follows.

As the air aloft is colder than below, so also is it *drier*. Every one considers that he knows the distinction between damp and dry air; but many are not aware that all air contains *some* moisture, in the form of transparent invisible vapor; or that in summer and winter on two days, both which would, in common parlance, be pronounced dry ones, there is more than twice as much moisture present in an equal bulk of air in the summer, as in the winter day. In this state of invisible vapor which water is always assuming (throwing itself off in that form from its surface whenever exposed, and the more copiously the warmer it is), the air is its general recipient and distributor. The mechanism by which it is enabled to do so on the great scale is exceedingly curious. We shall endeavor to exhibit it, as it were in action—not so much with a view to affording a *coup-d'œil* of the whole of meteorology, as with that of rendering in some degree more intelligible than at present it seems to be, that great phenomenon of the November storms, with the mention of which we began this article, which has never been satisfactorily explained.

Looking at our globe as revolving under the warming influence of the sun, whose rays at noon fall on it with little obliquity in tropical regions, while their incidence on those near the poles is always very oblique, and during the half of each year null, it is obvious that its surface must be very unequally warmed. The cook, to use a homely illustration, knows full well that, however good her fire, the two ends of her joint will be under-roasted when the middle is done brown, unless she apply a couple of concave reflectors on her spit to throw some of the lateral heat upon them. As a matter of fact, no one needs to be told that it is so, and that the intertropical regions of the globe are very hot, and the polar, habitually very cold. The average annual temperature at the equator is about 84° Fahr., while in the colder regions near the North Pole it is as low as 5° Fahr., or 27° below freezing. The difference would be much greater were there no sea, or even were the whole surface initially moist soil. Whatever that initial moisture, it would soon *dry off* from the warmer portions, to settle

down in snow or hoar frost on the colder, after which the dried portions would grow hotter and hotter. Every one knows what a cooling power there is in the evaporation of water. So long as a vestige of moisture were present, the temperature of the soil could never, at all events, exceed, however it might fall short of, that of boiling water; but when once completely dried off, there would no longer be a limit to the possible increase of temperature, since there would then be no circulation or return of moisture to the part once dried. How this circulation is kept up under the existing circumstances is what we must now explain, and first of all how it happens that in the course of ages the whole ocean has *not* been transferred by this sort of distillatory process from the tropics to the poles, leaving the former dry, and piling the latter with mountainous accumulations of ice. Were the polar regions of the globe occupied by land instead of by sea, there is every reason to believe that such *would* be the case. As it is, the contrary arrangement prevails, and the polar snows fall upon these seas or upon their frozen surfaces, and form floating masses of ice, which are partly broken up and drifted away and partly melted *in situ* by currents of water perpetually streaming in against and beneath them from warmer regions, and thus become restored to the general ocean.

But what, it will be asked of course, produces these warm currents? And *how* is the water of which that snow consists, and all the rain which falls and feeds the rivers that restore it to the sea, raised into the air, and distributed over the world, and thrown down again indiscriminately over all its surface? Common sense assures us that all the rain, etc., which falls from the skies must have originated in the sea, and must (if the present state of things is to endure) find its way back to it. But how is it done? And, in the first place, where are we to look for the motive power? To this the answer presents itself at once. In the sun's heat. Any of our readers who will take the trouble to refer to our article on the SUN (in our number for May, 1863), will find that the amount of solar heat which actually reaches the surface of our globe would suffice to melt an inch in thickness of ice in two hours thirteen minutes on a surface perpendicularly ex-

posed to it, and from this he will have no difficulty in calculating the depth of water over the whole area of the globe, land and sea, *per annum*, which it would suffice to convert into vapor, if wholly expended in so doing. This he will find to amount, as nearly as may be, to nine feet.* Meteorologists, collecting the registers of "rainfall" in all regions of the globe, and comparing and calculating on their indications, have come to the conclusion that, taking one region with another, the quantity of water actually precipitated from the air *per annum*, in the forms of rain, hail, snow, and dew, would suffice to cover the whole of its surface to a depth of five feet. Remains the *equivalent* of four feet, expended in warming the soil, which is partly *radiated* away, and partly communicated to the air, thus going to maintain the average temperature, *according to its climatic distribution*. And as solely expended on this last mentioned object, we have to reckon fully one third of the sun's total radiation, or one half of that already accounted for, which is absorbed by the air before reaching the earth. The joint effect of these two portions is, as we have seen, to maintain the air in the equatorial region of the earth habitually hotter by about 80° Fahr. on an average of all seasons and hours, than the polar.

Hot air under equal barometric pressure is lighter than cold. The equatorial portion of the atmosphere, then, in comparison with the polar, is dilated upwards, the only direction in which the lateral pressure it experiences will permit it to dilate. Hence the external form of the atmosphere, and of each of its upper strata, instead of conforming in exact parallelism to the spherical† form of the globe on which it reposes, as the laws of equilibrium would require, are unduly elevated, and bulged out equatorially into elliptic forms, a state of things inconsistent with

* We will make the calculation for him. An inch of ice melted in two hours thirteen minutes over a great circle of the globe perpendicularly exposed to the sun, corresponds to a quarter of an inch in that time over the whole surface (which is four great circles), or, per annum, to 987 75 inches; or to nine tenths of this, or 890 inches of water raised 135° Fahr. in temperature; or (taking the initial temperature of the water evaporated on an average at 60° Fahr.) to 108 inches or 9 feet heated 1112° to convert it into steam.

† We neglect the spheroidal form of the earth, which in meteorology is never worth considering.

repose. The prominent portion rests, in fact, either way, on a slope, and being unsupported laterally, *flows down* on either side—that is, from the equator towards the poles. In so doing, however, it deserts its place, and ceases to contribute by its weight to the total pressure on the equatorial region, while at the same time it goes to add to the weight incumbent on the polar. Thus the hydrostatic equilibrium of pressure is subverted, and air is pressed inwards towards the equator from the poles below, to make good the efflux aloft. A circulation is established in each hemisphere by inferior currents of air running in on both sides towards the equator and superior ones setting outwards, all around the globe, from the equator toward the poles. Both these, were the earth at rest, would follow the directions of meridians, but are converted by its rotation on its axis and the gradual diminution of the rotatory velocity in advancing from the equator to the poles, into relatively oblique currents, the upper or outward following precisely the reverse direction to the lower or inward, and being drawn downwards, and ultimately brought down to the sea-level in their approach toward the poles to supply the void which would otherwise be left by the withdrawal of air below.* They thus become surface winds, prevalent in the regions beyond the tropics from about 30° of latitude either way.

By the action of the trade-winds which occupy the intertropical region, and a little more, and which, though differing as to north and south, conspire in their general easterly character, the surface of the equatorial ocean is driven westward, and directed full against the two great barriers (the west coasts of America and Asia), and divided northward and southward in streams or currents which in their progress, after issuing from tropical latitudes, receive a direction, by reason of the rotation of the earth, corresponding to that of the anti-trade winds. These also beginning about the same latitudes to descend to the sea-level and strike on

the ocean, aid their further progress and carry them, or portions of them, far northward and southward into the polar seas, there to perform the work above assigned to them of melting the ice, and so keeping up the total amount of the ocean-water, besides mitigating, to a great extent, the severity of the cold on the coasts in high latitudes on which they strike, of which we have a familiar example in the warming influence of the celebrated Gulf Stream.

The steady and equalized agency by which the great system of the permanent winds and oceanic currents is kept up, which we have just described, contrasts itself strongly with the violent and, as it may almost in comparison be called, impulsive action of the sun on and around the point of the globe over which, for the moment, it happens to be vertical; and which corresponds to that portion of the solar energy which is directly employed in producing evaporation. The nature of this process we have now to explain.

When water is converted into invisible vapor, it occupies between sixteen and seventeen hundred times its original volume, and becomes much lighter than air—as light, indeed, as the ordinary coal-gas with which balloons are filled, so that if enclosed in a similar envelop it would rise in the air like a balloon. Being free, however, it mixes with the air, and *that* not merely by a simple chance-medley confusion, but by a peculiar self-diffusive energy arising from its inherent elasticity, by which the particles of every one species of gas or vapor struggle to interpenetrate and needle, as it were, their way among those of every other which oppose to them no *elastic pressure*, but that simple resistance to jostling which an inert body of any other kind might do—which feathers, for instance, might oppose to air, introduced and struggling to diffuse itself among them. Of course they will be pushed from their places in the struggle, both laterally and vertically, and thus arises over the whole region in which the vapor is in course of production, a pressure on the air both outwards and upwards. The former, however, cannot be effective in removing air bodily to any great distance horizontally; for the simple reason, that to do so it would have to *shove aside* the whole surrounding aerial atmosphere, and to crowd it upon that which is be-

* Those of our readers who are not already familiar with the nature of this transformation, and who would wish to follow it out more closely, are referred (as well as for every other matter of detail in similar cases, precluded by our limits) to the article Meteorology in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or to the same article published separately by the editors of that work.

yond: while there is room in a vertical direction for an indefinite removal, and the upward pressure is also aided by the lightness of the up-struggling vapor, which therefore rises rapidly—*not without dragging up with it a great deal of air*. The consequence is to establish, immediately under the sun, at whatever part of the globe it happens to be vertical, and at which there is a supply of moisture, and for a very large space around it, what may be likened to a vast up-springing fountain of air and vapor throwing itself up with an impetus, breaking up and bulging outwards the immediately incumbent aerial strata very far above their natural levels, and introducing at the same time into the air a great quantity of vapor, as well as withdrawing, *by direct transfer*, from the lower atmosphere, a great deal of air, which of course has to be supplied by in-draft along the surface of the earth.

The process now described is in a great many of its features similar to that gentler one previously stated, and as it always takes place at some point or other of the intertropical region, it conspires with and locally exaggerates its result so far as the transfer and circulation of air and the production of winds is concerned. As regards the vapor, a large portion is very speedily deprived of its elasticity and ascensional power, and reduced to the state of visible cloud, collecting and descending in rain. This is a consequence partly of its arrival in a colder region, but mainly of the property which all gases and all vapors alike possess, of absorbing and rendering latent a large quantity of heat as they expand in volume, and so becoming, *ipso facto*, colder. Both the air and the vapor *do* so expand as they rise, by reason of the diminution of pressure they experience. The air, indeed, retains its elastic state *as air*, however cold it may become, and therefore merely takes its place in its new situation *as very cold air*, without further tendency to rise. But the vapor so chilled loses its vaporous state, and condenses in the manner above stated, leaving only so much uncondensed *as can remain vaporous under that temperature and pressure*. This is the origin of those continual and violent tropical rains which always accompany the vertical sun, and its near neighborhood, and of which we feel the influence, though slightly, in our wet Julys. The vapor

being thus arrested in its upward progress, the whole of the evaporatory process we have just described, however tumultuous in its origin, is confined to what may be considered comparatively the lower strata of the atmosphere. But these become in this manner saturated with moisture, and when carried into the general circulation, convey it either as cloud or as invisible vapor to the farthest regions of the earth.

Besides the evaporation produced by the direct action of the sun, a vast amount of moisture is taken up by the air immediately from the sea and land over which it passes in its in-draft toward the equator as a trade-wind. Coming from a colder region to a warmer, and acquiring heat as it advances, its capacity for receiving and retaining moisture in an invisible state is continually increasing, and hence, even during the absence of the sun in the night hours, it is constantly absorbing moisture, which it carries along with it, and delivers, as a contribution of its own collecting, into the general ascending mass, to be handed over in the returning upper current into the circulation. Hence it arises that the regions of the earth habitually swept by the trade-winds abound in sandy deserts and arid wastes. When, however, in the progress of that circulation, it descends again to the earth, and becomes a surface-wind (assuming the character of an "anti-trade"), it finds itself in precisely reversed circumstances. It is now traveling from a warmer to a colder region. Saturated with moisture in the warmer, and parting with the heat which alone enabled it to retain it, its vapor condenses. Clouds already formed thicken, and descend in rain, and fresh ones are continually forming, to fall in snow at a further stage of its progress, till all the superfluous moisture is thus successfully drained off, and it is prepared to re-assume, while starting on a fresh circuit, the character of a drying wind.

We have here the origin of that generally observed difference of character between our two most prevalent winds—the S.W. and the N.E. The former is our "anti-trade," that which from our geographical position we are chiefly entitled to expect, and which, in point of fact, is of far the most frequent occurrence. Its prevailing characters are warmth, moisture, cloud, and rain, as well

as persistence and strength. In the former of these characters it is strongly reinforced by the circumstance of its accompanying across the Atlantic the Gulf Stream, which, in fact, it helps to drift upon our western coasts, and which, retaining a considerable amount of the equatorial heat, sends up along its whole course a copious supply of vapor, in addition to that with which the air above it is already loaded; and this it is which gives to our west coasts, and to that of Ireland, their moist and rainy climate—double, and more than double, the amount of rain falling annually on the coasts exposed to its full influence, as compared with the eastern coast, which it does not reach until drained of its excess of humidity.

The characters of our northeast winds (for such as are in common parlance called easterly winds are almost always such) are the reverse of these in every particular. They are cold, dry, and hence often spoken of as *cutting*, from their parching effect on the skin, and, as a natural consequence, for the most part accompanied with a clear sky. They are seldom of very long continuance, and may be regarded rather as casual winds, except in the spring, when the advance of the sun to the north of the equator begins to call into action a northern in-draft—to push to the northward the limit of the northeast trades, *and to unsettle by its intrusion the line of demarcation between the wind-zones which its long continuance in extreme south latitude, near the winter solstice, had allowed to take up, and rest in, its extreme southernmost position.* To this opposition of characters we may add, that the southwest wind is generally accompanied with lower, and that of the northeast with a higher than average barometric pressure; a connection partially, but not entirely, accounted for by the lightness of warm and moist air as compared with cold and dry, and which is the origin of those indications of the weather (*fair, settled fair, rain, much rain, etc., etc.*), which we find inscribed opposite to the divisions of the scale of inches in our ordinary barometers. When the northeast wind brings snow, as it very frequently does, it is not by the precipitation of its own moisture, but by its intrusion as a cold wind into a warmer atmosphere charged with moisture, and ready to deposit it under any cooling influence.

Complementary to the phenomenon just

mentioned of a tendency to northeasterly wind in the spring, that is, to the production of a lull or temporary intermittence in the regular southwest current, and the substitution for it of its opposite, may be considered that aggravation of its intensity which takes place subsequent to the autumnal equinox, exaggerated, however, and thrown later into the season, namely, into November, by the conspiring action of several distinct causes, which we will now proceed to explain.

As the sun in its annual course traverses the northern and southern halves of the ecliptic, it creates summer in the one hemisphere, simultaneously with winter in the other, and the balance of aerial expansion and aqueous evaporation is alternately struck in favor of each. As a necessary consequence, a large amount both of air and of aqueous vapor carrying air along with it, is alternately driven over from one hemisphere to the other. The only course which the elements so transferred can pursue, is by passing in the higher regions of the atmosphere across that medial line where the two superior out-flowing currents separate on their courses towards either pole—in other words, by joining with, and reinforcing the “anti-trade” current on that side of the equator *toward* which they are propelled. Now this cause of reinforcement can not begin to be felt until the sun, having passed the equinoctial, has advanced considerably toward the other solstice. In the case of the northern anti-trade, the effect in question is rendered still more sensible by the great preponderance of sea in the southern hemisphere as compared with the northern, and the much greater quantity of vapor raised by the summer sun on that side of the equator. And besides all this, it will be remembered that all the *air* which had been dragged across the equator into the southern hemisphere by transferred vapor during the continuance of our northern summer, and there as it were imprisoned, is now released, and returns, necessarily by the same course, and contributes to reinforce the northern anti-trades.

In the view we have taken of the production of the trades, the immediate verticality of the sun acts as a disturbing force. In its passage from solstice to solstice it causes an annual fluctuation or oscillation to and fro of this medial line, and of the northern and southern limits of

the wind-zones, which, when those limits cross the ocean, is but of moderate amount, because the medium temperature of the intertropical seas varies but little with the seasons. But when they cross extensive tracts of land, their oscillations to and fro may become very considerable, owing to the high temperature which the land is capable of acquiring. Now in this case, so soon as the autumnal equinox is passed, the vertical sun enters on the full breadth of this vast continental tract, and commences throwing up torrents of vapor and intensely heated air, the latter being far in excess of what it would be over an equal area of sea; while at the same time, owing to the sun's then rapid motion in declination, the limits of the wind-zones retreat southward, and their regularity is disturbed and broken, which can not but give rise to great temporary confusion and disturbances in the winds themselves. As to the "atmospheric wave" which recurs periodically at this season, it results most probably from the operation of the more general of the causes above mentioned, by which a large amount of extraneous air and vapor is thrown into the atmosphere of the *North Pacific*, causing the southwest wind of that ocean to sweep with increased force up the western slope of that vast range of lofty mountains which fringes the North American continent, and to be thrown up along the whole length of that range into a broad swell, propagated onwards as a wave across America and the North Atlantic into Europe. No merely local action, and no casual conjunction of circumstances, can be considered competent to produce so extensive and so regularly recurring an effect. A mere inspection of Admiral Fitzroy's interesting compendium of the state of the barometer, etc., etc., over the area occupied by our island and the neighboring continental coasts, as recorded from day to day in the *Times*, will suffice to satisfy any one of its occurrence in former years, and to show that its character has been (so far at least, November 21) fully maintained in the present.

If we are ever to make any material progress in the prediction of the weather beyond "forecasts" of a few hours, or it may be a whole day in advance, it can only be by the continued study of such of its phases as recur periodically, or of such as manifest a *periodicity of event*, as dis-

tingent from that of times and seasons, with a view to connecting them with their efficient physical causes. Of this latter description we have an example of one, and of its successful reduction under the domain of philosophical reasoning, in the law of the rotation of the winds. That the winds in their changes, in a general way, "follow the sun," that is, have a tendency to veer in the same direction round the compass card with the sun's apparent diurnal course in the heavens (from east round by south, west and north, in the northern hemisphere, and reversely in the southern), in continual succession back to the original point—has been surmised from very early times, but until lately, rather as a matter of occasional remark, agreeing on the whole with the general impressions of casual observers, than as a meteorological law of universal applicability. As such, however, it has now taken its place among ascertained facts, verified by the registered movements of the wind-vane at every station where continuous observation is made, and connected by the researches of M. Dove with that great fact which underlies so many other phenomena—the rotation of the earth on its axis.* Nothing apparently can be more capricious than the shifting and veering of a weather-cock on a gusty day, and to any one who watches its leaps to and fro for a few hours, it may well be a matter of surprise to be told that with anything like a fair exposure, the preponderance of its movement is sure to be in one direction—if not in a week or two, at all events on the long average, and in a great majority of cases before the expiration of a month. Thus it appears from the record kept at the observatory at Greenwich, in which every change of the wind's direction is noted by a piece of mechanism attached to the vane and traced on a table by a pencil—that in the thirteen years elapsed from the beginning of 1849 to the end of 1861, the vane made 166 complete revolutions more in the direction above indicated than in the opposite, on a comparison of the sums of all its angular movements either way—or, on an average, nearly thirteen revolutions

* For the reasoning by which this connection is made, and for the mode in which any casual advance and retreat of a body of air over an extensive but limited tract of country is transformed by this cause into a relative gyration, the reader is referred to the works already cited in a former note.

per annum. In all this interval, two years only, 1853 and 1860, gave a contrary result, and that only to the total amount of two revolutions in excess the wrong way in each. And of these the year 1860 was in many points an abnormal one in respect of stormy weather. Nothing can convey a better idea of the disappointment to which all meteorological predictions, even though founded on just principles, and supported by extensive inductions, are liable, than this example. Still there remains a decided *balance of probabilities* in favor of a change of wind occurring in this rather than in a contrary direction on any specified occasion. A continuous circuit round the horizon in the contrary direction would certainly be in a high degree improbable.

Is it in any degree within the power of man to *alter* the weather? A strange question, it may seem at first sight to propose! but by no means so absurd a one as it may appear. The total amount of annual rainfall over any district, is an element of its weather and its climate of the last importance; and when we look over the registers of rainfalls which are now so assiduously kept in almost every part of England and other civilized countries, it is impossible not to be struck by the very great local diversity, even in neighboring places, whose general similarity of situation as regards wind-exposure and surface *configuration* would seem to preclude any material difference on an average of years in their reception of rain, if really indifferent in its *choice where to fall*. There is evidently something distinct from mere local *situation* which determines this element of climate; and we must look for it in the nature of the surface of the districts, and its relations to heat and moisture—relations which the operations of man on the soil itself, and his selection of the kind of vegetation with which it shall be habitually clothed, place to a great extent within his power. It is chiefly in his clearance or allowance of arborescent vegetation, and in his artificial drainage of the soil over extensive districts for agricultural purposes, that his influence on these relations is perceptible. The total rainfall and, which is perhaps as regards weather and climate of even more importance, the *frequency* of showers on an extensive well-wooded tract, or one entirely covered by forests, ought, on every theoretical view of the

causes which determine rain, to be greater than on the same tract denuded of trees. The foilage of trees defends the soil beneath and around them from the sun's direct rays, and disperses their heat in the air, to be carried away by winds, and thus prevents the ground from becoming heated in the summer; while on the other hand, a heated surface soil reacts by its radiation on the clouds as they pass over it, and thus prevents many a refreshing shower, which they would otherwise deposit, or disperses them altogether. So again of drainage: by carrying away rapidly the surface water down to the rivulet, and so hurrying it away to the ocean, it not only cuts off a great deal of the supply of local evaporation, which is a material element in the amount of rainfall, but by causing the surface to dry more rapidly under the sun's influence, it allows it also to become more heated, and so to conspire with the action of the denudation of trees to prevent rain. Evidence is not wanting to corroborate this *a priori* view of the matter. The rainfall over large regions of North America is said to be gradually diminishing, and the climate otherwise altering, in consequence of the clearance of the forests; while, on the other hand, under the beneficial influence of a largely increased cultivation of the palm in Egypt, rain is annually becoming more frequent. Lakes are cited in what was formerly Spanish America (that of Nicaragua, if we mistake not, is one), whose water supply (derived of course from atmospheric sources) had been so largely diminished, owing to the denudation of the country under the Spanish regime, as to contract their area and leave large tracts of their shores dry; which, now that the vegetation is again restored, are once more covered by their waters. Even in our own southern counties complaints are beginning to be heard of a diminution of water supply, partly, it is said, owing to gradually decreasing rainfall from the universal clearance of timber, though chiefly perhaps attributable to robbing the springs of their supply by draining—a practice beneficial no doubt to agriculture, if used with caution and in moderation, but of which the consequences, if carried to excess, may ere long be very severely felt, in rendering large tracts of country uninhabitable in summer from mere want of water.

To return to our prognostics. We

would strongly recommend any of our readers whose occupations lead them to attend to the "signs of the weather," and who, from hearing a particular weather adage often repeated, and from noticing themselves a few remarkable instances of its verification, have "begun to put faith in it," to commence keeping a note-book, and to set down without bias all the instances which occur to them of the recognized antecedent, and the occurrence or non-occurrence of the expected consequent, not omitting also to set down the cases in which it is left undecided; and after so collecting a considerable number of instances (not less than a hundred), proceed to form his judgment on a fair comparison of the favorable, the unfavorable, and the undecided cases: remembering always that the *absence of a majority one way or the other would be in itself an improbability*, and that, therefore, to have any weight, the majority should be a very decided one, and *that* not only in itself, but in reference to the neutral instances. We are all involuntarily much more strongly impressed by the fulfillment than by the failure of a prediction, and it

is only when thus placing ourselves face to face with fact and experience, that we can fully divest ourselves of this bias. Any one before whose eyes these pages may pass, for instance, who may feel disposed to give our *dictum* respecting the clearance of the sky under the influence of the full moon (we will not say through a hundred lunations, but throughout the year 1864) a fair trial of the kind, should record the state of the sky as to cloud on three successive nights of each lunation—that on which the full moon occurs, and those immediately preceding and succeeding it, from an hour before the rise of the moon, and thence hourly to as late an hour in the night as his usual habits will allow—noting the strength and direction of the wind, and accompanying his memoranda in every instance with a note of the day and hour at which the observation it refers to was made. We should be very glad to enlarge our own experience by the obliging communication of such memoranda.*

* These may be addressed to the writer at Good Words office, 32 Ludgate Hill, London, E. C.

From Bently's Miscellany.

CHARTERHOUSE AND ITS FOUNDER.

ABOUT the year 1361, in the era of feudal castles and foreign wars, when monastic zeal and ecclesiastical splendor were at their height, the monastery of the Carthusians was founded upon the site now occupied by the more famous Charterhouse—a spot which has been truly described as being at this day a fortified position in the heart of London, inclosing gardens and cloisters sacred from the tumult of the city, and almost as quiet now as they were five centuries ago when they were solemnly dedicated for the Carthusian monks, the memory of whose parent house of *Chartreuse* still lingers, though corrupted, in the modern name.

Some years after the dissolution of this rich monastery, it became the palace of

that popular and powerful but ill-fated nobleman, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and from him acquired the name of Howard House. The *manes* of the prior who was slaughtered by Henry VIII., and of the dispossessed fraternity, had been avenged by the death upon the scaffold of the lay-grantees—two nobles of the highest rank and power, who had acquired the monastery from the crown—when the wealthy London merchant, Thomas Sutton, whose memory is dear to all Carthusians, came hither to dedicate those lands anew to religion, charity, and learning. The duke's second son, Thomas Howard, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, (founder of Audley End,) to whom the Charterhouse property was granted by

Queen Elizabeth, the murderer of his noble father, was living there when James I. entered London; and he, in 1611, sold it to Thomas Sutton, who thereupon constituted and endowed what is styled "the Hospital of King James in Charterhouse."

The founder's history, is sufficiently well known, yet the following brief outline of a very remarkable life may be acceptable to the reader. Thomas Sutton, who was a descendant of the old Lincolnshire family of Sutton, was born in that county in 1532. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge, but he went abroad soon after the accession of Queen Mary, and did not return until he was thirty years of age, when, by the death of his father, he had become the successor to considerable property. His character and acquirements obtained for him the confidence and regard of more than one great nobleman, and he acted as secretary to the Earl of Warwick and to his brother the Earl of Leicester. By the former, as Warden-General, he was appointed Master of Ordnance at Berwick-upon-Tweed, in which capacity he took part against the northern earls on the rising in 1569. He was subsequently much employed in military affairs; but in 1582, at the sober age of fifty, we find him residing in London, and greatly augmenting his fortune by marrying Elizabeth, daughter of John Gardiner, Esq., a Buckinghamshire gentleman, and widow of John Dudley, of Stoke Newington, a scion of his noble patron's family, and whose manorial mansion at that suburban place Sutton thenceforth made his country house. He not only ventured into matrimony but into mercantile speculations, and he used his commercial influence abroad for the advantage of England. Besides being one of the victuallers of the navy, he was an owner of ships; he sent his barque, the Sutton, to attend the English fleet against the Armada, and he is said to have himself gone to sea with letters of marque, and to have made prize of a Spanish ship worth £20,000.

After the death of his wife (who left him childless) he began to retire from worldly affairs, and to devote his thoughts to the disposal of his great property for charitable uses, and he was heard to pray that his heart might be inclined to dedicate his riches for God's glory. He seems to have been at this time the richest untitled subject in the realm. Besides his

personal property, which at the time of his death was estimated at £80,000—an enormous amount in the money of those days—he was the owner of goodly estates in his native county of Lincoln, and in Cambridgeshire, Essex, Wilts, and Middlesex, and his landed property appears to have yielded £5000 a year. His wealth had been augmented by a fortunate speculation in coal mining, which was in Elizabeth's reign a comparatively new branch of industry on the Tyne. The Bishop of Durham, as lord of the manor, had granted a lease of the manors and royalties of Gateshead and Whickham, which Queen Elizabeth had transferred to the favorite, Leicester, who assigned the property to Sutton; and he, some time afterwards, sold it to the mayor and burgesses of the adjacent town of Newcastle for £12,000—a sum only a thousand pounds less than the purchase money he paid shortly afterwards for the old monastic buildings and lands of the suppressed Carthusian monks.

In the year 1609, when he had been for seven years a widower, he had resolved to found, at Hollingbury, in Essex, a college which should be at once a hospital for decayed gentlemen and a free grammar-school; but the house and lands of the Carthusians being (as Howel says in his *Londinopolis*) "sweetly situated, with accommodations of spacious walks, orchards, and gardens, with sundry dependencies of lands and tenements thereunto belonging, they gave occasion to that worthy and well-disposed gentleman to alter his resolution;" and accordingly, in 1611—only a few months before his death—he bought this old historic house for the site of his intended college. He endowed it so munificently with his estates in land that the yearly income of the foundation at this day may be stated in round numbers at £25,000, and every year increases the value of some part of the property. With his care for his new foundation, a house which was a few years ago somewhat famous as a place of popular resort for Londoners is associated, for, on rising land to the north of London, then occupied by rural fields, he constructed a conduit for the use of the Charterhouse, which stood near the antique low-roofed building that became known as White Conduit House. The buildings of the monastery had been greatly altered in the Duke of Norfolk's time, but some

portions of the ancient walls are still standing, and the stately "Great Chamber," now used as the governors' room, is a relic of the Duke of Norfolk's splendor.

It was only a few days before his death that Thomas Sutton completed the foundation and endowment of his hospital and made his will; and having thus been spared to perform the noble deed which has made his name illustrious, (Bacon's attempt to defeat his intentions having, happily, been futile,) he died in peace and honor at the age of seventy-nine, on the 12th of December, 1611. On that day—as all Carthusians and the distinguished visitors who have the privilege to be their guests well know—the commemoration of the founder is annually kept "with solemn service, sermon, and increase of commons." The good cheer consumed at the feast of "Founder's Day," Elizabethan as it is in character, bears, however, no proportion to the hecatomb of poultry consumed by the mourners assembled at his funeral, when, before starting, they drank a hog's-head of claret, sixteen gallons of Canary, twelve gallons of white wine, ten gallons of Rhenish wine, six gallons of hippocras, and six barrels of beer; and at the dinner afterwards in Stationers' Hall, consumed, besides a still larger allowance of liquors, ten turbot, twenty-four lobsters, forty stones of beef, forty-eight capons, thirty-two geese, forty-eight chickens, thirty-two neats' tongues, forty-eight turkey-poults, seventy-two pigeons, forty-eight ducklings, and thirty-six quails, with such trifles as oysters and pastry in addition.

Within three years from the founder's death, Charterhouse received its first inmates. It was decided by the governors soon after the foundation, that, "the Poor Brothers" should not exceed the number of four score, and that only such as should be within the intention of the king's letters patent of the foundation should be held qualified, namely, "gentlemen by descent and in poverty, soldiers that have borne arms by sea or land, merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck, or servants in household to the king's and queen's majesties." The eighty pensioners, or "Poor Brothers," who have been ever since maintained on the foundation, have been, for the most part, selected from amongst professional or mercantile men; and, although serious abuses have sometimes been committed by appointing infe-

rior persons, the governors* seem generally to have recognized the principle that Charterhouse was designed to afford to men of education, who have sustained misfortune, who have fought the battle of life honorably but without success, a home and refuge in old age, that shall not contrast bitterly with the memory of comforts lost. The brethren live together in collegiate fashion, but each is provided with separate apartments, and with the necessaries of life, and £14 a year as an allowance in lieu of apparel—a pension, however, which is not sufficient to defray the cost of some simple comforts very needful to infirmity and age, but not provided by the foundation.

There are also forty-four "Poor Scholars" on the foundation, who are nominated in the same manner as the brethren, by the governors in turn. By "Poor Scholars" are understood the sons of poor gentlemen to whom the charge of education is an object. They are taught, maintained, and clothed free of all expense, save about £20 a year, and most of them are placed out at the proper age, or sent on "exhibitions" to the universities. The exhibitions, and the placing out of scholars, averaged in the ten years to 1854, £1155 a year.†

The names of Addison, and Steele, and Barrow, of Judge Blackstone, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and Havelock, are but a few of those, among departed worthies, that reflect luster on Charterhouse School, in which, as is well known, a great number of scholars other than those on the foundation are educated as at ordinary schools, both as day-scholars and as boarders in the schoolmaster's house. No event has thrown a darker shadow over the Christmas festivities of 1863 than the death of that noble, kindly-hearted author whose love for Charterhouse—the place of his education—and whose many refer-

* The governors (arranged in the order in which they nominate) now are, her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, Archdeacon Hale (Master of the Charterhouse), the Earl Howe, the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury, the Earl Russell, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Derby, the Lord Cranworth, the Earl of Harrowby, the Bishop of London, Lord Justice Turner, the Earl of Romney, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Devon, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Chelmsford.

† The expenses of the establishment in the year ending March, 1854, exceeded £17,000, and that sum is of course exclusive of the money paid in respect of the estates and trust funds.

ences to it in his novels, will for ever associate the name of Thackeray with the traditions of the school.

Both as to the scholars and the "Poor Brothers," this great foundation continues to be governed by the statutes of 1627, save so far as they have been altered by subsequent orders, all of which are fully set out in the report made in 1854 by an inspector of the Charity Commission, and subsequently laid before parliament.

It is hardly necessary to remark in conclusion, that Charterhouse is no ordinary charitable foundation, and is not a mere

hospital, nor an almshouse, nor a free grammar-school, but justly ranks with the great collegiate and other public foundations of this country. When one looks at the portrait of the worthy founder which decorates the great hall, or at the monumental effigy in beard and gown which commemorates him in the chapel, he seems still saying through all time :

Here seek, ye young, the anchor of your mind,
Here, suffering age, a blessed provision find !

W. S. G.

From the London Quarterly.

THE DANISH DUCHIES.

IN the diplomatic parlance of the day, the monarchy of Denmark consists of a kingdom and of three duchies. The kingdom is made up of the islands and of the northern portion of the Cimbric peninsula, called Jutland. The central portion of that peninsula is the Duchy of Slesvig ; the southern portion of it is the Duchy of Holstein. On the southeastern frontier of Holstein lies the little Duchy of Lauenburg. All these territories belong equally to the Danish crown. But they are held on very different titles. Jutland and the islands have always formed part of Denmark proper ; Slesvig has been from the most ancient times either united to Denmark, or a fief held under the King of Denmark ; while Holstein and Lauenburg have always been fiefs of the Holy Roman

Empire. Thus the boundary between Slesvig and Holstein, which is formed by the river Eyder, was also the boundary between the feudal jurisdictions of the German emperor and the Danish king. In the course of the centuries during which the modern map of Europe was in process of formation, these two territories, like many others in their neighborhood, underwent numerous political and territorial changes. Only at distant intervals, and at brief periods, were they governed in their entirety, as they are now, by the King of Denmark. Their more usual condition was, that they were split up into various divisions, under various rulers. The distribution which prevailed in the main in more recent times, that is to say, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was that the King of Denmark took one bit of each of the two duchies ; the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp took another ; and the ducal family of Sonderborg had a small remnant out of each duchy to divide among themselves. In course of time these subdivisions came to an end. Throughout the whole of Europe, the ambition of rulers, and the common sense of their subjects, have tended to consolidate into large masses the minute political atoms into which the various territories had been split up under the feudal system. In Denmark this whole-

Correspondence respecting the affairs of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Presented to Parliament. London. 1860-62.

Denmark and Germany since 1815. By C. H. Gosch. London. 1861.

Urkundenbuch zur Geschichte der Holstein-Lauenburgischen Angelegenheit am Deutschen Bunde in den Jahren 1851 bis 1858. Frankfurt-am-Main. 1858.

Grundgesetz für die gemeinschaftlichen Angelegenheiten des Königreichs Dänemark und des Herzogthums Schleswig. Kopenhagen. 1863.

Debate in the Prussian Chamber. Kölnische Zeitung, Dec. 2 and 3. 1863.

A Residence in Jutland, the Danish Isles, and Copenhagen. By HORACE MARRYAT. 2 vols. London. 1860.

some tendency began to make itself visible in the middle of the seventeenth century; and during the latter half of that century the policy of the kings of Denmark was mainly directed to the object of getting back the portions of Slesvig which were held by other lines. At last, after many vicissitudes, King Frederick IV. succeeded in 1713 in occupying the Gottorp portion of Slesvig; and united it, as soon as peace was restored, under the guarantee of England, to the Danish crown.* The separated part of Holstein was not secured for another half century. However, when the Holstein-Gottorps had ascended the throne of Russia, this petty strip of territory ceased to be an engrossing object of ambition to them. In 1773, Paul, then just of age, renounced all rights of the House of Holstein-Gottorp upon any part of Slesvig; and also ceded all his possessions in Holstein to the Danish crown. The smaller shares in the two duchies belonging to other claimants were in course of time bought up. Thus in 1779 the King of Denmark became the ruler of those parts of Slesvig and of Holstein which had been granted away, and from that time they remained united to the monarchy. Holstein, however, continued to retain its feudal relation to the Emperor of Germany. It remained a fief of the Holy Roman Empire till that empire was finally broken up in 1806. Lauenburg was ceded to the monarchy under a totally different title. When peace came after the Great War, and those who had languished long under the oppression of Napoleon came together to redistribute the spoils they had won back from him, it was not likely that Denmark, who had joined him, would meet with much mercy from his victims. They were content, however, with stripping her of Norway. By way of compensation the petty Duchy of Lauenburg, which lies upon the south-eastern frontier of Holstein, was added to the Danish territory. At the same time these two Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg, as they had formed part of the old German Empire, were included in the new Germanic Confederation. In virtue of these possessions, the King of Denmark

therefore became a member of the Diet. If Denmark could have looked into the future, and have foreseen the perils that lay hidden under that seemingly formal stipulation, she would have prayed the Congress of Vienna rather to strip her of any territory than to admit her into that fatal partnership.

This settlement might have lasted without disturbance for an indefinite time, if the tempers of the various nations had remained as they were in 1815. All the arrangements of that year were negotiated upon the principle that France and Russia were the only two countries from whose aggressive spirit the peace of Europe had any thing to fear. The old traditions of Austria, and the heterogeneous character of her empire, were thought to be a sufficient security for her pacific disposition; nor can it be said that that expectation has been disappointed. Prussia and the smaller German powers had given to the minds of politicians of that date a different and a more humiliating guarantee. Their conduct during the Great War had shown so slender an aptitude for self-defense, that the idea of their attempting conquest was too absurd to be entertained. Nor had their patriotism been of that excitable kind which disposes a nation to incur risk for the sake of glory. They had allowed themselves to be tossed from one ruler to another, as the fancy of their conqueror might decide; they had submitted to see a horde of foreign officials stifling their trade in order to forward his designs, and loading them with taxes to keep up the machinery for their oppression; they had suffered their sons to be dragged into a distant land to fight his wars; and all these insults had not spurred them into any serious resistance, until bolder races had broken his power, and had made patriotism comparatively safe. The masses, in 1813, fought well: but it was only after Russia had made their task easy; and it was rather against the will than under the guidance of their natural leaders. It was pardonable, therefore, in the Vienna Plenipotentiaries, if it never occurred to them to fear that the ambition of the smaller German States would endanger the balance of power which they were adjusting. But contempt is said by the Indian proverb to pierce the shell of the tortoise; and the ignominious part which Germany played during the Great War had the effect of

* The English guarantee (July, 1720) applied to the Danish possession of the whole of Slesvig, and was couched in the strongest terms "against all and every one who may attempt to disturb it directly or indirectly."

awakening a national spirit which had never existed before. If it had been directed by moderate and practical men, this movement would have been of great service not only to Germany but to Europe. A United Germany, strong enough to resist attack, either upon her eastern or western frontier, would have been, in the opinion of the statesmen of forty years ago, the surest guarantee of European peace. No one would have ventured to predict that the ambition of a United Germany might be as dangerous to that peace as the ambition of France or Russia. Unhappily this movement for national unity did not fall into the hands of the more sober part of the community. It was closely linked with the secret propaganda of those wild democratic theories which the Revolution had left as its legacy to Europe. The democratic and the national party grew up side by side in an alliance so close that they could barely be distinguished from each other. In such companionship it was not likely that the designs of the national party would be marked by a spirit of moderation, or a respect for the rights of others. Moderation, especially in the matter of territory, has never been characteristic of democracy. Wherever it has had free play, in the ancient world or the modern, in the old hemisphere or the new, a thirst for empire, and a readiness for aggressive war, has always marked it. This tendency impressed itself deeply upon the national party in Germany. They had enough to do without meddling with their neighbors. The reconciliation of conflicting interests, which is indispensable for such a consolidation as shall make Germany strong in the face of real danger, would have taxed all their sagacity. The attainment of that constitutional liberty which is the truest foundation of a nation's strength, would have given abundant employment to their enthusiasm. But they were not satisfied with these modest objects of desire. After the fashion of many other nations during the course of the last half century, they fed their imaginations upon historical illusions. They studied the records of the past to find material for the dreams of the future. They dwelt upon the thought of what a German emperor once had been; and they sighed for a mighty German empire based upon pure democratic principles, that should again give law to Europe.

Of course for the erection of such an empire a powerful fleet was a matter of primary necessity. For the maritime interests of a pacific Germany—such a Germany as the statesmen of the last generation pictured to themselves—a very moderate protection would suffice. Her external commerce is small; and the only enemies she has much cause to fear are enemies that would attack her by land. But for a nation claiming to exercise a powerful influence upon the affairs of the world, a maritime force is indispensable. Unfortunately in Germany the elements out of which a maritime power is made are lamentably deficient. During the most excited months of 1848, an Austrian nobleman of eminence met a number of sympathizing compatriots at a dinner at some tavern in London; and in the course of his speech he took occasion, among other things, to congratulate them upon the maritime power of their country, for, as he strikingly observed, "they had got a splendid naval force, only they had not yet got the ships." The national party have always been anxious to remedy this solitary but unfortunate deficiency. The best evidence of the importance which they attach to this point is the strange effort which has been made in recent years to collect money by private subscriptions to build a fleet for Germany. It is needless to say that this curious exhibition of patriotic zeal has not been brilliantly successful. But it has been carried out with great industry; and there have been few towns in Germany (except where the government has interfered) in which a collection has not been made in some form or other for the German fleet. As a specimen of the mode in which the canvass has been conducted, and of the strange sort of people who have been induced to join in it, we may take the case of Dr. Strauss, who has published during the present year a vigorous lecture directed against "historical" Christianity, which he recommends to his countrymen by telling them that it was delivered at Heilbrunn, a small town in Wurtemberg, "to raise money for the German fleet." Nothing, of course, would be more unwarrantable than to utter a word of censure against any kind of expenditure which an independent power may think fit to make upon any kind of armament it pleases. But this peculiar zeal for a naval power indicates the objects upon which the National Verein is

bent. And it is from the National Verein that the impulse proceeds which is driving the German cabinets into war.

The truth is, that the existence of Denmark as an independent power is almost as fatal to the creation of a German marine as that capital deficiency of ships to which we have already referred. In proportion to its size, the German Confederation is singularly destitute of sea-board. What sea-board it has is ill-furnished with harbors; and what harbors it possesses are, in a great measure, commanded by the territories of other powers. Setting aside Trieste—which, under the new-born doctrine of nationalities, is not likely to remain German property very long—Germany only possesses the coast of Prussia and Mecklenburg upon the Baltic, and, besides Hamburg, the coast of Hanover and Oldenburg upon the North Sea. The Baltic harbors, such as they are, are not of much use for operations upon the open sea if Denmark should be hostile; and except Bremer-hafen, the harbors on the North Sea are commanded either by Denmark or Holland. On the other hand, if the Duchy of Slesvig and the Duchy of Holstein could be fairly got into German hands, and made subservient to German interests, the whole state of the case would be changed. The monarchy of Denmark would be practically broken up, and would become a mere dependency of Germany; and a set of admirable harbors, both upon the Baltic and the North Sea, would be placed at the disposal of the German fleet.

The bearing of German aspirations on the present dispute may, in short, be summed up thus: the national party desires, above all things, that Germany should be a great naval power; the dismemberment of Denmark is essential to that end; and we find, actually, that the national party are those who are urging on with the greatest vehemence the dismemberment of Denmark. Upon these grounds alone it would not be uncharitable to conclude that the Germans were actuated in the present dispute by very much the same motives as that which actuated Ahab in his celebrated controversy with Naboth. But this imputation, disgraceful as it is, is not matter of surprise; it has been openly admitted—or, rather, loudly proclaimed—again and again, that the grievances of the Holsteiners and the Slesvigers were only urged to give Germany an

excuse for evicting Denmark out of the duchies. To take but one testimony out of many, we will quote from the report of the Committee of the House of Representatives at Berlin, in 1860. "Without these duchies," say the committee, "an effectual protection of the coasts of Germany and of the North Sea is impossible; and the whole of Northern Germany remains open to a hostile attack as long as they belong to a power inimical to Germany." A more simply formulated reason for stealing your neighbor's property was never, perhaps, before printed in a state paper. The speakers in the recent debate (Dec. 1) in the Prussian Chamber, have not been less plain-spoken. A committee was appointed to consider the claims of the pretender, Prince Frederick; and the reporter of the committee, von Twesten, makes the following candid remark:

"The duchies are for Germany and Prussia a strong bulwark, under all circumstances, against any attack coming from the North. This as well as their maritime position are advantages which Prussia can never relinquish."

Dr. Löwe, who is a conspicuous man in the National Verein, speaks with even less affectation of concealment:

"What interest has Prussia in the maintenance of the London Protocol? Since the time of the great elector, Prussian policy has always been rightly directed toward gaining the North German peninsula for Germany."

The extract is curious: both as an admirable specimen of the morality current among the German patriots of the present day, and also for the calm audacity with which the new geographical designation of North German peninsula has been invented. But it hardly needed these frank confessions to enlighten us upon the subject. No one who has followed the Schleswig-Holstein controversy carefully and impartially can entertain even a momentary doubt that he is reading over again, in a more tedious form, the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. Without such a key to the conduct of Germany, the whole correspondence is simply unintelligible. The oppression alleged, even if it be genuine, is so slight in itself—it is so insignificant in comparison to that practiced by the great German powers toward subject nationalities of their own—

the claims made are so unreasonable—the determination on the part of Germany to disintegrate the Danish monarchy is so transparent—that, unless some ambitious motive were at the bottom, the whole transaction would be one of the mysteries of history.

The desire of the German national party to obtain a hold over Slesvig first became apparent after the great political disturbances of the year 1830. During the eighteen years that intervened between the revolutionary period of 1830 and the revolutionary period of 1848, the agitation was carried on with great vigor. A new doctrine was elaborated, which is known by the name of the Schleswig-Holstein theory. According to this theory, Slesvig and Holstein “had been united for four hundred years under the king-duke, and were independent of the rule of Denmark proper.” Thus, Holstein being part of Germany, and Slesvig being indissolubly united to Holstein, it followed that Schleswig-Holstein was part of the great Fatherland. It was true that the majority of Slesvigiers spoke Danish; but that was their misfortune, not their fault. They ought to be taught to revert to their native German as soon as possible; and the sooner the intrusive Danish government could be ejected by any contrivance, the better.

It is needless to dwell upon the curious character of the “indissoluble union,” which appears to have been a union all upon one side. The propounders of it argued, with great confidence, that because Holstein was German, therefore Slesvig, which was indissolubly united to it, must be German, too. It never seems to have occurred to them that the argument was capable of being turned round. If Slesvig is Danish—as, by its history and the original language of the majority of its inhabitants, it certainly is—it follows, according to the doctrine of indissoluble union, that Holstein must be Danish, too. However, the allegations upon which the theory is based are as worthless as the logic by which it is constructed. The best proof that no amount of indissoluble union has made Slesvig into a German duchy is, that from the thirteenth century it has been held according to all the formalities of the feudal law, as a Danish fief.* The lord para-

mount of Slesvig was always the King of Denmark, while the lord paramount of Holstein was the German emperor; and, accordingly, the Eyder has always—at least since the days of Conrad II.—been accepted as the northern limit of the Holy Roman Empire. It is perfectly true that there are, and have been for many centuries, a considerable number of Germans north of that river. The line which divides races asunder seldom remains as immovable as the line which divides their governments. In the lapse of centuries, the wealthier and more cultivated race gradually overstepped the border. German emigrants from Holstein came over and settled in Slesvig; and when, by the accidents of succession, dukes of German blood inherited the duchy, they brought with them representatives of powerful German families, who received grants of land. Thus it came to pass that a considerable minority of the population of Slesvig were Germans by race and blood, and as they were the wealthier class, they left the mark of their nationality upon the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of their adopted land. Under the guidance of German judges, German maxims of law crept into the old Jutish law-book. Under the rule of German bishops, German services were said, and German sermons were preached, in many a parish where only Danish or Frisian was understood by the people. Out of this political prevalence of the German minority sprang a certain amount of political connection between the two duchies. The Germans of Slesvig naturally leant upon their more powerful brethren on the other side of the Eyder, and associated themselves to Holstein as closely as they could, both in social intercourse and in certain administrative arrangements. The university of Kiel was commonly used by both duchies. In the sixteenth century the two diets even met in one place, and continued to do so until their extinction in 1711; and since 1648 the purely local affairs of the two duchies, or at least of such part of them as was in the hands of the King of Denmark, were managed by a distinct department, entirely, or almost entirely, apart from the affairs of Den-

mark, a large portion of Slesvig was occasionally held free from feudal service by the House of Gottorp—the ancestors of the Emperor of Russia. This quasi-independent sovereignty was extorted by force in 1658, and was effaced by force in 1713.

* During the latter half of the seventeenth cen-

mark proper. In 1834 a common court of appeal was given to them.

When the Germans say, therefore, that a political union has existed between Slesvig and Holstein for four centuries, the assertion scarcely contains even the smallest possible infusion of truth. There has never been anything that could be called a definitive union; though, on the other hand, there has never been an absolute, permanent, and complete separation. The occasional combination, such as it was, was fitful and desultory, and depending evidently more upon the moment's convenience than upon any definite policy. There is no trace of any customary right possessed by the duchies of forming one political whole. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that it was very seldom that either of them could keep its own unity—let alone any right to be united with its neighbor. It would be endless to describe the various combinations into which they were cut and carved at various periods of their history. Sometimes they were under two princes, sometimes under three, at one time under as many as nine; sometimes they were united with the Danish crown, and sometimes they were separated from it. Sometimes one of them was united and the other was not; or bits of each were united to it, while other bits were severed from it. Until the last alienated morsel relapsed to the Danish monarchy in 1779, there were only two periods in the course of their long history during which they were united under one prince. One of these periods lasted for fifty-five years, the other lasted for twenty-one years; and the most recent of them was more than three centuries ago. Since then they have never been combined independently of the kingdom of Denmark proper. Before 1779 they were not (with those two exceptions) ever combined at all. Since 1779, until this controversy began, they were under the absolute government of the King of Denmark, and had no independent rights at all. Any thing less like "a union of four hundred years, independently of Denmark proper," can not well be conceived.

If the history of actual practice can not be made to yield much evidence in favor of this indissoluble union theory, the "charters" that have been invoked in aid are a still more lamentable failure. This part of the German case is so curiously

weak, that it is often difficult to believe that any man having a reputation for common sense to lose should have seriously advanced it. There are two points which have to be proved—1st, that the two duchies are by right independent of Denmark; 2dly, that they are indissolubly united together. In behalf of each of these propositions a charter is invoked—in favor of the first the "Constitution" of King Valdemar, and in favor of the second the "Privileges" of King Christian I. There are many serious difficulties in the way of discussing King Valdemar's constitution; but the first of those difficulties is as conclusive as the first out of the twenty that prevented the Mair of Ivry from delivering the keys of the town to Henri Quatre. The king, when he was informed that the first reason was that there were no keys, said that in that case it was unnecessary to go into the other nineteen; and so our readers will perhaps spare us the necessity for stating our other reasons for not discussing Valdemar's constitution, when we inform them that it does not exist. There is no such document. High and low, in town and tower, in library and record-chest, patriotic German professors have hunted for it with the indefatigable pertinacity which distinguishes their race; but the provoking parchment will not be discovered. Well, then, it may be asked, how did any one contrive to evolve the idea of its existence? The answer to this reasonable question will show on what a microscopic foundation a German professor can erect a theory of towering proportions. There is in a Holstein convent a certain parchment, without date of place or seal, purporting to be a letter written in June, 1448, by a certain Count of Oldenburg, who subsequently was elected King of Denmark. In this letter, written apparently for the purpose of obtaining his election to the crown, the count says that he has been shown a number of old documents, one of which contains a Latin passage signed by King Valdemar III. and his council, and dating from A.D. 1326. The Latin passage runs as follows: "*Item Ducatus Sunderjutie regno et coronæ non uniatur nec annectetur ita quod unus sit dominus utriusque.*"* Upon this

* "Also that the Duchy of South Jutland (Slesvig) shall not be united with or annexed to the crown and kingdom, in such a manner that there shall be one lord to both."

foundation rests what the German writers call "The Valdemarian Constitution." It may be briefly dismissed. The Valdemar who sat on the Danish throne in 1326 was a boy of twelve years old, in the first place: and in the second place, he was a usurper who had just been put upon it by an adventurous uncle. Four years later he was driven out again, and the rightful sovereign returned. King Valdemar therefore was not exactly the kind of man—or rather boy—who would have authority to make a constitution that was to bind the Danish monarchy for five centuries. It is further remarkable that no other allusion is made to the existence of this curious promise, even in the state papers of the time in which the mention of it would most naturally find a place. The only evidence of it is that, more than a hundred years later, a Count of Oldenburg, in a letter whose genuineness is gravely doubted, makes a statement which is wholly unattested by any other person, that a document had been shown to him, of whose authenticity we have no proof, purporting to record that the boy-usurper made this promise at the very moment of his usurpation. Granting this heap of assumptions, what does the promise really undertake? It undertakes—not that Denmark and Slesvig shall never be administratively or legislatively united—but *that they shall never be ruled by the same king*. In other words, it promises that an arrangement which, in regard to parts of Slesvig, has existed for four hundred years and in regard to the whole of it, for a century and a half, which has been sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna, and has never been called in question by the Slesvigers, or the Germans themselves, shall never take effect. King Valdemar comes somewhat late into the field. And to a document such as this, not only Germans, who merely want a rag of argument to cover the nakedness of their ambition, but even Englishmen, can be found to appeal as to an ancient and valid charter.

So much for Slesvig's "independence of Denmark." The other point in support of which the Germans appealed to ancient documents was "the indissoluble union of the two duchies." Compared to the constitution of King Valdemar, the document which they invoke for this second purpose is almost respectable. But though it lacks the elements of absurdity which belonged to the last case, its real value is scarcely

greater. It consists of a passage in a charter granted by King Christian I. in the year A.D. 1460. The passage has been much insisted on in Germany, and in fact has been converted into a kind of motto for the "sympathizers," who, after the fashion of such sentimentalists, unite gushing emotions with very practical views upon the subject of territorial acquisition. The passage is as follows:

"That the lands shall remain for ever together undivided."*

Assuming that this promise meant that Slesvig and Holstein were never to be parted—for every step in the vexed question has been a battle-field—the question arises, what Christian meant by "never parting" them. We can discover this in some degree from the rest of the charter out of which this clause is taken. It did *not* mean that the two duchies should have

* The meaning of the original has been the subject of much contest. The words in the Low German of the period are—"Wy lauen dat se bliuen ewich tosamende ungedelt." The two last words obviously open a wide field for controversy. They may mean that Slesvig and Holstein shall always remain together, and never be divided from each other. Or they may mean that both Slesvig and Holstein shall remain each of them undivided; that is to say, that they shall each of them be free from those ulterior subdivisions which in the middle ages were so common and so grievous a curse. This last interpretation is rendered probable by the fact that, before Christian's time (and indeed after it), the duchies were the victims of constant subdivision. The same view is also corroborated by the rest of the clause from which this isolated passage is extracted. It runs thus:

"These lands aforesaid we promise to do our best to keep in good peace, and that they shall remain for ever together (or both of them) undivided. Therefore shall nobody feud upon the other, but each shall be content with what is right. And in order that such peace may be kept so much the better, we shall and will have our bailiffs to belong to the natives of such lands, and give them our castles and fiefs, and to no one else."

Keeping the peace, therefore, seems to have been the object of the clause. The promise not to divide the lands was merely a portion of the promise to prevent internal feuds. It is obvious that infinite subdivision would endanger the peace, and promote disputes. On the other hand, the division from each other of the two lands which lie on either shore of the Eyder would not in any perceptible degree tend to endanger the peace. It is probable, therefore, that Christian was referring not to the separation of the two lands from each other, but to the internal subdivision of each. The divisibility of fiefs—that is to say, of states—was a matter upon which subjects were always very sensitive, as indeed the Germans ought to know better than most people.

the same diet; for the charter provides one diet for Holstein, and another for Slesvig. It did *not* mean that they were to have the same tribunals or the same laws; for the charter provides a Jutish code of law for Slesvig, and a German code of law for Holstein. It did *not* mean that they were to have the same executive administration; for the charter provides that Slesvig should be administered by a drost, who was to be a Slesviger, and Holstein by a marshal, who was to be a Holsteiner. If, then, this "indissoluble union guaranteed by ancient charters" was not a legislative, nor a judicial, nor an administrative union—if it involved neither a common diet, nor common law courts, nor a common government, what was it? It could only have been a dynastic union; for nothing else remains. Christian I. promised only that he would retain the two duchies under his own rule, and that his successors would do the same. During the three centuries which succeeded its promulgation the promise was, as we have seen, but indifferently kept. But never, since the day when King Christian signed it, has it been better kept than during the last fifty years. The kings of Denmark since 1779 have never shown the slightest inclination to break the dynastic tie which binds Slesvig to Holstein. If the suggestion has been made, it has not come from them. The present federal execution undoubtedly tends to violate the undertaking "that the lands shall remain for ever together undivided;" but no other measure that has ever been taken for the last hundred years can be charged with such a tendency.

But after all, an argument upon a charter of King Christian I., in 1460, which has been recognized by no subsequent legislation, can only be justified on the principle of arguing with a fool according to his folly. No one who recollects the contrast between what Europe was then and is now, can be blind to the absurdity of disinterring an obsolete proclamation from its tomb beneath the dust of centuries, and attempting to found on it a reversal of every thing that modern legislation or modern diplomacy has sanctioned. In England, at that time, the last of the barons was raising and pulling down thrones at his pleasure; the English king still lived who had worn the crown of France; France, though then free at last, contained neither Brittany, nor Picardy,

nor Calais, nor Lorraine, nor Burgundy, nor Provence; the Moor still ruled in Spain; Holland was still a fief of the Holy Roman empire; and the Russian czars had but just emerged from the dominion of the successor of Genghis Khan. Since that time revolution after revolution has swept over Europe. War has succeeded upon war; boundaries, institutions, religions have been changed in almost every country; old landmarks have been twice overthrown by desolating wars; and twice congresses have assembled to reconstruct the map of a great part of Europe, and to grant a new title to its rulers. Denmark has not been exempt from the common law of change. Its boundaries have been repeatedly remodeled; its territory has been laid waste more than once by war; its religion has been revolutionized; its institutions, its laws, and the arrangement of its internal administration have been altered again and again. The very charter of Christian I., on which these theorists rely, has been abandoned in all its most essential points. It provides that the monarchy shall be elective: the monarchy is and has long been hereditary. It provides that the duchies shall be governed by one set of officers: they have been for many generations governed by officers of a totally different kind. It fixes the places at which the diets shall meet: they have not met there for centuries. It secures the highest position in the administration of each duchy to the bishop: the power of the bishops has utterly passed away. It provides that none but Slesvigers shall hold high office in Slesvig: whereas, until the last fifteen years, those offices were generally occupied by Holsteiners and Germans of every kind. And yet it is to this antiquated and forgotten document, of which there is scarcely a provision which later usage has not set aside, that these theorists, who play the part of jackals to German ambition, have gone to find, in a garbled extract from an ambiguous clause, a justification for unprovoked aggression, and a fair cause for bringing down upon Europe a renewal of the miseries of war.

Difficulties of this kind, however, were a matter of small importance to those who wanted, not an argument, but a catch-word. It was easy enough to talk glibly about the constitution of Valdemar, as if such a document really existed, and to reiterate the scrap out of King

Christian's "Privileges," as though it sanctioned the arrangements for which the Germans were pressing. Undismayed by any flaws in their case, the national party set to work to agitate. They invented a Schleswig-Holstein flag, and composed a Schleswig-Holstein song, and accumulated a Schleswig-Holstein literature, which, if it has utterly bewildered the understandings of foreigners, fully answered its purpose of misleading the mass of ordinary German readers. The propaganda of anti-Danish sentiments among the German population in Holstein and the southern part of Slesvig was carried on with great success. It naturally would not be a very difficult matter to bring about this result. The Germans flatter themselves that they are a very superior people to the Danes, especially in the matter of language; and the political subordination, which was the necessary consequence of numerical inferiority, was inevitably galling. Their feelings were much those with which the French in Canada still look upon their English rulers. If no external cause was at hand to excite it, such a feeling might lie dormant for a very long time; but fanned by an unscrupulous and indefatigable agitation, it was easily kindled into a flame. With such materials the national party worked away, well supported from Germany, and scarcely at all counteracted by the easy-going prince who sat on the throne of Denmark, until the eventful year 1848 arrived.

The courageous student, who is steering his way painfully through the intricacies of this question, may well breathe a sigh of relief when this important landmark heaves in sight. It is a half-way house at which he may securely rest, and lay down the burden of historical facts, which he has been forced hitherto to carry along with him. From this point the controversy assumes a totally different shape. Every element of importance in it is new; every old consideration, which up to this time was essential, becomes comparatively worthless. From this time forth we shall hear nothing more of ancient charters and imaginary constitutions; we shall lose sight entirely of the "indissoluble union." Instead, we shall be compelled to rummage the less attractive, but at all events more reliable lore of modern diplomacy. Before 1848 every argument was historical; after 1848 every

argument is diplomatic. The only documents with which we shall have henceforth to do are dispatches and protocols and treaties. It is only a revolution whose sharp edge can draw this deep dividing-line between the old and the new. And the Danish duchies, like the greater part of their neighbors, had their revolution in 1848.

In the first month of that fateful year, before the revolution at Paris had given the signal of disturbance to the world, the King of Denmark died. His successor—the king whose recent loss we have such good cause to lament—was a man of liberal impulses, and resolved to change his despotic rule for a more constitutional form of government. In order to give his subjects a voice in the management of the general affairs of the country, he resolved to create a representative body common to the whole kingdom. The proportions in which he proposed to assign the rights of election to this assembly were not only fair, but extravagantly favorable, to the duchies of Slesvig and Holstein; for, though the duchies only contain three inhabitants to every five contained in the "kingdom"—that is, in Denmark proper—the king proposed that the duchies on the one side, and the kingdom on the other, should return an equal number of members. Any one who had merely the interests of the duchies at heart would have accepted the proposal eagerly. But, of course, it did not suit the views of the German party. Its effect would have been to link the duchies more closely still to the crown of Denmark—to extinguish all disaffection in Slesvig—and to dash for ever the magnificent dream of a German fleet riding in what once were Danish harbors. Accordingly they proceeded without delay to organize a resistance. If they had been left to their own resources, the resistance would probably not have been either very formidable or very prolonged. Unfortunately at this particular crisis came the revolution of February. Within three weeks from the receipt of the intelligence that Louis Philippe had been ignominiously driven from his capital, all Germany was in a flame. In Carlsruhe, Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, the mob had risen against the sovereigns, and the sovereigns had pusillanimously consented to do whatever they were bid. With the treachery which is the twin sister of cow-

ardice, most of them took the earliest opportunity of revoking in security the concessions to which in their terror they had sworn. But in the interval of their abasement the national party was supreme; and both kings and demagogues had equally cogent reasons for desiring to foment disturbances in Denmark. The kings were only too glad of a safe vent for the madness of their subjects; the demagogues burned for a chance of investing the revolution with the halo of military success.

As soon as the leaders in Holstein were well assured of the support of Germany, they lost no time in acting. A large and tumultuous meeting was assembled at Rendsburg, in which a series of requisitions were addressed to the king, containing among other things a demand that Slesvig should be ceded to Germany; and five of the chief agitators were sent off to Copenhagen to present this modest petition to the king. It need hardly be said that the suggestion was politely but firmly declined. But the Holsteiners were in no mood to wait for an answer. Three days before that answer arrived they proclaimed a provisional government at Kiel; and a few hours afterward, by a sudden and bold attack, they surprised the important fortress of Rendsburg. Four days later a Prussian army set out to march to their assistance; and within less than a month after the meeting at Rendsburg, Slesvig was occupied by upward of twenty thousand German troops. Proceedings so well concerted and so rapid took the Danes entirely by surprise. They had dreamed of no danger, and had made no preparations against attack. Even if they had foreseen it, it might have been difficult for them to ward off successfully what was in effect not a rebellion in Holstein, but an invasion on the part of Germany. The result, however, of the first onset was that the Danes were defeated with great loss at the town of Slesvig; and by the beginning of May they were forced to evacuate the duchy altogether.*

* The Germans have devised one or two curious theories concerning this rebellion. One of them is that adopted by Baron Schleinitz, that there was in reality no rebellion at all, but that the Germans "never ignored or even questioned the sacred rights of their legitimate prince, even at the height of the contest" which they were carrying on against his government. The distinction is ingenious; but the countrymen of Pym and Hampden have a right to complain that it is a plagiarism. Another theory is, that the Holsteiners only revolted in order to

We need hardly follow the vicissitudes of the war. It lasted with various fortune and occasional respite till the autumn of 1850. But Prussia did not long continue to pursue the rash and lawless course upon which she had entered under the dictation of the rioters of Berlin. Menaces from St. Petersburg forced her to leave her insurgent allies in the lurch, and to withdraw her troops from Denmark before they had been six weeks in the field; and the pressure of the other great powers compelled her, after infinite negotiation, to conclude a peace with the Danes in June, 1850. This peace had but one condition; in every other respect it was peace, pure and simple. That one condition was, that Denmark should invoke the German confederation in order to pacify Holstein. This promise to leave Holstein to Germany to pacify was the starting-point of all future complications. As far as Slesvig was concerned, Denmark had done this easily for herself. A brilliant victory had driven the revolutionists out of it, with the exception of a small corner that could only be attacked by violating the frontier of Holstein. But the pacification of Holstein, which Denmark was not allowed to do for herself, was a much more serious matter. At first, Denmark appealed to Prussia, which

guard against the effects of a "Copenhagen revolution," which had deprived the king of his free agency. The "Copenhagen revolution" was a very mild affair. It was merely a petition presented by the municipal body of Copenhagen to the king that he would change his ministers. The proceedings were perfectly peaceable; and when the petitioners found that the ministers had already resigned, they dispersed without tumult. The Danes indignantly deny that it was a revolution, and cite in proof the fact that not a single pane of glass was broken on the occasion. There was certainly nothing in the subsequent demeanor of the king to indicate that he regretted in the least degree the change of ministers he was then induced to make. But the most material difficulties in the way of this theory are the dates. The dates were as follows: The meeting at Rendsburg, demanding that Slesvig should be ceded to Germany, took place on the 18th of March. The news of the change of ministry at Copenhagen, which took place on the 21st, did not reach Holstein till the 23d of March. On the same day the provisional government was declared at Kiel. *The next morning*, quite early, the garrison of Rendsburg were surprised and overpowered by Holsteiners who had assembled from various parts of the country; and that same day (the 24th) the King of Prussia, at Berlin, wrote to the Duke of Augustenburg promising military support. Surely it is idle to pretend that all these various movements were caused by nothing else than the news of the change of ministry at Copenhagen.

for this purpose represented the confederation; but Prussia, unwilling to consent and afraid to refuse, fought off for some time upon various pretexts. At last, Austria interfered on account of this and other matters; the celebrated protocol of Olmütz was signed; and, under its provisions, order was at last restored in Holstein by the appearance in that duchy of a Prussian and Austrian army, in February, 1851. But these powerful allies, having once established themselves in Holstein,* behaved toward the Danes, whom they came to assist, much in the same spirit in which their countrymen, Hengist and Horsa, are said to have behaved to Vortigern. They entirely declined to move out of it again, except for a consideration. They had come professing to pacify the duchy; but their idea of pacification apparently included the retention of it in their own possession until they had extorted from the lawful owner some concession in the nature of a ransom. This ransom, in the present case, was chiefly a guarantee against the incorporation of Slesvig and Denmark. Such a demand, put forward as a condition of doing that which they were bound to do without any consideration at all, was almost as gross a breach of public law as the invasion of 1848. But the great powers were thoroughly tired of the question, and Austria and Prussia were in a condition to keep Holstein as long as they thought fit. Denmark had, therefore, no choice but to give them what they desired.

It was a curious coincidence that Denmark should have had to yield to the reactionary and despotic Austria of 1851, some part at least of the same demands that had been made by the revolutionists of 1848. The truth was that Denmark was between two fires. Austria had no taste for Schleswig-Holsteinism, and probably abominated the national party as heartily as Denmark could do. But she cherished fears of a totally different char-

acter. She looked upon the sufferings of the German nationality in Slesvig with much philosophy; but the constitution of the legislative body in Denmark excited her liveliest apprehensions. The King of Denmark had granted to his Danish subjects a very liberal constitution—rather more liberal than we in England should be inclined to approve; but, having granted it freely, he resolved to stand by it honestly. It was this constitution that made Austria nervous upon the subject of the incorporation of Slesvig. She was not sentimental upon the subject of the domination of a Danish over a German nationality. But she knew that if Slesvig and Denmark were incorporated, Slesvig must receive the institutions of Denmark; and consequently there would be a German community, as free as England, living on the north bank of the Eyder. Terrified at the prospect of an active liberal propaganda, composed of exiles from every German state, conspiring, printing, haranguing, actually within earshot of Germany, she resolved to nip that danger in the bud; and it was intimated to Denmark that a guarantee against the incorporation of Slesvig must be a condition precedent to the restoration of Holstein. Thus Denmark's very virtues were turned against her. Her freedom was no merit in the eyes of the democracy when the democracy was dominant; for free institutions are counted as dirt beneath their feet by a democracy that is bent on conquest. But that freedom was a deadly offense in the eyes of despotism, when the democracy had run its appointed course, and the reaction had set in.

At the same time, as a kind of pledge that she had no territorial acquisitions in view, Austria offered, if Denmark would give the required guarantees, to join the great powers in settling beyond all possibility of cavil a question of succession to the Danish throne, which was even then looming in the distance, and which threatened to be dangerous. Thus pressed by present necessity, and tempted by the hope of a solid compensation, Denmark, after making many ineffectual efforts to escape, prepared to yield. Her statesmen had cherished the hope that the favorable opportunity might be used for cutting the knot of all future difficulties, and removing a sore temptation from before the eyes of her ambitious neighbor. If one homogeneous Danish kingdom could have

* Being on a visit to Holstein at the time, we saw the Austrian troops, and walked among them in the public gardens, with their swords dangling at their sides, ready for any outbreak. The officers were quartered on the inhabitants against their will. Said the clergyman at whose house we were staying: "I have three Austrian officers quartered on my family, and because I had not room for them I am compelled to pay their board at the hotel, and it has already cost me a good many pounds sterling." It was a bitter pill, but he could not help it.—[Ed. *ECLECTIC*.

been constructed north of the Eyder, all pretense for the interference of Germany in the internal affairs of the Danish monarchy would have been removed. But that was not to be. No aid was at hand: England was weary, and Russia adverse: Austria and Prussia were obdurate; and the chance of procuring for the Danish succession the guarantee of a European treaty was a set-off not to be despised. There was no help for it. The weak must yield. At last, therefore, the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs betook himself to the composition of dispatches, which were to satisfy the demands of Austria and Prussia. A correspondence followed, in which the scheme of government which the King of Denmark had consented to adopt was clearly explained; and as soon as they were satisfied upon this head, the Austrian and Prussian governments restored Holstein to the king. They even went a step further, and signed the treaty of London, under which the Danish succession was regulated according to a scheme unanimously approved by the northern and western powers.

Now it is upon this correspondence that the reader who wishes to understand the Schleswig-Holstein question in its present phase must fix his attention. It is the pivot on which the whole controversy turns. In it are contained, if any where, the pledges on the part of Denmark, the fulfillment of which all Germany alleges to be a condition precedent to the performance of the treaty of London. For what reason it was resolved to take these engagements in the vague language of a dispatch, instead of in a formal treaty, it is not now necessary to discuss. The result has been an infinite addition to the perplexity of the dispute. It requires no little labor to ascertain what it was that Denmark really promised, and what it is on which the German powers have now a right to insist. But still, as it is to this correspondence that they appeal to justify them for dishonoring the signatures which they affixed to the treaty of London, it is necessary for those who would master the intricacies of this question to consider the successive dispatches somewhat in detail.

Fortunately there were only three dispatches with which it is necessary to concern ourselves, and only one of these is of primary importance. The first dispatch

is one from M. Bluhme, Minister of Denmark to Austria, explaining the intentions of the king in respect to the government both of Slesvig and Holstein. The next is a reply from the Prince Schwartzberg, Austrian minister, setting forth at length the interpretation which his court, in behalf of Germany, placed upon the Danish explanations. The third is a reply from Denmark accepting this interpretation without demur. The dates of the three dispatches are respectively, December 6th, 1851; December 26th, 1851; January 29th, 1852.

The dispatch of the Danish minister, Bluhme, commences with a vigorous protest against the curious interpretation affixed by the Austrians to the word "pacification." Then it proceeds to state in detail what the king's intentions are with respect to the future government of his kingdom. He is willing to renew the declaration already made by his father, and also by himself, that he will not incorporate Slesvig with Denmark, and will take no step that has that end in view. He also consents to maintain certain social ties between the nobility of Slesvig and Holstein, consisting principally in some facilities for borrowing each other's money, and the privilege of mutual admittance to certain conventual institutions maintained in each duchy. At the same time he distinctly states that he "definitively rejects the so-called Schleswig-Holsteinism;" and that he will not renew the tribunals of appeal which the duchies had enjoyed in common, or the administrative system under which the local government of the two duchies was carried on by the same set of superior officials. This community of tribunals and of ministers had been accorded to the two duchies principally since 1834, but it had been made the pretext of rebellion, and therefore it could not be revived. The king further intimates his intention of introducing representative institutions for the Danish monarchy as a whole, and he proposes to do this with the coöperation of the assemblies of the various duchies.

M. Bluhme's dispatch of course occupies a very much greater space than we have been able to give it; but we have abstracted the substance of all the portions that are material to the present controversy. Prince Schwartzberg, who was then at the head of the Austrian government, replied to it on the 26th of Decem-

ber, 1851. This Austrian reply is, with the exception of the treaty of London, the most important paper in the whole controversy; for it contains, in fact, the celebrated contract of 1851-52. It was acceded to by Prussia, the other commissary of the confederation; it was sanctioned by the Diet, and therefore it is conclusive against Germany: it was formally accepted by Denmark; and it states in detail not only the meaning to be attached to the promises of Denmark, but also their binding character as a diplomatic instrument. It will be necessary, therefore, to extract the more important passages at length. First, we will arrange the two passages in which Austria distinctly declares that she regards the Danish declaration of intentions in the light of an international covenant, and that she will only evacuate Holstein, and sign the treaty of London, in consideration of that declaration, when she learns that Denmark attributes to it the same binding character:

"From our earlier communications your excellency is fully acquainted with the points of view from which in general we regard these declarations of the Danish court. You will therefore be prepared to learn that, to hasten the termination of this affair, we are quite ready to express our opinions upon the views of his majesty the king, which are now communicated to us, but that we, on our side, can only do this upon the supposition that we have before our eyes a declaration which is looked upon by its author as binding, and whose accomplishment is therefore secured."

This passage is plain enough; but there is another toward the end of the dispatch which is more distinct still:

"If, now, the Danish government should be inclined to accept as their own that conception of its programme which we have set forth in this dispatch and the annex to it—if they would, at the same time, secure to us, in the binding form of a declaration made by the command of his majesty the king, the real execution of the intentions which they have only as yet officially made known to us as a possible eventuality—and if they would take their measures accordingly, so far as the opportunity at present exists—then we might securely count upon an early and friendly termination of the differences which have hitherto arisen between the various parts of the Danish monarchy, as well as between it and the Germanic Confederation. We would give back the mandate under which, in common with Prussia, we represent the German Confederation in this affair,

and at the same time evacuate Holstein, and re-establish the full power of the sovereign in that duchy; we would answer in the Diet for the union thus effected; and at the same time we would hold the new internal foundation for the connection of the combined lands under one ruler to have progressed sufficiently to allow us to take part in an international guarantee of the integrity of the monarchy by the recognition of a common succession."

It is evident that if Denmark accepted this interpretation of her intentions, and if, in consequence of that acceptance, Austria did evacuate Holstein, and did sign the treaty of London, an engagement was contracted by Denmark toward Austria as distinctly as words could contract it. Denmark did accept the Austrian interpretation. The following are the words of M. Bluhme, in a dispatch dated January 29th, 1852:

"Under these circumstances it is with peculiar satisfaction that, in pursuance of authority given me by the king, I hereby make the following declaration: 'That the king, our most gracious lord, recognizes as in agreement with his own, the interpretation of the intention communicated on his behalf to the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, which is contained in the dispatch of the Austrian Cabinet of December 26th, 1851, and in the annex to the same—both in general, and especially that part of it which refers to the non incorporation of Slesvig with the kingdom.'"

It follows, therefore, beyond all question, that Denmark did covenant, in 1851-2, to fulfill the programme of domestic policy drawn out for her in the Austrian dispatch. It has been necessary to make good this point, because some zealous Danes, acting on the principle that you should never admit anything, have called these stipulations into question. So far is plain enough. But when we come to inquire what these stipulations are, we shall not find our path so clear. The vague language of a court-cously-worded dispatch is a bad vehicle for positive engagements; and the consequence of the form adopted is, that this informal contract between Denmark and Germany possesses a double quantity of haziness which is apt to attach to all international agreements. However, this Austrian dispatch is the only source from which any light can be obtained upon the subject; and therefore to the Austrian dispatch we must return.

There is one point, and only one point, in these stipulations which has since become of international importance. It is the promise, so constantly repeated, not to incorporate Slesvig. Closely connected with this promise are the stipulations which relate to the nature of the united constitution which was contemplated, and the undertaking that the various parts of the country should be treated equally. The following are some of the most material passages :

"The Imperial court learns with satisfaction the resolution of H. M. the King of Denmark to revive not only in the Duchy of Shleswig but in that of Holstein, the institution of provincial estates, which still legally exists : and when H. M. at the same time announces his intention of introducing an *organic and homogeneous constitutional connection* of all the parts of the country into one united monarchy (in a lawful and constitutional manner, and therefore after consultation with the provincial estates of the said duchies, and so far as concerns the kingdom of Denmark, by negotiations with the Reichstag, and in respect to Lauenburg with the coöperation of the Ritterschaft and Landschaft), the Imperial court can only recognize this intention of the king as being directed to the fulfillment of a duty that cannot be declined.

"H. M. the emperor expresses his confident expectation, that the king, both in the future organization of the monarchy, and in the provisional conduct of affairs, will know how, with equal solicitude for all, to preserve, by appropriate arrangements, to all the various parts of the country, the position which belongs to them *as members of a whole, in which no part is subordinated to another.*

"The maintenance of *independent (selbständig) constitutional administrative institutions* in the various parts of the country, without prejudice to the combined government of their common affairs at the center, is, in our belief, an indispensable condition of the establishment of the internal tranquillity of the monarchy."

There are a few words (they are italicised) in these paragraphs which were probably little weighed at the time when they were written, but upon which a gloomy pile of controversy and recrimination has been subsequently raised. What is signified by the promise to preserve to the various parts of the country in the construction of a common constitution, the position which belongs to them "as members of a whole, in which no part is subordinated to any other?" In other words, in electing a common parliament, how many members is each part of the

country to have, so as not to be "subordinated" (*untergeordnet*) to any other? Most people, who think of the examples of Austria, Italy, Germany herself, would be inclined to say that the number of members should be distributed chiefly with reference to population. Such a constitution would best correspond to the phrase "an organic and homogeneous connection of all the parts of the country into one united whole." As, however, we shall have occasion to see further on, Prussian ministers, members of the Holstein assembly, nay, committees of the diet itself, were found to maintain the startling doctrine, that the promise would only be satisfied when *each* of the duchies, even little Lauenburg, should have as many members in the common parliament as all the kingdom of Denmark. It is enough for the present, to say that there is no hint of such an idea in these dispatches.

The great point, upon which the dispatches on both sides are very emphatic, is, that Slesvig shall not be incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark. As a set-off, the German powers were willing to concede that the political separation between the two duchies should be marked as strongly as the king pleased. It must always be borne in mind that the time at which this correspondence was conducted was the very flood-time of the reaction ; and that therefore the objects of Germany differed diametrically from those which it had sought three years before, or which it is seeking now. The imposture of Schleswig-Holsteinism, the dream of a great Teutonic republic, the wild nationality frenzy, were far enough then from the thoughts of German rulers. Their only care was to keep the ultra-liberal institutions of Denmark at a safe distance from the German frontier. Therefore they were zealous in resisting the incorporation of Slesvig with Denmark ; but they were wholly indifferent to the separation of Slesvig from Holstein. It is necessary to remember this, in order to understand why the Austrians in this dispatch are so anxious that the constitution of Denmark should not be introduced into Slesvig, and why they consent so readily that the whole Schleswig-Holstein theory and the indissoluble union guaranteed by King Christian's "Privileges" should be put aside as diplomatic lumber. The following are the passages which guarantee upon the one side the non-in-

corporation of Slesvig, and sanction on the other the permanent separation of Slesvig and Holstein :

"In the declaration of his Majesty the King of Denmark that neither shall any incorporation of the duchy into the kingdom take place, nor any steps be taken having that for their aim, the imperial court sees with satisfaction a new confirmation of the promise which was given by the late King Christian VIII. to his subjects, and afterwards renewed by the present sovereign after the treaty of the 2d of July, 1850, and in accordance with the fourth article of that treaty, was communicated to the Germanic Confederation as a resolution taken by the king for the pacification of the country. When, on the other hand, his Majesty of Denmark considers those other declarations which were spontaneously made in the diet by his predecessor on the throne upon the 7th of September, 1846, and which were acknowledged by it to be satisfactory by the resolution of the 17th September (according to which King Christian VIII. entertained no intention of introducing any change in the relations which then united the Duchy of Holstein to the Duchy of Schleswig) no longer in all points suitable to the present condition of affairs, and in particular has convinced himself that the connection in respect to administration, and courts of appeal, which has existed between the two duchies chiefly since 1834, but which is now actually abolished in consequence of recent events, must be abolished also for the future. The imperial court upon its side admits that the said declarations of September 7th, 1846, presupposed the then existing conditions of the Danish monarchy, and did not involve the legal result of making dependent upon the consent of the confederation the resolutions which, under changed circumstances, in pursuance of his sovereign rights, the king might take, and which do not affect the legal competence of the confederation. The imperial court will therefore not object upon its own behalf to the abolition of the before mentioned connection, and will use its influence, that this measure should not be objected to by the diet."

Thus the great Schleswig-Holstein fiction, which learned men had labored for so many years to build up, was formally exploded. It is evident that whoever else believed in the charter of King Christian, the Austrian minister who composed the dispatch did not, nor the other German governments who, in diet assembled, confirmed it. But there was another point upon which Austria and Germany looked with a great deal more interest at that time :

"As his majesty the emperor sincerely de-

sires to see the peace and prosperity of the Danish monarchy established as soon as possible by a definitive organization adapted to its needs, he allows himself confidently to hope that the Danish government, in their efforts toward this important end, will perhaps not give an exclusive preference to those institutions which have been bestowed upon the kingdom of Denmark proper in recent years, but that they will keep before their eyes, as their sole sure guide, the permanent relations of the collective monarchy, and the object of strengthening internally its union into a whole. *Once at ease upon this point*, his majesty will not delay, in conjunction with other friendly powers, to exert himself to secure that union by an international guarantee of a common succession."

This is a curious paragraph, for more reasons than one. It is common for German advocates to represent that the treaty of London was signed by the German powers in consideration of Denmark's promises not to incorporate Slesvig with the kingdom. They find it, in these more liberal days, convenient to forget the plain wording of the dispatch. The consideration is here categorically stated. Austria promises to sign the treaty as soon as she is at ease upon one particular point ; and that point is, that Denmark should refrain (as she has done) from introducing into the whole monarchy the ultra liberal institutions which had been recently granted to Denmark proper. The other curious feature in this paragraph is, that the treaty which the emperor undertakes to sign, is a treaty, not of mere recognition, but of guarantee (*Verburgung*.) The emperor, and through him all Germany—for Germany sanctioned the dispatch—pledge themselves to *guarantee* the succession of Prince Christian of Glücksburg. In other words, Germany hereby promises, not only to acknowledge Prince Christian's title, but to maintain it against all the world. Does any Austrian or German statesman ever perchance take up this not very ancient document ? And can the most hardened diplomatist among them repress a blush of shame for his country when he reads over again this pledge so solemnly, so recently made, and so shamelessly forsworn ?

Such were the essential points of the celebrated stipulations of 1851-52. A constitution for the whole monarchy, passed in a constitutional and lawful manner, and dealing equally with the various parts of the country—no incorporation of Sles-

vig, no reünion of Slesvig and Holstein, and an abstinence in the reorganization of the monarchy from an "exclusive preference" for the existing institutions of Denmark—those were the main engagements contracted between the two nations in the correspondence of those years. We must now briefly follow the fate of

these provisions during the ensuing period, and see how a weapon, forged and sharpened by despotic sovereigns, was skillfully wielded by the democratic party for the gratification of that lawless lust of territory, which is the one great point upon which despotisms and democracies agree—

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Cornhill Magazine.

PHOSPHORUS AND CIVILIZATION.

PHILOSOPHY enables us to bear with great equanimity the misfortunes of others. Science, on the other hand, has the bad character of being an alarmist; it is constantly prophesying terrible consequences, or consequences that would be terrible did not Philosophy step in to reassure us by pointing out that our alarm is needless, since the predictions concern our descendants rather than ourselves. For example, Science has calculated the period at which all our coal, now so prodigally burned, will have dwindled to its last seam; but this destruction of our greatest source of wealth is contemplated with much calmness, because Philosophy not only points out that the period is still distant, but serenely relies on Science finding a substitute for coal when the coal is exhausted: *What* substitute? It is not the business of Philosophy to discover one; she merely says that heat having been declared to be merely a mode of motion,* some other means of getting the requisite motion will surely be found—and leaves you to find it.

This is very consoling. Can we not get a similar relief from a wide-sweeping view of another alarming state of things? I allude to the gradual degeneration of the race consequent upon a gradual exhaus-

tion of our stock of phosphorus. Like coal, the quantity of phosphorus on the crust of this agreeable planet is limited; and unlike coal, its place can not be supplied. Nations have done without coal, and may again do without it, but without phosphorus men and animals can not exist; and without abundance of phosphorus they will be stunted and rickety. Nor will any other element play its part.

Consider for a moment: every adult human being requires at least four pounds of phosphates to build up his bony framework, quite apart from the quantities used up in his softer parts. This amount is sequestered from the earth and never returns to it. Yet the earth without phosphates refuses to grow plants. Think of the millions upon millions of pounds which are drawn away from the primitive stock, and you will understand why vast stretches of Asia Minor are barren, why parts of Sicily, Palestine, Arabia Felix (once so fertile), and the plains of Babylon, are deserts. These lands have been robbed of their phosphates. If Egypt still preserves her ancient fertility it is because the annual inundation of the Nile renews the precious phosphates.

Philosophy considers this, as requested, and straightway begins to theorize upon it. She bids us remark the law of history (she is fond of such "laws"), that nations after emerging from barbarism into civilization, after growing in wealth, skill, luxury, and populousness, are always submerged by some fresh wave of barbarism. The puny citizen, enervated by luxury, can not withstand the stalwart

* "Heat only a mode of motion!" Such may be the dictum of Science; but Philosophy, jealous of accuracy in language, may not improperly ask, And pray, what is motion a mode of? Surely it is the manifestation of force, and heat likewise is a manifestation of force, most probably of the *same* force, but assuredly not of motion, otherwise it would be the manifestation of a manifestation.

barbarian. So it has been; so it will ever be. All the skill and all the appliances which make men formidable to beasts, fail to make men formidable to barbarians. With knowledge and wealth has come the corruption of luxury. It is that which has destroyed the rude and manly *virtus* of an elder time; it is that which makes men dissolute, selfish, timid, without fervor, without patriotism.

Are you quite sure of this, O philosopher? Is luxury so universal in civilized communities that nations no less than individuals are enfeebled by it? Have the millions been accustomed to Capuan indulgences? Let us abandon rhetoric for a moment, and see whether the enfeeblement of nations may not be traced less to the excess of civilization than to the deficiency of phosphorus. It is a paradox I set before you, no doubt; but it is not less likely to be a truth because it contradicts your opinions — which is the meaning of a paradox.

Did the barbarians always conquer because they were ignorant? No; because they were strong. They were truly the "sons of the soil," and of a soil not robbed of its phosphates, like the soil of old and crowded nations. The civilized Roman trembled at the presence of the gigantic Gaul; but the descendant of that Gaul is so little of a giant that he now boasts of his stature when he is four feet six!* It was remarked by Pliny that the Romans were rapidly degenerating in stature, and that sons were rarely so tall as their fathers; but he attributed this degeneration to the exhaustion of the vital sap, not knowing that a Liebig would come to proclaim the exhaustion of precious phosphorus.† What a prospect for man! His stature dwindles as phosphorus disappears. His race has been constantly robbing the soil of precious material which has not been returned to it, as nature requires, and the effect of this at last will be national bankruptcy.

Plants impoverish the soil; but all they snatch from it to build up their existences may be returned to it, and often is return-

ed, though civilized ignorance often wastes it. The animals eat the plants, and take up the phosphates into their own bodies. A judicious system of agriculture would restore all this to the soil, by careful distribution of the sewage, and by using the bones as manure. Even the quantities used up by man might also be restored, if the sewage were skillfully distributed, and if our practice of burial did not annually hide away the enormous quantities stored up in man's bony structure. The bones of men are buried, and thus, in a loose, unscientific sense, may be said to return to earth the phosphates originally derived from earth. But this is loose talk. The bones keep all their phosphates. It is only the organic matters which are decomposed in the grave; the phosphates remain and are not re-distributed through the soil.

"The only real loss of elements," says Liebig, "which we are unable to prevent, is of the phosphates, in so far as these, in accordance with the customs of modern nations, are deposited in the grave. For the rest, every part of that enormous quantity of food which a man consumes during his lifetime, which was derived from the fields, can be returned to them. We know with absolute certainty that we receive back in sewage all the salts and alkaline bases, all the phosphates of lime and magnesia, which the animal consumed in its food."

It is not probable that men will give up the practice of burial, so that all the phosphates stored up in their skeletons must needs be withheld from the soil; but it is probable that the growing necessities of men will force them into something like a rational use of sewage. We shall learn not to waste the tons of precious material which is hourly poured into rivers and seas; we shall have our guano in abundance and near at hand. Unless we learn this, our case is desperate. If men persist in consuming phosphorus, and in wasting it as they do now, Science foresees the end.

Yet Philosophy is calm, because the end is distant. Were it not so, the alarm would embitter our pleasant lives. We should be eternally fidgeting about phosphorus. Some dreadful statist would oppress us with his calculations, showing the effect of lucifer-matches upon Europe. He would exclaim: "Sir, lucifer-matches have wasted an amount of phosphorus

* A conscript once objected that he was below the standard height; the recruiting officer eyed him kindly, and exclaimed, "Four feet four—without your shirt—*c'est magnifique!*"

† "In plenum autem cuncto mortalium generi minorem in des fieri, propemodum observatur; raroque patribus proceriores, consumente ubertatem seminum exustione."—*Hist. Nat.*, vii. 16.

which might have equipped a mighty nation with its necessary bones." And our only reply would be, "Then let the mighty nation do with cartilage." We could not patiently listen to such croakings. Every time we lighted a cigar we should think we were hastening the irruption of the barbarians. Intolerable!

From the Leisure Hour.

THE TREATIES OF VIENNA.

"ROLL up that map of Europe—it will not be wanted for these ten years." These are the words, a little varying in other accounts, in which the dying Pitt addressed his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope. The great statesman was dying. The battle of Austerlitz had broken his heart. All his best schemes for Europe were crushed. The continent was more than ever prostrate before the overshadowing domination of Napoleon. The balance of power no longer existed. The historical map of Europe was entirely deranged. The well-known landmarks had been swept away. Old thrones had been shorn or abolished, and new thrones had been carved out for the usurper's kin. Austerlitz had continued this evil, had postponed the redress of national wrongs for many years. Pitt's health was feeble, his constitution shattered, and this last overwhelming blow was too much for one whose every thought was centered in his patriotism. He went back to his Putney villa to die. Few pages are more deeply interesting than those which tell of the end of the once all-powerful Prime Minister. It was a sad scene, yet not without a ray of light amidst the gathering gloom of ambition's sunset. "Like many, I have too much neglected prayer," said Pitt; "but I throw myself entirely on the mercy of God, through Christ." But evermore the state of Europe, and of England, weighed heavily on his mind. It is now known that his last words were to this effect: "Oh, my country—in what a state I leave my country!"

The words of Pitt were prophetic. Ten years passed away before that map of Europe, with which Napoleon had played such strange vagaries, could be reconstructed. Before the time of Napoleon,

the public law of Europe was mainly based upon the treaty of Westphalia (1648), which concluded the religious wars of Germany, and went far to advance France to the prominence in the affairs of Europe hitherto enjoyed by Spain. There were many wars and many treaties during the century and a half which ensued. Nevertheless, the territorial definition of States had not materially altered. Russia had become an empire, and Prussia a kingdom—each with extensions of territory. France had consolidated and extended her dominions under the fourteenth and the fifteenth Louis. Sardinia had conferred monarchical titles on the House of Savoy, and the Bourbon kingdom of the two Sicilies had been established. These alterations in the aggregate were considerable; but, notwithstanding their modifying effect, the treaty of Westphalia still constituted the most important document that regulated the written or positive international law of Europe. After the downfall of Napoleon, it became necessary that the public law of Europe should be again established on a fixed basis, in accordance with the alterations wrought since the treaty of Westphalia, especially by the desolating flood of Napoleon's conquest. We should observe that the expressions "treaties of Vienna," and, still more inaccurately, "the treaty of Vienna," are names roughly and conveniently given to a cluster of treaties and transactions which, after the fall of the first empire, constructed Europe on a new and universally recognized basis. The most definitive and important of these are known, from the locality, as the treaties of Vienna, although, in reality, they comprise the Congress of Verona, the treaties of Paris, and other important European

legislation, and have also an intimate prospective connection with the Holy Alliance.

Napoleon used to speak of "the sun of Austerlitz." That sun, however, waned and paled, and fitfully set at last amid lowering cloud and storm. When the allied armies had stormed the heights of Montmartre, and were ready to descend upon Paris—when the city had capitulated, and the allies had entered—when the Senate, by solemn decree, had deposed Napoleon—when the emperor found himself more and more deserted at Fontainebleau, with a sore struggle he abdicated, and, after a vain attempt to destroy himself, he set off for the mimic sovereignty of Elba. Louis XVIII., in accordance with the call of the French Senate, became King of France. The first step in negotiation which all the Vienna diplomacy assumed was the memorable Convention of April 23, 1814, by which it was provided that French troops should evacuate all that they held in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, beyond the frontiers of old France, as they stood on the 1st of January, 1792. By one blow the whole fruits of the revolutionary wars were thus swept away. Fifty-three fortresses, twelve thousand pieces of cannon, and nearly a hundred thousand men were at once surrendered. A week later followed the treaty of Paris. It substantially embodied the conditions of the convention, with important addenda. It was marked by a spirit of forbearance, and even of generosity, toward the French people. There were no instances of vindictive retaliation. France was even left with a small additional territory, compared with her limits before the epoch of revolution. But although the allies had thus destroyed Napoleon's map, they had not yet reconstructed their own. So to speak, there were now immense territories in the patronage of the allies. The populations of the regions thus severed from the Napoleonic empire amounted to nearly sixteen millions, and that of the external dependencies to many millions more. The treaty, however, made certain international arrangements which subsequently became identified with the treaties of Vienna. A leading principle was manifest; namely, that the second-rate states bordering on France should be strengthened, to resist future aggression from the warlike genius of their great and uncom-

fortable neighbor. Germany was again to be independent, under the guarantee of a federal union. Holland and Switzerland were to be independent; Italy divided into sovereign states; Malta ceded to England. It was agreed that all matters of detail should be left to a congress of all the great powers, which should assemble in Vienna in the course of the succeeding autumn. The provisions of the Congress of Vienna were still further anticipated by secret articles in this treaty of Paris.

The congress had not taken place in the summer, because the allied sovereigns had been occupied with their visit to England. When the autumn set in, Vienna, small as a capital city, but remarkable for the magnificence of its buildings, the beauty of its gardens and waters, the noble scenery of its country side, and the fashionable crowds with which it is thronged, filled fast with an august and imposing company. It was toward the end of September that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia entered the Austrian capital. The Austrian Minister was the famous Prince Metternich, who subsequently presided over the proceedings of the conference. The wily Talleyrand came to represent France; Lord Castlereagh, and subsequently the Duke of Wellington, England. Russia, Austria, and Prussia were unwilling at first that France and Spain should share in the deliberations until much had been first settled. It was, however, agreed, mainly through Lord Castlereagh, Metternich, and Talleyrand, that the congress should consist, not only of the four allied powers, but also of France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. The Papal Nuncio was afterwards received. An anxious crowd of diplomatists from other states were also in attendance at Vienna, comprising ministers of state from Naples, Sicily, Bavaria, the Low Countries, Saxony, Denmark, Switzerland, Genoa.

The first proceedings of the congress were comparatively easy. One important alteration of the map of Europe had taken place just before its assemblage. Norway had been taken from Denmark and ceded to Sweden. This was according to a treaty between the Emperor of Russia and Bernadotte, King of Sweden, to which Denmark had acceded, and which England had sanctioned. Notwithstanding a heroic resistance by the Norwegians, this settlement was carried out. Of this

the congress of course approved. The congress had now to deal with those territories of which the allied armies had so recently held possession. Russia had occupied Poland; Austria, all Italy, except Naples; Prussia, Saxony; the armies of Wurtemberg and Baden held possession of the Rhine provinces; England, in conjunction with Sweden, occupied Holland; and Belgium, in conjunction with Portugal, part of Spain. The first acts of the congress, the easiest, and on the whole the most important, were simply to confirm the provisions of the treaty of Paris. These would offer no difficulty, but serious difficulties would arise in respect to Poland, Saxony, and Russia.

Alexander, Emperor of Russia, was, from many circumstances, the most striking and influential member of the congress. To his influence Prussia was totally and servilely subordinate. Lord Castlereagh, from the commencement, had detected this overweening influence, and strove to guard against it. It was most apparent when the subjects of the conference came on in the following order: Poland, Saxony, Belgium and Holland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland.

As we have stated, the armies of Russia were at this time in the virtual occupation of Poland. They held the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, as created by Napoleon, the Lithuanian and Ruthenian provinces, with Cracow and other important towns. Ever since its shameful partition, Poland has been a trouble and disgrace to Europe. Prince Talleyrand might well say of that partition that it was the "prelude, in part, perhaps, the cause, and even to a certain extent the excuse, of the disorders to which Europe had been a prey." Alexander demanded that the whole of Poland, so far as it was in his power, should be erected into a constitutional kingdom, of which he should be king. It is clear that at this time Alexander entertained a chivalrous dream of reestablishing the Poles in freedom and independence. Both Lord Castlereagh and Metternich strongly resisted this. Alexander burst into a rage. He lost all semblance of peace and moderation. He exclaimed: "I have two hundred thousand men in the Duchy of Warsaw; drive me out of it who can. You are always talking to me of principles. What do I care, think you, for your parchments and your treaties? There is one thing which

for me is above everything, and that is my word. Your law is a mere matter of European convention." Happily, however, the Emperor Alexander was one of those who could conquer themselves. Lord Castlereagh opposed him, and frequently in a dictatorial tone, that might be compared with his own autocratic language. In repeated memorials he declared that he opposed firmly and with all the force in his power, in the name of England, the erection of a kingdom in Poland, the crown of which should be placed on the same head with, or which should form an integral part of, the empire of Russia; that the wish of his government was to see an independent power, more or less extensive, established there, under a distinct dynasty, and as an intermediate state between the great monarchies.

At the same time Prussia, then as now almost the vassal of Russia, was willing to cede her own Polish provinces to the latter power, on condition of obtaining Saxony, and an indemnity on the Rhine. The fate of Saxony was doomed. Her prince had so pertinaciously attached himself to the cause of Napoleon, from whom he had received such substantial honors and rewards, and had so resolutely resisted all the attempts of the allies to win him over to their cause, that it was simply a question of total or partial dismemberment. Austria and France both sided with England against the two great northern military powers. It soon appeared not unlikely that the world might witness the edifying spectacle of a war among the peacemakers of Vienna. Alexander halted his armies on their homeward march, and Prussia armed her contingents. On the other hand, Austria put her armies on a war-footing; France was in no haste to disarm, and British troops were poured into Belgium. A secret treaty was made at Vienna (February 3d, 1815), between England, France and Austria, pledging themselves to carry out the provisions of the treaty of Paris, by force if necessary. Other powers were invited to concur, and the operations of the war were sketched out. The knowledge of this treaty gave alarm to the northern powers. They would not push matters to an extremity; Russia abandoned her claims to portions of Poland; Prussia would be content with a partial cession of Saxony.

Ever since the battle of Leipsic, Frederick Augustus of Saxony had been a sort of state prisoner. He was now invited to Vienna, and, despite his protests, had to submit to the decision of the allies. A portion of his territory, representing 250,000 people, was annexed to Hanover; a portion, representing 1,100,000, to Prussia. He was thus shorn of more than one-third of his possessions. Prussia acquired a portion of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. These accessions of territory, with those on the Rhine, made her an immense gainer, and raised her to the rank of a first-rate power.

Belgium and Holland were united under the title of the kingdom of the Netherlands. Austria had no wish to retain her old Flemish possessions, which for centuries had been "the cockpit of Europe." The King of the Netherlands was also to be Grand Duke of Luxemburg, which, from its military importance, was attached to the new German confederacy.

This new German confederacy superseded the old German empire and the younger confederacy of the Rhine. The federal act established a diet, giving all the members separate or collective votes; giving to the thirty-eight members seventeen votes in the ordinary assembly, and seventy votes in the general assembly (Plenum).

In Switzerland, the territories which had been absorbed by France were of course resumed. The present Helvetic confederacy was founded. The Valais, with Geneva, Neuchâtel, and Basle, were united to Switzerland.

The position of Italy was one of serious difficulty. The inhabitants of Genoa had regained their liberty, and claimed to be restored to their ancient republican state, under the protection of England. Although they passionately protested against annexation, on the ground of the necessity of a barrier against France, they were assigned to Piedmont. Lombardy was again assigned to Austria. The question of Naples, however, created the greatest difficulty. Should Murat be deposed, and the Bourbons reinstated, or not? The Emperor Alexander was in favor of Murat, but Lord Castlereagh steadily urged the case against him.

But, before this and other questions could be decided, a sudden thunderbolt was to burst in upon the allies. One night there was a memorable ball at

Vienna, as memorable as a subsequent ball at Brussels. It was one of the most brilliant affairs of that brilliant Vienna season. An acute on-looker, alluding to the political differences that existed, observed, "The congress dances, but does not advance." A message of supreme importance was brought in to Prince Metternich—a message of electric effect—Napoleon had escaped from Elba. The news proved true enough. There had long been great reason to suppose that Napoleon was contemplating a descent upon France. Sir Neil Campbell, the English resident at Elba, had detected a great change in the emperor. Information had even been laid before the Congress of Vienna; but the Emperor Alexander had chivalrously thrown his protection round Napoleon, and strongly rebutted any such assertions or suspicions. Prince Talleyrand, however, on the 11th of March, formally laid the information before the congress, on the part of Louis XVIII. The congress accordingly issued one of the most memorable of its declarations. We quote one sentence: "They declare, at the same time, that, firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris, of May 13th, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, and those which they have resolved on, to complete and to consolidate it, they will employ all their means and unite all their efforts, that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labors, may not again be troubled; and to provide against every attempt which shall threaten to replunge the world into the disorders of revolution."

The battle of Waterloo terminated the Empire of the Hundred Days. Even if that battle had not been fought, or even if the result had been different, it is plain that the ultimate result would have been the same. When English and Prussians had marched upon Paris, other immense armies were set in motion, and the soil of France was soon occupied by 1,100,000 invaders. Paris again yielded to Wellington and Blücher, under military convention; all the military points were occupied by foreign troops, and thus Louis XVIII. was again enthroned. The allies were now prepared to exact a terrible but just retribution for the national breach of faith. They imposed heavy penalties; but nothing was more grievous to the French than

an act of simple justice to which they were forced. In compliance with a requisition signed by all the artists of Europe then resident at Rome, the Louvre was stripped of the works of art collected there by the spoliations of Napoleon. And now most of the allies raised a clamorous demand for what would be a virtual partition of France. Let France be reduced to her ancient limits, such as they were before the Bourbon princes commenced their aggressive schemes. Austria demanded Lorraine and Alsace, Spain the Basque provinces; and beyond this a scheme was afloat for depriving France of her frontier provinces, and her strongholds on the Rhine. It was only by the united efforts of the Russian emperor, and by the representations of England, that France was saved from dismemberment and the extremity of humiliation.

On the 20th of November, 1815, the high contracting powers of Vienna concluded three principal measures, which included other treaties and conventions, for the final settlement of Europe. The first of these was the second treaty of Paris of this epoch. Compared with the first treaty, it was most disadvantageous for France. The map of Europe was again altered. The limits of 1790, still with a slight balance in favor of France, were adhered to, and the allies resumed most of the extra territory confirmed to France by the previous treaty. There was a period of long and anxious suspense before they definitely settled the terms on which France was permitted to retain her place among the powers of Europe. The fortifications of Huningue, near Basle, were demolished. Seventeen frontier towns were delivered up to the allies, to be held for five years by an army of occupation, to consist of 150,000 men, to be maintained at the expense of France. A sum of upwards of £61,000,000 was also exacted, payable by installments, for expenses and indemnities. These terms were most severe; but those which Napoleon had exacted, after his victorious campaigns, had been much severer still. The French people had the poor consolation, of which the veterans of the old army reminded them, that they were suffering even less than they had inflicted upon others.

On the same day another treaty was concluded between Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England. This was a measure of high importance, and of mutual secu-

rity. They solemnly reviewed the provisions of the treaties of Vienna, and laid great stress on those which "exclude for ever Napoleon Buonaparte and his family from the throne of France" (*l'exclusion à perpétuité de Napoléon Buonaparte et de sa famille*).

At the same period there was concluded the celebrated treaty, the Holy Alliance. At this point England deserted her allies, declining to concur. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, bound themselves, "in conformity with the principles of the Holy Scriptures, which order all men to regard each other as brothers, and considering themselves as compatriots, to lend each other every aid, assistance, and succor, on every occasion; and, regarding themselves toward their subjects and armies as fathers, to direct them on every occasion in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice." The treaty proceeded to set forth that the three powers regarded themselves as delegated by Providence to govern those branches of one and the same Christian nation, of which Almighty God, the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, was the sole real sovereign. They furthermore invited into this Holy Alliance all the powers who should solemnly avow the sacred principles which had dictated it. The treaty excited considerable perplexity at the time. It was observed that this treaty was at the same time most vague and most solemn, and bound the contracting parties to nothing more than, as Christian princes, they stood already pledged to observe. The prince regent, in reply to a joint letter from the three sovereigns, requesting him to accede to it, declined to become a party to the treaty, but at the same time expressed his satisfaction with the nature of it, and gave an assurance that the British government would not be one of the least disposed to act up to its principles. It unfortunately happened that the Holy Alliance subsequently became identified with the principles and practice of arbitrary government. Its origin, however, we may believe to have been devised from deep and sincerely religious feeling on the part of the Emperor Alexander.

Three other Vienna treaties must be mentioned. The first related to the Ionian Islands. These were placed under the protectorate of Great Britain. The

second conferred on Russia a special payment of half a million, in consideration of extraordinary efforts she had made over and above her proper contingent. The third had reference to the custody of the person of Napoleon. Besides these, the Congress of Vienna legislated on the subject of slavery, affixing to it a European stigma, and beneficially regulated, or rather created, a public law of the great rivers of Europe—the Rhine, the Danube, the Vistula, the Po—calculated to simplify different systems, promote commerce, and abolish occasions of difference.

We have only given a slight view of the various international transactions which marked this important legislative era. The details of some treaties have been omitted, and other treaties have not even been mentioned. Under the former head are the assignment of the throne of the Netherlands to the House of Nassau, and the provisions for a constitutional government; as also the constitution given to Poland, which established a government and executive completely Polish. Under the latter head are the various treaties of detail rendered necessary to carry out the new territorial arrangements. In the reconstruction of Prussia, besides the treaties mentioned, there were special arrangements with Hanover, Saxe-Weimar, and Nassau.

In his recent address to the Corps Législatif, the Emperor of the French asserted that the treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist (*ont cessé d'exister*). This remark has justly provoked a great deal of criticism, and can only be understood with many exceptions and limitations. The instances which the emperor enumerates may be rapidly summed up. His own accession to the throne of France is the most prominent instance, and, as we have seen, is in verbal contravention of European legislation. It is, however, to be observed that the Congress of Vienna never contemplated the extreme case of putting a veto on the all but unanimous wish of the French people. The existence of earlier violations must also be admitted. In 1830 the kingdom of the Netherlands was dissolved. The difference of religion had been the main cause of unhappiness in this ill-assorted union. In the new arrangements consequent, the great powers pressed hardly on the insurgent state, and gave every possible territorial advantage to Holland. King Leopold, the admira-

ble sovereign of Belgium, has raised his country to high prosperity, and a higher degree of consideration than would otherwise have been attained. Russia, the moving power in the Vienna Congress, has, in the case of Poland, completely nullified its decrees. After the unhappy rebellion of 1820, Poland was incorporated as an integral portion of the Russian empire. Austria, by the resumption of Cracow, has not been left free from complicity in this guilt. The political map of Italy has been entirely altered, affecting the maps of France, Sardinia, Austria, and the Italian States. France has gained Nice and Savoy, and Austria has lost the fairest provinces of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, while, by the accession of these, of the Papal provinces, of the duchies, of the two Sicilies, Italy, instead of being merely a geographical expression, has been consolidated into a substantial kingdom. The public law, in reference to the Danubian Principalities, has been also modified. The most flagrant violation of the principles of Vienna legislation has undoubtedly been that exhibited by Russia herself, the prime mover in the Vienna Congress. The constitutional rights secured to Poland have been ruthlessly trodden under foot by irresponsible power, in defiance of the most positive engagements, and those principles of equity and piety so solemnly professed in the terms of the Holy Alliance. The regulations, as far as they respected France, were modified most favorably for the kingdom, by the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, which met in 1818, three years after that of Vienna. The whole of the foreign troops were withdrawn from France two years earlier than had been stipulated, and favorable conditions were made for the payment of the debt due to the allies.

But when we have taken full count of all the departures from the treaties of Vienna, it is still most inaccurate to suppose that they have ceased to exist. Though much has been taken, much yet remains. A law remains in force, though its definitions may be affected, and its scope and action be modified. The treaty of Westphalia was very greatly modified by subsequent treaties, such as those of Nimeguen, Ryswick, Utrecht, Paris, and Versailles, during which more than one kingdom was pulled down or set up. Yet this venerable instrument was justly re-

garded as the basis of public law in Europe till the present century, when the vast territories reclaimed from France rendered a new settlement absolutely necessary. At the present moment nearly all the sovereigns of Europe hold dominions under the tenure of the titles ratified at Vienna. So it is that the kingdom of Prussia exists. So it is that the Germanic

Confederation exists. So it is that Sweden holds Norway; Austria, Venice; England, Malta. To deny the validity of these treaties of 1815, so far as they are left unchanged by the changes of nearly half a century, is to attack the vested interests of states, and possibly to make a step toward inaugurating another era of revolutions.

From Bently's Miscellany.

T H E C O S S A C K S .

SUWAROFF used to call the Cossacks the eye of the army. This great general of his time, and his country in particular, knew well how to make use of these irregular troops, to whom he owed a great part of his victories and their political results. Next to Suwaroff, it was General Tettenborn and Count Platoff, who, during the French war (1812-1814), did wonders of exploits with their Cossacks. The Cossack, however, of the present time is no longer the same that he was in the last, or even the beginning of the present century. His position, character, and function, have undergone material changes, and he has now become a mere sort of gendarme, to guard the frontiers of the empire, and to form a safeguard of honor to distinguished states' functionaries.

Various native writers have, within the last twenty years, expressed their regret at this derogatory character wrought in the position of the Cossack, without, however, considering that a government like the Russian, which is so notorious for its sly and calculating proceedings, must have had weighty reasons for a transformation of such an important part of the army. Nor is it so very difficult to arrive at them. The whole system of warfare had already undergone considerable changes long before railways and other easy means of transport were introduced. Individual genius and bravery no longer decided the fate of a battle, and the success depends now, more than ever, chiefly on the skill and judicious strategy of the leaders. A

great number of discoveries and inventions in the arts and sciences are now applied with destructive success to the instruments of war, against which only regular troops provided with similar means are able to cope. Indeed, even in former times, the Cossacks were but rarely, and in extreme emergency, employed against regular infantry, and hardly ever against artillery. Their chief value consists in disquieting and harassing the enemy. The Cossacks—like all Asiatic troops—show great reluctance to face the mouth of a cannon, and in the use of which they exhibit extreme clumsiness and inaptitude.

But though in a European war the Cossack is of but little use, his great importance in wars with less civilized nations remains now the same as before. Russian policy has, therefore, found it advisable to divide the whole race into two sections. The first is destined to guard—as mentioned above—the frontiers of the empire; and it has recently received such constitutional laws and regulations as to render their previous roving and marauding life of independence, a matter of absolute impossibility.

In the north of the Caucasus and Great Tartary the present Cossacks of the line still defend the southern frontier of the empire with the same success as did in the past centuries the Cossacks of the Don and Dnieper. In continual strife with the bordering Kirghisi, Circassians, and other tribes, these Cossacks of the line have acquired the habits of martial life, and have thus become very useful

guardians of the Asiatic frontiers. In the previous centuries, when they were less ruled by the state, and their existence depended to a certain extent on their own exertions, the Don and Dnieper-Cossacks usually found a safe asylum of rest and retreat in the deserted provinces along the frontiers, while at present they have their regular fortresses to retire into, which, by their proximity to each other, form a close line of defense against sudden invasion or attack by superior forces.

The other section, the descendants of the Don-Cossacks, are now stationed at the frontiers in those parts of the empire where no invasion is to be apprehended, such as Prussia, Austria, Turkey, and even Persia. Their main task and duty are, to prevent smuggling and desertion, and they perform, besides, especially in the west and south, the duties of the police, and even executioners, of the local authorities in the various provinces. Moreover, travelers of distinction and rank obtain these Cossacks as guides and guards of honor, whose duty it is to provide for those travelers post-horses, provision, and other accommodations along the route. It may easily be imagined, that by such a change in his life, position, and function, the Cossack has lost much of his national character and peculiarities, and has become a complete nonentity in European war. During the Polish revolution (1830-1831), as also in the last Crimean war, the Cossacks played but an inferior part in the various encounters, while in the wars with Turkey and Persia they proved themselves extremely useful.

The Cossack has a number of native qualities that render him very valuable in war. The sharpness of his hearing organ is not inferior to that we read of the savages in the backwoods of America. With his ear on the ground, he can distinctly hear for miles off the roaring of the cannon, and even the hoofsteps of cavalry or footsteps of infantry. When placed as forepost, his eye can discern at a great distance objects of suspicious appearance. Though they use neither drum nor trumpet, nor, in fact, any instrument of call, retreat, or alarm, they all rally at a certain point by mere signs of recognition, however much and far they may be dispersed and separated from each other. A stranger from childhood to comforts and luxury, the Cossack can bear fatigue, hardships, and sufferings without harm or injury to his

body. Like his horse, he can bear hunger and thirst for a long time, and is then perfectly satisfied with the coarsest meal. His horse is quickly saddled and bridled, and defies any surprise. The Cossack knows of no apparent obstacle that he cannot remove by some means or other. He plunges heedlessly and foolhardy into a stream on the back of his horse, and reaches the other bank with his clothes all dripping wet in pursuit of the enemy or any object in view. He assails and rushes with impetuous rapidity at the enemy, but retreats as quickly as soon as he meets with resistance. In the rapidity of his movements he resembles the Bedouin Arab, being here, there, and nowhere. No sooner has the assailed enemy made his preparations to meet him than the Cossack is already out of sight, and suddenly makes his reappearance at a spot where he is least expected. In the last French war (1812-1814), the cleverness of the Cossack in that respect even attracted the admiration of Napoleon himself, who was frequently harassed in the midst of the night by a handful of Cossacks who ventured to approach his headquarters, and were out of sight as soon as the alarm was given. With his Russian god (a different one from that of other Christians) in his heart, and his emperor in his thought, he is the blind organ of his commander, who can do with him anything he likes. Deaf to all external influences or obstacles, he most punctually and literally executes the orders of his superiors, while his vigilance has almost become proverbial. No soldier understands nocturnal marches better than the Cossack, who rests half asleep on his horse, which in its turn trots on with its eyes equally half closed with sleep. But, however indefatigable he may be in the pursuit or harassing of the enemy, he is the most idle and indolent creature on earth when far from the seat of war, when he passes the whole of his time alternately in sleeping, loud carousing, gluttony, and drunkenness. During the latter fit, all present acquaintances and strangers are obliged to share in his merriment, even those from whom he has purloined the sprits. In the house where he is billeted, he soon becomes familiar, and assists in the drudgeries of the household work. Cossacks with long beards were frequently seen playing even excellent nurses in German families abroad during their stay

in Germany; they were seen cradling, rocking, and lulling the infants to sleep, or carrying them about in their arms, and trying to pacify them by all sorts of amusements, caresses, and endearing terms. But no sooner is the Cossack removed from

the house where he has become almost one of the family, than various articles are missed in the household, which the lodger has—no doubt—appropriated to himself in his assumed title and right as a *member of the family*.

From Good Words Magazine.

O N M E M O R Y .

MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus, had an empire in which two-and-twenty languages were spoken; and it is asserted that there was not a province in which he could not administer justice, nor a subject with whom he could not converse, in his own dialect and without the aid of an interpreter. But the royal linguist was eclipsed by the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died as recently as 1849. This wonderful man was the son of a carpenter at Bologna, and acquired his first knowledge of the classical languages by listening to the scraps of Latin and Greek which came through the open casement of a school-room window near which he was working. To the boys inside the tasks were irksome enough, but the stolen waters were sweet to the poor lad who could not pay for such learning; and with his wonderful retention of words, and with a grammatical intuition which has never been thoroughly explained, he went on acquiring, till, at the age of seventy, he could converse in upwards of fifty languages, besides possessing some knowledge of at least twenty more. Basque is the most difficult language of Europe, but Mezzofanti was at home in both its dialects. Germans he could address either in high Saxon or in the patois respectively of Austria and the Black Forest. With Englishmen he never misapplied the sign of a tense, a feat of which few Scotchmen or Irishmen can boast. When Dr. Tholuck visited the Vatican, he was amazed at the correctness with which Mezzofanti kept up the dialogue, first in Arabic, then in Persian; and to mention nothing more, he was so far master of at least one Chinese dialect that in the College of the Propaganda he could deliver a

set speech to students from the Celestial Empire.

Of Dr. John Leyden, the distinguished Orientalist, many mnemonic feats are recorded. Amongst others, it is mentioned that, after he had gone to Calcutta, a case occurred where a great deal turned on the exact wording of an Act of Parliament, of which, however, a copy could not be found in the Presidency. Leyden, who before leaving home had had occasion to read over the Act, undertook to supply it from memory: and so accurate was his transcript, that when, nearly a year after, a printed copy was obtained from England, it was found to be identical with what Leyden had dictated.

Richard Porson had a remarkable memory. On one occasion, when some friends were assembled in Dr. Burney's house at Hammersmith, in examining some old newspapers which detailed the execution of Charles I., they came on sundry particulars which they fancied had been overlooked by Rapin and Hume; but Porson instantly repeated a long passage from Rapin, in which these circumstances were all recounted. Once when in the shop of Priestley, the bookseller, a gentleman came in and asked for a certain edition of Demosthenes; Priestley did not possess it, and as the gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, Porson inquired whether he wished to consult any particular passage. The stranger mentioned a quotation of which he was in search, when Porson opened the Aldine edition of Demosthenes, and after turning over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage. On another occasion, calling on a friend, he found him reading Thuoydides. His acquaintance

asked him the meaning of some word, when Porson immediately repeated the context. "But how do you know that it was this passage I was reading?" asked his friend. "Because," replied Porson, "the word occurs only twice in Thucydides; once on the right-hand page in the edition which you are using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly I knew to which passage you referred."

Within the range of their own experience, most of our readers must have encountered examples of ready or retentive memory. The last time that the writer visited a college cotemporary distinguished for his scholarship, he found him with a Greek Testament in his hand. On asking him if he had not got it all by heart, he replied that he scarcely thought he had; but he believed that if any phrase were given, he could tell the chapter and verse where it occurred, and repeat the context. We tried him with passages till we were wearied, but it was impossible to puzzle James Halley; and we believe that the trial might have been extended to the Greek tragedians and Homer with scarcely inferior success. A gentleman who used to attend our church once offered to repeat *verbatim* any sermon on the following day, without taking a single note: the only stipulation which he made was that he should be warned beforehand, so as to keep his attention fixed at the time. Frequently these powerful memories are filled with matters of questionable value. An appraiser, who lately lived at Hampstead, could enumerate all the shops from Temple Bar to the Pump in Aldgate; and from being able to tell all about every corner house in London, who lived in it, and what business was carried on in it, he went by the soubriquet "Memory Corner Thompson." Mr. Paxton Hood told us of a man whom he knew in London who could repeat the whole of Josephus; and William Lyon, an itinerant actor well known in Edinburgh a hundred years ago, used to gain wagers by committing to memory overnight the *Daily Advertiser*, and repeating it word for word next morning.

One of the most curious branches of geological science originated with that sagacious and accomplished man, Dr. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell. In 1828, he observed in certain sandstones the footprints of tortoises, and following up the cue thus

furnished to a suggestive mind, the Dumfriesshire discovery has expanded into a separate little science called *Ichnology*. It amounts to this. Myriads or millions of years ago the tide was out, and the beach was smooth and soft and flat, and there fell a shower of rain and pitted the surface in a particular way: or it was hail, which made its own particular mark. Then came a little salt-water lizard, or a crab sidling along, or a frog the size of a well-fed pig, leaping and waddling by turns; and on the micaceous mud each inscribed the whole history of that day's proceedings—a little autobiography or Pilgrim's Progress in the genuine reptilian or batrachian handwriting—and there it remained till the tide gently rose and with fine sand or clay filled up the impressions. And, now that the whole is converted into rock, there comes some exploring Miller or Mantel, and turns over the stony leaves, and reads the record as plain as if it had been printed yesterday.

Many psychologists maintain that if an impression is once made upon the mind, it remains for ever. And there are certain seasons of life or certain circumstances when—if we may use the metaphor—the receiving surface is peculiarly susceptible, and when the impressions made are deep and sharp and definite. So is it in childhood and youth. The objects then familiar, and the texts, the hymns, the languages then mastered, become a lifelong heritage; and like the footprints of the Cheirotherium in the sandstone of Saxony, it may have been a pulpy tablet on which they were first projected, but in the interval it has petrified and they are now engraven in the rock for ever. We might go further, and add that, on the whole, people remember the things in which they are really interested, or the things which it is very much for their advantage to remember. In the one case, like the fine mixture of argillaceous sand left by the retiring tide and ready to take in and retain the minutest traces—the mental tablet or mnemonic organ is in a state of spontaneous receptivity, and without any trouble on your part the interesting object will make its own mark, and will survive for days or years, perchance through all existence. In the other case, you have very probably to deal with a resisting recipient, but if at last you prevail, you may find him none the less a faithful conservator. The Church of Rome

has studded Europe and the Holy Land with fossil footprints—with the life-like impress, heel and toe, of saints and Scripture worthies. But although Protestantism alleges that the footmarks on St. Paul's Rock and elsewhere are more indebted to monkish tools than to miraculous sandals, there can be no doubt that now they are made they are sufficiently permanent. And as there are subjects for which our minds are not always soft and plastic, we must have recourse to the hammer and chisel. A schoolboy has no difficulty in recollecting in the month of May every bank and bush where a nest is built or in progress; and he can tell the exact number of eggs which were that morning reported in the census of ever so many separate establishments, — wrens, titmice, finches, and linnets. These facts are interesting and impress themselves. But "The verb agrees with the nominative before it in number and person"—"Nine times six are fifty-four, nine times seven are sixty-three"—although facts, important and indisputable, are not particularly captivating; and yet the ingenuous youth has an interest in retaining them. Pains and penalties are involved in forgetting them. Accordingly, by dint of diligence, he does, after a fashion, get them inscribed on the reluctant stone—chipped and chiseled into that mysterious runic pillar where, long after the statistics of birds'-nests have crumbled away, rules of syntax and multiplication tables stand forth with triumphant distinctness.

The memory may be strong where the intellect is weak; but without the former faculty there can be no intellectual growth. For, stripped of all mystery, what is memory? Is it not the mind's power of retaining its possessions? If sensation, perception, attention, are the collecting faculties, memory is, what Sir William Hamilton has called it, "the conservative faculty"—the custodian of the collected treasures. In point of fact, we know that every mind from an early period possesses this power. In virtue of it, and in union with judgment, the infant soon learns to distinguish its mother from all the world; and in virtue of it the inarticulate sages of our race—those little Pythagoreans who have not yet finished their twelve months' novitiate of silence—have laid the foundations of a most valuable experimental philosophy. They have

made the discovery and they retain the conviction that fire burns; that there is a certain point beyond which if puss's good nature is taxed it is pretty sure to give way; that, in cases of collision action and reaction being equal, it is inexpedient to butt violently against bedposts and the legs of chairs and tables. The first use of the conservative faculty is to treasure up experiences like these, just as one of the first uses of the reasoning or comparing faculty is to generalize them and draw deductions from them; and with the help of these two faculties your little philosopher on all fours has already taught himself more important lessons in the art of self-preservation than any which he will afterwards learn, even although he should attend Dr. Hassall's sanatory lectures, or study Sir John Sinclair on the Art of Longevity. If he had no memory, he would forget that the candle burnt his finger yesterday, and so he would put it into the flame this evening; if he had no judgment he would see no necessary resemblance between the red poker and the ignited gas-cone: but having both, he learns to "walk," or rather to creep, "circumspectly," and grows cautious in his dealings with cats and candles, and such other dangerous friends or open enemies.

In every sound mind, memory develops early, almost as early as the power of observation; and in the earlier stage the objects about which it is employed are in all the individuals much alike, being, in fact, those objects which are most essential to the well-being, if not the continued existence, of the youthful reminiscence. But soon, often as early as the second or third year of the history, you can discern a difference. One will show a readiness at recognizing faces, perhaps a facility in recalling names. Another will evince a talent for topography—if he has been taken once or twice to the infant school, he will find his own way ever after; whilst a bewildered companion of the same age would wander without a guide, and needs to be long kept in leading-strings. And even of the two who have got by heart the greatest store of nursery rhymes, you will find that one is rich in hymns and pensive stanzas, whilst the other has forgotten everything except comic tales and funny little couplets. That is to say, as soon as the natural disposition develops, the memory begins to discriminate. Or, putting

it another way, every mind has its own peculiar conformation or complexion, and the things of which we are fondest or for which we have the greatest affinity, are the things which we find it easiest to remember. This fondness or affinity is a sort of mental magnetism, enabling the mind to attach to itself and retain without effort congenial objects.

Giving an account of his own early days, Sir W. Scott says: "Spenser I could have read for ever; and as I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty: 'No, sir,' answered the borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy; and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I should not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree."

In his elegant and pleasing biography of his friend, Dr. Thomas Brown, Dr. Welsh records the remarkable ease with which as a boy he got by heart passages of poetry. The punishment for transgressing the bounds of the playground was a dose of Milton. It was a penalty which in his school-days this real "Tom Brown" frequently incurred. "I resolved, however," said his master, "to fix him for once, and gave him a task that I thought even he should not be able to get in a hurry. Soon after I was called out of the room, and to my utter astonishment when I returned, which was in a very few minutes, he came up and repeated it every word without making the slightest mistake." When the anecdote was afterwards recalled to Dr. Brown's own recollection, he said that he remembered being very impatient for his master's return, as he was ready for him some time before he made his appearance, and also mentioned

how much he was struck with the effect of the pause—

"hung over her
Enamored,"

in the description of our first parents in Paradise. Such hold had it taken on him, that a similar arrangement is continually reappearing in his own poetry.

Now, Scott and Brown were poets born. To their excited imagination, bright fancies and vivid phrases flew and clung adhesive, just as flakes of down or fibers of many-colored silk fly and adhere to the rubbed sealing-wax. To the one it was no penance to get by heart the whole of *Chevy Chase*, and to the other there would have been as little hardship in a page of Pope or Milton. It would have been very different if the task had been what a youthful Wollaston or Dalton would have very much preferred—a table of atomic weights or a list of specific gravities.

Every body has a memory, but every one has not the same natural affinities, and therefore every one does not remember with equal facility the same sort of things. One man has a turn for natural objects, and like De Candolle or Cuvier, carries in his memory myriads of plants or animals. The turn of another is more for the faces of his fellow-creatures, and, like Themistocles, he can name each one of the 20,000 of his Athenian fellow-citizens—like Cyrus, he can name every soldier in his army. A third has a propensity for languages, and, like Mezzofanti or Alexander Murray, every word he reads or hears in a foreign tongue, is a nail fastened in a sure place, and becomes a life-long fixture. And the taste of a fourth is critical; he loves diction, choice, sublime, emphatic, and like the Emperor Claudius, he can repeat the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; like Gilbert Wakefield, he has by heart the whole of Virgil and Horace, nearly all the Bible, and the best parts of Homer and Pindar to the bargain.

These diversities have not been kept sufficiently in view in the great business of education, and the procrustean principle of cramming the same things into every sort of memory still too extensively prevails. Says his bride to Balder:

———"Try thy soul for me
With many thoughts, as fishers try a lake
With flies; it may be thou shalt find a shape

Whereunto something in thy soul shall rise,
That never yet hath risen."

No doubt, there are minds over which you may keep whisking with every sort of lure, and bring nothing to the surface. Like our gentle friend, James Wilson, who, after fishing for half a day without a nibble, in a loch in Selkirkshire, watched all the time by a south-country shepherd and his dog, was turning despondingly homeward, when the shepherd broke silence: "Ye'll no hae killed mony trouts there?" "No, we've had no sport at all." "I daresay no, for it's weel kent there was never a trout in that loch since the beginnin' o' the creation:" so it has sometimes been your lot to have a friend come in, and he sat down and showed plainly that he had come to be talked to; that is to say, as, after remarking, "A fine day," he sat resolutely silent, it became your duty, like Balder, to "try his soul with many themes;" but though you put upon the hook Lord Palmerston and the Danish duchies, the Shakspeare memorial, and the Crawley court-martial, the newest novel, and Mr. Buckland's last porpoise, you could not get a rise—there was no speech to be had of him, for there was no speculation in him. So sometimes the teacher is at his wits' end with the pupil, and declares, "There is nothing in that boy; I have tried him with Latin, with Euclid, with Modern History, but I can get nothing out of him. There is no response, nothing he remembers, nothing that he cares to know, a regular dolt, a downright dunderhead." And yet a little perseverance or a little ingenuity in the one case as in the other, might have stirred the depths, and brought a fine fish to your basket.

In 1724 there came up to the gymnasium at Wexio in Smaland a youth of seventeen, sent there to study divinity; but the tutors tried his memory with all the flies in the regular academic assortment, and found it a mighty void, an absolute *mare mortuum*: no Augsburg confession in it, no Greek, no poems of Anders Bording, no hymns of the good Bishop Kingo, nothing fit for a student to know; and acting on their report, the father was about to take home the stupid boy and apprentice him to a shoemaker, when the poor lad found an asylum with Kilian Stobäus, and, allowed to wade marshes and climb mountains to his heart's content, watching the plovers and lem-

mings, collecting insects and lichens and blossoming plants, he filled that gaunt, empty memory with the *Systema Naturæ*, and earned for the once impracticable and ignorant boy the name preëminent amongst his countrymen, Charles Linnæus, whom all the world recognises as "the immortal Swede."

So far Mr. Roebuck is right. In schools we still learn too much by rote, and we go too much by routine. Of course, we must all learn to read and write, as the prerequisites to every thing ulterior; but surely, where you have a matter-of-fact prosaic boy, without a spark of sentiment, and no more capable of discerning the beauties of style than a color-blind person is capable of enjoying the tints of the rainbow, to load his memory with long quotations from Lycidas and Addison's Cato and the Latin poets, is surely a waste, if not a cruelty: as great a frustration as is the counterpart folly which compels a girl to repeat long columns of Greek and Latin derivatives which will leave no more trace on her memory ten years hereafter than yesterday's shadow has left trace on the mountain; or strings of dates from Roman history, or pedigrees of tiresome, unmeaning French kings, Merovingian, Carolingian, Capetian; Charles the Bald and Lewis the Stammerer, Charles the Simple and Robert the Wise, Lewis the Fat and Philip the Fair, and similar worthies who did a great deal of mischief while living, but who need not do any harm now, if it were not that their ghosts still haunt the school-room and surround with horrible associations the study of a great nation's history.

What we love we easily remember. The mind carries away and keeps the things congenial to itself; and different minds have different affinities. Reverting to a former simile: if after rubbing a stick of sealing-wax, you pass it along the table-cover or the carpet, it draws to itself feathers and little filaments of wool and flossy particles of silk. Over the same carpet or table-cover pass a magnet, and the silk and wool and feathers lie quite still—they don't care the least for his red coat and arms of steel; but if there be within reach a nail or a needle, a few filings of iron, or the key of the tea-chest, it is instantly impatient, on the move, and, rising sideways or endwise, jumps up, and only rests when itself and its attractor

cleave to one another. And even if you tried a transposition—if you laid the floss and the feathers on the magnet, and the iron chips and filings on the waxen rod, they would not adhere: the moment that you moved them they would show their faint attachment by falling off.

And so you take and move over the face of a country like France a multitude of minds. One, like Arthur Young, brings back the agricultural peculiarities—the beet culture of the Pas de Calais, the madder of Vaulcuse, the chestnut crops of Ardèche, the vintages of Gironde, and Côte d'Or. Another, like Murchison or Lyall, carries off the craters of the Puy de Dome, the chalk-quarries of Paris, with their wonderful fossils; and, above all, the drift and gravel of Auvergne, with their mysterious relics of man. A third, like Sir Francis Palgrave, drops the vineyards and volcanoes as a magnet drops woolen motes or feathers, and fetches home only tapestry from Bayeux and tombstones from Rouen, and those relics of feudal Normandy which still frown upon the Seine. Passing through the same scenes, a London alderman will best remember the *dindes aux truffes* which he found native in Dordogne, or the *patés au foie gras* which made him lose the train at Strasbourg; and his daughter may be forgiven if she remembers better than either the shops of the Palais Royal, or the dress worn by the empress and her ladies on the slopes at Biarritz.

But this affinity may from time to time be intensified. By briskly rubbing your sealing-wax you may so augment its peculiar attractiveness that, held on the dusty floor, it will become a perfect mop of wool and fibers; by throwing into your bar of steel additional force, you may lift with it not only nails and needles, but the poker and the shovel. And so, those objects for which any mind has a natural liking, when that mind is in a state of exaltation or excitement, such objects will come to it and coalesce, and continue as it were part and parcel of itself in a way which languid temperaments can not conceive, and which would totally transcend the powers of the self-same mind in its ordinary condition.

Except for the mere retaining of words—a department distinct and by itself—for the power of retaining things we may safely reckon on the minds of greatest general ability. In the direction in which

the tastes or propensities of such a mind are strongest, its retentiveness will be most powerful, and its work of attaching and retaining will be easiest at such times as its energies are from any cause stimulated into their highest activity.

This energy sometimes arises spontaneously. Just as when you are taking your summer holiday—few cares upon your mind, a limpid atmosphere all round, the grass cool and springy beneath your feet, you wonder at the walks you take; twenty miles are only constitutional, and Snowdon or Helvellyn is not more formidable than you used to find Arthur's Seat or Primrose Hill. So there are times when circumstances conspire to give the mind its firmest tone and fullest action. You are listening to an orator. It is no effort to attend; his rich voice, clear utterance, and expressive action make it so easy for the hearers. And the principle which he is expounding, the truth he is enforcing is so vital; his lucid statements and happy illustrations make it all so vivid, and his close-coming earnestness brings it so thoroughly home, that your entire being is absorbed. It is no effort to attend. The effort would be to take off your thoughts and divert them to another theme. For the moment, the speaker and the subject have you in full possession. Under the induction of an earnest spirit or powerful intellect, that mind of yours is for the moment intensified, and as long as aught of the unwonted energy remains, or is revocable, the acquisition of knowledge or feeling will never entirely pass away.

But God has given us the power of energizing our own minds. At all events, we have the power of throwing into a given act or faculty, for the time being, the whole of our mental vigor; and in this way a stout will can usually insure a strong memory. For instance, a school-boy has been trifling all morning over the history of our Edward III., and though his eyes are toward the book, it is only with the edge of his mind that he is taking an occasional squint at the story; when you say to him: "Jack, if, half an hour hence, you can tell me all about it, you shall have no lessons this afternoon, and you shall have a ride on my pony," it is amazing how marbles and cricket dissolve in a moment, and how full in the foreground comes up the battle of Cressy, and over the canvas pass dioramic the Black Prince, and the *môlée*

with the King of Bohemia, and the picking up of his ostrich plume, and its transference, "Ich dien" and all, to the Prince of Wales; and then the taking of Calais, and, by-and-by, Poitiers, with the capture of poor King John, and his furlough in order to collect a ransom from his people, and his failure, and his high-minded keeping of his word of honor, and his return, to die in London. Both for apprehension at the moment and recollection afterwards, ten minutes of such concentration or energized attention are worth the longest day of dawdling or dispersive day-dreaming.

If, therefore, any one says, "I have got no memory," we answer, You are wrong. Perhaps there are subjects in which you feel no interest; but anything that attracts you, which draws you in attention toward it, or arouses the energies of your being, will impress itself upon your mind, and will engrave itself so deep as to insure its permanence. In order to have a memory for themes solid,

grave, and worthy, the grand prerequisite is a certain seriousness and elevation of mind, a certain freshness and fullness of spirit, that seriousness which deems it worth while to attend to what God is saying, and to what he has been doing, that sympathetic largeness and noble overflow of nature to which nothing is remote that is human, and nothing is trivial which contains a germ of good or evil. It is no misnomer, the old phrase which we still employ. When any one is trying to commit a thing to memory, we say that "he is getting it *by heart*." In order to have a memory for the best things, the main requisite is a right spirit. What you are fond of you don't forget, and where there is a "good and honest heart"—a moral and spiritual affinity—there is sure to be retention afterwards, and the best sign that the precious grain has sunk in and not since been snatched away, it will spring up and bear fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some a hundred-fold.

JAMES HAMILTON.

From Bently's Miscellany.

A VISIT TO CHARLES DICKENS BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A FASHION introduced into this country by our American brethren appears to be spreading on the Continent. A man can hardly attain a decent amount of literary celebrity ere a chiel's among his household taking notes, and faith he'll print them. The last and most stiking instance of this nature is supplied by the Danish poet Hans Christian Andersen, who, having spent a portion of 1857 at Charles Dickens's hospitable house at Gadshill, has recently put forth his experiences among some other sketches, which go to form an unpretending volume. A scamper through the paper may afford some amusement to our readers.

M. Andersen had already visited England on several occasions, and was, therefore, bold enough to reach the Higham station alone. But no carriage was to be procured there, and hence our author ascended the hill, accompanied by a por-

ter, who carried his luggage. It must have been a charming walk through this portion of the garden of England, which never looks better than in the month of May. And here for Gadshill place itself:

"Before me lay on the broad high road Dickens's country-house, whose tower, with its gilded weathercock, I had seen for some time over the tops of the trees. It was a handsome new house, with brick walls and a projecting entrance, supported by small pillars; a thick hedge of cherry trees joined the house, in front of which was a carefully tended grass-plot, in the rear two splendid cedar trees, whose crooked branches spread their green shade over a garden fenced in with ivy and wild grape. As I entered the house Dickens came to meet me, so happy, so cordial; he looked somewhat older than when we parted ten years before, but this was partly owing to the beard he wore; his eyes glistened as formerly, the same smile played round his

mouth, the same clear voice sounded so cheerily, even more affectionately than heretofore. Dickens was now in his best years, so youthful, lively, eloquent, and rich in humor, through which the warmest cordiality ever shone. I can not find more characteristic words to describe him than a quotation from the first letter I wrote home. 'Select the best of Charles Dickens's works, form from them the image of a man, and you have Dickens.' Just as he stood before me in the first hour, he remained unchanged during all the weeks I passed with him, ever jovial, merry, and sympathizing."

Our author had frequently heard it remarked that Agnes, in *David Copperfield*, was a likeness of Mrs. Dickens; and he believes that no other character in all his writings resembles her so much for her kindness and amiability as this very Agnes. M. Andersen found in Mrs. Dickens a calm, feminine, and retiring nature, but when she spoke, her large gentle eye assumed a peculiar brilliancy, a good-humored smile played around her mouth, and in the sound of her voice was something so attractive, that, since the meeting, M. Anderson has always imagined Agnes to himself as possessed of these attributes. Equally characteristic is the description of the room in which the family breakfasted: the large windows were festooned with fragrant roses, and the prospect was varied and extensive. A good portrait of Cromwell hung over the mantelpiece, and among the other pictures was one which our author specially noticed. It depicted a carriage, in which two ladies are seated, deep in the perusal of a copy of *Bleak House*. The little groom behind was bending forward, and eagerly reading the work.

In the letter of invitation Charles Dickens sent to Andersen, he wrote: "I have now finished *Little Dorrit*, and am a free man. We shall be always together, and play at cricket in the field." But these calculations were foiled by the death of Douglas Jerrold, and the necessary arrangements for securing the future comfort of his widow. M. Andersen furnishes a detailed account of all the performances instituted, but on which we need not dwell, as few of our readers, we trust, have forgotten the efforts made by the most eminent literary men in this most sacred cause. It, however, took Dickens more frequently than usual to London, and robbed the guest of his host's society. Very pleasant, though,

must have been their country walks, and and the philological discussions they held on the resemblance between the English and Danish languages, and of which our author gives some amusing instances. Take, for instance, the following sentence: "Der er en Græsshoppe in den Høstak," which Dickens at once translated as a "grasshopper in the haystack." Or here, again, is a pleasant sketch enough of a family group:

"More and more I felt at home; even the younger children began to understand and attach themselves to me. Dickens has no less than nine children, two grown-up daughters and seven sons. The two eldest and two youngest were at home, and the three middle boys had just returned for the holidays from Boulogne, where they were at school. I soon saw them climbing up the branches of the lofty cedars, or playing a game of cricket in the large meadow, with father and elder brothers, in shirt-sleeves; the ladies sat beneath the trees in the tall grass; peasant children peered over the hedge, and the house-dog, Turk, who was chained up the night through, was now unfastened, and led a free doggish existence, while his long iron chain and kennel were left to the care of an old raven, who certainly considered himself the Barnaby Rudge's raven of the family. That bird, by the way, might be seen in-doors, stuffed."

The dramatic entertainments necessitated a visit to the town-house in Tavistock square, which M. Andersen describes in the most enthusiastic language. A large garden, with grass-plots and tall trees, lies behind the house, and imparts a rustic character to the scene. In the passage hung pictures and copper-plate engravings; here was Dickens's bust, a capital likeness, young and handsome; and over the door leading to the sleeping apartments and the dressing-room were Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs of "Day and Night." On the first floor was a copious library, and, in the rear of that again, the small theater where Dickens was wont to perform in the winter with his family.

There was plenty for M. Andersen to see. In the first place, the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, the prominent reminiscence he has borne away from which is the puffed-out crinolines of the ladies, which seemed prepared to wing their way to London like balloons. But what pleased him still more was the performance of Ristori at the Lyceum. Our author is enthusiastic in her praise, though

he also quotes the verdict of a clever lady, who said that the Ristori reminded her too greatly of the epileptic boy in Raphael's Transfiguration—one eternal ecstasy. And here for a pleasant bit of biography :

"We are aware that Ristori is the daughter of poor traveling Italian artistes, and it is also said that, when an infant, she lay behind the scenes in a basket while her mother was playing. She herself made her appearance on the boards at a very early age, in Turin; and it was here, too, that her extraordinary talent was first noticed. Presently she married an Italian noble, whose family did not like a daughter-in-law from the stage, but, by her amiability, she conquered all their hearts. When financial motives compelled her return to the stage, she was accompanied by her husband to Paris, where her greatness was speedily recognized. She alone held the sceptre of the tragic muse, and the Rachel proceeded to America. Her fame soon spread to adjacent countries, and England and Germany followed the example of France in homage and delight. Signora Ristori has a splendid theatrical figure, noble features, sparkling eyes, and a mimic which appears to me too powerful, and only permissible in the ballet, where action is employed instead of words. The transitions were so violent that only the truth of the talent rendered them pardonable. At first I could not accustom myself to them; but in the concluding scene, after she has poisoned her treacherous husband, and drunk the cup to the dregs herself, when she begs the priests to sound their harps, there was something so attractive, so affecting in her gestures, that I was forced to bend low before the might of the *tragédienne*."

More satisfactory in every respect was Ristori's reading of *Lady Macbeth*, which M. Andersen went twice to see. It affords him occasion, too, for a comparison with the performance at the Princess's, where he saw the opening night of *The Tempest*. He allows that it was incomparably fine; but he went empty away after the performance was over. Shakspeare became an illustrated petrification; the living word evaporated, the mental food was lacking; it was forgotten in gazing on the golden plate upon which it was presented. Another thing, too, that offended M. Andersen's artistic sense was the inferiority of the performers; Caliban was clever, and Ariel pretty, but that was all. Kean himself drolled through the piece. To sum up in a word, M. Andersen prefers Shakspeare artistically acted in a barn to such a disappearance of

the text behind scenery. We have not space to follow M. Andersen through all the wonders of London; he is equally amazed with the Museum as with the *Times* printing office. But we must find space for one characteristic excerpt :

"The richest lady in England is Miss Burdett Coutts, to whom Dickens dedicated his *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Her fortune is said to be fabulously large, but the most glorious thing connected with it is, that she is at the same time one of the noblest and most benevolent ladies in the world; not only has she built several churches, but she provides, like a reasonable and Christian woman, for the poor, the ailing, and the oppressed; her house in London is visited by the richest and most respected persons. On my first stay at Gadshill, I met there an elderly lady dressed in black, and another younger; they remained a week there, and were most amiable, straightforward, and kind; we walked together up to the monument; I drove with them to Rochester, and when they quitted us the younger lady said that I must stay at her house when I visited London. From Dickens I learned that she was Miss Coutts; he spoke with the utmost veneration of her, and of the glorious Christian use to which she applied her enormous fortune; I should have an opportunity of seeing an English mansion appointed with all possible wealth. I visited her, and it was not the rich pictures, the bedizened language, the palatial resources, which imparted to the house grandeur and a peculiar brilliancy, but the noble, feminine, amiable Miss Coutts herself, she offered such a simple and touching contrast to her richly-attired servants. She had noticed that I had felt the cold while in the country; it was not yet thoroughly warm, hence a fire burned cheerily in my chimney. How comfortable I felt there! There were books, cozy arm chairs, sofas, and rococo furniture, and from the windows a prospect over the garden of Piccadilly and the Green Park. Close to London are Miss Coutts's country-house and garden; here are long alleys of rhododendrons, which shook their blue petals over the carriage in which I was seated; here were magnificent cedars and rare exotics, while the hot-houses were filled with tropical vegetation. From all these splendors the owner led me to a small kitchen-garden, where she seemed fondest of being; it seemed as if these plants, which possessed such value for the poor, harmonized best with her nature."

Another very pleasant house M. Andersen visited was that of the publisher of the English version of the *Improvisatore*, where he was treated with the utmost kindness by both the parents and the children. Here he found pleasant glances, listened to music, and felt himself comprehended and happy. It was

quite refreshing to go to Mr. Bentley's house from the heated, noisy capital of the world. But his heart ever fondly turned to the quiet evenings at Gadshill. How pleasant it was to ascend the hill from the station, having the brilliantly-lighted windows ever in view, and the sound of music as a guide! Miss Mary Dickens and her aunt played passages from Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. It was a happy party round the piano-forte when Dickens and his wife and the guests sat gossiping; presently, too, a moonlight walk through the fields, which caused M. Andersen to feel melancholy at the thought that he must ever quit such friends. One evening when undergoing these feelings, Dickens suddenly seized his hand, and begged him in the most cordial manner to remain with them a few days longer, to witness the dramatic representation he was about giving with his family. There was such heartiness in the invitation that M. Andersen could not but accept it, and his good spirits returned with a confidential chat with Dickens. Every one who enters his presence feels and knows that the expression in his eyes arouses confidence and devotion. Here is an instance:

"The old farmer, whose cows and sheep grazed round the monument on Gadshill, knew that I was living with Dickens, and told me that he would bring us fresh bread every day. 'They are splendid people,' he said; 'that can be seen at once in both of them, man and wife.' They had both spoken so openly and heartily with him, they had quite won him. 'Yes,' the farmer continued, 'a few years ago the lady who is called the Swedish Nightingale, lived close by. She was just as kind and straightforward as Charles Dickens.' I sought the house where Jenny Lind was stated to have lived; the windows were plastered over, the door was bolted, the cage was empty, the nightingale had flown. Many thoughts and old recollections were aroused, and I could never pass the house hereafter without being affected by a peculiar feeling of melancholy."

But the time was approaching for the departure from Gadshill and Dickens; but M. Andersen was still to enjoy the opportunity of admiring in his host the great actor. The Queen expressed a desire to witness a private representation of *The Frozen Deep* at the Gallery of Illustration, and our author had the rare distinction of being present. The royal party also comprised the Prince of Prussia and the King of Belgium. The party

from Gadshill were accidentally prevented from proceeding to London by the last train on the Sunday night, and thus escaped a terrible tragedy. A collision took place, costing a heavy number of lives; and M. Andersen says he shall not easily forget the feeling aroused by passing over the site of the accident in the very first train that ran.

The Gallery of Illustration was decorated with flowers and carpets in honor of the royal visit, and a special buffet for refreshments was put up. We need not dwell on M. Andersen's analysis of the piece, which is familiar to all of us, but we will quote his description of Charles Dickens's acting as confirmatory of the prevailing opinion:

"Dickens performed the character of Richard with affecting truth and great dramatic genality; he also acted with a quiet and naturalness which differed greatly from the usual way of performing tragedy in England and France. In my fatherland he would have gained admiration and recognition, even had the fact been known that he was the great author; in many respects he resembled the Danish actor Michael Weiha. In the same piece performed with Dickens his two daughters, his eldest son, his two sisters-in-law, and his brother Alfred. The writer of the play undertook the character of Frank Aldersby. The performance before her Majesty was concluded by a farce, *Two o'Clock in the Morning*. It was acted with incomparable animation and sparkling humor by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*. These two also played the principal parts at the public performance in the farce of *Uncle John*. Dickens was as admirable in comedy as in tragedy, and is indubitably one of the first dramatic artists of our age."

After the first performance all the actors and assistants assembled at the *Household Words* office to spend a jolly evening: there was abundance of fun and sparkling humor, and the festival was followed a few days later by a picnic party at the house of Albert Smith. The days passed only too rapidly for our author at Dickens's residence. The parting morning arrived, and M. Andersen could delay no longer, as he was invited to Weimar to the unveiling of the statues of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. "From the land of Shakspeare, from the home of Dickens, he was proceeding to the country of the Minnesänger and the poetic capital of Weimar." Dickens had his horse put to, and himself drove M. Andersen to Maidstone, whence he would proceed by train

to Folkestone. They had thus an opportunity of spending two more hours together amid the richest landscapes of Kent: they rattled past rich fields and glorious woods. Dickens was as hearty and lively as ever, but M. Andersen could not overcome the melancholy feeling which preyed upon him as he felt the hour of parting approach. In the station they shook hands for the last time, and our author gazed in the honest, soul-full eyes

of one in whom he admires the poet and loves the man.

In conclusion, we think it is but fair to say that the volume from which we have borrowed these extracts contains some very charming stories told in Hans Christian Andersen's best manner. Although we do not approve of the way in which he has betrayed private confidence, possibly the other contents of the volume will condone for this.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE DEATH-BED OF A LION.

EVERY one may not be scientific; but every one may at least be a close observer of nature animate and nature inanimate. If plain people with good eyes and open hearts would but keep a note-book for their original observations, and jot down in few words the simple facts of life among God's lower creatures, the great men of the day would always have a good store of fine materials to deal with. The philosopher would stand at ease on the grand platform of truth, and build with stones ready hewn to his hand, instead of having to send his thoughts wide over the land in search of straw wherewith to make brick for the house of his wisdom, or perhaps, to gather osiers for the wattled wigwam of a nomadic theory.

"Do animals understand what death is? Do they recognize its coming signs?" asks the uninitiated. "No," says a gifted philosopher of our acquaintance, "you never see animals apprehending the meaning of death." Very well: then here is a fact.

The writer once strayed into a menagerie in the north of England, which had camped for a day or two in a little mountain metropolis. A large elderly lion was making an involuntary tour of the country in company with his wife and a fine family of young people. What an insult to put the desert monarch into such a vulgar clap-trap traveling carriage as this! The name caravan may sound fine enough out on the pathless sands; but here it is

a thing of creaking boards, groaning wheels, and red and yellow paint. No group of palm-trees here; yet the caravan stops, and the camp is pitched in the form of a hollow square, amidst much desert talk, loud roars of satisfaction, growling comment, or shrill protest. One does not know what it all means—foreign tongues all of them. But one may guess at the subjects under remark; for great lumbering bones are sorely aching with jolting over rough roads; long limbs are tired of being cramped in narrow cells; soft sides are bruised with bumping over the stones of civilized travel; the Bajazets of the wilderness are chafing within their bars; strength and ferocity are fermenting for want of space; and the dinner-hour has long ago passed away without the dinner. True, there are strong signs of supper in one of the carriages, whose little pipe of a chimney has been smoking all day, but which is fierce now. There is an aggravating afflatus of frying bacon pervading the place; and women in jackets, short flounced dresses, and laced leather boots, are clattering amongst tea-cups; while bold children with unkempt hair are talking low traveled wit to the gaping boys and girls who surround the step-ladder which acts stair-case to the lofty door. A platform is now thrown out from the front of the square; prodigious portraits of impossible monsters are unrolled and affixed; and, as if stimulated by the unheard-of dangers with which they threaten society,

crowds are daring enough to mount the steps. We slip with a vague feeling of awe behind the arras, and look around. An elephant with a hill of dun-colored forehead, and with legs like pillars of Hercules, is swaying his significant trunk this way and that, over a stockade of bars. But what is the matter with that grand old lion? He is in pain; surely he is in pain. His breathing is short, and is drawn with effort; nostrils are spread wide, lips drawn back, and that great shaggy chest heaves uneasily. He is suffering from bronchitis, for he evidently can not bear the keen air of the north. He is *couchant*; but now he lifts his head high, and looks round and round the show into the hundred faces of that unfeeling crowd, as if searching for sympathy. But no; they can not read his eye of mute appeal; he is nothing to them but a great tawny lion with a shaggy mane and tufted tail. Suddenly he rears himself up to his full stature, throws back his grand head, utters a tremendous desert roar, and falls down heavily on his side—dead. Dead: but with an imperial gesture, such as *Cæsar's* when he fell.

Look at the widow! She has been taking short and stately turns up and down the den—a very Juno in her gait, and in

her temper too. But she stops, looks inquiringly at the prostrate figure, draws nearer, bends her head with an anxious bewildered look, and then, as if at last receiving the great idea, she throws herself down upon the dead monarch with grand abandonment. Presently, up comes the heir; crown prince he *was*—he is the young king *now*. He stops short, in a fierce, brusque attitude, spreads his nostrils, flashes his eyes, and snorts aloud. That was a long and searching gaze, truly! But at last he, too, flings himself down, with a great sounding *flap*, upon the dead body of the old lion. Up comes the coarse-looking keeper, and flogs away the widow and the son. But they watch their opportunity, stalk forward again, and throw themselves down in the same attitude of grief. Again the hateful whip, and again they spring to the further end of the den with a short, impatient roar. Three times did this take place, and three times did they return to the same position, abandoning themselves to the same eloquent symbols of grief. Not many can say that they have been present at the death-bed of a lion; and never can the scene, so touching, and yet so grand, be forgotten by the writer.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

In comparatively recent years two names have come to stand out prominently on the high places of English literature. They are names of renown in the world of letters. The contributions from their pens have been rich, vast, and varied. They were peers and friendly rivals for fame in the world of fiction. The English and American reading public have long been familiar with the names of Thackeray and Dickens. Both have visited the United States and been greeted and welcomed by many admirers of their genius. Both pursued the race and fought the battle of life side by side together till within a few short months. One has fallen suddenly, the other moves on still in his brilliant career. A bright radiance marks the spot where Thackeray disappeared. One lives: the other is not. The

works of both will long live on the pages of English literature. As their names stand together on the roll of fame, we have thought it an acceptable service to place their portraits side by side as a welcome embellishment of our present number. It may afford a pleasant impression to many minds to view both their faces in the same field of vision. We have the best reasons to believe in their entire accuracy. The lineaments of their faces will speak for themselves. Both are too well known to need extended mention on these pages. The tender and touching "In Memoriam" of Mr. Dickens, of his friend, will be read with interest. A brief biographical sketch of each will not be out of place.

CHARLES DICKENS was born in 1812 at Portsmouth, where his father, Mr. John

Dickens, who held a situation in the Navy Pay department, was at that time stationed. The duties of his situation led Mr. John Dickens to reside at various naval ports; and a portion of his distinguished son's childhood was thus spent at Chatham—and perhaps early recollections as well as literary associations may have had their influence in leading to his purchase of a property at Gadshill in that neighborhood (the veritable "Gadshill" of Falstaff's adventures in *Henry IV.*) as his permanent place of residence (1856.) Retiring on a pension shortly after the conclusion of the war in 1815, the father of the novelist became connected as a reporter with the London press. Intending his son for the profession of an attorney, he placed him in an attorney's office for that purpose; and here Mr. Dickens acquired experience in life which he has since turned to account. An early passion for literature, however—a passion which he was in the habit of gratifying by abundant reading, more especially in the works of the English novelists and dramatists—rendered him unwilling to remain in the destined profession; and his father's connections enabled him to exchange it for that of a newspaper critic and reporter. His first engagement was on the *True Sun*; from which he transferred his services to the *Morning Chronicle*, then almost the leading daily newspaper in London. His abilities as a reporter and describer of scenes of city-life soon raised him high in the staff of this journal; and probably there could have been no better training for his peculiar talents of observation, whether of scenes or of physiognomies and characters, than his occupation as a reporter afforded him. His *début* as a literary artist was made in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, to the evening edition of which he contributed those *Sketches of Life and Character*, which were afterwards (1836) published collectively in two volumes under the title of *Sketches by Boz*. Almost simultaneously with the *Sketches* Mr. Dickens published *The Village Coquettes: a Comic Opera*. The success of the *Sketches* was so great, and they showed the possession of such an original vein of humorous narrative and description, that the late Mr. Hall, of the firm of Chapman & Hall, London publishers, proposed to Mr. Dickens to write a story, in the same vein, to be brought out in monthly parts. Mr.

Hall, we believe, even suggested as a suitable plan for such a story, that of describing the meetings and adventures of a club of originals. Acting on this hint, though he soon dropped the machinery of a club, or made it subordinate, Mr. Dickens produced his world-famous *Pickwick Papers*, published in 1837. The success was beyond all calculation; and Mr. Dickens—who about this time married the daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, a music writer and critic of eminence—at once took his place, at the age of twenty-five, as the most popular novelist of the day. *Oliver Twist*, a novel in three volumes, was his next publication; contemporaneous with which were *The Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, edited by Boz*, in two volumes. Then, in the same serial form as *Pickwick*, came *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*; followed by *Master Humphrey's Clock*, published in weekly numbers in 1840 and 1841, and containing the stories since known separately as *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge: a Tale of the Riots of 1780*. After the conclusion of this publication Mr. Dickens visited America, where he was received with enthusiasm. His impressions of America and the Americans he published on his return in his *American Notes for General Circulation* (1842.) In 1843 was written his little Christmas book, entitled *A Christmas Carol*—the first of that series of beautiful Christmas stories with which he has from time to time varied his larger publications.

In 1844 appeared, as a monthly serial, *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*; and in the same year he visited Italy and resided there for some time. His second Christmas book, *The Chimes*, appeared in 1845. On January 1st, 1846, Mr. Dickens presented himself in a new capacity, as the chief editor of the *Daily News*, then organized as a liberal morning newspaper, with a numerous staff of select writers to support it by their united talents. Here appeared Mr. Dickens's *Pictures of Italy*, afterwards published collectively. After some time, however, Mr. Dickens resigned his editorship, and the organization of the paper was changed. The same year saw the publication of his *Battle of Life: a Love Story*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth: a Fairy Tale for Christmas*. His next venture was his *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey & Son*, commenced in the favorite form of a monthly serial in

1847, and finished in 1848, in time to permit the publication of a Christmas story for that year, called *The Hunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*. Next came the *History of David Copperfield*, in numbers, concluded in 1850. In this year Mr. Dickens started the weekly literary periodical, which he has since conducted under the title of *Household Words*, and his own contributions to which during so many years must of themselves amount to a considerable body of literature. Here appeared his *Child's History of England*, since republished in three volumes (1852-53), and the powerful story called *Hard Times*, since republished in one volume. In 1853 was concluded another of his larger serial stories, *Bleak House*, and in 1856 *Little Dorrit*.

Any commentary on the genius of a

writer, whose works are so well known as those of Mr. Dickens, is here unnecessary. Wherever the English language is spoken or read his name is a "household word;" of many of his works there are translations into the chief European languages; and, though English literature should go on increasing for centuries to come, his place in it is secure. Mr. Dickens's voluminousness as an author is also to be noted. Nor is it only as an author that he impresses his cotemporaries. He is known as a man taking a lively interest in many social and philanthropic questions, and proving the same by his public conduct, as well as by the zealous criticisms of social wrongs and abuses with which his books abound, and which he has on many occasions enforced with great effect by his speeches on public occasions.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE recent lamented death of this celebrated man and author has given fresh interest in the public mind to his person and history. Next to seeing the face of a renowned man is the sight of an accurate portrait engraving. As Mr. Thackeray and Charles Dickens were warm personal friends in life, now that one of them has gone to his rest in the grave, and the living will see his face no more, we have thought to please many of their mutual friends and admirers by placing their portraits together at the head of our present number. We add to several articles, one of which is the "In Memoriam" of Mr. Dickens on the death of Mr. Thackeray, a brief biographical sketch, which is all that can be needed for one so well known.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born in 1811, at Calcutta. His father, the son of the Rev. Richard Thackeray, of Hadley, in Middlesex, was of an old Yorkshire family, and held a situation in the East India Company's civil service; his mother was, we believe, of Welsh descent. Mr. Thackeray was educated at Cambridge about the same time as the

poet Tennyson, the late J. M. Kemble, and others since distinguished in various walks; but he left the university without taking a degree. He inherited a good fortune on coming of age; and his intention at first was to be an artist. In the course of his education for this profession, he visited Italy and other parts of the continent in his youth; and in Mr. Lewis's *Life of Göthe* is a very interesting letter written by Mr. Thackeray to the author, in which he gives an account of his residence for a time, with other young Englishmen, at Weimar, and of his reminiscences of Göthe, with some of the members of whose family he was on terms of intimacy. Recollections of his young artist-life are also to be found interwoven into his fictions; but, with the exception of the admirable illustrations executed by his own pencil for many of his writings, he has not given the world the means of judging what success he might have attained had he continued his devotion to art as a profession. It seems to have been between his twenty-fifth and thirtieth years that he abandoned the idea of becoming an artist and adopted the life of a man of letters. Although from the

very first he exhibited those peculiar faculties as a writer which have latterly secured him his extraordinary reputation and influence, his progress toward popularity, or even toward general recognition, was slow. He is said to have written for the *Times* during the editorship of Barnes; and it is certain that he was connected with other London journals at different periods. It was in *Fraser's Magazine*, however, that he worked his way into the esteem of those who were capable of discerning an original talent in brief magazine papers, and of inferring what it could accomplish when exercised on a large scale. Under the characteristic pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, he wrote, for a series of years, tales, essays, and sketches for this magazine, all distinguished by shrewd observation, exquisite style, and the play of keen wit and delicate irony over a hard and subtle philosophic meaning. What perhaps accelerated Mr. Thackeray's progress toward recognition was his becoming a contributor to *Punch*. His first papers there were those bearing the signature of The Fat Contributor; and these were followed by others, characterized by wit and satire of the finest and purest vein, and some of which — such as *Jeames's Diary* and *The Snob Papers* — attained an independent reputation and greatly enhanced the character of the periodical in which they appeared. Not a few of his contributions to *Punch* were in verso. Meanwhile, Mr. Thackeray was publishing also, in a separate form, both new works and reprints. In 1846 appeared his *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo by way of Lisbon; Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem*, by M. A. Titmarsh (these "notes" being the result of an actual journey undertaken for the benefit of his health); in 1847, he published a short Christmas-book, called *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*; and at the same time (1846-48) he was writing and publishing in monthly numbers, after the fashion of which Dickens had set the example, his celebrated *Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero: with illustrations on steel and wood by the author*. At the time when the first few numbers of this novel were appearing, Mr. Thackeray's name was still scarcely known to the general public; but before the novel was finished, it was widely diffused, and then began that as-

sociation of the names of Thackeray and Dickens as the two rival novelists of the day, and that discussion in literary circles of the relative merits of their respective styles and methods, which has continued ever since. In 1851 appeared *The Kickshaws on the Rhine*, on the publication of which a critic in the *Times* took the opportunity of repeating against Mr. Thackeray the charges already common in the critical world, that he delighted in representing the ugly side of human nature, and seemed skeptical of the existence of amiability or real virtue in the world. This drew forth from Mr. Thackeray a very pungent reply in the form of an *Essay on Thunder and Small Beer*, prefixed to the second edition of the sketch in question. Perhaps a more efficient answer to the charges above indicated was furnished by Mr. Thackeray in his *History of Henry Esmond, Esq., written by himself*, published, not serially, but entire in three volumes, in 1852. This beautiful and very peculiar novel, though deficient in some of the elements of popular interest, gave a new idea of the author's powers of conception and style. The scene being laid in the time of Queen Anne, and Addison, Steele, and other wits of the time being introduced as characters, the author had been obliged, in preparing the novel, to make the social manners and the conspicuous men of Queen Anne's reign a subject of historical study; and out of these researches arose his *Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, which were first delivered in Willis's Rooms, in London, before a very brilliant audience, in the summer of 1851, afterward in the provinces, and finally in America, where the author spent some months for the purpose, and was very heartily received. The *Lectures* were published in 1853. Mr. Thackeray's subsequent publications have been his third serial work of fiction, *The Newcomes*, and *The Rose and the Ring*; or, *The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo*, 1855. Mr. Thackeray's next literary appearance was in his lectures on *The Four Georges*, delivered first in America, to which he paid a second visit for the purpose, in 1855-56, and, upon his return, in Edinburgh, London, and other cities and towns in England and Scotland. Altogether, Mr. Thackeray stood conspicuous among those who are the admitted chiefs of British literature at the

present day; and the question, still debated, as between him and Dickens, is, in the main, a question as between two styles or theories of the art of prose fiction. In person, Mr. Thackeray was a somewhat large and tall man; with a fine head, the hair of which was prematurely white.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE DISPERSION OF SEEDS.

It must be obvious that the immense quantity of seed which plants generally produce could never germinate in their immediate neighborhood, and, therefore, as the seed ripens, the pericarp or seed-vessel gradually assumes such an organization as is calculated to effect its dispersion or removal to a more distant locality. The dissemination of seed is, therefore, the result of the peculiar organization of the seed-vessel, rather than of the seed itself, which seed-vessel presents some of the most interesting and beautiful contrivances in nature.

Sometimes the pericarp (Greek *peri*, around, and *karpos*, fruit) opens elastically with a spring-like mechanism, and discharges the seed contained in its cavity to a considerable distance. The seeds of the castor-oil plant, of the common garden balsam, and of the common furze or whin-bush of Europe, are separated from their pericarps in this manner. In *Hura crepitans*, a plant belonging to the natural order *Euphorbiaceæ*, or the Spurge family, which grows in the West Indies and in South America, the seeds are projected from the strong, bony envelope of the pericarp as soon as it opens, which it does with immense force, and with a report as loud as a pistol. The bursting of seed-vessels in this manner is due entirely to mechanical causes, and attributable to the state of the tissues, which, possessing unequal power of imbibition and unequal elasticity, are torn apart. It is a case of what is called in common language "warping," and can scarcely be regarded as vital phenomena, being a definite mode of destruction of dead structures resulting from special structural conditions.

The pericarps of the thistle and dandelion, and other species of *Compositæ*,

have attached to them a beautiful stellate down, contrivances which are evidently intended to catch the wind, and by means of which they are removed, when fully ripe, from off the surface of the receptacle of these plants, and wafted to a distance, to spots favorable to their germination. The pericarps to which these appendages are attached will sometimes travel for miles, until a shower of rain or a humid atmosphere causes the tuft to collapse, when the pericarp falls to the ground. In some instances, as in the thistle, this down projects directly from the surface of the pericarp, like the feathers of a shuttlecock; in the dandelion and goatsbeard, it is supported upon a stalk, which elevates it above that surface. In the last plant, each fine hair of the tuft is itself a feather, forming altogether one of the most elegant and perfect of objects. The cryptogamous or flowerless plants, as ferns and mosses, have a very extensive geographical diffusion. Their spores are so light and microscopic, that they rise in the atmosphere, and are conveyed over the ocean by currents of air. Hence many genera, and even species of moss and fern, are common to North America and Europe. In other species, the pericarps are furnished with hooked hairs, as in galium and burdock, by means of which they cling to the bodies of men and animals, and are thus scattered far and wide. It is impossible to traverse the woods or marshes in autumn without having such pericarps forced upon our attention. The achenia or horny indehiscent pericarps of *Bidens bipinnata*, or the Spanish needles, are especially troublesome. The achenia of this plant are surmounted with three or four persistent awns, which are downwardly barbed, and by means of which

they very readily adhere to the dress of the traveler. How little are persons aware, when they brush off these troublesome intruders, in some distant locality to which they have unwillingly carried them, that they are fulfilling the grand and secret purposes of nature!

Occasionally, as in the *Asclepias*, or milkweed, and the *Epilobium*, or willow-herb, the seeds themselves are furnished with these coma or tufts of hairs, by means of which, on the opening of the pericarp, they are lifted by the wind out of its cavity, and carried away sometimes to a great distance from the parent plants.

Birds, too, are important agents in the diffusion of seeds. It is well known that the seeds of numerous berries and small fruits will grow, though they may have passed through the bodies of birds. Many of the omnivorous kinds—for instance, the thrushes—migrate from north or south in autumn, at the time when berries and similar fruits are ripe, and they often void the seeds of these fruits little altered. It is in this way that *Phytolacca decandra*; or the common pokeweed, appears to have been dispersed over the whole of North America. The berries of this plant are eaten by the robin, the thrush, the wild pigeon, and many other birds, which thus carry them hundreds of miles from the plant which produced them. In this manner we can account for a fact which every practical botanist and observer of nature must have noticed—namely, the sudden appearance of a single plant in a place where its species was entirely unknown before.

The mistletoe bears a small white berry with an extremely viscid pulp. The birds fond of this fruit encumber their bills with this glutinous substance, and, to clean them, they rub them on the branches of the trees on which they may chance to alight, thus depositing the seeds in the very place where nature intended they should grow.

The heavy seeds of the oak, walnut, and chestnut, too large for distribution by the feathered tribes, are buried by squirrels, which have to make their home upon them. One day, taking a walk in the woods, our attention was attracted to a squirrel which sat very composedly upon the ground. We stopped to observe his motions for a few minutes; almost immediately, he darted to the top of a noble oak; in an instant he was down again

with an acorn in his mouth; and after finding a soft spot, he quickly dug a small hole, and deposited his charge, the germ of a future oak, covered it up, and then darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner, and in this way he continued to labor as long as we thought proper to watch him. The instinct of this little animal doubtless induced him to bury these acorns as a provision for his future wants; but such is his activity and untiring industry, that he buries more than he consumes, and the surplus rises as trees, to adorn and enrich the earth.

Some pericarps are conveyed by the rivers into which they fall, or by the waves of the ocean, many hundreds or thousands of miles away from the countries which originally produced them. In this manner, many of the native plants of France, Spain, and other adjacent countries have been naturalized in England; and the pericarps of tropical climates are conveyed to the coasts of Norway and Scotland. The foreign pericarps which are annually left on the Norway coast, are principally cashew-nuts, bottle-gourds, cocoa-nuts, and the fruit of the dogwood-tree. These are often in so recent a state that they would unquestionably vegetate were the climate favorable to their growth and existence. When carried to countries better suited to their nature, they germinate, and colonize with a new race of vegetables the land on which the ocean has cast them. In this manner it is that the coral islands, as soon as they appear above the waves of the Pacific, are speedily covered with a crop of luxuriant vegetation. The cocoa-nut is well adapted for this purpose, as it grows luxuriantly in salt water, and it is probably the first arborescent species which vegetates on these newly-formed lands. Icebergs probably have some share in diffusing plants, since they are often found loaded with masses of earth containing seeds, which they occasionally cast upon strange shores. There is every reason to believe that this kind of influence was far more actively at work in the geological period immediately preceding the present.

Most of the seeds thus carried abroad never germinate at all, as they either fall into situations unfavorable to their growth or upon a soil which is already preoccupied by other plants. All the plants of a

given district may be regarded as at war with each other. The arborescent species prevent, by the extent of soil which they occupy, the vegetation of species of an humbler growth. Each has to struggle into existence against a host of competitors; for nature, although she has been prolific of the seeds of life, has limited the supply of room and food. A number of ferns, for example, which may be growing on a hillside, will, by their preoccupation of the soil, successfully maintain their ground against all other intruders for ages, notwithstanding the facilities afforded to other plants for the dispersion of their seeds. If any chance seed should be borne to this spot by any of the agencies which we have enumerated, or by other causes, it cannot germinate among them, as they absorb all the food from the soil.

The seeds which have been thus unfavorably located retain their vitality for a longer or shorter period of time; such as have very thin and delicate integuments will lose their germinating power after a few weeks' exposure; so also oleaginous seeds will in general decay much sooner than such as contain albumen. Other seeds, on the contrary, will retain their vitality for an indefinite period of time; this is the case with plants belonging to the natural order *Leguminosæ*, or the pea family, the seeds of which may be kept for years without any material detriment to their germinating power. Pease taken from the herbarium of Tournefort, where they had remained for more than one hundred years, were made to germinate in the botanical gardens of Paris.

Those changes by which the ovule is metamorphosed into the mature seed appear to be all made with a special reference to any mishaps which may befall it when thrown on the charity and care of nature by the parent plant, as well as to provide it with a store of nutriment on which it may subsist during the early stages of its development.

When the plant approaches the close of its allotted period of life, it is surprising with what care provision has been made for the continuation of the species, as if nature had determined to secure it, if possible, an immortality of existence upon the earth's surface. Hence not only the beautiful contrivances to effect the removal of the seed to spots favorable for its germination, but also the immense quan-

tity of seed which the dying plant produces. On a specimen of *Ricinus communis*, the castor-oil plant, which the writer cultivated in his garden in Philadelphia, he counted ten clusters of pericarps or seed-vessels; each cluster produced upwards of fifty pericarps, and each pericarp contained three seeds. The total number of seeds produced by the plant was therefore $10 \times 50 \times 3 = 1500$. Each of these seeds, be it remembered, contained within its folds an incipient repetition of the parent plant in the form of a young embryo. Supposing each seed to germinate, and the plants to arrive at maturity, the product of the next season would be $1500 \times 1500 = 2,250,000$ seeds. In other plants, the first crop of seeds is still greater. It has been calculated that the sunflower produces 4000, and a single thistle 24,000 seeds the first year; therefore, the second year's crop would amount to 16,000,000 of seeds in the former, and 576,000,000 of seeds in the latter instance. How immense the amount of vegetable life which may spring from a single seed! Happily for mankind, every vegetable embryo is not destined to give rise to a future progeny. Millions of seeds or vegetable embryos are annually called into existence, but a variety of causes destroy their incipient life. Many seeds are used as food by animals, and a great many more decay. Were it not for the operation of these causes, by which the species is kept within prescribed limits, such is the fecundity of nature that there can be no doubt that the seed from a single thistle or dandelion would, in the course of a few years, be sufficient to cover with plants not only every square inch of the superficies of our own world, but the entire surface of every other planet in the solar system!

But although nature has been thus careful to insure a repetition of their beautiful and evanescent forms, all plants multiply within prescribed limits which they can not pass; fecundity is therefore no barrier to the variety which every where prevails, which is the principal charm of the vegetable creation, and from which we derive so much instruction in the study of their individual forms.

When, however, the seed falls into a soil favorable to its germination, it will grow and become a plant, running through all the phases of the vegetation of its predecessor.

From the London Standard.

"OVERFLOWN WITH A FLOOD."

SINCE the sun went down on Friday, the tragedy of Holmfirth has been reproduced on an enlarged scale in the neighborhood of Sheffield. A Yorkshire valley has indeed been converted into a vale of tears, and the homes of industrious multitudes have been swept away as completely as the dwellings of the ancients referred to by the Temanite — "which were cut down out of time, whose foundation was overflown with a flood." Who that strolled along the sides of the Loxley and Stanington Hills a few days ago, and marked the placid and picturesque appearance of the huge artificial lake, could have conceived that these quiet waters were destined shortly to devastate the smiling valley beneath, and to emulate the horrors of the primeval deluge?

The hills formed two sides of a triangle, the base of which was supplied by an immense artificial mound, forty feet thick, more than eighty feet high, and three hundred yards long. An area of seventy-six acres was thus enclosed, capable of holding one hundred and fourteen millions of cubic feet of water. At the time of the catastrophe it was not quite full. Estimating the contents on Friday night as equal to one hundred millions of cubic feet, we have a quantity exceeding six hundred millions of gallons. Our standard for the imperial pound avoirdupois is obtained from the gallon of water, which is known to weigh ten pounds. Hence six thousand millions of pounds may represent the dead weight of the water in the Bradfield reservoir at the time to which we now refer. Even with these enormous figures before him the uninitiated reader would scarcely conceive the prodigious pressure which was every moment bearing against the gigantic dyke, which alone held back the artificial flood from deluging the adjacent valley. To add to the peril the wind blew fiercely, and dashed the imprisoned waters against the dam, which thus had to bear more than the simple pressure due to the immense weight

of the water. The reservoir stood at the head of a deep gorge, spreading downward toward the populous town of Sheffield, and thickly dotted with factories, forges, and dwellings. Thousands of the adjacent population lay down to sleep that night in as much peril as if Vesuvius itself had formed one of the Penine range, and was ready to burst into one of its wildest eruptions.

Was there no indication of the impending catastrophe? It is not customary to Providence to allow its creatures to be slain without a note of warning. A portentous hush precedes the earthquake. The little cloud is the herald of the approaching storm. In the infancy of science Heaven often interposed to warn mankind by revelation. The voice of the prophet was heard for many years before the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven were opened. Angels came to Sodom on the evening before that terrible sunrise, when the blue heavens rained fire. The handwriting appeared on the wall of the Chaldean palace, before the army of the Persian entered. The ancient superstition of omens was not without a substratum of truth, however deeply overlaid with folly and fraud. In modern times, when miracles cease, nature is made to speak, and the falling quick-silver tells us of storms and tempest as surely as an angel-voice from heaven. Was there no warning, then, in the valley of Sheffield on Friday night? A whisper went forth that all was not right. At dusk there came friendly messages to many a cottage door, saying that the dam was not sound. Hundreds were thus warned in time, and by a prudent retreat secured their lives. Late in the afternoon a young farmer, going to fodder his cattle, saw an ugly crack in the very centre of the embankment. The "letting out of water" has been a proverb of peril of ages. The young agriculturist expressed his fears to one of the officials. Workmen were hastily fetched,

and measures were at once improvised to prevent any outbreak of the waters. Shortly before midnight the workmen on the embankment finished the task assigned to them; but efforts were still made by another party to lower the depth of water in the reservoir by drawing off as much as was practicable into another channel. Preparations were made for blowing up a weir, so as to make another outlet for the flood. A body of navvies were drilling holes in a rock for this purpose, when it is said there came a furious gust of wind, shaking the cottage of a laborer on the margin of the dam. The man's wife looked apprehensively out of the windows, and saw the foaming flood leaping through the earthly barrier, while a terrific and confused roar, like the din of the heaviest thunder, made known that the giant flood was hastening to its work of death.

Flight was now all but impossible, even had the imperilled multitudes been prepared for it. As it was, the doomed ones were asleep. Quietly they lay themselves down to rest; terrible was their awaking. A farmhouse, with all its occupants, was swept away at a blow; not a vestige of the homestead was suffered to remain; even the cows, fourteen in number, perished. Desolation could not be more complete. In one place a whole wood disappeared! Trees, haystacks, cattle, wrecks of houses, implements of husbandry—men, women, children—all went whirling down in one tumultuous torrent. Away went the dark waters, hurrying every obstacle with them. The roar was heard far off by wakeful ears; but what could it mean? It was a dreadful sound; but who could tell its signification? On went the flood, tearing away houses with their foundations. Whole rows of cottages disappeared, and left not so much as "a wreck behind." An entire village was either swept away or laid in ruins. In some cases—probably lying nearer the margin of the flood—life was spared. Some there were who, being aroused by the strange commotion, found their retreat cut off from below, and with frantic efforts broke through the roofs, where they shivered and trembled in the cold night-wind until succor came or the wild flood subsided. The very gardens of the cottagers were swept away or buried in mud. At Neepsend the little plots thus destroyed are said to have covered nine

hundred acres. From the reservoir to Sheffield was a distance of six miles, and fearful was the havoc along this route. The sentinel at the barracks nearly experienced the fate of the guard at Pompeii. As he paced near the outer wall the roar of the flood broke upon his ear; in a few seconds he was battling for his life amidst mud and water, and, despite the alarm which he raised, two children were drowned in the barracks, while their parents were dragged out seemingly half dead. At Sheffield itself the sound of the torrent was heard at about a quarter past twelve. At first there seems to have been a hissing kind of noise, then a loud, long, terrible roar, and the flood burst in on the lower parts of the town, demolishing bridges and swelling the stream of the Don with the accumulated waters, thickly strewn with the *débris* of that woful ruin which had transpired above. A considerable part of the town was inundated, some lives appear to have been lost, and a sad destruction of property is reported among tradesmen and others. At day-break the terrors of the calamity became more distinctly known, and the fearful sacrifice of life in the upper part of the valley became the subject of rapid rumors mingled with deep commiseration. The swollen river also told its tale in the wreck of property and the frequent corpses which went floating by on the turbid stream. Far down the river the inundation spread, and the destruction of growing crops will help to swell the total loss consequent on this heart-rending visitation.

It is a poor and heartless philosophy which can look on this sea of ruin, and talk of it as an awful retribution and a chastisement for the blundering and shortcomings of human art. What had the poor sufferers to do with the imperfect workmanship or defective management of the Bradfield reservoir? The engineers escaped, and death came on those who were irresponsible. If there have been blundering and shortcoming any where, these offenses are to be proved by evidence and properly visited—not by the laws of nature—but by the laws and institutions of society. Fault of some kind we fear there must have been, either in the mechanical construction of the reservoir, or in the precautions proper to such a magazine of power.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

GOULD & LINCOLN, the eminent Boston publishers, so well and widely known for the vast issues of valuable books from their teeming press, have sent us a fresh installment of their publications. Among these is *The Life and Times of John Huss; or, The Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century*. By E. H. GILLET. In two volumes. Second edition, revised. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1864. Vol. I., 662 pages. Vol. II., 651 pages. With ample contents to each volume, and extended and valuable index. Vol. I. has twenty-three chapters, richly laden with historic treasures. Vol. II. has twenty-one chapters, full of the affluence of thought. It does the eye and the mind good, exciting a thrill of pleasure to look even at the external aspects of these attractive and splendid volumes. A glance at them shows the neatness, the mechanical perfection, the luminous and typographical beauty of the printed pages, which add to the luxury of reading such books.

The Preface is a model of its kind in beauty and force of diction, in ample brevity and in clearness of historic statement. It is like the transparent windows of a well-illuminated mansion, outside of which one can stand and look in upon the richly furnished apartments. We like a well-written Preface. We want the keys of the whole house before we enter to examine its attractions and treasures.

The books themselves. Mr. Gillett has done good service to the cause of historic literature in the preparation of these volumes, and erected a monument to his talents, his research, his patient investigation into the archives of the olden time, and his ample abilities for the achievement of such a work, which will be more enduring than marble. Mr. Gillett has gone down into the old mausoleums and graveyards of history, making extensive and thorough explorations for long hidden and buried treasures, and has found and brought up into the fresh sunlight of modern days the many golden fragments, putting them all into his ample crucible, has melted them down, re-casting the whole into one colossal statue of historic beauty, which all the living lovers of literary statuary may examine, and admire, and study with increasing pleasure and profit. We remember our deep impressions when visiting the scenes of his long and arduous labors at Prague, almost fancying we could see his departing form, and hear the echo of the retiring footsteps of the venerable Huss, as he left the place, never to return.

Mr. Gillett has laid the friends of the Reformation and of evangelical history under strong obligations for the thorough and impartial manner in which he has performed this "labor of love." We have not time or room here to begin to do adequate justice to the sterling merits of these volumes, or to express our high appreciation of their historic value. The press abounds with generous and ample commendations of the work; and the fact, that a second edition has been already

called for and published, is sufficient testimony, and must give birth to pleasurable gratifications, both to the author and to the publishers, at the success of this valuable work.

DEATH OF MR. TICKNOR.—The sudden death of Mr. W. D. Ticknor, of the eminent publishing house of Ticknor & Fields, at Boston, who died last week at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, has filled the hearts of many friends with unaffected sorrow. He was well and widely known both in this country and in Europe. He was one of nature's noblemen, urbane in his manners, and generous and kind in his intercourse and treatment of others. He was in this city a few days since in his usual health. He went to Philadelphia with his friend Mr. Hawthorne, for a little excursion of rest and recreation. They rode out to Point Breeze Park, where Mr. Ticknor first complained of illness. They returned to the hotel, and the disease rapidly matured into congestion of the lungs, which, in a few hours, terminated his valuable life. In calm composure, and while his friend, Mr. Hawthorne, held his hand, the brilliant lamp flickered and went out.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: IRON-WORKERS AND TOOL-MAKERS. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," "Brief Biographies," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 410.

THIS is an instructive and valuable book, leading young men into the great secret of success in life, and showing them how to become the architects of their own fortune, by showing them how others have done it. Well-written biography is always instructive, but it is much more so when recounting the lives of men who have distinguished themselves in practical life, especially among the iron wonders of the age, with its marvellous productions. We commend this book to all iron-workers and tool-makers.

COUNSEL AND COMFORT: Spoken from a City Pulpit. By the author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 311.

THE author of this book, whose writings are so familiar to the readers of THE ECLECTIC, by articles from *Fraser's Magazine*, wields a gifted pen on the topics of this book, as in all his other productions. The book is rich in thoughts of great practical importance to man's religious interests. We welcome the volume, and heartily commend it to the attention and perusal of all serious readers. There is no one who would not receive valuable instruction from its affluent pages.

THE CAMPANER THAL, and other writings, from the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 388.

THIS is a curious and instructive book. The name and fame of Richter attract the reader to his writings—so rich and affluent in his imagin-

ings, his fancies, and his facts. His mind and pen luxuriate in graphic descriptions of scenes and objects, and the mind of the reader has only to spread its wings and soar away with the author, and see things as he sees them. *Campaner Thal* is a beautiful valley of the Pyrenees, to which the author made a sort of pilgrimage, calling his letters not chapters, but stations, and begins, as he says, "jokingly," omitting 500 to count 501. The reader will encounter graphic descriptions and incidents, very life-like, all along the pages of the volume.

PELAYO: AN EPIC POEM OF THE OLDEN MOORISH TIME. By MRS. ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 445 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 424. With illustrations.

In the conception and plan of this beautiful historic poem, the gifted author has shown a poetic skill and genius in the language and style of her verse rarely equalled. It is no difficult matter to write poetry of some sort, if an individual has any poetic inspiration whatever; but to write a poem richly interwoven with the names and heroes of another age, and a foreign land and a foreign tongue, combining the personal incidents of these historic personages, and making names all stand in their appropriate places and conform to the laws of rhythm, is no easy matter. We marvel at the skill and genius which the author has displayed in her poem, as well as the descriptive power in her pages. The book is admirably printed on tinted paper, in clear and tasteful type, in the style of the Appletons, worthy to find a place on the tables of all lovers of historic and poetic verse.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1864. Pp. 641. Philadelphia: George Childs, 630 Chestnut-street.

This truly national work combines and contains an immense mass of facts and information, statements and statistics, in regard to all the departments of the government, the courts, the army and navy, public men and officers, which are so valuable and desirable to every well-informed man. This book is an immense photograph gallery of current events. It is a miracle of condensation, and yet without confusion, so that any one can find the facts and information needed at once. By turning to the proper page, and opening the volume at a certain place, you find the name of any vessel in the navy, with armament, tonnage, and all the particulars. The accuracy with which the millions of figures and names are given is wonderful. The book, in a word, is a library of information.

THE WITNESS PAPERS. The Headship of Christ, and the Rights of the Christian People. A collection of Essays, Historical and Descriptive Sketches, and Personal Portraits, with the Author's celebrated letter to Lord Brougham. By HUGH MILLER. Author of "Footprints of the Creator," etc. Edited, with a Preface, by Peter Bayne, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1863. Pp. 502.

The name, the character, and the scientific writings of Hugh Miller are so well known to the reading world that the announcement of this book would at once commend it to the attention of the public. But in this volume Hugh Miller appears

in a new character, on a new stage. At a time when Scotland trembled and reverberated under the heavy tread of the division march of the Scottish church, Hugh Miller shouldered his big geological sledge-hammer and became "the champion of the church" amid the exciting scenes of that eventful period. This book, therefore, partakes much of the character of an ecclesiastical history of those times, and as such it will be read with interest and profit.

GOULD & LINCOLN have also sent us their *Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1864*. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., M.D., author of *Principles of Natural Philosophy*, etc. Boston: published by Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1864. This book carries in its very name and in its title, and on its forehead—if a book can be said to have a forehead—the exceeding value and interest which attach to the discovery of scientific facts. We would give more for one new scientific fact than for forty fictions. Facts inform the mind and strengthen the intellect.

SATAN'S DEVICES, AND THE BELIEVER'S VICTORY. By REV. WILLIAM L. PARSONS, A.M., Pastor of the Congregational Church, Mattapoisett, Mass. "Lest Satan should get advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices." 2 Cor. 2: 11, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1864. Pp. 312.

This is a book and a subject of great practical value, of interest to every mind and heart of the human family. Strange that any intelligent or reflecting mind should doubt for a moment the existence, the tempting power, the ensnaring influence, and the terrible machinations of this great enemy of God and man. This evil "prince of the power of the air, which worketh in the children of disobedience," is abroad, like a skillful commander, marshaling and directing the hosts of rebellion against the authority and government of God all over the earth. This book is therefore one of practical wisdom.

GOULD & LINCOLN have also sent us Dr. Peabody's Lectures. *Christianity the Religion of Nature*. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By A. P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D., Preacher to the University. Second edition. Revised. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1864. Pp. 256.

This is a book to be read and studied and inwardly digested. It takes and occupies strong positions, against which the batteries of infidelity may thunder attacks in vain. The book is comprised in twelve chapters, which discuss the doctrines of mental and moral philosophy, and the relations of man to the government of God and a future world, with clearness and force. Its careful perusal can hardly fail to improve the mind and mend the heart.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.—For years past our readers will have seen, on the first-page cover of *THE ECLECTIC* the familiar names of Sinclair Tousey, H. Dexter, Hamilton & Co. Recently these gentlemen have united in the firm called the American News Company, who publish various works as well as fill orders for periodical dealers

in all the cities and villages of our country. These gentlemen have combined and concentrated their forces into a kind of Potomac army for literary activities and onsets in all and every direction where their services are required, and, like General Grant's flying artillery or cavalry, are ready to move at a moment's notice, to the achievement of any order which may be made on their resources. Their headquarters are at 119 Nassau-street, New-York.

THE WINSLOW FAMILY.—A genealogical register of this family is in course of preparation by the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, D.D., of New-York. Its period of time will date with two or three generations previous to the landing of the Pilgrims down to the members of the family now living. The work will contain biographical and historical sketches of the most distinguished men furnished by the family, from the time of Edward Winslow to the death of Lord Lyndhurst. Information on the subject will be gladly received by the gentleman who edits the work. His address is No. 376 Fourth-street.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.—The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1200 tons of earth which a landholder has in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one 75 per cent., the other 90 per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which that mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

RE-APPEARANCE OF THE JESUITS IN FRANCE.—The Jesuits, who were for so long a period in obscurity in France, unrecognized at the French Court, and fearful in any way of making themselves publicly conspicuous in Paris, appear now to have emerged from their retirement, and openly show signs of wealthy resources in the erection of new and magnificent buildings.

NAPOLEON III. was sixty years old last month.

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER, at more than one period of his life, dallied with the muses. In 1825, he had the misfortune to lose a son, three years of age, named Charles, represented to have possessed singular attractiveness of mind and character even at that early age. On that occasion Mr. Webster inclosed the following effusion in a letter to his wife:

"My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with my angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in thy tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son!
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine—
Thou hast thy predecessor passed;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss!
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art save in heaven;
No prayer for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayer for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son! my father! guide me there."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.—A fine large portrait and a striking likeness, photographed from life, of this distinguished commander of the United States Army, has just been beautifully engraved and published by George E. Perine, artist of *THE ECLECTIC*, at No. 10 Cortlandt-street, New-York. The price is \$1. Sent by mail, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of \$1, transmitted either to Mr. Perine, or to the office of *THE ECLECTIC* Magazine, No. 5 Beekman-street.

OVER twenty-two thousand Massachusetts soldiers have made allotments for their families during the past year, the sums amounting in the aggregate to \$1,091,000.

AN ax-factory in Massachusetts uses twelve hundred tons of iron a year, about one half of which is imported, and two hundred and fifty tons of cast steel, much of which is procured from the works at Fitchburg. Its forges consume eighteen hundred tons of coal a year.

THE WRONGS OF THE STOMACH.—In most of the early literatures is to be found a dialogue between the body and the soul, in which each accused the other of their mutual perditions, recapitulating the offenses which have produced it. Something similar might be written, with good effect, dividing the imaginary conversation between, let us say, the stomach and the man, and making an attack of gout the subject of their recrimination. The man might accuse the stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat, drink, walk, nor rest. The stomach might plead justification, and say that she had lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's rest from an intolerable taskmaster. Again, the man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine, muscular system reduced to flabby indolence; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression which rendered life an insupportable burden. The stomach, having listened to all this, delivered in a tone of angry accusation, would reply: "My case is just as bad as your own. Before I had well digested your breakfast, you gave me a meat luncheon to see to, and before I had got that out of the way, you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satisfied with that, you wound up the day with a supper, drenching me all the time with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, rum, more wine, and more spirits, till I thought you had taken leave of your senses; and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if apoplexy had broken into the house, and was going to carry you off, I said to myself: 'Serve him right if it did.' And in this way you went on year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you headache after headache; I tried to recall you to reason with half a dozen attacks of influenza; gave you a bilious fever; made you smart with rheumatism; twinged you with gout till you roared. But all to no purpose. You went on making me digest till the work broke my back, and now I can digest no longer." This reproach might be made even pathetic, by a description of the stomach watching its hard task come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bed-time. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry. "I can manage that," says the stomach. Then a plate of fish, with more bread and more sherry; "and that," adds the stomach, "though these sauces don't quite agree with me." Then comes beef, or mutton, or both, and stout; then game and sherry; then a dish of tart. "Confound this pastry," says the stomach, "it gives me more trouble than anything else; but if the master will only stop here, I think, if I put out all my powers, I can get even this rubbish out of the way." But she has hardly taken this hopeful view of the case, when down come cheese, celery, apples, oranges, nuts, figs, almonds and raisins, port, sherry, claret, and a tumbler of hot Hollands-and-water. "Good gracious, was there ever such a mess?" exclaims the stomach; "what can the man mean? Does he think one pair of hands can manage all this?" Still the willing slave goes to work, when presently there is a rush of hot tea from above, with a thin slice of bread-and-butter.

And when the stomach with infinite labor has got the hodge-podge into some sort of homogenous shape, and is preparing to take a nap after her exhaustion, lo! a deviled drum-stick rushes into its laboratory, two deviled kidneys, a bottle of stout, and three tumblers of hot brandy-and-water. —*London Review.*

DRAWING-ROOM DRESS.—At a Drawing-Room, held for the Queen, on the 19th ult., the Princess of Wales wore a blue velvet train, ornamented with silver cord and tassels; a petticoat of white satin, with Brussels lace flounces, and trimmings of blue velvet and silver flowers. The head-dress a tiara of diamonds, with feathers, and tulle veil with silver stars. H. R. H. also wore a necklace, brooch, and ear-rings of pearls and diamonds, and the Portuguese Order of Isabella. The Princess Helena wore a train of rich pink silk, trimmed with crape ruche; petticoat of white glaze, covered with white tulle ruches, and trimmed with bunches of moss-roses and acacia; head-dress, wreath of the same flowers, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg wore a manteau of rich blue satin, trimmed with Honiton lace; petticoat, white satin, with Honiton flowers; tiara, necklace, stomacher, and ear-rings of diamonds and pearls. The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a white tulle petticoat, with ruches of blue crape covered with silver, tulle veil, a white corded silk train lined with blue and trimmed with Mechlin lace; head-dress, a diadem of diamonds, with forget-me-nots, feathers, and silver veil; necklace, stomacher, and ear-rings of diamonds and turquoises.

A MILWAUKEE banker has made sundry arithmetical calculations concerning a national debt of four thousand millions, from which it appears that if our obligations should reach that amount, the column of dollars would be five thousand five hundred and seventy and two fifths miles in height; that it would take one hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty nine teams to carry the silver, allowing one ton to each; and that the length of the line of teams would be three hundred and ninety-four miles.

THE table and chair used by Washington at the time of resigning his commission are to be exhibited among the curiosities at the Maryland State Fair this month.

TWENTY-SEVEN Spanish dollars have just been dug up in enlarging the cellar of a house on the outskirts of New-London, Conn. One of them bears the date of 1779; none of them were of a later date than 1784. W. D. Bowers, Adams' express agent at New-London, bought the whole twenty-seven at a dollar and a half each.

THE musical works of Benedetto Marcello, who was born in Venice in 1686 and died in Brescia in 1739, are soon to be republished in Milan, the previous four editions being now out of print. They will be accompanied with the additions made by Cherubini to Marcello's compositions.

THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.—Late information from Vienna states the death of the King of Bavaria was owing to lock-jaw, originating in a scratch on the breast from a pin attached to an order he was fastening on his coat. He was sick but four days.

THE BAGGAGE OF AN "INCOGNITO."—Last night the Archduke Maximilian and the Archduchess his wife took leave of the splendid host, who has not only received and fêted them in the Old, but who has made them emperor and empress—provided always that the cup does not slip before it reaches the lip—in the New World, and went off by the mail train to London. And here again I pause, and ask: How much luggage do a prince and princess—on the eve certainly of attaining a higher round on the social ladder—really require? I was at the station, and beheld the imperial fourgons as they poured in with the luggage: it was a surprising sight. Do they carry about portable huts, or grand pianos? Are their plate and pictures packed up with them when they go out for a little visit, or have they with them a neat cellar of carefully selected wines? And these princes, too, were *incogniti*. Mercy upon us! Had they been here in all their glory, what impediments they would have had! "Kings are little cattle," says the Scotch gentleman in one of Scott's novels, and I was much of that opinion last night, as I saw an English peer, who could buy up their Imperial Highnesses, and even offer a fair bid for the reversion of a Mexican crown, carry a little portmanteau out of his *remise* into the station.—*Paris Letter, March 13.*

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to a man: his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweetest music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counselors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE.—A meeting of commissioners of the International Bridge Company for a bridge between Buffalo and Canada, over the Niagara river, was held in Buffalo, April 6th. Over three millions of dollars were subscribed. The estimated cost of the bridge is only one million. Its speedy construction is looked upon as certain.

THE SULTAN'S TASTE.—A Paris letter in the *Independence* of Brussels says: "The Sultan is now having executed in Paris, by the most eminent sculptors, twenty-four animals—lions, tigers, elks, horses, and bulls—destined to ornament the gardens of the splendid palace which is being built at the Sweet Waters. All the animals will be of natural size. Fourteen of them will be cast in bronze, and afterward undergo a bath of gilding; and ten will be in Carrara marble."

HEAT FROM THE STARS.—Dr. Lardner says: "It is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough to keep existence in animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of the year to melt a crust of ice seventy-five feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear strange, when we

consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat received from any one of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon. The eye can not see more than a thousand at the same time in the clearest heaven, yet the number is probably infinite. From the first to the sixth magnitude inclusive, the total number of visible stars is 3128."

THACKERAY'S HOUSE.—It stands in the old court suburb, at the entrance of Palace Gardens, close to the King's Arms, which had been a hostelry since the days of Steele and Addison, guarding the palace where the first Georges laid out their Dutch gardens, and formally planted pleasure grounds. He superintended every part of the designing and furnishing of the house. It is in red brick, with stone dressings, as complete a resurrection of the best form of a Queen Anne mansion as "Esmond" is of an autobiography of the same date. The rooms are spacious, handsome, and conveniently disposed; the fire-places, in particular, have great character, and were costly. The furniture was of his own choice, much of it of his own planning—his tables, his chairs, the desk at which he used to write in his peculiar fashion, resting it on the arms of the chair in which he sat.

THE *Washington Chronicle* presents the following exhibit of the strength of the Union armies: The number of volunteer enlistments from January 1st to November 1st, 1863, was 68,000; from November 1st, 1863, to January 31st, 1864, 110,000; from January 31st to February 28th, 1864, 90,000; add product of draft of 1863, 40,000; add deserters returned, 28,000; Invalid Corps, 25,000; reenlisted veterans, 100,000; add black troops, 70,000; total, 531,000. To show the actual gain of the army, the 100,000 reenlisted veterans must be deducted, as well as the killed, wounded, prisoners, and disabled during the year, said to amount to 125,000 which would leave the army 306,000 larger now than it was January 1st, 1863.

THERE has been a great falling off in the value of the annual productions of Ireland. In the year 1860 it was estimated at £32,477,000. In 1863 it was but £27,327,000. Here is a decline of more than \$60,000,000 in four years.

WHEN stretched upon his bed in the agony of gout, it was reported to Chatham that one of his official subordinates pronounced an order impossible of execution. "Tell him," said he, rising up, and marching across the room on his swollen feet, his face streaming with perspiration from the excruciating effort, "tell him it is the order of a man who treads upon impossibilities."

Kossuth has issued another proclamation to the Hungarians in the Austrian army. The ex-dictator prays his countrymen to desert the Austrian flag, declaring that the Hungarians are about to be freed by an alliance with Italy.

THE Michigan Normal School has five hundred and six students. The State pays annually over half a million dollars for teachers' salaries in the public schools.



Engraved from Photograph for the Edition by Geo. E. Peck, N.Y.

George Peabody

LONDON, 1854.

The quantity of mechanical power necessary to effect this work is termed a "foot-pound."* The principle of the conservation of energy as regards ordinary mechanics was completely and mathematically stated by Newton, and a proof was thus given of the absurdity of the long sought-for *perpetuum mobile*, at least in mechanical contrivances.

However apparent it may be that action and reaction are equal and opposite in the domain of strictly mechanical forces, the wider application of the same law to the manifestation of the other powers of nature seems by no means so clear. Could we not, it may be asked, by help of heat, electricity, or some such occult force, construct a machine which will produce mechanical effect without any corresponding or equivalent expenditure of labor, and thus attain the greatly desired end of making something out of nothing? In fact, have we not such a machine in the steam-engine? Where are we to find in this machine the expenditure of labor equivalent to the work done? In the water-wheel we have, in the descending water, an evident mechanical equivalent for the work done; but, in the steam-engine, if the condensation were perfect, we may imagine that the position of all parts of the machine, and of the water used for the production of steam, is the same at the end as it was at the beginning of the stroke of the piston.

To questions such as these the new philosophy gives a definite and satisfactory answer, proving, as clearly as Newton did in mechanics, that by the employment of *none* of the powers of nature can work be done without a corresponding supply of energy of some kind. Thus in the steam-engine we find the source of necessary power in the heat which disappears in the cylinder; the amount of heat which the waste steam conveys into the condenser not being nearly as much as that which enters the cylinder, the difference between the two amounts is converted into mechanical action. So that at last we come to the conclusion that, with

whatsoever forces of nature we operate, a *perpetuum mobile* can not be constructed—that we can not by any means whatever produce an effect without a consumption of some kind of power. What follows from this important conclusion? What do we mean when we say that a *perpetuum mobile* is impossible? We mean that there is no such thing in nature as a creation of force; that all the changes which we see going on around us are produced solely by the transference of force; and hence force can not be destroyed any more than matter. We may sum up these results in the words of Mr. Grove, an early and able expounder of these views: "In all phenomena, the more closely they are investigated, the more we are convinced that, humanly speaking, neither matter nor force can be created or annihilated, and that an essential cause is unattainable. Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

Although the idea that heat is nothing more than motion has frequently been expressed by various writers even in remote times, opinions to the contrary have been upheld by some men of science within a recent period, and it is only during the last few years that the dynamical theory of heat, in opposition to the material or emission theory, has received the universal assent of the scientific world. Aristotle seems to have held the belief that heat was motion, and Locke expressed the same view concisely as follows: "Heat is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object, which produce in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so that what in our sensation is heat, in the object is nothing but motion." Bacon, too, held similar views, and in the Second Book of the *Novum Organum* he writes, "Heat itself, its essence and quiddity, is motion and nothing else." Lavoisier and Laplace, in their memoir on heat, published in 1780, express the modern doctrine most exactly: "D'autres physiciens," say they, "pensent que la chaleur n'est que le résultat des vibrations insensibles de la matière. . . . Dans le système que nous examinons, la chaleur est la force vive qui résulte des mouvements insensibles des molécules d'un corps; elle est la somme des produits de la masse de chaque molécule par le carré de sa vitesse."

The expression of these views, however near the truth they may have been subse-

* In almost all scientific works the French standards of weight and length are now employed; and as these units will probably before long come into general use in England, it may be well to remember that the French standard of a kilogramme—namely, the weight of a kilogramme raised through the space of one metre—is equal to 7.23 foot-pounds.

quently found to be, exerted but little influence on the progress of science, because they were totally unsupported by experimental evidence, without which such views must remain all but valueless speculations. Building upon a more secure foundation than the older philosophers, the modern man of science carefully collects and employs even the smallest fact regarding the subject which he is investigating; and, not content with the mere observation of the phenomena under the conditions in which they occur in nature, he endeavors to attain a more intimate knowledge of his subject by examining what takes place under other conditions over which he has control—he has, in short, recourse to experiment.

Let us, then, follow Dr. Tyndall in the description of the experimental evidence which he brought forward at the Royal Institution two years ago, to impress upon the minds of his hearers the truth of the mechanical theory of heat; the result will enable us to judge of the success of his attempt “to bring the rudiments of a new philosophy within the reach of a person of ordinary intelligence and culture.” The first part of the work consists in a lucid exposition of the facts upon which the mechanical theory of heat is founded; in describing these, and the consequences derived from them, Dr. Tyndall claims simply to be heard as an expounder of the results obtained by other philosophers; in the later portion of the work he describes the results of his own researches as an original investigator in the regions of physical science. The readers of the book will see that in both these capacities the author shows his power, and we regret that our space does not permit us to enter more fully upon the discussion of those portions of the lectures in which he brings forward his own discoveries.

“My desire,” says Dr. Tyndall, in his first lecture, “now is to connect heat with the more familiar forms of force; and I will therefore, in the first place, try to furnish you with a store of facts, illustrative of the generation of heat, by mechanical processes. I have placed some pieces of wood in the next room, which my assistant will now hand to me. Why have I placed them there? Simply that I may perform my experiments with that sincerity of mind and act which science demands from her cultivators. I know that the temperature of that room is slightly lower than the temperature of this one, and that hence the wood which is now before me must be slightly colder than the face of the

pile* with which I intend to test the temperature of the wood. Let us prove this. I place the face of the pile against this piece of wood; the red end of the needle moves from you toward me, thus showing that the contact has chilled the pile. I now carefully rub the face of the pile along the surface of the wood: mark what occurs. The prompt and energetic motion of the needle toward you declares that the face of the pile has been heated by this small amount of friction. These experiments, which illustrate the development of heat by mechanical means, must be to us what a boy's school exercises are to him. In order to fix them in our minds, and obtain due mastery over them, we must repeat and vary them in many ways. In this task I must ask you to accompany me. Here is a flat piece of brass with a stem attached to it; I take the stem in my fingers, preserving the brass from all contact with my warm hand, by enveloping the stem in cold flannel. I place the brass in contact with the face of my pile; the needle moves, showing that the brass is cold. I now rub the brass against the surface of this cold piece of wood, and lay it once more against my pile. I withdraw it instantly, for it is so hot that if I allowed it to remain in contact with the instrument, the current generated would dash my needle violently against its stops, and probably derange its magnetism. You see the strong deflection which even an instant's contact can produce. Here also is a razor, cooled by contact with ice; and here is a bone without oil, along which I rub my cool razor as if to sharpen it. I now place the razor against the face of the pile, and you see that the steel which a minute ago was cold, is now hot. . . . These are the simplest and most commonplace examples of the generation of heat by friction, and I choose them for this reason. Mean as they appear, they will lead us by degrees into the secret recesses of nature, and lay open to our view the polity of the material universe.”—*Tyndall*, pp. 5, 6.

Dr. Tyndall then illustrates the production of heat by compression and percussion; he shows that a piece of wood squeezed forcibly in a hydraulic press becomes hot, and that a leaden bullet is heated when flattened by a cold sledge-hammer.

“The sledge,” he continues, “descends with a certain mechanical force, and its motion is suddenly destroyed by the bullet and anvil. But let us examine the lead; you see it is heated; and could we gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it without loss mechanically, we should be able

* An instrument called a thermo-electric pile or battery, which serves as a very delicate indicator and measure of change of temperature, and was used by Dr. Tyndall to render the results of the experiment apparent to a large audience.

by means of it, to lift this hammer to the height from which it fell. When a hammer strikes a bell, the motion of the hammer is arrested, but its force is not destroyed; it has thrown the bell into vibrations which affect the auditory nerve as sound. So, also, when our sledge-hammer descended upon our lead bullet, the descending motion of the sledge is arrested; but it was not destroyed. *Its motion was transferred to the atoms of the lead, and announced itself to the proper nerves as heat.*—Tyndall, p. 7.

Heat is not merely produced by the friction of solid bodies—the friction or motion of liquids likewise generates heat; whenever, in fact, the motion of matter is retarded or stopped, heat is developed. Thus, if water be agitated it becomes warmer; every drop of rain having fallen is warmer than it was before; and the water at the bottom of a cataract is of a higher temperature than the water above the fall: so that, as Dr. Tyndall remarks, the sailor's tradition is theoretically correct, that the sea is rendered warmer through the agitation produced by a storm, the mechanical dash of the billows being ultimately converted into heat. The increase of temperature thus effected is but very slight, and requires delicate thermometers for its recognition; nevertheless, the amount is perfectly definite, and can be exactly foretold if we know the weight of falling water and the distance through which it falls. The fact that heat is developed by falling liquids may be rendered evident by pouring mercury several times backward and forward from two cups; at the end of the operation the temperature of the mercury is seen to be higher than it was before.

"Whenever friction is overcome, heat is produced, and the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form, and if we wish to avoid this conversion we must abolish the heat. We usually put oil upon the surface of a hone, we grease a saw, and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first—we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of a railway engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another; he wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace which gives tension to his steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, for, for every

degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. There is no force lost absolutely. Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it all mechanically, we should by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by friction. Thus, every one of those railway porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of nature. In so doing, he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and the indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted it can not still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of heat developed, a strict and proportional equivalent of the locomotive force of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest. How? Simply by converting the entire moving force which it possessed at the moment the brake was applied, into heat."—Pp. 8–10.

The first person who made definite experiments upon the conversion of mechanical energy, or motion of the masses into heat, or motion of the particles, was Count Rumford,* a very remarkable man, more generally known as the inventor of cheap, wholesome food for soldiers than as an investigator of natural science—for thus it often happens that the chief labors of a man's life remain long or for ever unknown, his fame resting upon an achievement which he himself considered trivial, and to which he at the time gave no concern.

Rumford, being engaged at Munich, in boring cannon, was so forcibly struck with the great amount of heat generated by the process, that he constructed an apparatus for the special purpose of examining the development of heat by friction, and, in a most interesting paper, he presented the results of his experiments to the Royal Society in the year 1798. In this paper he proposes to himself to answer the following questions: Whence

* Rumford was by birth an Anglo-American, his family name being Benjamin Thompson; he served in the war of independence on the British side; he then became minister of war to the Elector of Bavaria, by whom he was ennobled, and afterward settled as a man of science in Paris, having married the widow of the great Lavoisier.

comes the heat actually produced in the mechanical operation above alluded to? Is it furnished by the metallic chips which are separated from the metal? The production of heat by friction or percussion was always a difficulty with the upholders of the material theory of heat. They got over it, however, by saying that the "capacity for heat," of the hammered bullet, or metallic chip, is less than that of the metal before it was submitted to these mechanical actions, and therefore, as it was unable to contain so much heat, its temperature was raised. This difference between bodies as regards their "capacities for heat" has indeed a real existence; thus, for example, if we take the two liquids, water and mercury, and warm a pound of each of these, from 50° to 60° Fahrenheit, by pouring in boiling water, we shall find that the quantity of hot water which we have to add to the pound of cold water is fully thirty times as great as that which must be added to the pound of cold mercury, in order to effect a change of ten degrees in the temperature of each of these liquids. Hence the water is said to have a greater "capacity" for heat than mercury: a given quantity of heat does not go so far in heating the water as the mercury. Rumford, however, showed that the chips cut from his cannon did not change their capacity for heat, and further asks if it is conceivable that all the heat he obtained by his boring could be squeezed out of so inconsiderable a quantity of metallic dust. The description which this philosopher gives of his experiment is an agreeable change for the reader of the usually heavy science of the *Philosophical Transactions*. Having stated that he placed eighteen and three quarter pounds of water having the temperature of 60° Fahrenheit round his gun, into which he bored a hole by means of horse-power, he informs us that after the boring had continued for two hours and twenty minutes the water attained the temperature of 200° , and in ten minutes afterward "it actually boiled!" He then goes on to say:

"It would be difficult to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed by the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire. Though there was nothing that could be considered very surprising in this matter, yet I acknowledge fairly that it afforded me a degree of childish pleasure which, were I ambitious of

the reputation of a grave philosopher, I ought most certainly rather to hide than to discover."

And here we would most heartily endorse Dr. Tyndall's remark, that the application of any philosophy which should stifle such emotion as Rumford avowed may indeed well be dispensed with; for surely one of the highest of intellectual gratifications is that which the man of science enjoys when, as the result of laborious experiment, a new unperceived truth flashes across his mind, rendering the path through which he has been perhaps long and darkly wandering as clear as noonday.

An interesting experiment made by Sir Humphrey Davy in the year 1799 may now be cited, as it has frequently been regarded as the first proof of the immateriality of heat. Davy took two pieces of ice, and placing them in a room the temperature of which was below the freezing point (32° Fahrenheit), he rubbed one piece of ice upon the other, arranging his apparatus so that no external heat could reach the ice. He found that by the friction of the two pieces on each other the ice was melted, the temperature of the melted water rising to 35° . Now, ice is simply solid water, and as it possesses only half the capacity for heat of liquid water, the quantity of heat which raises one pound of liquid water one degree, will raise the temperature of a pound of ice two degrees. Besides, water in passing from the solid to the liquid state takes up a vast quantity of heat, which becomes so hidden or latent as to be imperceptible to the thermometer; so that, as liquid water at 32° contains much more heat than solid water (ice) at the same temperature, it is clear that, when the ice was melted by friction, a generation and not a transference of heat must have occurred, for it can not be said that the heat hidden in the ice is merely rendered sensible, inasmuch as the quantity is only a small fraction of the heat contained in the water. Hence Davy concludes that "the immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat is motion, and the laws of its communication are precisely the same as the laws of the communication of motion." If, as it would appear, heat be nothing more than motion, either of the ultimate particles of matter or of the so-called "luminiferous ether" (and it matters not, for our present purpose, which of these proves to be the

case), it must be possible to produce the effect of cold by bringing together two rays of heat, just as the vibrations of the ether producing light may be made to interfere and neutralize each other and two rays of light thus produce darkness, or as two balls of clay when moving with equal velocity in opposite directions, on meeting remain at rest. The experimental proof of this deduction was given by two French philosophers, MM. Fizeau and Foucault, and thus the chain of evidence of the immateriality of heat was riveted more firmly than ever.

Having convinced ourselves of the truth of the mutual convertibility of mechanical energy and heat, we now pass to quantitative considerations, and ask what relation exists between a given quantity of heat and the mechanical energy which will produce it? How much labor can we get out of a certain quantity of heat, or *vice versa*? It is obvious that this must be a fixed quantity. We can not make a given amount of friction produce more than a certain amount of heat, otherwise we should admit the possibility of a *perpetuum mobile*; and the invariable character of the great laws of nature would lead us to predict that this amount is always constant, and that a given quantity of heat, neither more nor less, is always produced by a certain amount of mechanical energy, from what source soever that energy may be derived. The first person who clearly saw that the only mode of proving the truth of this great principle must be by a direct appeal to exact and extended experiments, and had at the same time the power successfully to grapple with so intricate and laborious a subject, was Dr. Joule of Manchester. It is to Joule that science will ever remain indebted for the numerical determination of the *mechanical equivalent of heat*; and although other philosophers have, as we shall see, done much to extend and develop the subject, yet without Joule's practical labors the theory would have been destitute of any firm experimental basis, and therefore unworthy of our acceptance as a sound addition to science. The magnitude and importance of his investigations can not, therefore, be overestimated; nor can we refrain from expressing our admiration for the man who could, unaided, for seven years, devote his whole energies to the establishment of this important principle, in spite of difficulties

and discouragements of no ordinary kind. Dr. Joule determined experimentally the quantity of heat which was evolved by the friction of various substances produced by measurable forces, such as given weights falling through a given space. He measured the heat evolved in water by stirring it with paddles, by the expenditure of a known amount of labor; he did the same with sperm-oil and mercury; he then measured the heat produced when two discs of iron were rubbed against one another, and he likewise determined the heat evolved in the passage of liquids through capillary tubes by friction against the walls of the tubes. These experiments, repeated and controlled in a variety of ways, proved that in every case the *absolute quantity of heat* generated by a given quantity of mechanical energy is definite and invariable, whether that energy be used to stir water, to rub iron, or to do any other kind of work. The numerical results of Joule's most refined experiments showed that, if the weight of one pound fall through a space of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, exactly sufficient heat is generated to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and that if, conversely, we change heat into mechanical power, the quantity of heat capable of raising the temperature of one pound of water one degree is exactly able to produce mechanical energy sufficient to raise a weight of one pound through the space of seven hundred and seventy-two feet. This number, then, is called the *mechanical equivalent of heat*; and it constitutes the foundation stone of the thermo-dynamics. Previously to these discoveries, Joule had ascertained that this same quantity of heat was evolved by the expenditure of the above amount of mechanical energy applied to work a magneto-electric engine, in which the electricity was changed to heat, and also when the same labor is employed in compressing air; thus proving that the same equivalent holds good for the most diverse forms of mechanical action.

A knowledge of the mechanical equivalent of heat enables us to calculate the temperature which a cannon-ball will attain if, when moving with a given velocity, its course is suddenly stopped by a target, as well as the heat which would be liberated by the arrest of the earth in her orbit. This latter calculation has been made,

and we learn from it that the quantity of heat liberated by the shock of the stoppage would not only be sufficient to melt the whole earth, but to reduce the greater portion to the state of vapor; and that to develop the same amount of heat by combustion, it would be necessary to burn fourteen globes of coal each as large as the earth; whilst, if the earth were then to fall into the sun, the heat generated by the gigantic blow would be equal to that given off by the burning of five thousand six hundred worlds of pure carbon! So enormous, indeed, is the amount of heat generated by the stoppage of rapidly falling bodies, that it has caused many scientific men, as originally proposed by Dr. Joule of Manchester, to speculate upon the "grand secret," as Sir W. Herschell calls it, of the power supporting the vivifying radiation of light and heat which the sun continually pours out upon the universe. The amount of this heat and light which emanates from the sun is so enormous that the mind fails altogether to grasp the idea. It has, however, been calculated that out of two thousand three hundred millions of parts of light and heat emitted by the sun, the earth only receives one part; whilst the whole heat radiated from the sun in one minute has been found by Sir John Herschel to be sufficient to boil twelve thousand million cubic miles of ice-cold water! How, we may ask with Dr. Tyndall, is this enormous loss made good? Whence is the sun's heat derived and by what means is it maintained? It can not be kept up by ordinary combustion, for if the sun were a solid lump of coal it would be burnt out in four thousand six hundred years; whereas geology teaches us in every page that the sun shone on our earth hundreds of thousands of years ago as it does at the present day. The philosophers who have speculated upon this great question show, that if a meteorite or asteroid were to fall into the sun with the greatest velocity which it is capable of acquiring, it would, on falling, engender a quantity of heat nearly ten thousand times as great as that which would be developed by the combustion of an equal weight of coal. These meteorites are known to fall upon the earth in certain seasons in large numbers, but the heat developed by them is small, owing to the comparatively slight velocity which they attain before reaching so small an attracting mass as that of the earth. Now,

astronomers seem to think it probable that the lens-shaped mass, termed by us the zodiacal light, which surrounds the sun, consists of a vast collection of such asteroids; these moving, like the planets, in a resisting medium must approach the sun, and on showering down upon the sun's surface transfer their motion into heat; thus maintaining the temperature of the sun, and therefore sustaining life on our planet. The quantity of matter which would thus have to be added to the sun's body, in order to replace the heat lost by radiation, is so insignificant in comparison to its bulk that it would not have altered the apparent size of the sun during the historical period. If our moon fell into the sun, it would only develop heat enough to make good one or two years' loss; and were the earth to fall into the sun, the necessary heat would be supplied for nearly a century.

It is a question, however, if the augmentation in the sun's attraction which this theory presupposes would not have been observed by astronomers even after the lapse of some few years. Whether this will turn out to be the true explanation of the maintenance of solar heat, we know not; but, at any rate, a sun might thus be formed, and the theory serves as an illustration of the application of thermo-dynamics to cosmical phenomena.

That the general progress of scientific discovery is, to a great extent, independent of the labors of particular individuals, is rapidly becoming an accepted axiom. At any given period of the world's history, many of the foremost minds become independently imbued with the same or similar ideas, and these find expression through one or more of these gifted persons, who, owing to some special qualifications, are adapted to be the mouth-piece of the time, and clearly put forward views more or less imperfectly shadowed forth by others. This aspect of scientific progress by no means lowers the dignity or value of individual effort. We do not prize the result of Newton's genius less because we feel that, even if he had never lived, science, through the labors of others, would probably, in course of time, have attained its present position; nor shall we undervalue the great additions to knowledge granted to us by the investigations of Dr. Joule, because other philosophers have expressed views similar to those, the correctness of which he has so

successfully proved by a direct appeal to experiment. Almost every great discovery has been independently arrived at by several persons—one investigator works out his subject more fully and carefully than another—but the idea generally starts into several minds at once. In illustration of this fact, we need only mention the simultaneous discovery of the differential calculus by Newton and Leibnitz, or the great controversy respecting the discovery of the composition of water by Cavendish, Watt, and Lavoisier; or, again, that concerning the discovery of the safety-lamp by Davy and George Stephenson. Hence arises a difficulty which the historian of science will always have to contend with—the difficulty, namely, of rightly adjudging the questions of scientific priority. An interesting, though unnecessarily acrimonious, discussion of this kind has lately taken place in the pages of the *Philosophical Magazine*, between Dr. Tyndall and Professors William Thomson and Tait, of Glasgow and Edinburgh, respecting the merit to be ascribed to the several founders of the mechanical theory of heat. The first incentive to this discussion was given in a lecture “On Force,” delivered by Dr. Tyndall before the audience of the Royal Institution, on June 6th, 1862, an abstract of which is found in the work whose title is placed at the head of this article. In this lecture, Dr. Tyndall briefly, but clearly, places before his audience some of the grander conclusions to which the mechanical theory of heat gives rise. He first explains how mechanical energy is measured, how heat is thereby always generated; he defines the mechanical equivalent of heat, and shows the evolution of heat by the impact of bodies. He tells his hearers that whenever work is done by heat, heat disappears; and, in confirmation of this, he quotes an observation of Rumford’s, that a gun when firing ball becomes less heated than when blank cartridge only is fired. He then dilates upon the enormous store of energy contained in our coal-fields. A pound of coal produces by its combustion an amount of heat such as would raise, if all were applied to do mechanical work, the weight of one hundred pounds to a height of twenty miles above the earth’s surface; the quantity of coal annually raised in Great Britain amounts, according to Professor Smyth, to eighty-four millions of

tons; the mechanical labor which this amount of coal is capable of producing is perfectly fabulous. If one hundred and eight millions of horses were working day and night with unimpaired strength for one year, they would only accomplish as much work as we could effect by the conversion of the heat of combustion of the above quantity of coal into mechanical energy; or, in other words, we in England can do as much work by means of our coal as we could effect if each inhabitant of our islands had a gang of one hundred slaves ready to do his behests! Dr. Tyndall then passes on to the consideration of cosmical phenomena as explained by the principles of the dynamical theory of heat, such as the maintenance of the sun’s heat by the collision of asteroids, the retardation of the velocity of the earth’s rotation by the friction caused by the tides, and the heat which would be developed by the stoppage of the earth’s orbital motion. He then proceeds to consider the important influence exerted by the solar radiations on the phenomena of life. Each drop of rain or flake of snow, each mountain streamlet or brimming river, owes its existence to the sun’s heat. It is by the power of the sun’s rays that the waters of the ocean are lifted in the form of vapor into the air, and it is by the condensation of this atmospheric moisture that every drop of running water on the earth’s surface is formed. The balmy summer breeze and the devastating tornado are alike the products of change of atmospheric temperature caused by the solar heat; whilst the gradual crumbling of the “everlasting hills,” and the consequent formation of stratified rocks, are sublime records of the might of the actions which, during geological ages, the sun has poured out upon the earth. Nor is this influence of solar radiation confined to the inorganic world; no plant can grow, and therefore no animal can exist, without the vivifying action of the sunbeam. The animal derives the store of energy necessary for the maintenance of life from the force locked up in the vegetable or animal organism upon which it feeds; the food of the animal undergoes combustion or oxidation in the body, and the heat thereby evolved is converted into mechanical energy; so that the labor of the animal is subject to the same laws which regulate the work done by a steam-engine supplied with vegetable fuel. We see

that the animal draws its store of energy from the plant: where does the plant obtain the supply of energy necessary for its growth? The animal world can not continually gain power from the vegetable unless the latter has as continually a supply. The source of power in the plant is found in the sun's rays; it is the sun's rays alone which enable the plant to grow, for the growth of a plant consists chemically of a decomposition or splitting up of the carbonic acid gas which exists in the air into its simplest constituents—the carbon assimilated for building up the vegetable tissues, and the oxygen being sent back into the atmosphere for the subsequent use of animals. To effect this separation of the particles of carbon and oxygen, a very large expenditure of energy is necessary, and this energy is supplied by the sun. The rapidly vibrating solar rays are absorbed by the plant, and their energy used up in doing the work of tearing the particles of carbon and oxygen asunder. When the vegetable tissue burns, the carbon again unites with oxygen, forming carbonic acid, and the heat which was originally needed to effect the separation of the elements is liberated; so that the motion of the railway train is in reality due to the energy of the same rays which shone ages ago during the growth of the coal plants. It is true, as Professor Helmholtz remarks, not only in a poetical but in a pure mechanical sense, that we are children of the sun; and the warmth of our bodies, and every mechanical energy which we exert, trace their lineage directly to the sun. Without food we should soon oxydize our bodies. A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds has sixty-four pounds of muscles; but these are reduced when dried to fifteen pounds. Doing an ordinary day's work for eighty days, this mass of muscle would be wholly oxydized. Special organs which do more work would be more quickly oxydized; the heart, for example, if entirely unsustained, would be oxydized in about a week. Dr. Tyndall having explained these and other conclusions drawn from thermo-dynamic principles, into which our space will not permit us to enter, concludes his picture with the following words:

"To whom, then, are we indebted for the striking generalizations in this evening's discourse? All that I have laid before you is the

work of a man of whom you have scarcely ever heard. All that I have brought before you has been taken from the labors of a German physician named Mayer. Without external stimulus, and pursuing his profession as town physician in Heilbronn, this man was the first to raise the conception of the interaction of natural forces to clearness in his own mind. And yet he is scarcely ever heard of in scientific lectures; and even to scientific men his merits are but partially known. Led by his own beautiful researches, and quite independent of Mayer, Mr. Joule published his first paper on 'the Mechanical Value of Heat,' in 1843; but in 1842 Mayer had actually calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat from data which a man of rare originality alone could turn to account. From the velocity of sound in air Mayer determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. In 1845 he published his memoir on 'organized motion,' and applied the mechanical theory of heat in the most fearless and precise manner to vital processes. He also embraced the other natural agents in his chain of conservation. In 1853, Mr. Waterson proposed, independently, the meteoric theory of the sun's heat, and in 1854 Professor William Thomson applied his admirable mathematical powers to the development of the theory: but six years previously the subject had been handled in a masterly manner by Mayer, and all that I have said on this subject has been derived from him."

These bold assertions concerning Mayer's claims to the first position amongst the founders of the mechanical theory of heat naturally called forth some remarks on the history of the subject from Dr. Joule. This philosopher states that, according to his views, Mayer's merit, and this no small one, consists in having announced, apparently without knowledge of what had been done before, the true theory of heat; but to give to Mayer, or any other single individual, the undivided praise of having propounded the dynamical theory of heat is manifestly unjust to the numerous contributors to that great step in physical science. Dr. Joule recalls the statements and experiments made by Locke and Davy upon this subject, and quotes a remarkable passage from a work published in 1839, by M. Séguin, called *De l'Influence des Chemins de Fer*. This French writer shows that the theory of heat generally adopted would lead to the absurd conclusion that a finite quantity of heat can produce an indefinite quantity of mechanical action; and he remarks, "Il me paraît plus naturel de supposer qu'une certaine quantité de calorique disparaît dans l'acte même de la

production de la force ou puissance mécanique et réciproquement ;" and further, "La force mécanique qui apparaît pendant l'abaissement de température d'un gaz, comme de tout autre corps qui se dilate, est la mesure et la représentation de cette diminution de chaleur." Séguin likewise calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat from the mechanical effect produced by a loss of temperature in steam when expanding, and he thus obtained a number with which the equivalent afterwards calculated by Mayer most closely agrees. "Hence," says Dr. Joule, "it will be seen that a great advance had been made before Mayer wrote his first paper, in 1842. Mayer discourses to the same effect as Séguin, but at greater length, with greater perspicuity, and with more copiousness of illustration. He adopts the same hypothesis as the latter philosopher, that the heat evolved on compressing an elastic fluid is exactly the equivalent of the compressing force, and they thus both arrive at the same equivalent." Dr. Joule then goes on to state that, in his opinion, there were no facts to warrant the hypothesis thus adopted, that the heat evolved by compressing air was the equivalent of the compressing force, or even any thing approaching to it; that the dynamical theory of heat certainly was not established by Séguin and Mayer; that to do this required experiment; and he fearlessly asserts his own right to the position, which has been generally accorded to him by his fellow-physicists, as having been the first to give a decisive proof of the correctness of this theory. In answer to this letter, Dr. Tyndall replies that, in his previous course of morning lectures on heat (which were, however, delivered, according to his own showing, at a time when he was unacquainted with the extent of Mayer's labors), he had done full justice to Joule's investigations, and that, still adhering to the views he there expressed, he gives Joule the honor of being the experimental demonstrator of the equivalence of work and heat. At the same time, he says that he believes that the method of calculation adopted by Mayer for the determination of the mechanical equivalent is correct, and does not need any experimental verification; but he makes no remark whatever respecting Séguin's discovery. He likewise states that his object in the lecture in question was not to give a history

of the dynamical theory, "but simply to place a man of genius, to whom the fates had been singularly unkind, in a position in some measure worthy of him." From the above extracts it is, however, clear that the merit of having first employed this method, whether it be right or wrong, is to be given to Séguin, and not to Mayer. This important point does not seem to be admitted by Dr. Tyndall, as in a subsequent letter to Professor Thomson he gives an extract from an interesting lecture on the mechanical equivalent of heat, delivered by M. Verdet, of Paris, in which the labors of Séguin are but slightly acknowledged;—and Dr. Tyndall then adds: "I should deem it probable that M. Verdet knows as much about the labors of Séguin as you (Thomson) do. He certainly knows more about those of Mayer. But he does not see in the former the annihilation of the latter."

These remarks are certainly beside the question raised by Professors Thomson and Tait, who simply stated the fact, "that even on this point (that of the calculation of the mechanical equivalent) Mayer had been anticipated by Séguin, who, three years before the appearance of Mayer's paper, had obtained and published the same numerical result from the same hypothesis." Dr. Tyndall does, however, in a subsequent communication, come directly to this point by stating that he did not know, nor is he yet aware, that Séguin had anticipated Mayer's discovery.

Professors Thomson and Tait go still further, and, whilst admitting that "Mayer's later papers are extremely remarkable and excessively interesting, and certainly deserve high credit," and "though they are greatly superior to the earliest cosmical speculations of Joule, are certainly subsequent to them in point of publication," give it as their opinion that "Mayer's first paper has no claims to novelty or correctness at all, saving this, that by a lucky chance he got an approximation to a true result from an utterly false analogy."

In order to enable us to judge how far this sweeping assertion is correct, we must investigate somewhat more closely than we have yet done the effects produced by the compression or percussion of bodies. If we examine a rifle-bullet immediately after it has hit the target, we not only observe that it is hot, but

likewise that it is flattened; in this case, supposing that none of the heat produced by the blow were communicated to the target, we should find that the bullet would not be heated as much as it should be if all the mechanical energy were changed into heat. A portion of the energy has been used up in flattening the bullet, in altering the molecular arrangement of the lead, and this is therefore lost as heat; so that, if, from an experiment of this kind, we were to calculate the mechanical equivalent of the heat, we should necessarily obtain a wrong result. The heat which thus disappears is said to be used in doing *internal* work, whilst that which is set free serves to effect *external* work; and whenever we wish to get the real mechanical equivalent for the total heat produced, we must be sure that none of it is swallowed up in thus changing the molecular condition of the body; for, as M. Verdet says, in the lecture above referred to, "C'est donc commettre la plus grave des erreurs que d'établir, comme on l'a fait quelquefois, la relation d'équivalence entre la quantité de chaleur absorbée par un corps et le travail extérieur." Now, in almost every case of the compression of bodies, the amount of internal work which is effected is very considerable; and "Mayer's statements imply the indiscriminate application of the equivalence of heat and external work to all bodies, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, and show no reason for choosing air for the application of the proposed principle to calculation but that, at the time he wrote, air was the only body for which the requisite numerical data were known with any approximation of accuracy." The foregoing remark of Professors Thomson and Tait may be undoubtedly true, and the method adopted by Séguin and Mayer may, therefore, not be scientifically accurate; but still, we must admit that Mayer's first paper certainly constitutes a very remarkable addition to our previous knowledge of the equivalence of the physical forces. Thus, for instance, he distinctly enunciates the mode of experimentation adopted by Joule, by which the mechanical equivalent can be exactly determined. "We must find out," says Mayer, in his paper published in 1842, "how high a certain weight must be raised above the earth's surface, in order that the force developed by its fall shall be equivalent to the heating

of an equal weight of water from 0° to 1° centigrade." If, therefore, Dr. Tyn-dall has not fairly estimated the true claims of Joule, Séguin, and Mayer, as regards the establishment of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we can not help feeling that Professors Thomson and Tait have not done justice to Mayer, as regards his wonderfully clear insight into the dependence of cosmical phenomena upon the mechanical theory of heat.

The paper published by these gentlemen with "a view of correcting the erroneous information on this subject stealing in through the medium of the popular journals," appeared in a periodical termed *Good Words*; and in this paper the authors, having laid down the principles of the theory, proceed to ask, Whence comes the supply of energy which drives our water-wheels and forms our coal? What produces the power which is locked up in a beef-steak or a loaf? These grand questions, as Dr. Tyn-dall remarks, were all answered by Mayer (and, we may add, by Stephenson, Herschel, and others) seventeen years before the appearance of this paper, and yet the authors scarcely mention his name. M. Verdet, on the other hand, acknowledges a portion of Mayer's labors in the following words: "Ces idées, introduites pour la première fois par Jules Robert Mayer, font faire à la physiologie générale un progrès assurément égal au progrès qui est résulté, vers la fin du siècle dernier des découvertes de Lavoisier et de Senebier sur la respiration."

It is, however, well to remember that long before Mayer published his papers on the subject, the dependence of terrestrial energy upon the sun's rays was clearly stated by Sir John Herschel in 1833. The words of this model of a thoroughly educated man of science are so striking that we can not forbear quoting the passage in the *Outlines of Astronomy* referring to this subject:

"The sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth. By their heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. By their vivifying action, vegetables are elaborated from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and of man, and the sources of those great deposits of dynamical

efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapor through the air, and irrigate the land, producing springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature which, by a series of compositions and decompositions, give rise to new products, and originate a transfer of materials. Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological changes consist, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, are entirely due to the abrasion of the wind, rain, and tides, which latter, however, are only in part the effect of solar influence and the alternate action of the seasons."

In thus considering the main points of this discussion, it appears that when Dr. Tyndall delivered his lecture "On Force," in June, 1862, he was unacquainted with Séguin's calculation of the mechanical equivalent, and that he then brought Mayer's claims more exclusively forward than he was justified in doing; it seems also probable that when Professors Thomson and Tait wrote their article in *Good Words* they had not seen Mayer's later papers (which being published separately as pamphlets had only become known to Dr. Tyndall a few months previously), and, therefore, did not then give him the credit to which, as they afterward confess, his labors entitle him.

It is a difficult, and somewhat delicate, though a necessary, task to endeavor justly to mark out to each laborer in the field of science the exact position which he can fairly claim; and in impartially summing up the evidence in the case before us, and remembering that "la science n'a pas de patrie," we find that we must agree with a recent French writer who terms the paper by Dr. Joule, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1850, "the manifesto of the new philosophy of thermo-dynamics;" but we must not, at the same time, forget that the labors of Mayer, Helmholtz, Clausius, Rankine, Hirn, and others, and especially the accurate investigations of William Thomson, have greatly helped to extend and complete our knowledge of the subject.

It is not only the changes of heat into mechanical action, which the theory of thermo-dynamics explains: this theory also furnishes a solution to many of the most complex phenomena in nature. Thus the questions of latent heat, and the heat

of chemical combinations, are rendered intelligible. If we warm a pound of ice having a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, we find that when all the ice is melted the water exhibits no augmentation of temperature, the thermometer still standing at 32°, although heat enough has been added to have heated one pound of water at 32° to 143° Fahrenheit. If, again, we continue to heat the melted ice, the temperature rises until the thermometer stands at 212°, when the water begins to boil. The thermometer now remains stationary, and the water gives off steam of the same temperature until it is all boiled away; and to convert this pound of water at 212° into a pound of steam at the same temperature, 967 times as much heat is required as is needed to raise one pound of water 1° Fahrenheit. Hence the *latent* heat of water is said to be 143°, that of steam 967° Fahrenheit; so named by those who first observed these phenomena, because the heat thus employed to melt the ice or evaporate the water was hidden, and not sensible to the thermometer. The mechanical theory of heat, however, explains what has become of this hidden heat. It declares that the heat thus expended is consumed in doing internal work; it separates the particles of the ice to form water, or of the water to form steam, and it is again given off whenever the water is frozen or the steam condensed. The quantity of heat which is evolved in these changes of state is but very small compared to that set free when the constituent chemical elements of the water undergo combination. Chemists have shown that one pound of hydrogen combines with eight pounds of oxygen to form nine pounds of water, and that in this act of combination heat enough is evolved to raise the temperature of 61,200 pounds of water 1° Fahrenheit. Now, as 772 foot-pounds is the mechanical equivalent for the heat which will raise one pound of water 1° Fahrenheit, we see that the chemical union of oxygen and hydrogen to form nine pounds of water evolves heat enough to raise a weight of more than 47,000,000 pounds one foot high. In passing from the state of steam to that of water, the heat evolved by this same weight of water represents a mechanical force of 6,718,716 foot-pounds, whilst in passing from the liquid to the solid state a mechanical effect is produced equal to 993,564 foot-pounds.

"Thus," says Dr. Tyndall, "our nine pounds of water, in its origin and progress, falls down three great precipices; the first fall is equivalent to the descent of a ton urged by gravity down a precipice 22,230 feet high; the second fall is equal to that of a ton down a precipice 2900 feet high; and the third is equal to the descent of a ton down a precipice 433 feet high. . . . I think I did not overrate matters when I said that the force of gravity, as exerted near the earth, was almost a vanishing quantity, in comparison with these molecular forces; and bear in mind the distances which separate the atoms before combination—distances so small as to be utterly immeasurable: still it is in passing over these distances that the atoms acquire a velocity sufficient to cause them to clash with the tremendous energy indicated in the above numbers."

Passing over Dr. Tyndall's descriptions of his own interesting researches upon radiant heat, together with much important matter concerning the results of investigations of other experimentalists on kindred subjects, forming a store of interest for the perusal of which we must refer the reader to the book itself, we proceed to notice a few of the wider cosmical relations interpreted by the mechanical theory of heat, and treated of by Dr. Tyndall in his last lecture. We have already remarked that the heat of gravitation of the earth (that produced by the earth falling into the sun) would supply the sun with heat for nearly a century; we now learn from the researches of Professor William Thomson that the heat of gravitation of all the planets is equal to that radiated by the sun in 45,589 years, whilst the heat which would be developed by stopping the rotation of all the planets on their axes is equal to that emitted by the sun in 134 years. Helmholtz, in a valuable memoir on the conservation of force, has shown that, if the solar system has ever been a nebulous mass of extreme tenuity, the mechanical force equivalent to the mutual gravitation of the particles of such a mass would be 454 times the quantity of mechanical force which we now possess in our system; $\frac{4}{11}$ ths of the gravitating tendency has been already satisfied and wasted as heat. The $\frac{7}{11}$ th that remains to us would, however, if converted into heat, raise the temperature of a mass of water equal to the sun and planets in weight 28,000,000° centigrade. The heat of the lime light, Dr. Tyndall remarks, is estimated at 2000° C.: of a temperature of 28,000,000° C., we can, therefore, form no conception.

If our entire system were pure coal, by the combustion of the whole of it, only $\frac{1}{3175}$ ths of the above enormous amount of heat would be generated.

"But," to quote the eloquent words of Helmholtz, "though the store of our planetary system is so immense as not to be sensibly diminished by the incessant emission which has gone on during the period of man's history, and though the time which must elapse before a sensible change in the condition of our planetary system can occur is totally incapable of measurement, the inexorable laws of mechanics show that this store, which can only suffer loss and not gain, must finally be exhausted. Shall we terrify ourselves by this thought? Men are apt to measure the greatness of the universe, and the wisdom displayed in it, by the duration and profit which it promises to their own race; but the past history of the earth shows the insignificance of the interval during which man has had his dwelling here. What the museums of Europe show us of the remains of Egypt and Assyria we gaze upon with silent wonder, and despair of being able to carry back our thoughts to a period so remote. Still the human race must have existed and multiplied for ages before the pyramids could have been erected. We estimate the duration of human history at 6000 years; but, vast as this time may appear to us, what is it in comparison with the periods during which the earth bore successive series of rank plants and mighty animals, but no men?—periods during which, in our own neighborhood (Königsberg), the amber tree bloomed, and dropped its costly gum on the earth and in the sea; when in Europe and North America groves of tropical palms flourished, in which gigantic lizards, and after them elephants, whose mighty remains are still buried in the earth, found a home? Different geologists, proceeding from different premises, have sought to estimate the length of the above period, and they set it down from one to nine millions of years. The time during which the earth has generated organic beings is again small, compared with the ages during which the world was a mass of molten rocks. The experiments of Bischof upon Basalt show, that for our globe to cool down from 2000° to 200° C. would require 350 millions of years. And with regard to the period during which the first nebulous masses condensed, so as to form our planetary system, conjecture must entirely cease. The history of man, therefore, is but a minute ripple in the infinite ocean of time. For a much longer period than that during which he has already occupied this world the existence of a state of inorganic nature favorable to man's continuance seems to be secured, so that for ourselves, and for long generations after us, we have nothing to fear. But the same forces of air and water, and of the volcanic interior, which produced former geologic convulsions, and buried one series of living forms after another, still act upon

the earth's crust. They, rather than those distant cosmical changes of which we have spoken, will end the human race, and perhaps compel us to make way for new and more complete forms of life, as the lizard and the mammoth have given way to us and our cotemporaries." —P. 428.

In speaking of the universal character of the sun's actions upon the earth, Dr. Tyndall tells us that, leaving out of account the eruption of volcanoes and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun's rays. He then proceeds:

"His (the sun's) warmth keeps the sea liquid and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are, also, his transmuted strength. . . . He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he glides in the snake. . . . His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting space where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured, in passing from its source through infinitude. Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton." —P. 432.

Grand as are the truths which this peroration is intended to set forth, we can not read them without regret that these somewhat inflated expressions should have been put forward as a complete statement of the facts of the case. If that were Dr. Tyndall's intention, we should object to

the very partial view of nature which he would appear to set before his audience. On hearing words such as those we have quoted, the half-educated scientific enthusiast would be inclined, and so far as these words go entitled, to believe that this influence of the sun's rays explains all terrestrial actions—all life, all nature; that henceforward a complete knowledge of nature would be gained from this transcendent element; that, as the solar ray "forms the muscle and builds the brain," the secrets of life are exhausted, and mental as well as physical action is easily referable to a material standard. Yet, how far is this from really being the true state of things! and how completely would such a thinker be misled! Dr. Tyndall knows this as well as any man, and yet, for the sake of making his point clear, and in order to avoid distracting the attention of his audience from his subject, he, no doubt purposely, omitted to refer to those unknown and unexplored depths met with on every side in the great mine of nature—depths which the glimmering lamp of our present imperfect knowledge only serves to render more apparent. One of the difficulties with which popular scientific lecturers have to contend is that of presenting a subject in such a form as to come home to the audience in its true relations not liable to be misunderstood, and of painting one side of the picture forcibly without losing the harmony of the whole. It would, in our opinion, have been well if Dr. Tyndall had in conclusion reminded his audience that, much as Science can do, it never can explain every thing; that, although the body is built up and sustained by solar power, there are mysteries connected with life toward the explanation of which Science offers no clue whatsoever. If he had only hinted at our complete ignorance of the nature of the silent power which bids the oak spring from the acorn, or builds up from the simplest cell the widely differing forms of animal life, he would have done much to present to his hearers' minds the truer view of Nature's infinitude and man's littleness expressed by Newton in his noble words: "To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the seashore, whilst the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before me."

From the British Quarterly.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

WE have had recently a great variety of works on English History. Not only have different periods of our annals been treated by writers who have made them their special study, but Mr. Charles Knight has produced a work on the entire subject, which, by the extent and accuracy of the information it embodies, the independent spirit which it breathes, the simple yet felicitous style in which it is written, and, above all, by its hearty sympathy with every thing relating to our social progress, well deserves the title it bears of the *Popular History of England*. Happily, too, we have had abridgments, some of them executed with considerable skill, which give the youth in our schools more correct impressions of the men and deeds of the past than we were able to gather, in our own childhood, from Goldsmith; or Mrs. Markham. Among this class we must make honorable mention of the lectures to the Chorley Wood Institute, in which Mr. Longman has, in so admirable a manner, presented to the working-classes of the country a vivid and faithful summary of the leading facts in their country's story. None of these books, however, trench at all upon the province which Dr. Vaughan has marked out for himself. The work which he has now, after years of patient investigation, brought to a successful completion, stands alone. It does not profess to be a history of England, and yet it would be a great mistake to regard it as a mere abridgment. It has a distinct aim; and, so far as the working out of its own purpose is concerned, it is thoroughly complete. The author's design was to trace out the path along which England has advanced to her present freedom and greatness, and he has omitted nothing which seemed necessary to mark this out with clearness and precision.

The necessity for a work of this kind,

so far from having been diminished, has rather been increased by the multitude of recent publications. In consequence of the free access to our national records which has been enjoyed by modern writers, a flood of light has been thrown on many hitherto obscure events and characters in our history. There are, however, comparatively few who are able to go through for themselves, the volumes which enter into all the details of the narrative, while there are many who are anxious to have a condensed but accurate view of the result. This Dr. Vaughan has given with great fidelity, and his work is rendered all the more valuable by the fact that he has himself consulted the original documents, and presents us with the independent conclusions of one thoroughly familiar with historic investigations, and in not a few instances corrects the one-sided and partial representations of his predecessors in this department of labor.

It has been our misfortune that our histories have, for the most part, been written under the influence of strong party prejudice. Even our best recent authors furnish few exceptions to this rule. Brilliant, fascinating, and eloquent as are Lord Macaulay's volumes, they are unhappily disfigured by this stain. They are simply the Whig history of the period. It is hardly possible for any reader, while perusing them, to resist the spell which the great enchanter throws over him; but calmer reflection will suggest that the keen point of the striking antithesis must sometimes have been secured by indifference to strict accuracy; that the historian's own feelings must have given not a little of that strong coloring which imparts vividness and force to his portraits; and that, though a painter more scrupulous might not have produced such striking effects, his pictures would at least have had the merit of greater fidelity. His volumes can never cease to be read, but they would have had all the wider and more permanent influence, if he had

* *Revolutions in English History*. By the Rev. R. VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. III. *Revolutions in Government*.

not claimed a monopoly of all the virtues for his Whig favorites, and had recognized the fact that even Toryism might sometimes be found in association with grandeur of intellect, nobility of heart, and earnest, patriotic sentiment.

Froude affords a still more notable example of these faults. Despite the careful diligence with which he has conducted his inquiries, the number of new and important facts which he has brought to the elucidation of the subject, and the freshness and beauty of his style, his work is rendered to a large extent worthless as a contribution to historical literature, in consequence of his determination to glorify a particular hero, and the facility with which, under the bias of this feeling, he has accepted as unquestionable the very evidence which required to be most closely sifted. The singular escapade into which he was betrayed by his rashness and overweening reliance on all ancient documents will, it is to be hoped, operate as a salutary warning. It is to his credit that he has modified, and to a large extent retracted, the statements relative to Queen Elizabeth, which he had published so prematurely in *Fraser's Magazine*. But even this candor can not wholly save him from the discredit attaching to conduct so little consonant with the calm and sober impartiality of a philosophic historian. We have no doubt of Mr. Froude's anxiety to do justice, but unfortunately his prepossessions are strong. Poor Anne Boleyn is one of the most illustrious victims sacrificed to his determination to elevate Henry VIII. into a hero, and in his judgment of Elizabeth we think we can detect some traces of the feelings which inspired the portrait of her ill-fated mother.

A tendency to indulge strong sectional sympathies and antipathies is one of our national failings. We entrench ourselves in our own little camps, into which we admit few strangers, and from which we rarely make excursions ourselves. Intimate social intercourse between men of different religious and political opinions is comparatively rare, and the result is, that we fall into the most absurd mistakes, and indulge in the most uncharitable notions relative to each other. It is a misfortune when those who ought to guide and mould public opinion, instead of correcting, minister to these narrow feelings. It is to Dr. Vaughan's credit that he has escaped the taint of this spirit. He has

no where, indeed, sought to conceal his own decided opinions on matters of Church and State, but he has labored to do full justice to those who hold contrary views. That he has not wholly failed in this effort is evident from the approval which has been already accorded to this volume by journals that do not look upon Dissent with any favor. Dr. Vaughan, strong Dissenter as he is, never forgets that he is also an Englishman, and he has a tribute of admiration for any man who has faithfully served his country. Even those whose policy he regards as mistaken, are judged with that discriminating candor which only belongs to one who is capable of appreciating the variety of influences by which men's characters and opinions are shaped, and who therefore strives to manifest, in his estimate of others, that charity which he would desire to have exercised toward himself.

The last volume of this work is devoted to a review of that great revolution which extended over the whole period of the Stuart rule in England, and whose result has been to give breadth and stability to our national liberties. With the ground which the narrative covers Dr. Vaughan has long been familiar, and has won deserved reputation by the ability with which he has before labored in its cultivation. He has always cherished a sincere veneration for the noble men to whose sacrifices and toils England is so largely indebted, and the warmth of his feelings has not been chilled by the advance of years. He does not offer them the incense of a foolish flattery, or talk of them as though, in virtue of their illustrious qualities, they were exempted from the laws by which ordinary mortals are bound; he can see in them errors and weaknesses which serve to qualify the praise to which they are fairly entitled; he seeks to discriminate between the success which may fairly be attributed to their own sagacity and that which was the result of favorable circumstances; but he never forgets the difficulties of the crisis through which they had to pass, or the eminence of the service which at great personal cost they rendered to their country. His work can hardly fail to inspire the hearts of the young with generous and healthful sympathy with those great principles which lie at the foundation of all that is strong and noble in our national character, and to awaken an affection-

ate respect for the men in whose lives they were most conspicuously illustrated. By giving the rising generation a fuller understanding of the cost at which our liberties were secured, it will teach them to value more highly our precious national heritage, and inspire them with that jealous dread of all tendencies towards despotic encroachments which forms the best guarantee for the perpetuation of those inestimable privileges which are at once the glory and the defense of our country.

Little could any one who knew the state of English feeling at the death of Queen Elizabeth have supposed that, in less than half a century, an English monarch, in the legitimate line of succession, would see the standard of revolt urged against him by a large proportion of his people; that the combined power of the throne, the church, and the nobility, would be unable to stem the torrent of popular fury; that the king's army would be overthrown, his liberty lost, and finally his life sacrificed; and that a republic, with an humble country squire at its head, would not only be established on the ruins of the ancient English monarchy, but would conduct the national affairs in such a way as to command the respect of the proudest potentates of Europe. The ease with which the Restoration was subsequently accomplished, and the blindness with which all parties threw themselves into the arms of the returning king, and became the dupes of his craft and falsehood, can only serve to increase the wonder which this revolutionary outburst excites. Loyalty is one of the deepest feelings of the English heart, and never was it stronger than at the death of Queen Elizabeth. The Tudors certainly had not very humble notions of the royal prerogative, and were not much disposed to tolerate any popular encroachments. Many of their proceedings were not a little arbitrary, and their religious policy in particular was tyrannical and persecuting; yet it can not be denied that Elizabeth and, though in an inferior degree, Henry VIII. were popular sovereigns. Even the Puritans, who more than any other of her subjects had just reason to complain of the Virgin Queen, ever manifested toward her a devoted attachment, which was the most emphatic rebuke of her cruel policy. The fact was, she understood the genius of the English people, and though determined to maintain her own power, she, and even her

father, had what Dr. Vaughan calls an "instinctive good sense," that enabled them to understand that there were boundaries which they could not safely pass. Elizabeth, too, felt that her interests were identical with those of her people, and that to throw herself into the cause of Protestantism was the only course compatible with her own safety. As Englishmen, the Puritans could not but admire the bravery with which she bore herself in the presence of the dangers by which she was confronted, and the ability with which she maintained the honor of their country; while, as lovers of Protestant truth, they honored her as the hope of all their oppressed fellow-religionists and the dread of the Popish faction throughout Europe. Very truly has Dr. Vaughan said: "In the eyes of the Englishman this whole English land was represented in the king, and in him its whole people were supposed to be impersonated. 'My king' was an expression charged with that loving and proud loyalty which had flowed on with our life's blood through centuries." Never was this sentiment stronger than at the time when James I. ascended the throne, and by his deportment succeeded in changing the whole current of feeling, and in paving the way for the misfortunes of his more unhappy but not more despotic son.

Some writer has produced a book on "things that might have been." Perhaps there are few of us who do not at some time or other indulge in such speculations; and, in some such mood, we have ourselves sometimes wondered as to what might have been the course of English story, had Elizabeth been succeeded by a prince inheriting her spirit and abilities; as fond of power, and yet as capable of using it with discretion; as able to enlist the sympathies of the people, and yet as determined to deprive them of any real influence in the state—in short, with both the capacity and the will to become an enlightened despot. The Commons had not yet so far learned their own strength, nor, indeed, did their rights rest on so settled a basis that they could have interposed an effectual opposition to a wisely concerted scheme for the establishment of absolute power. A monarch who had boldly assumed his position as the head of the Protestant party in Europe, and inspired the confidence of his people by his wisdom and gallantry, might, as it ap-

pears now, have succeeded in masking his designs against popular liberty, and have so consolidated the power of the throne as to make it all but absolute. Happily English liberty was spared this danger. Disastrous as the reign of James seemed to be to the cause of true freedom, and evil as its influence unquestionably was on Continental Protestantism, still we, enjoying the advantage of a retrospective view, can not but feel that in its issue its very weakness was made subservient to the best interests of the nation, and that thus out of man's evil God's providence found means of good.

Dr. Vaughan is therefore, in our view, perfectly right when he lays great stress on the influence which the character of James I. had upon our revolution, and very truly says, "that that deepest tragedy in our seventeenth century came from the character of James hardly less than from that of Charles, and from the reign of the sire fully as much as from that of the son." A remarkable conjuncture of circumstances caused the accession of the first Stuart to be acceptable to the most opposite classes of his subjects. The Romanists hailed with favor the son of the royal martyr to their faith; the Puritans, on the contrary, rested their hopes on his Presbyterian education. Both parties were prepared to accept him, if not with enthusiasm, at least with loyal trust; and had he shown any tact in the management of men, there can be no reasonable doubt that he might have held a strong and peaceful scepter over a people more united than they had been for half a century previous. Even the Scottish descent did not at first interfere with his popularity. The facility with which the high-spirited English people accepted a monarch from their old Scotch rivals was, indeed, something remarkable, and was a proof of their love of order and respect for hereditary right. Tired of unsettlement, and rejoicing in the prospect of an undisputed succession to the throne, they were content to pass over the unpleasant fact of their monarch's Scottish birth. It was not till the first flush of his popularity had faded away, and they began to discern the real meanness of their prince, that this obvious topic of national reproach came much into notice. Then, but not till then, did they use this as well as every other ground of attack on which they could fix. The popular ballads of the day contain many

amusing proofs of the way in which, after the people had learnt to despise a king who preferred dishonor to peace, and degraded himself by fawning on the wretched minions whom he had selected as the objects of his favor, made merry with the poverty of his fellow-countrymen, and the way they had enriched themselves by their migration to England. One specimen may serve to entertain our readers, and to indicate the spirit which had been aroused in the country.

"Bonny Scot, we all witness can,
That England hath made thee a gentleman.

"Thy blue bonnet when thou came hither
Could scarce keep out wind and weather;
But now it has turned to a hat and feather,
Thy bonnet is blown the devil knows whither.

"Thy shoes on thy feet, when thou camest
from plow,
Were made of the hide of an old Scot's cow;
But now they are turned to a rare Spanish
leather,
And decked with roses altogether.

"Thy sword at thy side was a great black blade,
With a great basket hilt of iron made;
But now a long rapier doth hang by his side,
And huffingly doth this bonny Scot ride.

Bonny Scot we all witness can,
That England hath made thee a gentleman."

There can be little doubt that the covert reference of this satire was to the king himself, and it is a significant indication of the disrespect into which he had fallen with numbers of his subjects. For this he had no one but himself to thank. He sought to clothe the monarch with greater majesty and power, but he only succeeded in exposing himself and his office to universal contempt. With the most exalted notions as to the divinity which should hedge a king around, his whole appearance, deportment, and conduct were marked by a meanness sufficient to destroy every sentiment of reverence. The first requisite for an English monarch, if he would have the respect of his subjects, is that he should be a gentleman; and this was just what James was not. He had not a spark of gentlemanly feeling in his heart, or a trace of gentlemanly bearing in his conduct. It would be difficult, indeed, to find any thing in the man to awaken confidence or excite affection, still more any thing in the sovereign to entitle him to the reverence of his subjects. His much-vaunted learning displayed itself in

a pedantry that would have been ludicrous in a village school-master in the Highlands; and this British Solomon was so unable to turn his wisdom to any practical purpose, that he only earned by it the epithet bestowed by Henri Quatre—the wisest fool in Europe. When he attempted to assume a dignity proper to his office, the contrast between the loftiness of his pretensions and the absurdity of his appearance was such as only to provoke laughter; while the low, coarse, and roystering familiarity which marked his more condescending moods could only excite the disgust of all sober-minded people. His love of peace—a quality so rare in monarchs—was with him simply the result of cowardice, not the dictate of a wise and far-seeing policy; and its effect was to throw away all the influence which England had gained by the heroic defense of her liberties and the wise conduct of her policy by Elizabeth and the sagacious statesmen who surrounded her throne. The portrait of this meanest of kings is well sketched by Dr. Vaughan.

“In families, moral as well as physical qualities are often hereditary. In the princes of the house of Stuart we see little of the sober, Gothic honesty of the lowland Scot; much of the vanity, unsteadiness, and insincerity natural to the Italian and Gallic stock from which they came. In James, tendencies of the latter description were always observable. His physical nature, indeed, was so peculiar, as to baffle conjecture in regard to the probable origin of its characteristics. His flesh was remarkably soft. His legs were so weak that he did not so much walk as amble. His eyes rolled in a singular manner, as if involuntary, and seemed prompted at times by curiosity or timidity to follow the stranger who had last come within his sight. His tongue was too large for his mouth, affecting his speech, and becoming disagreeably evident in his eating and drinking. His wardrobe was neglected and rarely changed. To put on the clean in the place of the not clean was irksome to him. His high conceptions in regard to the authority that should be accounted as inherent in a king had been rudely checked in Scotland. But he looked to England as to the country of bishops, of nobles, and of a people who knew how to defer to sovereign power. It was the promised land in which his fondest hopes of regal greatness were to be realized. Much soon happened to reveal the error of such anticipations. But the king was not to be convinced. Resistance to his will was always regarded as factious—as the perpetration of wrong, and of wrong verging upon treason and impiety. He would gladly have substituted an imperial despotism based on the civil law, in

the place of the system of liberty based on the English constitution. Had he possessed the power, he was fully satisfied that the right so to do was inseparable from his office. At the same time, in the intellectual and in the moral character of the king, there was almost everything that could tend to give to such pretensions the appearance of a grotesque absurdity. James often evinced a kind of shrewdness in his observations on men and affairs. But his capacity was narrow; and though he was obstinate in his prejudices, from a radical weakness of nature, he could never be relied upon when circumstances happened to become opposed to his inclinations. His speeches present a strange mixture of sense and nonsense; of self-assertion and self-contradiction; of wisdom culled from books, and of follies bubbling up from his own mind. It is remarkable that of all his favorite schemes, and he had many, there was no one which he did not live to see a failure—those concerning which he had been the most sanguine, proving in the end the most hopeless. Thus the union of the two kingdoms; the suppression of English Puritanism; the reconciliation of his Catholic subjects to his sway in England; the extension of Protestantism over Ireland, and of Episcopacy in Scotland; his hope of a marriage alliance with Spain; and his endeavor to establish certain arbitrary maxims of government, in the place of acknowledging the rights demanded by his subjects—all these matters lay near the heart of this monarch, all were zealously prosecuted by him, and all were failures. In truth, judged by his conduct, James should never have presumed to meddle with the affairs of a great nation. His days should have been passed in private life. His pedantry, his vanity, and his want of courage, were all his own—no king in English history had ever betrayed infirmities of that nature in any such measure. It was not only true that all his apparent virtues suffered from the contagion of their neighboring vices, but those virtues could not be trusted from one day, or even from one hour, to another.”—Pp. 13-15.

It is no wonder that a monarch of this character should undermine the respect in which the throne had been held, and so prepare the way for the revolution of which his successor was the victim. He sowed the wind, and Charles reaped the whirlwind. The shameless and indecent fondness displayed toward Carr and Villiers; the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, and James's mysterious behavior in regard to the instigators of the foul deed; the judicial murder of Sir Walter Raleigh, dictated by the king's hatred of his independent spirit, and servile readiness to pander to the hated Spaniard; the desertion of the Elector Palatine in the great crisis of his fortunes; the disgraceful intrigues of Buckingham in con-

nection with the proposed Spanish marriage; and the singularly unrighteous and cruel conduct pursued toward the Puritans—all combined to excite the discontent of the people, and to bring the sovereign and his courtiers into contempt. In vain did Oxford preach the doctrine of passive obedience; in vain did James, by his proclamation, "interdict all preachers from attempting 'to declare, limit, or set bounds to, the prerogative, power, or jurisdiction of princes,'" and seek to enforce his arbitrary notions by deeds as arbitrary and unconstitutional; in vain were the private papers of Peacham used as evidence against him, and the aged clergyman, on the ground of certain words disrespectful to loyalty, found in *ms.* in his study, tortured on the rack, condemned as a traitor, and left to rot in prison; in vain were the bold words of Oliver St. John punished by imprisonment and fine, Coke's maintenance of the authority of the law visited with expulsion from his high judicial office, and the work of the Star Chamber carried on with a resolute disregard of the spirit and forms of the constitution. All these measures could neither subdue the free spirit of the people, nor even repress that license in the discussion of public affairs which was so peculiarly offensive to the court. It was the king himself who was the greatest traitor to royalty and the realm, and who did more for the overthrow of his own prerogative than any of its most determined opponents. Had there been any redeeming qualities, either in his domestic or foreign policy, to serve as a counterpoise to its many points of weakness, the results would not have been so disastrous. A brilliant administration abroad would have atoned, in the eyes of his subjects, even for some of the oppressions under which they groaned at home, and the nation would have taken little note of the boisterous and disgusting excesses which disgraced the court, if the position of England, as the champion of Protestantism and freedom, had been maintained with vigor and success. On the other hand, the people might have condoned the errors of a foreign policy, deemed too timid and conciliatory, if it had been pursued with the view of giving them time to consolidate their strength and develop their industrial and commercial resources. What they could not pardon was, that their king, who made

himself and them a laughing-stock for all Europe, should arrogate an authority never granted to their most beloved and powerful rulers; that he should abandon his own son-in-law, and so bring disgrace on himself and ruin to the Protestant cause on the continent, and that not from a magnanimous resolve to subordinate private feelings and domestic interests to the real welfare of the country, but solely from a craven dread of war, and a secret reluctance to aid the cause which had excited so powerfully the enthusiasm of the great majority of his subjects; that he should practice a paltry economy, not that he might spare his people from the burden of an oppressive taxation, but that he might have the more to waste upon himself and his favorites; that, in short, England should lose all the prestige acquired by the conduct of Elizabeth, to gratify a prince who made his court the scene of the most obscene and debasing orgies, and who united in himself all the attributes that were fitted to alienate the trust and affection of a high-spirited race, whose feelings of proud independence were greatly strengthened by the recollection of the heroic way in which they had so recently defied and overcome the power of the haughtiest monarch of Europe, at the very time when he deemed himself, and the world in general regarded him as, invincible.

Dr. Vaughan has traced the operation of these causes with great minuteness; and we are satisfied that most readers will rise from a perusal of the chapter devoted to the subject with a truer appreciation of the real significance of the reign of the first Stuart, in its bearing on subsequent events, than they ever had before. Our space does not permit us to follow him into more detail; but we can not leave this part of our subject without a passing reference to James's ecclesiastical policy. His early education in Presbyterianism seems only to have inspired him with a dread of the system and its influence which was perfectly childish. One of the principles which he had grasped, and to which he adhered with the unreasoning obstinacy so natural to minds of his order, was the close interdependence of the monarchy and the episcopate. "No bishop, no king," was his constant cry. Despite his parade of theological learning, his religious convictions, if we are to judge by their practi-

cal result, must have been of the loosest character. On one occasion the Duke of Buckingham thought to please him by an impious parody on the ordinance of baptism, in which a pig was dressed up as a child; and one of the duke's household, "dressed like a bishop in his satin gown, lawn sleeves, and other pontifical ornaments," was beginning to read the service, when "the squeaking noise of the brute that he most abhorred" attracted the king's attention. Whether it was, as Wilson tells us in his life of the king, from his displeasure at such "ungodly mirth, as likely to increase, and not cure his melancholy," or, what is more probable, from his well-known antipathy to the pig, that James stopped the ceremony, we can not tell; but the fact that Buckingham deemed it probable that such a blasphemous representation would be palatable, is itself an indication of the monarch's religious character. But whether he was a good Christian or not, he was certainly a warm partisan of the prelates. His devotion to episcopacy, like that of some other royal devotees of the Anglican Church, was purely political, and, unfortunately for him, the bishops themselves were not in such good repute as to be able to render him any material service. A remark by Sir Anthony Weldon, when describing the infamous proceedings relative to the divorce of the Earl of Essex from his abandoned countess, shows the esteem in which the prelates were held by others besides their Puritan opponents. "The bishops," he says, "must be principal actors (*as I know not in what bad action they would not be lookers on.*") Such a hint may show us the estimate which was formed of these divines by men who were not disposed to judge them too severely, and may indicate how little prospect royalty had of receiving any effectual support from its ecclesiastical coadjutors in the great struggle which was then impending.

In the second chapter of the volume, headed, "The Crisis and the Law," Dr. Vaughan notes the successive stages of the conflict prior to the period when the great questions at issue between the king and the parliament were referred to the arbitrament of the sword. "James I.," says Dr. Vaughan, "would have suppressed Puritanism, and counseled his son to hold no parley with it." Charles received this counsel with becoming def-

erence, and it was certainly from no lack of will on his part that his father's intentions against the hated sect were not carried into practical execution. With hearty good-will did he set himself to the task of crushing Puritanism, little suspecting that Puritanism would crush him. The account which Dr. Vaughan gives of this new power which was so soon to accomplish such extraordinary results, is marked by extreme discrimination. The weak points of Puritanism are not concealed. It is frankly admitted that the design of its leaders was to make the National Church "a church according to the Puritans, and not a church according to the bishops or according to any council of the state;" and that in this they deserved to be resisted, as in truth they were, by the independents, who, with their broader views, did not, when claiming liberty of conscience, mean only to insist on such liberty for themselves. But whatever abatement may be made for this cardinal defect, the Puritans deserve credit for the noble manliness with which they insisted on the supreme authority of Scripture and the rights of the individual conscience, on which both king and prelates were prepared so ruthlessly to trample. That they were inconsistent in the application of their own principles, that many of their views were extremely narrow, and that the spirit which they manifested was exclusive to the verge of intolerance, were the faults of their age and position. That they arrested the advance of royal and priestly tyranny, and raised a manly protest on behalf of that liberty which even they themselves but imperfectly understood, was to their individual honor. "The Erastian dogma of the Tudors, and the theocratic dogma of the Stuarts, did much toward putting the conscience of the state and of the priest into the place of the private conscience. Puritanism was a revolt against all this; not always wise, not always consistent, but a revolt." For the boldness which inspired them thus to rebel against every form of usurped authority in spiritual things, and for the heroism with which, up to the light that was in them, they served the cause of truth and liberty, they deserve to be remembered with affectionate reverence; nor can we suffer their eccentricities or inconsistencies to have the weight of a feather when placed in the scale against their many virtues and their noble deeds.

The old commendation bestowed by the old Roman poet on the man who first dared to trust a fragile bark to the treacherous waves applies with tenfold force to them. They were entering on a new and hitherto well-nigh untrodden path; they were setting at defiance all the authority to which men had been accustomed to bow; they were daring a contest whose ultimate issues for themselves and for others they could not at all forecast. It is easy now to point out their errors and discuss their faults, but at least it becomes us, in doing so, to estimate the influences which went to the formation of their character and opinions, to remember the tremendous odds which they did not fear to encounter, and to honor them for the spirit which forbade them, in the darkest hour, to despair of the triumph of truth or the ultimate destiny of their country. "With all their imperfections, these Puritans were the men employed by Providence to save the liberties of England; and it should not be a pleasant thing to Englishmen to be told that they owe this vast debt to men who should be classed either with knaves or fools."

That they were in many cases open to the charge of spiritual pride must be admitted; but Dr. Vaughan very justly repudiates the accusation of hypocrisy which has been so freely advanced against them, and shows that the lavish use of Scripture words and phrases, which to us savors so much of cant, was not so unnatural at the time when the English Bible was a comparative novelty, and among a people who received it with the affectionate faith cherished toward it by the Puritans. To undertake the defense of every individual in the party, and assert that it numbered no hypocrites in its ranks, would be as Quixotic on the one hand as it is unjust, on the other, to calumniate an entire party for the sins of individuals, or to suppose that Puritanism, had it been the mere canting hypocritical thing which some modern writers have described it, could ever have become the mighty force which it proved itself to be in this nation. Its achievements are themselves the proof that it was a living reality, sometimes exaggerated by fanatics, sometimes parodied by fools, and not infrequently assumed as a mask by hypocrites and intriguers, but felt to be a grand truth by many noble-hearted men whom it roused to deeds of daring courage

and generous self-sacrifice. Dr. Vaughan has shown great skill and care in elaborating this description of this religious movement, and has brought out certain features of its character with a distinctness that may serve to dispel many erroneous conceptions, and to contribute to the formation of juster views on the subject. Thus in relation to the position it assumed with regard to Arminianism, he says with great force:

"To many readers of English history it may seem strange that the Puritans in the time of Charles I. should have shown so much repugnance to the Arminian theology. In the discussions in Parliament this court divinity is denounced with almost as much emphasis as Romanism itself. But it must be remembered that the doctrine known to us as Calvinism had been, in substance, the doctrine of the Reformation. As compared with Arminianism, this doctrine was understood to make religion begin with the grace of God—not with action from man. Piety, accordingly, was regarded as being more certainly a divine life in the case of the Calvinist than in the case of the Arminian. As opposed to Romanism, and as opposed to external authority of all things below the divine, the religion of the devout Calvinist was the most self-sustained and independent form of religion imaginable. It was a kind of personal inspiration against which kingly power and sacerdotal power spent their force in vain. It feared none of those things. In regard to religion, the King of the Calvinists may be said to have been especially in heaven, and his priest, too, was there. But it was not supposed to be exactly thus with the Arminian. In that theology more place was given, in all respects, to human agency, and on that account it proved more manageable in sacerdotal hands, and won especial favor from the Jesuits. With the Puritans the fact of its finding patronage in such quarters was enough to associate it with suspicions of all kinds. In truth, they never thought of Arminianism simply as Arminianism. In their view it was a covert used by Arians, Socinians, and Papists, and tended necessarily toward error in those forms. The doctrinal Puritans, as they were called, were men whose protest had respect mainly to such tenets. They were men who must be Calvinists, avowedly such."—Pp. 180, 181.

Very clearly does Dr. Vaughan indicate the difference between the Puritan and the Modern Nonconformist:

"The reader must not forget that the Puritans under James and Charles were in a position differing considerably from that of the modern Nonconformist. They were of the National Church, both ministers and laity. There was much in the existing ecclesiastical system which they would have reformed. But their

parish churches were their religious home. They had been baptized within those walls. There they had been married. There they had buried their dead. There they expected, in their turn, to sleep their own long sleep. Their ministers were all University men. Their laity embraced persons of all ranks. In that age Puritan and Orthodox were terms denoting parties who differed from each other in thought and sympathies, but who were of the same social status. The fact that English Puritanism embraced not only the strong feeling of the middle and the lower classes, but much of the intelligence and culture of the classes above them, contributed to make it the power it became in our history."—P. 133.

A remarkable example of the tenacity with which Englishmen cling to old party badges and distinctions, and of the power exerted over us by mere names, is found in the way in which the evangelical clergy of to-day have taken up the defense of Charles I. in his struggle against Puritanism. He was the defender of the church, and therefore they range themselves on his side, although the very principles which they profess are those which the Puritans taught, and against which all the power of the court was directed. In the attitude which they assumed toward Popery, in their recognition of the Bible alone as an infallible rule of faith, in their opposition to the Romanist elements remaining in the Liturgy, in the importance which they assigned to preaching, and their jealousy of an excessive ritualism, in their strongly Calvinistic creed, and in their general ideas as to the requirements of the Christian life, the evangelical clergy are in close sympathy with the doctrinal Puritans of the seventeenth century. Even their differences on the points of church-government are not so great as might at first sight appear; for it would not have been difficult to have reconciled the English Presbyterians of the earlier period to a moderate episcopacy; and we doubt whether our own evangelicals would have been very easy under the sway of the class of prelates whom Charles I. delighted to honor. Nothing indeed is more certain than that evangelical opinions would have found no home in that church of which their living exponents are such warm champions, and would have met only the bitterest opposition from the monarch whom they mourn as a martyred saint, whose death on the scaffold was the penalty of his fidelity to their cause.

One of the earliest complaints of the House of Commons was dictated by that fear of Romanism which the Puritans did not entertain with more sincerity, and certainly with greater cause, than the Evangelicals of our own time. The disposition shown by Charles to treat its professors with a leniency which contrasted very suspiciously with the severity displayed toward the Puritans, the perils to which the nation had been exposed during the marriage negotiations with Spain, and the escape from that danger only to encounter another in the importation of a large number of priests, Jesuits, and Capuchin friars, in the train of the queen, had all tended to excite their apprehensions of the growth of Popery in the country, and with it the establishment of arbitrary power. Hence one of the earliest steps of Charles's first parliament was to censure Dr. Montague, a violent preacher of the time, who, according to the parliamentary record, "in his book much discountenances God's word, disgraces lectures and lecturers, and preaching itself, nay, even reading the Bible; and says that never a saint-seeming, Bible-bearing hypocritical Puritan, was a better patriot than himself." Very evangelical doctrines and practices were these which this man, a seventeenth-century Puseyite, denounced. Yet he was a preacher regarded with favor by the court, and afterward rewarded with a miter; and these were the notions which would have overrun England, perhaps ended in handing her over to the tender mercies of the Papacy, but for the gallant, and, happily, successful resistance which the Puritans made to these retrograde movements.

We must not dwell on the proceedings of the first portion of the reign, when successive parliaments were called, only to be dissolved as soon as it became apparent that the slight change in the *personnel* had not effected any improvement in the temper of the Commons; when Buckingham governed with a recklessness that daily rendered the cause of his party more desperate; when the expedition to Rochelle and the quarrel with Bristol disgraced the government and strengthened the hands of their opponents; and when the madness of the king and his favorite were preparing the storm which was so soon to burst with such fury. But before passing on, we will give Dr. Vaughan's review of the position of affairs

at the time when Sir John Eliot's manly denunciation of the king's ministers led to the premature dissolution of the third parliament. The Petition of Right had nominally conceded some of the points in dispute between the king and his subjects; but the conduct of the monarch in regard to it had been such as to take away much of its value, and, worst of all, to destroy that confidence which ought to be cherished toward a prince by his people. Still, there were some who would now have refrained from any further steps, and were inclined to view the proceedings of Sir John Eliot as needlessly violent. On this Dr. Vaughan remarks:

"The reader must bear in mind the language in which Charles spoke, once and again, concerning the divine right and the irresponsible power inherent in his kingly office; the distinct and emphatic terms in which he had declared all the privileges of Parliament to be a matter of royal sufferance; the manner in which he

had manifested these arbitrary tendencies by attempting to control the discussions of the House, and the conduct of the Speaker; the vacillation and weakness of judgment which he had betrayed on so many occasions; and the ease with which he could descend to any measure of duplicity in the most solemn transactions with his subjects. The reluctance, moreover, with which the least concession had been made; the vengeance which had fallen on men who had become obnoxious by their popular policy; and the eagerness with which pardon and promotions had been conferred on the men who had made themselves so conspicuous by their servile teaching—all tended to strengthen the unfavorable impression produced by so many other circumstances. The Commons of 1629 were too wise not to see that it became them to insist upon the securities against the action of power in such hands, which it might not have been reasonable to have demanded from a sovereign of another character and of other principles. This is the Nemesis which never fails to follow on the track of wrong and falsehood."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. M'Clean, in his annual address, took a brief review of the progress of the kingdom—contrasting the year 1815, when steam-engines had been in use forty years, with 1856, the end of another period of forty years. In the former, the whole annual income derived from quarries, mines, iron-works, and other property, was £1,452,104; in the latter, it was £18,087,963—an increase of 1200 per cent. This great increase is shown to be in great part due to the introduction and extension of railways, which, besides affording means of transport, offer a safe means of investment, and thereby promote habits of saving and increase of capital. After all the losses and disasters occasioned by railway speculation, "a reproductive profit has been assured on a capital of nearly £400,000,000." The land occupied by railways in the United Kingdom is, so states Mr. M'Clean, under

200,000 acres, including stations and appurtenances. The land under agriculture is forty million acres, and yet the railways pay, in property and income tax, nearly as great an amount as is paid by the whole of the farmers of Great Britain.

On the question of coal, it appears that the public may dismiss the misgivings aroused a few months ago by a speech at Newcastle, for, although the quantity raised from the mines is about one hundred million tons in the year, by the labor of some three hundred thousand men, we can not do better, according to Mr. M'Clean, than continue to dig, burn, and export at the same, or even a greater rate. He points out that Sir Roderick Murchison's assertion that coal exists under the lower New Red Sandstone and the Permian formations, is a sufficient reason why we should not begin to be parsimonious in our consumption of coal. Accepting Sir Roderick's assertion as indisputable, it

opens to us a coal-region, at an enormous depth, which comprises more than one half of the entire area of Great Britain; hence, it may be argued that we have inexhaustible coal-mines waiting to be worked. As regards the great depth, and the theory of central heat, Mr. M'Clean shows that they are not insurmountable difficulties. "I am of opinion," he says, "that the heat which undoubtedly exists in some mines, arises not from central heat, but from superincumbent pressure and defective ventilation." Mechanical science will invent means of driving cool air down, whatever the depth, so that misgivings "need not in any way influence our conduct in the development and use of that important mineral—coal; especially as the power (which is the substitute for labor) derived from coal is so cheap that we are enabled to consume daily, for our domestic comforts, for machinery in the conversion of minerals, for other manufacturing processes, and for export, a power equal to twelve million horses, at a cost, at the mine, of not more than one penny per horse-power, working ten hours a day, and no saving in consumption of this enormous quantity of coal can be made, except by employing more expensive labor as a substitute."

Next in importance to coal comes ironstone, of which 7,586,956 tons were dug in 1862, and converted into nearly four million tons of pig-iron. And in that same year, the value of the coal and iron, in various forms, exported amounted to nearly £25,000,000. These amounts are really amazing; and we may derive from them the fullest assurance of the satisfactory progress of our country, so long as wisdom and justice preside over her councils. We remark here in passing, that, as shown by the Board of Trade returns, recently published, the total value of exports of British manufactured goods, in 1863, was £146,489,768—being nearly twenty millions and a half more than in 1862.

A paper by Mr. W. Fairbairn, read before the Royal Society, will perhaps inspire timid railway passengers with confidence, inasmuch as it treats of wrought-iron girders, and the effects produced in them by long-continued changes of load, by vibration, and by impact or blows. The importance of this subject will be recognized by all who take note of the large use at present made of

wrought-iron girders in the building of bridges. Londoners, who are promised trains to run every five minutes across the Thames, have a special interest in a question concerning the strength of their bridges. Any one who wishes for an experiment, has only to stand on Charing Cross Bridge during the passage of two or three trains, to satisfy himself that the amount of vibration is great, and to infer that it can not be long continued with impunity. Well, Mr. Fairbairn states, as the result of his experiments, made with the utmost care, and under various circumstances, that "wrought-iron girders of ordinary construction are not safe when submitted to violent disturbances, equivalent to one third the weight that would break them. They, however, exhibit wonderful tenacity when subjected to the same treatment, with one fourth the load; assuming, therefore, that an iron girder bridge will bear with this load (one fourth) 12,000,000 changes without injury, it is clear that it would require 328 years, at the rate of 100 changes per day, before its security was affected." But, by an increase of the load to one-third, the same bridge would be ruined in *eight* years only. Let engineers and railway directors look to it, and never load bridges with more than one-fourth of the breaking weight. We may then hope that before 328 years are over, posterity will have discovered some further means of safety.

Among lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, two may be cited as remarkable, namely, Mr. Froude's and Dr. Frankland's. Mr. Froude, who is widely known as an able historian, lectured on the Science of History, apparently to prove that there can be no such thing as a science of history, because of the impossibility of educing the laws of human motives and actions, as in physical science the laws of natural phenomena are educued by observation, and that which will be can be predicted from what has been. "Whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred," said the lecturer in his peroration: "be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us—this only we may foretell with confidence—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain—

that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science can not fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny."

Dr. Frankland's lecture was on the Glacial Epoch, that period in the earth's history so often referred to by geologists, when ice, in one form or another, covered so large a part of the surface. As the audience had been surprised, on a former occasion, by being told that there never had been such a thing as boiling water, so were they surprised when Dr. Frankland gave forth, as the argument of his lecture, that "the sole cause of the phenomena of the glacial epoch was a higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present." It sounds like a paradox to say, the hotter the sea, the more ice will there be on the land; but hear the new theory propounded by Dr. Frankland: Nature's apparatus for producing ice on a great scale are, an evaporator, a condenser, and a receiver. An ocean at a high temperature is a grand evaporator; the dry air of the upper regions of the atmosphere into which the warm vapor ascends, is the condenser; the mountains, which were probably one fourth higher in the glacial epoch than now, are the receivers. The evaporation from the ocean being enormous, there was a constant precipitation of condensed vapor on the mountains, where it froze and accumulated in the form of ice, crept down the sides of the mountains, and overspread the whole of the land; and these overwhelming masses of ice it was which left their traces on rocks, along the sides of valleys, and transported huge bowlders from far distant regions, and furnished for scientific students some of the most remarkable of geological phenomena. As the earth cooled more and more, the evaporation from the sea diminished, and in proportion as supply failed on the receivers, the ice and snow disappeared from the valleys and lowlands, and the present state of things prevailed. The cooling process is still going on, and when it has fallen to a certain amount, stupendous cracks and rents will take place in the granite which constitutes so large a portion of the shell or crust of our globe, and the pleasant and fruitful earth on which we live will become even as the moon; such, Dr. Frankland says, is the fate in store for us. He believes that the

moon has gone completely through her cooling, and that the ocean which once flowed over its surface has been entirely swallowed by the cracks occasioned by the cooling. The gulfs formed by the cracks he calculates as fourteen and a half million cubic miles in capacity—room enough and to spare for the unfortunate moon's ocean, supposing the quantity of water to have been the same in proportion as that on our earth. It is a melancholy prospect; but Mr. Frankland says: "If such be the present condition of the moon, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that a liquid ocean can only exist upon the surface of a planet so long as the latter retains a high internal temperature. The moon, then, becomes to us a prophetic picture of the ultimate fate which awaits our earth, when, deprived of an external ocean, and of all but an annual rotation upon its axis, it shall revolve round the sun an arid and lifeless wilderness—one hemisphere exposed to the perpetual glare of a cloudless sun, the other shrouded in eternal night."

To enable our readers to apprehend Dr. Frankland's argument the better, we give the leading points. 1. The effects of the glacial epoch were felt over the entire globe. 2. It (the glacial epoch) occurred at a geologically recent period. 3. It was preceded by a period of indefinite duration, in which glacial action was either altogether wanting, or was at least comparatively insignificant. 4. During its continuance, atmospheric precipitation was much greater, and the height of the snow-line considerably less than at present. 5. It was followed by a period extending to the present time, when glacial action became again insignificant.

The Russians are working in real earnest at their telegraph from St. Petersburg to Pekin. The line now extends as far as Irkoutsk—a distance of 5750 versts (about 5000 miles) from St. Petersburg. The first message between the two places was flashed on December 21, in eight and a half hours. The time by post would be twenty four days. While Russia is thus active in the north and east, we are busy in the south and east; and as the vessels with the lengths of cable on board have arrived in the Persian Gulf, we may hope soon to hear that Karachi is connected with the telegraphic line already established as far as Bagdad. London will then be able to communicate with Calcutta.

We believe it has not yet been perfectly ascertained at what rate signals may be transmitted through very long distances; but for short distances, Mr. Wheatstone's *automatic telegraph* appears to be the most rapid yet invented. This instrument is largely used in the telegraphic communications of the metropolis; and satisfactory proof has been obtained that between places not further apart than London and Dover, it will transmit six hundred letters in a minute, and by a single wire. This would seem to be quick enough, for there are not many persons who can read more than six hundred letters in a minute. This is so gratifying a result that every one must hope that the experiments about to be made at greater distances—hundreds of miles—will prove equally successful.

There are some persons who take a despondent view of the public health and the progress of population; fancying that the one is deteriorated by the growth of civilization, and the other diminished by emigration. Let them be reassured by a few sanitary facts. When Mr. Edwin Chadwick, about twenty years ago, raised the question of sanitary reform, and persisted in keeping it before the public until steps were taken to carry out measures for drainage, sewage, water-supply, and other essential works, he asserted that by adoption of the proposed improvements, a diminution of one third in the number of deaths in a town or district might be

confidently looked for. It seemed a bold prediction, but it has been more than verified; for in all the towns which have accepted and accomplished sanitary reform, the diminution in the number of deaths is one half. In other words, instead of thirty deaths in every 1000 of the population the number is now not more than fifteen, and in some instances even less than fifteen. Many of our readers will be able to identify for themselves the towns in which these satisfactory results have been obtained. There is no doubt about the matter, for it is as clearly demonstrated by comparison of a drained section of a town with the undrained part, as by town with town. Macclesfield, where the works are not yet completed, is a case in point. Hence we see that if sanitary reform were carried out over the whole kingdom, there would be a saving of one half in the rate of mortality to be added to the usual increase of population by births, which at the next census, in 1871, would tell with striking effect in the tables of increase. With a gain so large as this, emigration need not be dreaded, nor, plague and pestilence apart, should fears be entertained as to the sanitary amelioration of the country at large. Though undrained and ill-watered towns are still numerous, there is a growing tendency toward improvement, which can not fail to be recognized in all future records of the population of the realm.

From the London Eclectic.

PROBLEMS IN HUMAN NATURE.*

It is a very comforting discovery, perhaps more so now than ever, to find any one taking a virtuously moderate view of human nature. We say, *virtuously* moderate, because the moderation of too many has consisted rather in the doctrine that we ought not to expect men to be very

good (as Gibbon takes pains to show us in the case of statesmen), than in the acknowledgment that most men *are* not very good. We have here a writer who neither thinks that every one is utterly bad, nor that, after all, sin is only a negative kind of goodness.

The author of *Problems in Human Nature* is already known to the reading public; and we think that those who remember any of her books will be glad to

* *Problems in Human Nature*. By the author of "Morning Clouds," "The Afternoon of Life," "The Romance of a Dull Life," etc. Longmans. 1868.

hear of another from the same pen. They will find the same breadth, the same simplicity, and the same quiet earnestness in this latest, and, perhaps, best.

The book is written on the principle that, as we have been told that God made man in his own image, and have not been told that man was created anew after the fall, it is probable that some trace of that image may still remain; the more so as we have good authority for believing that even those pagan nations who were before Christ came, had some law of God written on their hearts, something that excused or accused them, all along; to whom, as in greater measure to the Hebrews, God sent wise men, and prophets, and preachers of righteousness.

The book is divided into three parts, in the form of essays. The first (on "The Source of Vanity") is founded on these two thoughts: that vanity of some kind or other is so universal as to seem a radical part of human character; and that (in accordance with the principle already referred to) therefore it can hardly be intrinsically wrong. Careful observations have led the author to believe that vanity may be traced to a desire to "take effect" on others; and that most human thoughts, and words, and actions have this end. This may remind some of Hobbes' love-of-power theory; but it is really as different from, and as superior to it, as the general tone of our philosophy differs from, and is superior to, that of the seventeenth century. We have here the truth which Hobbes turned into a lie. Our author sees that the passive side of this "desire to take effect" balances the active—that "there is in human nature an almost equally strong delight in being impressed." We agree with the author, that the latter is often a higher delight than the former—chiefly so, we think, to the loftiest class of minds. The highest delight of all is found in the combination of the active and passive impression. What words move us like those which the speaker is saying to himself, while he seems, perhaps, to say them only to us? And the songs which stir the depths of our passion are those which the poet first sang to himself, and then let the world in to hear. Words, however fine, uttered from "happy seats above the thunder," and exciting no emotion in the speaker's heart, fall dead on our ears. And, as the author observes, a discovered attempt upon our

feelings always rouses indignation. We feel ourselves wronged, deprived by another's vanity or coldness of a great delight; and, as we must have excitement, we obtain it from the blame we bestow. The speaker has indeed produced an effect on us, but not of the sort he intended. How willingly we yield ourselves to be moved by one who is himself moved, who has forgotten himself in his subject, and so can make us forget ourselves too! "Seeking not yours but you," not your excited feelings, your astonished admiration; not that *we* should give so much as that *you* should receive; this is the secret of power. When we allow our love of taking effect to overstep our truthfulness, and respect for others, the natural desire is fast merging into vanity, properly so-called, into self-exhibition; and the broken law, as always, becomes its own avenger. Here, as every where, self-seeking is self-losing.

Such a view of human nature as this has a twofold excellence—it agrees with fact and reason, and it is practically useful. How much better it would be if, instead of teaching that every thing human is bad in itself, and that to be good one must get as far away as possible from nature and humanity, we would believe and teach that only God can create, and that what he has created must be good if we will let it; if we would believe that here, too, *we can only conquer nature by obeying her*. We can not dry up the mighty river of human passion; and if we could, we should be worse off than ever—not more like God, but only less like man—but we can, by God's grace, turn the waters back into their true channel.

The coolness of the affection grown-up relations often feel for one another is here explained much more reasonably, and in a way much less dishonorable to human nature, than the base motive by which it is usually accounted for. Members of the same family are cast too much in the same mould to *suffice* each other. Positive electricity seeks to combine itself with negative. We do not want our friends to be merely modified repetitions of ourselves, though most friendships have a broad common basis. The strongest races are those which receive the greatest infusion of new blood; and mind obeys in this instance the same law as matter. Brothers and sisters are all in all to each other for the first few years of their lives, but they forget that their capacity for love grows

with the growth of their other powers, and sometimes expect the same share of the same kind of love at thirty years old as was given at ten; forgetting that "natural affection" does not imply friendship. When relations are also friends, their elder love is deeper and steadier than the unreasoning love of their childhood. But when brothers or sisters are aggrieved that any one else should be preferred to them, and put the chance tie of blood (strong and sacred as that tie is) before the bond of mutual fitness and love, independent of habit, endless jealousies are kindled. Jealousy is said to prove love—it may do so—it certainly weakens it, and as certainly shows its wantingness in love's strongest pillar—trust. If we loved a little more, we should not be jealous. Indeed, jealousy is only a polite word for the most subtle selfishness. If we believe our friends are as good as we say, how dare we wish to keep all their love for ourselves? Is it that we fear they are, after all, not loving enough to love many people? And if love is the virtue of virtues, how can true love show itself by seeking to circumscribe our friends' exercise of it? Do we grudge them their lovingness? Or can we venture to deprive others of some share of the love which blesses us?

The second essay (on "The Decline of Sentiment") takes a still wider range. Enumerating the many causes which unite to make this the least romantic of all ages, hardly excepting the dreary Georgian period, which, with all its unsublimity, had sentiment enough, true or false, the author touches on education, and justly laments that the present system cultivates the head so much more carefully than the heart. Indeed, judging from the means employed, and very especially from the manner of their employment, one could almost imagine that the express end of education was to do away with the feelings as much as possible. We shorten our children's infancy by every method in our power. There is no room for the development of original character—we put our own upon them, and ruthlessly expect them to act up to a standard of perfection which they neither can nor ought to comprehend. Entirely reversing the favorite maxim of great physicians, that artificial means should be only *aids to nature*, we carefully thwart nature at every turn. Like many others of our in-

stitutions, our education is rather negative than positive. And we are in great danger of thinking that he who knows a great many things is well educated; whereas, unless the mind itself be greater than its knowledge, it had better have known less. We often meet with people who know plenty of facts, but do not seem to know (how far higher a knowledge!) what to do with them, and flounder helplessly in the harness they have not proved. The chief end of education is to teach people how to learn, and how to use what they may learn. It is a "drawing out" of undeveloped powers. As the gymnast does not give his pupils more limbs and muscles, but only teaches them to use to the best advantage those they already possess, so the mental instructor only exercises and improves already existing powers. But we will not trust nature—we pull our buds open too soon, and drag them out into the full daylight, while they still need twilight. We fill the tender little minds with hard, grown-up ideas, till there is very little room left for the original self. We are properly shocked to hear how the Red Indians strap their babies' heads between two boards to give them a fashionable shape; but we think nothing of cramping the impressible minds of our babies in our stiff, neatly-defined opinions, which we hold because most people hold them too. And we are so hasty, that, before the little wondering eyes can see any thing clearly for themselves, we show them, through our spectacles, as many things in heaven and earth as we see ourselves, with the plain intimation that there is nothing else worth looking at, and no other way of looking. We expose the weak points of every thing lest our children should "expect too much from the world;" we check vehemence of every kind, lest they should ever be carried away by their feelings; we dread "fancifulness," and, above all, the least approach to superstition (which we have learnt to confound with reverence), far more than cold-heartedness and successful selfishness. We force the intellect and starve the emotions. In confirmation of this, we need only appeal to ordinary conversation. Who dares to show enthusiasm in any cause? or, rather, who really cares enough about any thing to feel it? The miserable remarks with which people try to praise or blame must occur to every one's memory. Which of

us, who has been deeply moved by music, or poetry, or painting, has not winced under easy commendations of what we loved far too well for praise? But people may be found who would patronize Shakspeare, and think him their debtor—and what wonder, when their education has, from first to last, fostered irreverence and shallowness of thought and feeling?

We are soon disenchanting now—even the children are too well instructed to think any thing mysterious. It is painful to see the old look—the look of premature enlightenment on so many little faces. Few children are childlike now. They have no time for day-dreams, and if they had, every knowable mystery was explained, and made look insignificant enough, and all the sweet fruits of wonder nipped in the bud.

And with all our dread of superstition, and love of that very unpractical thing, “practicalness,” we have no dread whatever of excitement; we have even a new word, or an old word in a new sense, which from a noun becomes an adjective, to describe startling things withal; and “sensation” novels, and plays, and sermons interest the enlightened generation, which will not believe (if it can help it) what it can not understand. We have religion made funny, and knowledge made easy, and every thing made quite comprehensible. Our zeal against ignorance would be praiseworthy, if we did not know the wise ignorance from the foolish, for there is doubtless also a time to be ignorant. They who have never been ignorant can only be wise at second-hand; and a little wisdom that one earns one’s self is better than a great deal merely borrowed.

It is possible to be superstitiously afraid of superstition. Our love of excitement, and carelessness whether it be a wholesome excitement or not, weakens the whole mind, keeping it constantly on the strain, and deadening its sense of enjoyment by unnaturally stimulating it. As our author well says: “Too much excitement in play is nearly as injurious as too much toil in study. You may laugh at the suggestion, but, believe me, had the little girl been allowed to attach herself to the ugliest wooden shape ever hugged in *your* childhood, had you not ruined her constancy by such a succession of gay rivals, you would be better loved by her yourself in after years. While you plied those

little hands with new playthings, you were doing all you could to paralyze the sentiment of wonder—the source of keenest pleasure, and the inseparable associate of genius; for the young, who have not enough rest from new impressions, can not enjoy that quietness of mind which is as necessary to the intellect as sleep is to the body, and are never so long at a pause as to be able to feel with vivacity the delightful thrill of surprise.”—Pp. 51–2.

It is too true that the sense of wonder languishes, and with it reverence. We are all excellent critics, but, unfortunately, not in the native sense of the word—not good discerners—only keen blamers, and ingenious dissectors. We have well-nigh lost the trick of praising—we “admire” sometimes; but modern “admiration” is by no means the sentiment which the ancients understood by the expression. We never for a moment forget the flaws in our diamonds, and we are careful to point them out to prove our acuteness. We are very much afraid of praising too highly. We are content to *like* people and things; and when we do now and then see some illustrious result of love, we are puzzled by it, and account for it by any reason but the simple one of love. We are so anxious not to believe too much (especially if it is beautiful), that we explain away, with infinite pains, any unusual excellence in either the living or the dead. It is miserable to see the shifts we put ourselves to, to explain the generous deeds we read of; we say it was policy or fear, or love of admiration, but we find no difficulty at all in receiving verbatim any tale of wickedness, however unaccountable. We carry this into private life, and are very careful not to love beyond measure. The way in which some people talk of their friends is enough to drive an enthusiastic young spirit to despair. “I used to like” is a too common speech.

But these remarks were only made for the sake of the following quotation on the subject:

“Having felt the discrepancy of human desire, and the fullest attainment of what is hoped for, we are ready to smile assent when Emerson likens all human ambition to the kitten’s pursuit of its own tail; it is our own *notion* of things, and not that which they really are, that we pant after so eagerly. ‘The dust of the earth’ we stamp with the impression of our own

wishes before we make it an idol; and now and then the disquieting thought flashes through the mind, that *all* we seek for here so ardently is but as the tip of the kitten's tail—the extreme point of our own imaginations; apart from imagination worthless, or no where existing in reality. 'Then comes the check, the change, the fall,' and from these the unspeakable *ennui* and life-weariness that is so deplorably common; for it is in a *decisiveness of feeling* even more than in a determinate line of action, that the heart finds the best earthly element of peace, and cruelly does it suffer if shaken even for an hour in its allegiance to the old objects of affection. But we are so shaken, we know now that we are liable with fantastic admiration to overrate the merit of our dearest friend. Alas! some of us may know it from our own bitter experience; and looking at another person with a bundle of letters, hoarded as the most precious treasure, our ghastly trick of dissecting joy at once brings to mind some cold maxim with regard to the short-lived value of those relics. Involuntarily we think how commonplace and dull those letters would seem to any but a friend under the spell of love! 'What is *thy* beloved,' we might be tempted to say, 'more than any other beloved?' whose letters have been grasped with eager longing, read and re-read, wetted it may be, with tears of joy or grief—and then?—laid by, not read, not so much loved, and on some grim day, when relentless reason held a session on such prisoners, coldly eyed, looked at with a bitter pain from an enlarged wisdom, and tossed into the stifling fire with all the precipitance of self-contempt. 'What is *thy* beloved?' Ours were inconceivably lovable, till we left off loving."—Pp. 64-5.

We do not think that the "Decline of Sentiment" in average minds (for love is not dead and out of the world, though few love illustriously) is much, if at all, to be wondered at, if we consider that the long-protracted excitement which began with the War of Independence, and continued, with little abatement, till the 18th of June, 1815; and was soon again re-awakened by a series of discoveries and inventions that has no parallel since the fifteenth century, and hardly then.

The terrible and perilous exhaustion which followed the peace of Paris gave place to a restless energy, a quickening

of the wheels of life, such as had not been since the world began. Steam and electricity are fit emblems of their own effects on the whole tenor of life. For once the sensation unmistakably resembles the cause. "Killing time" will soon be an obsolete expression. The wear and tear of life now—the efforts we *must* make, so strong is the stream we are sailing down, to overtake time, are so absorbing that all the strength which formerly enriched the emotional and contemplative side of human nature is needed for *that*; and even supposing (which does not seem the fact) that the emotions and the intellect have preserved a constant relation to each other, there would be no chance of equal manifestations of sentiment. It is only those of larger and wider natures than ordinary that can now afford so to spend their energies.

But though our author deeply feels the over-hurry of life, and the exhausting demand on every part of our nature, speaking thus of it: "I sometimes fancy that the rush from the provinces to London causes so much stimulus to imagination and feeling that both succumb, unequal to the demand made upon both. London, with its almost miraculous activities, is enough to overwork the most vivid feelings. Would you pity? The heart faints under the load of misery—misery both manifest and obscure—in the near neighborhood of its luxurious home. Would you admire? What ever-growing astonishments of man's achieving are here, continually surpassing all that was previously known." Though she feels and speaks thus, she is no foolish calumniator of our "wondrous mother-age." She looks back, indeed, with a tenderness not unmingled with regret, on the childhood of man; but there is not a trace of that narrowness which hates new things because they are new. There is not a single unfair sentence in the book—no slight praise; for how few of us can be very earnest, and yet quite just! But we do think that she hardly appreciates our own times as they deserve. Will not this century show nobly in the eyes of future generations, if this frame of things last long enough, as, in spite of prophetic calculations, seems not unlikely? Surely all men should love their own age best, as the time in which *they* are called to do God's will; and we, especially, on whom the days of awakening and refreshing are

come. We have lost ease, it is true, and we do not yet quite know what to do with the manifold new and increased forces we have, by God's grace, made ours; but doubtless our restlessness, greater, probably, than any of any other age, will lead at last to a better rest than the rest of ignorance and soul-slothfulness we had before—a better rest, if not for ourselves, at least for those who will come after us. It is harder to live (comfortably) now than it was in the last century; but who would go back to that time? And even the noblest of past ages would, if we could try them for ourselves, seem quite as faulty as ours seem to us now. There is a natural tendency to lament former times; it may be a beautiful and reverent feeling, which makes us love the present all the better for loving the past so well; or it may be only a fair-seeming treachery to the age, which, like our native country, we ought to love best, whether we do or no. It is possible to inquire "Why the old times were better than the new?" till we miss the good in both.

Our author, in tracing the "Decline of Sentiment" through all the passions, makes one signal exception, remarking thereon so wisely, that we should like to quote the passage entire, but for its length. The exception is, of course, the benevolence which springs from pity. This has so strengthened of late, that it sometimes threatens to absorb the whole nature, and so to end by overreaching itself; for we were made no more to be the creatures of one passion than of one idea. But it is upon another aspect of this question that our author seems to us so peculiarly admirable. While thankfully recognizing the great and blessed work so many are now helping in, she suggests a fear lest the very largeness of our charity should virtually narrow it—lest the contemplation of "the Field of the World" should make us careless of the single ears we may glean here and there. We are warned not to forget the part while looking at the whole, nor to undervalue those small opportunities of doing good which all who seek may find, because our utmost efforts are but as a drop in the ocean. We must often remind ourselves that the world is made up of units. No doubt the newly-awakened interest in, and realization of, *humanity*, is a great cause of the "Decline of Sentiment" among us;

we have no feelings left for any thing else. Those who live in large towns have enough to do to keep any sensibility at all alive. We are very much in danger of getting used to the misery we see so often. "The world" can not any longer be a vague sound to us. We have all seen something, and heard more, of its sin and misery, and we know that the worst we know is better than the whole truth. The newspapers are chiefly records of crime, public or private. A week in the streets of London is more wearying to the heart than refreshing to the body. And we know that every instance of degradation and suffering we see is but one of ten thousand others that we do not see. A sort of spiritual paralysis comes over us in thinking of these things. Hope is the "anchor of our souls;" but how hardly can one keep hopeful in London! Sometimes, indeed, the very depth of our despair drives us to hope. We must hope or die. We know that behind our wealthy thoroughfares and stately squares are dens where children, who might have been like those we shelter so tenderly, are taught to lie and steal more carefully than we teach our dear little ones the holiest truths. Long acquaintance with such things as these deadens the sympathies too often, till those who began by driving away the uncomfortable thoughts suggested by an importunate beggar, end by reading of a nation's death-struggle with no more emotion than they would read an advertisement—in self-defense they have shut up their hearts. It is not the noblest way—in the end not even the happiest; but those who only half enjoy their good things, for thinking of their brethren who have need, will perceive much excuse for it, and chiefly pity, knowing that, as our author says, if the "sufferings which accompany want of feeling could be known to any one, who, with a warmer temperament, was ready to blame severely the hardness of a cold heart, censure would be hushed by the most profound pity." She quotes, in illustration, Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of the man who had no feeling—that story whose words fall like slowly-gathering snow in a December twilight.

But our space warns us to leave the rest of this essay (which needs neither praise nor explanation of ours), and briefly to notice the last article, on "Disappointment in the Religious World." It begins

by noticing the dearth of epic poetry, from which we so contentedly suffer. Many reasons for this are excellently set forth, at too great length for quotation, but which may be briefly summed up in this, that in the nineteenth century "all the world are falcons," or think they are, and so eagles are less run after than formerly.

Of course, the same causes which have led to the undue predominance of the intellect over the emotions, operate here. Man was constituted for action and passion, but the tendency now is to divorce action from passion, in the vain hope of giving the former greater liberty. Another reason for the modern neglect of epic poetry may be found in the many vents for every impulse and feeling in a book-making age. The hero-worship which produced an epic when concentrated in a single mind, is now disburdened in the hundreds of memoirs of little-great people, which crowd our libraries and advertising columns. We venture to think that our author overlooks the fact that epic poetry, worthy the name, has been rare in every age—none has produced more than two or three. Nor are we utterly destitute even of an epic: not to mention our earliest national story, told at last, and in the spirit, if not quite in the form of an epic, we have *Aurora Leigh*, which may surely be called a domestic epic. We do not agree with our author in calling this last "a failure." We imagine that those who speak thus would be puzzled to tell what difference of treatment would have made it a success; and we think, too, that such cavilers often take just that disproportionate view of things that Romney Leigh took before he knew better.

If it be replied that the subject, being impossible, should never have been attempted at all, we must deny that conclusion also, conceiving it to be the particular business of poets to lead such "forlorn hopes" in all ages; for by a poet we understand, not one who can elegantly discourse of things that nobody thought of before, but one who feels and can say what other men feel but can not say.

Perceiving a connection between this declining interest in individuals, and the tendency to generalize which is taking its place, and the not always truly stated duty of "renouncing" the world, the author proceeds to the immediate subject of the

essay. Her protest against the unnaturalness of too much of both our theory and practice in religion can hardly be overrated. When religion is so often represented as a mysterious engrafture on life and character, and as *by nature* entirely repugnant to man, when it is talked of as though it were an isolated principle, whose operation is chiefly restrictive, instead of as the natural basis of all true character and all true love, it is pleasant to find such sentences as these:

"A neglect or contempt of this transient existence is quite as ungodlike as it is inhuman."

"Can it be the will of God that the perfecting of earthly things should be set aside in anticipation of the heavenly, or because this beautiful world is transitory, compared to the world to come, are we to renounce all delight in it as a deceitful snare?"

"It seems to be impossible that, when human nature is already so marred with sin, we should render it a more acceptable offering to the Maker by perverting its blameless instincts, and crushing its natural powers. How can desolation and ruin be pleasing in his sight?"—Pp. 108-9.

How indeed? It is considered pious by a large class of good people, to say that "there is nothing worth living for in this world;" that all its pleasures are empty, and its beauty unreal. We even complain in our prayers of the "vileness" of those bodies which God has been pleased to give us, and of the unfitness for immortal souls of that life he has appointed for us here. Yet we think we believe in a God who is "Maker of all things, visible and invisible," though we are thus attributing the works of his hands to the devil. And yet no one of us can live this life, all unworthy of us as it is, even according to our own thoughts of perfection. But it can not be that a world where God's will may be done is too humble an arena for immortal energies; and the world which he has made, and the life, so rich in possible joys, and still more blessed sorrows, may possess more realities than we imagine, if we will condescend to look for them.

There are many other points which we might notice. The book is full of innumerable suggestions; but more than enough has been said to show the kind of book we have here. The whole tenor of this third essay tends to show that religion

should possess all our nature, and not excite one part into morbid action while it cripples the rest. It should be a positive principle, not a mere code of restrictions. Let us not forge Christ's liberty into fetters for our souls. One chief source of our religious mistake is our inveterate belief that we can somehow or other save ourselves, or, at least, have a share in our salvation. This persuasion has been hunted through all religions, but in each successive one it comes to life again; its deadly wound is healed again and again, and we are caught by it unawares. We are fond of saying that the Church of Rome teaches justification by works—a charge only true in part: we teach justification by faith, and remove Christ away from us into the heavens by our Protestant doctrinal mediators, as far as ever Romanists can by the Virgin and the Saints. Christ, not faith, is the Redeemer of the world. Our favorite Protestant doctrine is fast becoming that very heresy we left the communion of Rome to escape from. Its consequences may be seen in the tone of our religious memoirs; and especially in the private diaries often so shamelessly exposed in them. These consequences are a morbid self-observation, as far removed from humble self-distrust as can well be, and a perpetual restlessness and uncertainty. We are always talking and singing about the coldness of our love to God; always afraid we do not feel enough, believe enough, to be Christians. If we would but leave off considering ourselves, and turn to Christ instead; if we would think most that Christ loves us, we should find his love a surer foundation than ours. Until then we shall always be trying to bribe God with artificial feelings, exactly as our Roman Catholic ancestors bribed him with penances and good works. Then we shall not need the false humility, which consists in not knowing its own mind, and which gains a reputation far more than ordinary piety, by saying it is not sure that it loves God at all. There is much talk now of apostolic precedent; we have no example of such uncertain affection there—even St. Peter dared to say he loved, without the least appearance of modern misgivings—and, unless the love we owe to God differ entirely from the love we owe to man, it is probable, from analogy, that if we do not know, upon consideration, whether we love God, we do indeed not love him much.

It must have struck most reflecting persons, that the religion very often set forth in sermons, and religious (particularly, in devotional) works, will not do for such a world as this. It is founded on the merest *idolum rostri*, the theological idea of a wicked world, very different from this actual world of spiritual and physical wickedness. Who has not felt the tremendous inadequacy and inconsequence of much religious talk? We ask for bread, and receive what was once a living truth, but is now only a dead doctrine. To those who have felt this, this book will be like the opening of a window to one shut in a musty room. Life is here looked at by eyes which "desire the truth," by one who has *felt* the things she speaks of. She has also learnt that most difficult art—how to blame with discriminating justice. She can understand how people came to believe the absurdities and commit the sins which only astonish dabblers in human life, and she freely recognizes the every-day violated law, that no one who can not thus transport himself to another's point of view, and *seeing how he sees*, perceive the origin of his error, has any right to judge the wrong-doer. The author is not of those who begin a fierce condemnation by confessing that they do not understand the thing they are going to condemn. A singular conscientiousness marks every page of the book; and the author is evidently afraid of being too partial to her own views—a sufficiently uncommon fear. There is no prejudice, no one-sidedness, no inferring what may be from what is. Truth is looked for through a singularly undistorted medium. Full allowance is made for all; and there is a wonderful avoidance of extremes. The folly of teaching that it does not matter what a man believes, is as much shunned as the worse folly of teaching that pure deeds are worthless, unless the doer hold the right creed. It is a wise book, sober and self-restrained, but not passionless; there is, here and there, a sudden and noiseless overflow of emotion, like the sudden rise and fall of waters in a spring. Nor is humor wanting—a delicate half-smile gleams now and then through the graver moods. More than enough has been said of the matter of these essays—it is not easy to characterize their manner. Perhaps *transparent* is the best word to qualify both the thoughts and the style,

though the latter would be still better described as no style at all. The three essays, amidst all their difference, are bound together by a unity of purpose, like that which holds the three parts of a sonata. The length of this review is a proof of the suggestiveness of the book. We earnestly recommend all persons considering what they shall read next, to discover for themselves whether we have praised it too highly, assuring those who (commendably) dread "dry" books, that this one will interest them a great deal more than the very dry light literature they try to think interesting.

From the London Quarterly.

T H E · D A N I S H D U C H I E S .

[Concluded from page 94.]

THE Danish government set to work in good earnest to establish a moderate constitutional system for the whole monarchy. They imagined such a measure, if carried out with fairness and equity, would be the truest pledge that they could give of their intention to fulfill loyally the agreements of 1851-52. But they very soon found that this was very far from being the intention of their late antagonists. In 1853, before the new arrangements had been elaborated, the Holstein Estates, acting under German guidance, voted the following remarkable proposition :

"That a beneficial coëxistence of all parts of the State could not be obtained except by the reëstablishment of an *absolute government* with only consultative assemblies [that is, assemblies that might give advice, but could not enforce it] in all parts of the monarchy."

This curious resolution threw a glare of light on many obscure parts of the correspondence. Those hints about not showing "an exclusive preference" to the institutions that had been recently granted to the kingdom of Denmark, were no idle phrases. They were in reality meant to suggest that the King of Denmark should follow the example of so many German sovereigns, and take back, under shelter of the reaction, the concessions which he had granted professedly of his own free will. The Committee of the German diet betrayed, even so late as January in the year 1858, the feelings which actuated the German governments in this matter,

and the light in which they looked upon the parliamentary liberties of Denmark :

"That state of things [the parliamentary government of Denmark] which dates from a recent period, involves a limitation of the liberty of action of the Royal Ducal Government, scarcely reconcilable with the principles of the confederation."

Such were the motives which actuated the German governments, and to which the puppets whom they moved in Holstein steadily conformed. If the King of Denmark would have yielded to their counsels; if he would have broken his kingly word, as others had done before him; and if he would have taken back the constitution he had granted to the Danes—it is probable that for many a long year we should never have heard of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty again. But his nature revolted from the ignoble part which it was proposed to him to play, and he paid the penalty which usually awaits those who aspire to an exceptional morality. The proposal of the Holstein Estates was rejected. A constitutional system was granted to the whole monarchy, upon the same plan as that which was afterward applied by the Austrian government to their heterogeneous empire. Deliberative assemblies in each of the duchies, and in the kingdom, were entrusted with the management of the local affairs* of each ;

* For Lauenburg, Dec. 20th, 1853; for Sleswig, Feb. 15th, 1854; for Holstein, June 11th, 1854.

and the affairs which were common to the whole monarchy, a common parliament was elected to conduct.*

From this point Holstein, and the German diet at its back, went into furious opposition. In point of liberty, the new charters were a great boon; for the duchies, though they had possessed merely consultative assemblies for twenty years, had never before had a real voice in the conduct of their own affairs. It was a change, in fact, from the government by a sort of elective privy council, to government by a parliament. At the same time the new constitution was eminently calculated to give consistency and stability to the Danish monarchy. But these two excellences did not tend to recommend it to Germany. An increase of liberty was in no way what the German governments of that date desired; and any augmentation of the strength of Denmark, while it was not particularly pleasing to the governments, was a sheer abomination to the democratic and "national" party. Agreed, therefore, in nothing else, these two bodies were entirely at one in their hatred of the constitution of October, 1855, and no doubt their unwonted concord infused unusual vigor into the operations. The diet, surprised to find itself popular, displayed an agility quite foreign to its ordinary movements, and a vigor and union which it had never been able to compass upon any other subject before. The popular party, delighted to find that there was one item of their programme upon which their governments allowed them to speak and write to their hearts' content, made full use of a liberty to which they were perfect strangers. Just as Poland and Madagascar occupy a startling prominence in the French papers, in consequence of a prohibition that shuts them off from the discussion of home politics, so Schleswig-Holstein became the standing topic of every journalist or lecturer who desired to vent his feelings in political discussion, without coming into an unpleasant collision with the police. The result was, that an organized and systematic opposition was commenced against the Danish government. Sometimes it worked through the Holstein chambers; sometimes the diet was its instrument; and whatever was the official mouthpiece employed by the assailants, the informal

hostilities carried on by German newspapers and associations never flagged. The result of their ten years' labor may be seen in the two embittered and irreconcilable nationalities that confront each other now on the banks of the Eyder.

The merely technical pretences under which Germany masked its harassing warfare during the eight years that followed, do not need to be described at any length. They were disguises which served their purpose at the time. They belong now to one of the driest chapters of a dead history. The Holsteiners began the war against the new constitution by certain objections of form having reference to the manner of its promulgation. It was taken up by Prussia and Austria, in a correspondence, and dispatches were exchanged without result for about twelve months. The chief complaint was, that a sufficient influence over the common affairs of the monarchy was not given to the special assembly of Holstein. At last, after many fruitless proposals for an accommodation had been made by Denmark, Austria and Prussia invoked the interference of the diet. The diet took the matter up and denounced the constitution, on the ground that each of the duchies had not an equal voice in the common parliament with Denmark. The Danish government interpreted the promise of treating them all equally as binding it to give them the same measure of power. They were allowed to send members to the rigsråd in direct proportion to their population. Germany demanded that all considerations of population should be disregarded, and that each of the three duchies should have an equal number of votes. In other words, Lauenburg, with a population of 50,000, and Denmark with a population thirty times as large, were to possess equal power in deciding upon the common affairs of the monarchy—upon peace or war, armament or disarmament, taxation or retrenchment. Such a demand was clearly inadmissible, unless the Danish majority was prepared submissively to give itself over to German government. In the meantime, the diet insisted peremptorily upon the revocation of the constitution, so far as federal territory was concerned. Denmark resisted; a long and angry altercation followed; execution was threatened; and at last, under the pressure of the great powers who interfered to avert the danger of war, Denmark

* Oct. 2d, 1855.

consented to give way. On the 6th November, 1858, the constitution of 1855, so far only as Holstein and Lauenburg, the two German duchies, were concerned, was formally revoked.

Possibly, Denmark imagined, that with this concession, Germany would be satisfied; and at first at least this seemed likely to be the case. The diet professed to receive the announcement of it "only with satisfaction." But, unluckily for her, just about this time a change came over the spirit of the chief German sovereigns. The present King of Prussia succeeded as regent to his brother; and at first took into his councils politicians of a more liberal shade than those who had hitherto ruled. Their liberality did not indeed extend to according freedom to their own countrymen. It found a safer expression in giving full rein to the national party in their enterprise against the independence of Denmark. Ministers who wish to be supported by a liberal party, when their own views are in fact of the opposite hue, very commonly adopt the compromise of handing over foreign affairs to the liberals, and adhering in home affairs to their own convictions. Such was the policy of the ministry which followed the prince regent into power. A change in the same direction shortly afterward took place in the government of Austria, immediately after the Italian war. Thus it came to pass that the foreign policy of Germany passed out of the hands of the reactionary party into the hands of the nationalverein. From this time forward the clouds around the path of Denmark began to thicken. The declarations of the German courts assumed a more bitter tone; the demands made were more unreasonable; and the prospect of war becoming more imminent daily, drew in the non-German powers to a more active interference, for the purpose, if possible, of allaying the dispute. Under these circumstances, the concessions which Denmark had made by the decree of November 6th, 1858, in no way served her. They were only treated by her embittered enemies as a vantage-ground, from which more might be obtained.

The German powers insisted that Denmark should set to work to frame a new common constitution instead of that which had been so ruthlessly destroyed. Denmark was not unwilling to undertake the task; she had every motive for desiring

to do so. A constitution forcibly cut in two was not a convenient instrument to work with. It was absolutely impossible for the Danes to carry out the ordinary business of government, the levy of taxes, and the provision for common defense, if they required to act on strictly constitutional principles, and yet had two independent assemblies to deal with. And whatever of difficulty there was naturally in the task was aggravated tenfold by the pertinacious and harassing opposition that was conducted from Frankfort. The diet and its agents in the Holstein chamber threw every obstacle in the way of the government that technical skill could devise. The Danes not only found themselves unable to obtain the supplies from Holstein necessary for carrying on the business of the monarchy, but no law affecting the general interests of the Danish monarchy in the most distant degree was allowed by the diet to be carried into execution until it had received the assent of the hostile assembly in Holstein. In other words, all legislation that affected the whole monarchy was prohibited. It was as though the King of Italy should forbid the Emperor of Austria from fortifying the Gallician frontier, until he had obtained the assent of the provincial diet of Venetia. Such were the powers which the German Diet claimed under the stipulations of 1852, and such was the spirit in which those powers were exerted. Under these circumstances it may well be believed that Denmark was eager to put an end to the provisional state of things. Again and again she brought new proposals for an adjustment of the dispute before the Estates at Holstein. To make her proposals more palatable to the people of the duchy, she offered them a charter granting to them an amount of civil liberty exceeded in no country in the world. Full freedom of the press—unlimited right of association—a habeas corpus act of extreme stringency—responsibility of officials to the ordinary tribunals—these were the baits she offered to induce the Holsteiners to come back into the Danish constitution under a representative system of the ordinary type.* Those who know the attenuated liberties enjoyed in most German states will understand the full value of concessions such as these. But the na-

* March 6th, 1861.

tional verein, who by this time were masters in Holstein, and were formidable even at Frankfort, had no taste for pacific blessings of this kind. Their thoughts were bent on other triumphs besides those of civil liberty. The proposals of Denmark were summarily rejected by the Holstein assembly.

There was one concession, indeed, which Denmark was fully resolved not to offer, and it was the one, unfortunately, without which neither Holstein nor Germany would treat. She would not consent to Count Bernstorff's demand that in the constitution of a central parliament "the existing principle of representation, according to population, should be abolished," and "that the four parts of the monarchy, namely, the kingdom, the duchy of Schleswig, of Holstein, and of Lauenburg, should be on a footing of perfect equality." In sheer self-defense, as one fighting for dear life, she refused to consent to an arrangement which would have handed over two million Danes, bound hand and foot, to be the vassals of eight hundred thousand Germans, and would have made Copenhagen a mere dependency of Vienna and Berlin. It is impossible to blame the Danish people for such a resolve as this: rather they would have been the most contemptible of nations if they had yielded to such a demand without a struggle. Nor had the Germans any show of argument by which to justify a proposal so monstrous as that Lauenburg, with one thirtieth part of the population, should exercise over the destinies of the monarchy an influence equal to that of Denmark. It was a consequence drawn by the cunning jurists of Frankfort from a sentence in the Austrian dispatch, already cited, which laid down that the King of Denmark was "to preserve to all the various parts of the country the position which belongs to them as members of a whole, in which no part is subordinated to another." The obvious meaning of this is, that each part should have equal rights and be subject to equal imposts—that both taxation and representation should be apportioned every where upon a uniform principle. No one would dream of imposing upon Lauenburg as many taxes as those which are paid by Denmark. And no one but a Prussian in search of a pretext for aggression would maintain that Lauenburg was to have an equal share in spending the revenue of which she had only contributed

one thirtieth. If she is only to be rated at a population of fifty thousand for the purposes of paying, she can not demand to be rated on a level with Denmark, that is to say, at a population of one million five hundred thousand, for the purposes of spending. Prussia would be somewhat surprised if Posen put forward a claim of the same kind. The German diet itself would stare very much at the result, if its own mysterious logic was applied to its own constitution. The Federal act of 1815, by which the diet was created, has provisions in favor of the equality of its constituent parts far more strongly worded than any thing in the correspondence of 1851-52. For instance, Article III. lays down that "all the members of the confederation have as such equal rights." Take, again, Article II. of the Final Act: "This union forms internally a community of sovereign independent states, with equal mutual rights and obligations." There is nothing near so strong in the Austrian dispatch. Yet the diet would be startled if Lippe, Detmold, or Reuss, or Lichtenstein, were to make his appearance at Frankfort and protest that, as "gleichberechtigt," he claimed a right to as many votes as Austria.

There were other counter propositions put forward by Holstein and Germany; but by the side of the splendid effrontery of this demand, they pale their ineffectual light. Our space would be utterly inadequate to any thing approaching to a full statement of the weary and intricate negotiations which occupied the eight years from 1855 to 1863. Even if we were able to do so, and our readers had courage to plunge with us into the labyrinth, their labor would be thrown away. We have indicated the irreconcilable difference upon which the negotiations really split. All the subsidiary disputes, infinite in their number and ramification, were, in truth, only parenthetical exhibitions of ingenuity or hate. As to the merits of the various questions raised, something of an opinion can be formed, even by the most uninitiated spectator. It is the usual and the wisest plan when you are unable to study a subject for yourself to take your opinion from some better instructed person in whose impartiality of judgment thorough confidence can be placed. It is, fortunately, possible to find a guide of that character in respect to these transactions. There is one member of the Fed-

eral Diet, and one only, who is neither a German nor a Dane. A plenipotentiary from the King of the Netherlands sits in the diet, as representative for Luxemburg and Limburg. So far as the sympathies of the King of the Netherlands would in any degree be determined by considerations of race or language, they would lean to Germany; for Dutch has a strong family likeness to the Low German which is spoken in Holstein and southern Slesvig. So far as his interests go, both sides of the quarrel are a matter of absolute indifference to him. Holland will in no degree be affected, whether the links that bind Slesvig and Holstein to Copenhagen be or be not divided. Only one interest he has in the matter, and that is that the laws of the confederation be truly observed, and that no injustice be done. For any evil or oppressive principle set up by the German powers in the diet, though applied to-day to Holstein, might be turned against Limburg to-morrow. To the judgment of the Dutch plenipotentiary, therefore, we look with no slight interest. And it must influence our judgment of the merits of these complicated questions in no small degree when we find that a spectator so minutely familiar with the case, and so far removed from the disturbing influence of any angry passion or national sentiment, gave his vote again and again upon the side of Denmark, against the combined body of the German powers.

The issue of the Holstein question, so far as any issue has been reached, will be fresh in our readers' minds. Wearied out by incessant altercation, and hopeless of conquering the difficulties incident to the "dead-lock" which the confederation had brought about, Denmark resolved to renounce the dangerous possession from which all this trouble flowed. As the Holsteiners were resolved not to be governed from Copenhagen, it was determined to let them have their way. On the 30th of March, last year, a patent was issued altogether separating the government of Denmark and Slesvig from the government of the German duchies. If Germany had been sincere in the ostensible ground of her interference, and had merely desired good government for Holstein, this measure would have been cordially welcomed. But as Holstein was merely looked on as a handle wherewith to lay hold of "the north German peninsula,"

of course the Germans were furious at seeing their handle broken. They insisted that this step should be retraced; and under the pressure of those powerful allies, who are prodigal of the valuable aid which consists exclusively of good advice, the patent was accordingly revoked. Denmark's position, therefore, with respect to Holstein, at the present moment, may be looked upon as exactly analogous to that of the celebrated individual who is known in history as having caught a Tartar. He could not bring the Tartar along with him, because the Tartar would not come; and he could not come away and leave the Tartar, because the Tartar would not let him. Such is the exact description of the present relations between Denmark and the duchy of Holstein as established by the good offices of the Germanic confederation.

Before we leave the ground of past negotiations altogether, we must say a word about that other duchy—the Danish duchy of Slesvig—whose liberties the Germans, with a charity that has not begun at home, are so affectionately anxious to secure. Slesvig does not make its appearance till a very late date in the negotiations. It was not till the year 1860 that it was alluded to even by Prussia: and, till quite the most recent stage of the dispute, its name does not appear in the peremptory but unintelligible mandates of the diet. But it was present in the minds of those who inspired the diet's measures at a much earlier period. Count Bernstorff distinctly admitted, two years ago, that the Holstein sore was being kept open purely for the purpose of forcing Denmark to yield upon the subject of Slesvig. And there is no doubt that Slesvig has been the chief object all along of the popular leaders, to whose vigorous impulse the diet owes the unwonted activity which has marked its proceedings during the last few years. Slesvig has been the point of attraction, both to those who calculate and those who sentimentalize. It is on the coast of Slesvig, or under its command, that the good harbors are to be found: it is the possession of Slesvig that will reduce Denmark to the condition of a dependency: and lastly, it is in Slesvig that the sublime and divine German language is being blasphemously excluded from village pulpit and parish schools. The compound word, Schleswig-Holstein, which is a patriotic watchword

in Germany and the mark of a traitor in Denmark, accurately expresses the order in which the two duchies stand in the affections of Germany. Had it not been for its connection with Slesvig, and the pretext for encroachment that could be manufactured out of that connection, the diet would have paid about the same attention to the grievances of Holstein that it has paid to those of the Tyrol. And, accordingly, though the sorrows of Slesvig came late upon the field of diplomacy, they soon overshadowed every other dispute. They are the portion of this tedious question with which the ears of Englishmen are most familiar; and to them ostensibly the impending European war, if it ever should break out, will owe its rise.

The grievances advanced on behalf of Slesvig fall chiefly under two heads. It is complained that the German nationality in Slesvig is being oppressed, and that Slesvig is being incorporated with Denmark. With regard to the first of these two charges, even if it were true, the title of Germany to interfere is not very obvious. There is no word concerning the German nationality in the correspondence of 1851-52. But yet it is alleged that Denmark has given a pledge to Germany that she will treat the two nationalities equally. The line of reasoning by which this pledge is established, is ingenious, and has, at all events, answered the purpose of convincing every one who desired to believe it. M. Bluhme's letter of January 29th, 1852, in which he accepts the Austrian dispatch as a true exposition of the king's intentions, also incloses a proclamation, dated January 27th, 1852, in which several of the engagements recently made to Germany are embodied in the form of a royal decree. M. Bluhme transmitted the proclamation to the German powers, as an earnest that Denmark was sincere in the promises she had given. But the proclamation was not limited to a fulfillment of those promises. Being intended in the first instance for the information of the King of Denmark's own subjects, it contained several other provisions, not mentioned in the Austrian dispatch. There was, for instance, an announcement that the minister of foreign affairs would be named prime minister; that the king's uncle should be a member of the privy council; that the directory of the sinking fund should be transferred to the ministry of finance. In company with

these various provisions it is also stated that the king intended, in the projected draft of a charter for Slesvig, "to secure to the Danish and German nationalities in that duchy perfectly equal rights and protection." Now, by what conceivable process of reasoning does Germany evolve from this state of facts that Denmark promised to her to protect the German nationality? The only contract Denmark made to Germany was contained within the four corners of the Austrian dispatch, by which she herself consented to be bound. What is not in the Austrian dispatch is not in Denmark's contract. The proclamation forwarded by her to Austria in proof that she was keeping that contract, can only bind her to Austria as far as it refers to that contract. Parts of it do refer to that contract; parts of it do not. The German nationality clause belongs to the latter division, because the question of nationalities and languages is not even so much as touched upon in the Austrian dispatch. Surely to say that because it happens to have been written upon the same parchment as those provisions on account of which the proclamation is communicated—namely, those which do refer to the Austrian dispatch—that therefore it becomes a portion of the contract, is to argue only as the strong argue to the weak. In private life no one would venture to maintain such a position. A landowner contracts with one of his neighbors that he will not cut down a hedgerow upon a bit of land that lies near his neighbor's house. To show that he intends to fulfill his contract he forwards to the neighbor a copy of a letter to his own agent containing the requisite directions. In the same letter he also mentions to his agent that he wishes part of the land to be sown with wheat, and part of it with turnips. Would the most litigious attorney ever enrolled dream of contending that the landowner had thereby contracted with his neighbor to sow the wheat and turnips? If the case had not a Federal army at its back, it would not bear a moment's argument. Nor can it be said that this intention of protecting the two nationalities equally was put forward to induce Austria and Prussia to sign the treaty of London. They had already pledged themselves to do so, as soon as Denmark had accepted the dispatch; and Denmark having done so, any further inducement became superfluous.

Passing from this point, and fully admitting that Denmark, though in no way bound to Germany upon the subject, is yet bound, in regard to her own honor, to govern all races of her subjects equitably, the further question arises, are the Germans really oppressed? Considering the bitterness that years of mutual abuse have engendered, one would certainly expect to find that whatever Dane or German had the other in his power, the results would be unpleasant to the weaker party. But upon the actual facts it is difficult to get at any clear evidence. As far as regards what in England we should call oppression the Danes must be acquitted. They have, indeed, exiled many of the leaders of the rebellion of 1848; and they undoubtedly suppress treasonable writing, and prohibit meetings which have for their object the annexation of Slesvig to Germany. But it does not lie in the mouth of Germany, or indeed of any other continental state, to cast these measures in her teeth. Beyond this the government appears to be mild, and it seems that, with the exception of the language question, there is no widely prevalent discontent: certainly there is no discontent sufficient to induce the people of the duchy, as a whole, to desire a union with Germany. Upon this point the testimony of Mr. Paget, our able minister at Copenhagen, is decisive:

"I had been at some pains to ascertain the truth, and by your Lordship's authority I had employed a person to visit the duchy, and report upon the real state of things. It appeared from this report that the populations of the mixed districts were in many instances subject to much petty annoyance and vexation on the part of the subordinate officials of the Danish government; that there was much discontent respecting the language question; but that there was no inclination or desire, except on the part of some individuals suspected of being agents of the German party, for a junction with Holstein, and still less with Germany."—*Parl. Corr.* 1863, p. 163.

A similar testimony has been given by more recent observers. It is quite true that civil liberty is not in a very promising condition in Slesvig. The police are armed with powers of repression, resembling only too closely those which they wield in Prussia and other German states. But this is not the fault of Denmark. She would gladly have communicated to Slesvig the complete liberty which she enjoys herself. But she insists that the liberty

shall be complete; that if the executive is to be reformed, the legislature must be reformed too; that if the police are to be disarmed, the assembly shall be so elected as fairly to represent the whole population, and shall not be, as now, so packed as to be only the mouthpiece of a disloyal section, which is in league with the foreigner. This complete liberty, however, she is disabled by Germany from granting. It would constitute that "exclusive preference" for modern Danish institutions, which is so anxiously guarded against by the Austrian dispatch. She has rigidly adhered to her contract; and no attempt has been made to introduce the institutions of Denmark proper into Slesvig.

To do the Germans, however, justice, they do not much insist upon the necessity of Slesvig enjoying a liberty with which they are little acquainted at home. They prefer to rely upon the language grievance, which is more romantic, and exposes them less to distressing retorts; and it is that complaint which, as being the most intelligible, and at the same time the most singular, has fastened itself upon the minds of English people. It is, indeed, a very curious specimen of a microscopic grievance. Of the whole number of parishes in the duchy of Slesvig, one hundred and seventeen in the northern part are wholly Danish; while one hundred and ten in the southern part are, or for the sake of peace are assumed to be, wholly German. With respect to these two districts there is no difficulty whatever. The language of the church and school is Danish in the one and German in the other. But there remain forty-nine parishes, containing some eighty-five thousand souls,* in which the population is mixed; and in these parishes the conflicting claims of the languages are adjusted by the simple arrangement that both languages shall be taught in the schools, and that a service in each language shall be celebrated in the churches upon alternate Sundays. It is difficult to imagine an ideal legislator contriving a more absolutely equitable plan—especially as the peasantry speak a kind of *patois* composed of bad dialects of both languages, and therefore have no room for indulging any senti-

* Some estimates have placed them much lower; but we believe these figures to be approximately correct.

ment about their native tongue. Complaints are, of course, made on both sides that some parishes are mixed which ought to be either Danish or German. But even if any mistakes have been made in the allotment, of which there is no proof, the consequences at any rate are not overwhelming. The only effect is that the aggrieved peasant hears one sermon a fortnight instead of two. We very much doubt if a great popular agitation could be got up in England upon this basis. The grievance, indeed, did make its appearance in the House of Commons this very last session. The English nationality are "oppressed" in Wales, by being forced in some parishes to take their choice between a Welsh service and none at all: and one or two sufferers did invoke the aid of parliament, not to abolish the Welsh service, but to allow the English to have a service of their own. But so dead are we English people to the sacred rights of our nationality and our fatherland, that it was very difficult to keep forty members together to discuss the subject. They do not take privation in the matter of sermons so easily in Slesvig. There is something exquisitely humorous in the tragic tone in which this sermon-grievance is dwelt upon by the German members of the Slesvig Estates:

"The religious services in the above-named parishes are to be held alternately in Danish and in German, although in most of the parishes scarcely any of the inhabitants understand a Danish sermon, but all understand well a German sermon. It is a notorious fact, therefore, that on the Sundays when a Danish sermon is preached, the church is almost always empty. Here is an instance of a grievous oppression of a whole population as to the use of the native German language."

Happy are the people whose grievances are such as these! It is necessary, in order to avoid forming too mean an opinion of the mental caliber of the Slesvig Estates, to keep in view the vista in the background—the German fleet riding in the harbor of Kiel.

The language grievance has been kept chiefly for popular use. It has furnished an endless topic of declamation to platform orators and pamphleteers; but the official organs of the movement have been somewhat sparing of its use. It is possible that a recollection of certain passages in the history of Hungary and Posen has suggested to Austrian and Prussian states-

men some misgivings as to the expediency of laying down any broad, general principles concerning the treatment due to the language of a minority. The point which the official assailants of Denmark have chiefly urged is the alleged "incorporation of the duchy." There is no question here about the promises of Denmark. Again and again, in the plainest language was the pledge given that Slesvig should not be incorporated with Denmark. But there is a great deal more difficulty in proving that the pledge was ever broken. The interminable character of this dispute, and the disastrous consequences to which it threatens to lead, are owing in no small degree to the singular vagueness of the principal term employed. "Incorporation" is a mere metaphor, and has no precise or technical meaning whatever. If these unhappy engagements of 1851-52 had been put into the form of a regular treaty, the word would have been more closely defined. As it is, we have to search for its definition by a process analogous to that which a law-court would apply to an eccentric will, or an act of parliament that had been much battered in committee. What Denmark has actually done with respect to Slesvig is this: she has preserved to her a local legislature, local tribunals, and a special executive. On the other hand, Slesvig elects members to a general congress or rigsråd, which decides upon those questions which concern Denmark and Slesvig equally. Holstein and Lauenburg did the same, until Germany required that votes should be assigned to them out of all proportion to their population, and except upon this condition refused to permit their entry into the common constitution. Now the question is, whether the possession of a local constitution for its own affairs, combined with a participation in a common constitution with Denmark for common affairs, amounts to an incorporation of Slesvig with Denmark. For that is the precise position assigned to the duchy by the charters of 1854-5, and preserved to it by the constitution of last November. The question may be answered, in the first place, by looking abroad. The link which, according to the recent constitution, unites Austria and Hungary is exactly of the same nature. Is Hungary on that account incorporated into Austria? It is precisely the tie which unites Ohio and Pennsylvania. Would it be correct

to say that Ohio was incorporated into Pennsylvania? Even in the constitution of the Germanic confederation itself a proof might be found that the combination of a local constitution for local matters, and a common constitution for common matters, does not imply the incorporation of the communities which take part in the common representation. But a more conclusive argument may be drawn from the very documents under which this promise "not to incorporate" arises. The promise was given in the correspondence of 1851-52, which we have so often quoted. That correspondence abounds in passages that distinctly contemplate the very combination in which the present tie of Slesvig to Denmark consists. The following passage from the Austrian dispatch is conclusive upon the point:

"The Danish cabinet may convince itself that we are very far from wishing to stipulate for the unaltered and permanent preservation of the institutions of the provincial estates in the duchies. On the contrary, we acknowledge the full legitimacy of the endeavors (by proper modification or enlargement) to adapt the existing political institutions of all the parts of the monarchy to the organization of the collective state to be established in the future upon conservative principles."

It is idle, in the face of paragraphs like this, to pretend that the connection of Denmark and Slesvig, by the tie of a common constitution for purely common affairs, so long as the business special to each is managed separately, can be construed into an incorporation in the sense in which it is prohibited under the Austrian dispatch.

The constitution of November the 18th, 1863, had been vehemently objected to by Germany as tending to incorporate Slesvig; and, as we write, it is doubtful whether it will not be selected by the diet as the pretext for war with Denmark. But so far as the question of incorporation is concerned, it stands upon precisely the same footing as the constitution of 1855. Both agree in the principle of administering common affairs by a common constitution, and provincial affairs by a provincial constitution. The chief difference between the two is, that the rigsråd or central legislature consists now of two chambers instead of one. No change is made in the relative powers of the rigsråd and the provincial estates. We do not mean that the Germans are talking

mere nonsense when they raise an outcry against the recent law. They have a very distinct meaning; but they do not like to express it in distinct language. They do not object to a common constitution as such. But they object to a common constitution from which Holstein is excluded, because, of course, under such a constitution Germany has lost her hold over Denmark. It is their own fault that Holstein is shut out; for they will not allow her to enter in except upon condition that the German few shall govern the Danish many. But they quarrel with the exclusion of Holstein, because it is the formal mode of withdrawing Denmark from German intrigue and German domination. The constitution of last November proclaims and ratifies the exclusion of Holstein, which the diet has practically forced upon the Danish government; and therefore it is that that constitution is received with such especial indignation. But all these objections, whatever their value, have nothing at all to do with Denmark's promise not to incorporate Slesvig. The question whether B is, or is not, incorporated into A, can not possibly be affected by the fact that C has been excluded from the combination.*

Such, then, are the materials of this stormy and complicated dispute. They are resolvable into one issue—whether the German is or is not to be master of the Dane, and of all the maritime advantages which the Dane possesses. This is the one end to which all the various pretensions of Germany tend, and it is the only aim which is in the least degree adequate to explain the unscrupulous vehemence with which these pretensions have been urged. That Holstein and Lauenburg should be represented in the common rigsråd which governs the monarchy; that they should be represented there in a strength out of all proportion to their population; that without this condition

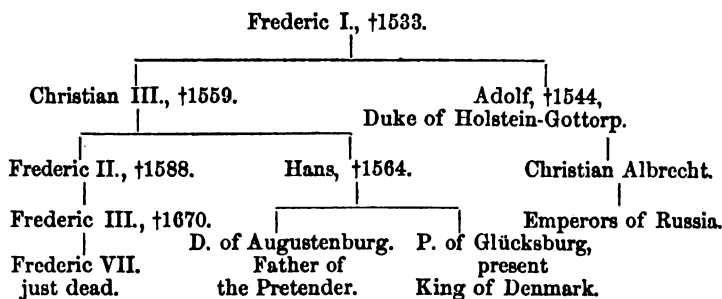
* It is a curious thing that this plan of cutting off Holstein entirely, and combining Slesvig with Denmark upon the plan of a separate legislature for local affairs, and a common legislature for common affairs, was actually proposed to France and Russia by Lord Russell in April, 1861; and so favorable to Germany did he think it, that he further proposed to reward Denmark for accepting it by offering to her a *guarantee* of Slesvig. Yet now that Denmark has done this for herself, it is treated as an atrocious breach of her engagements, a just cause of war, and an excuse to Austria for breaking her treaty pledges.

being granted, no organization of the monarchy should be permitted—all these conditions are necessary to the result at which German patriots frankly confess that they are aiming. That the Danes should voluntarily abrogate their independence; that they should put their necks under a dominion which would crush out their nationality, and reduce their liberties to the level of Prussia or of Hesse, is not to be expected. The quarrel, therefore, is not one of misunderstanding, or which is likely to be appeased by compromise. It is that perpetual form of quarrel which, in its nature, is irreconcilable, and which must always exist between those who wish to conquer and those who desire not to be conquered—between those who mean to eat and those who are averse to being eaten.

But yet this heap of combustible elements might have lain harmless for a considerable time, if no accidental spark had fallen on it. Though federal execution had been decreed for some years—ever since 1858—and though the power of the national verein was increasing year by year, yet the efforts of England might have sufficed still to defer the catastrophe indefinitely. Unluckily, just at the height of the crisis, when the new law for modifying the constitution of Denmark and Slesvig had just passed the rigsræd, King Frederic VII. died; and, to make matters worse, he died without male issue, and his death raised a most complicated and difficult question of succession. There

is a fate attending the Danish monarchy, which collects round every question that concerns it every perplexity which the most unlucky concurrence of fortuitous circumstances could bring together. The Slesvig-Holstein question, as it existed a year ago, was confused enough; but it is left far in the shade by the complication which the intricacies of the feudal law, the undefined results of its abolition, and frequent changes of boundary, of constitution, and of tenure, in the territories under consideration, have heaped upon the question of the succession.

The simple statement of the case is in favor of the Duke of Augustenburg; but, like most simple statements, it is exceedingly misleading. Frederic I., who died in 1533, had two sons, Christian and Adolf; Christian had two sons, Frederic and Hans; Adolf had one son, Christian Albrecht. Now these three grandsons of Frederic I., namely, Frederic, Hans, and Christian Albrecht, were the progenitors of the lines with which we have to do. From Frederic came the royal Danish line, which in the person of Frederic VII. is just extinct, as far as male heirs are concerned. From Hans came two lines, that of Augustenburg, the eldest, and that of Glücksburg, the youngest. From Christian Albrecht came the House of Holstein-Gottorp, that is to say, the present Imperial House of Russia. To put the case into the shape of a pedigree it stands thus:

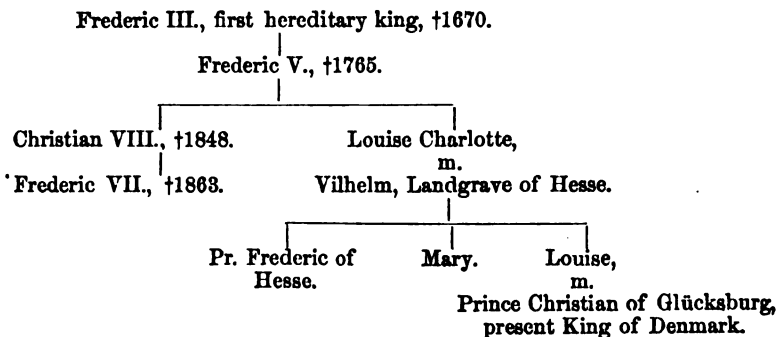


It is quite clear that, on ordinary principles of male succession, the line of Frederic II. failing, the eldest branch of the line of Hans, that is to say, the Duke of Augustenburg, has the right to succeed to the crown of Denmark. But there are some very material points which take this out of the category of ordinary cases. In

the first place, the crown of Denmark was not hereditary till a very modern date. In earlier times it was elective. It did not become hereditary until the year 1660, in the reign of Frederic III., that is to say, a good century after the line of the Augustenburgs branched off. When it was made hereditary, a law of succes-

sion (called the *Lex Regia*) was also passed; and by its provisions female heirs of Frederic III. could inherit the throne as soon as the male succession was exhausted. The title of the Augustenburgs to the throne of Denmark is therefore worthless, for two reasons—first, because when

their progenitor branched off, the throne was not hereditary; secondly, because the line of Frederic II. is not extinct, inasmuch as under the *Lex Regia* females may inherit. Under these circumstances the pedigree of the Royal Danish line stands thus:



Under the female succession, therefore, established by *Lex Regia*, Prince Frederic of Hesse was clearly the heir to the throne of Denmark. But he renounced his rights, and his sister Mary did the same. The crown, therefore, inevitably fell to his second sister, Louise. She renounced her rights in favor of her husband, and Prince Christian of Glücksburg is accordingly the present king.

So far there is no difficulty. But did the *Lex Regia*, that is, the law admitting the female succession, apply to the other parts of the monarchy—to Slesvig, to Holstein, and to Lauenburg? Concerning Lauenburg there ought to be no question, for it was annexed to the crown of Denmark by the treaties of 1815–16, and follows that crown, by whatever law of inheritance it descends. But, concerning Slesvig and Holstein, the complication is much more serious. The chief difficulty is that at the time this *Lex Regia* was passed—1665—Slesvig and Holstein were neither of them in their entirety a part of Denmark, and therefore, it is said, could not be subject to a law made for Denmark. Up to the peace of Roeskilde, in 1658, Slesvig was a fief under the Danish crown, half held by the king, half by the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. In that year an arrangement was made, by which each half of the fief was converted into an independent sovereignty. After some intermediate vicissitudes the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp's half was conquered by the

Danish king, and the whole of Slesvig was solemnly united to the Danish crown in 1721. How did that formal union affect the succession of Slesvig? Did it leave Slesvig under its old Salic law,* or did it introduce the Danish *Lex Regia*, the law of female succession? The Duke of Augustenburg of that day took this latter view, and swore fealty to the "king and his royal successors, according to the tenor of *Lex Regia*." But the Duke of Augustenburg of the present day repudiates his great-grandfather's oath, and claims—or did claim—to succeed to Slesvig according to the Salic law. But what has become of the dukes of Holstein-Gottorp in the meanwhile? Though ousted of their portion of Slesvig by force of arms, in 1713, they did not renounce their rights till 1773, and then they renounced them in favor of the King of Denmark and his successors. It may therefore be plausibly argued that, if Slesvig ceases to be held by a king of Denmark, the claims of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp—that is to say, of the present Emperor of Russia—are revived.†

* What the old law of Slesvig was has been much disputed; but we assume the German view for argument's sake.

† This interpretation may be questioned, as the act by which the Emperor Paul renounced his share in Slesvig is not so clearly worded as that by which he renounced his share in Holstein. But it is as tenable as any other; and quite tenable enough for the czar to adopt if he thought fit.

The difficulty in the case of Holstein is stronger still. When the German empire was dissolved in 1806, and Holstein ceased therefore to be a fief, the King of Denmark of the day, having it entirely at his disposal, united it to Denmark by letters patent, and declared it to be "henceforth an unseparated part of this monarchy." It may be argued that by that act it became subject to the Danish law of succession. But, if the opposite view be taken, and it be assumed that Holstein retained the Salic law of succession, which had applied to it while it was a fief, the difficulty then arises that the various portions of the duchy could not be held together. Large portions of the present duchy upon the western frontier, comprising one fifth of its inhabitants, and including Altona, did not form part of the duchy till they were united to it by those same letters patent of 1806. They were not fiefs at all at that time, but allodial possessions of the Danish crown, and therefore tied to it, to whomsoever it might descend. On the other hand, the renunciation by Paul of his territories in Holstein, as Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, was very distinctly made only to the male descendants of Frederic V.; so that unless the duchy changed its character by the events of 1806 and 1815, it is quite clear that Kiel and the larger parts of the Baltic shore of Holstein would fall to the Emperor of Russia. The Duke of Augustenburg, therefore, and those who claim through him, are placed in this dilemma—either the duchy of Holstein was united to Denmark by the events of 1806 and 1815 in such a manner that it assumed Denmark's law of succession, or it remained subject to its old laws in that respect. In the first case, the Duke of Augustenburg would lose Holstein altogether; in the other case he would have to take it minus Altona and Kiel, and with Russia for a next-door neighbor.

The prospect of this tangle of disputes being brought to a practical issue convinced the great powers that it required a European intervention to fix upon some plan of succession to the Danish crown which should not expose the integrity of the monarchy to risk. Accordingly, it was resolved to fix upon Prince Christian of Glücksburg. His wife (after her brother's and sister's renunciation had been obtained) was the unquestionable heir, under the *Lex Regia*, to Denmark proper,

and probably to Slesvig. He himself, as a descendant of Christian III., stood high in the male succession; and most of those who stood before him had been guilty of treason in 1848, and had rendered themselves liable to the forfeiture of all their rights. Accordingly, renunciations were obtained from Prince Frederick of Hesse, from his sisters, from the Emperor of Russia, and, finally, from the Duke of Augustenburg himself, who of course had fled the country. For this, and for the cession of all claim to his estates, which was of small value to him as he had forfeited them by rebellion, he received a sum of rather more than £400,000.* In consideration of this enormous indemnity, he made the following promise:

"We moreover promise, *for us and our family*, by our princely word and honor, not to undertake any thing whereby the tranquillity of his majesty's dominions and lands might be disturbed, nor in any way to counteract the resolutions which his majesty might have taken, or in future might take, in reference to the arrangement of the succession of all the lands now united under his majesty's scepter, or to the eventual organization of his monarchy."

In the vocabulary of the Duke of Augustenburg it is to be presumed that the word "family" does not include sons; for it is his son who is now revolutionizing Holstein under the wing of the federal army. It is right to say that the duke's son has protested against the above renunciation. It is also right to add that he kept his protest to himself till six years after the deed had been signed and the money paid. The protest was issued on the 15th of January, 1859.

The requisite renunciations having thus been obtained, the treaty of London was drawn up and signed. It is simply worded, and contains no other stipulations than that the powers will recognize Prince Christian and his male descendants as successors to succeed to the whole of the States then under the scepter of the Danish king. They do this on the ground, alleged in the preamble, that "the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, being connected with the general interests of the equilibrium of Europe,

* It is a curious coincidence that the Prussian Plenipotentiary at Frankfort, who negotiated this renunciation with the Duke of Augustenburg, was Herr von Bismark.

is of high importance for the preservation of peace." The treaty is in the names of the Emperor of Austria, the Prince President of the French Republic, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sweden, and the King of Denmark. Other states were subsequently invited to accede; and Saxony and Hanover, among others, consented.

The case foreseen has come to pass. The male line of Frederic III. has died out. In conformity with the treaty, France, England, Russia, and Sweden have at once recognized Prince Christian as his successor. Austria and Prussia hang back. They are not shameless enough openly to repudiate their plighted word, but they refuse to keep it. They will not recognize King Christian, though as yet they have abstained from recognizing the Pretender. Saxony and Hanover, overjoyed at being allowed to play a conspicuous part of any kind, be it ever so ignominious, loudly proclaim that they are not only willing, but eager, to dishonor the faith that they have pledged. Meanwhile, the great mass of Prussian and Austrian radicals, with that curious indifference to morality which is characteristic of sentimental politicians, are furiously calling upon their sovereigns to enter upon the same dishonest course. They do not trouble themselves to argue. "The London Treaty," says Von Sybel, "*is contra bonos mores* . . . it proposes to rivet a German population to the poisoned chain of Danish rule;" and therefore, by the light of this convenient standard of "good morals," he proposes to break the faith which Prussia has solemnly pledged, and in which for twelve years past she has suffered us implicitly to believe. This habit of political repudiation appears to be ingrained in Prussian politicians. Along with his conquests and his glory, Frederick the Great has left them also the disastrous legacy of his treachery. Like most mere imitators, they follow chiefly the defects of their model, and overlook its beauties. There is little enough in their recent history of his military prowess, or his political sagacity; but of his unblushing perfidy, of his cynical contempt for pledges given and treaties signed, they are admirable copyists.

The conduct of the diet has been a curious medley of illegalities. When the

administration of the affairs of Holstein was separated from that of the rest of the monarchy, the diet complained that by that act the promise not to incorporate Slesvig had been broken; though the institutions of Slesvig, and its relations to Denmark proper, remained unaltered. To resist this alleged breach of an engagement that was unquestionably international, the diet threatened to proceed, not by war—which is the mode in which nation exacts redress from nation—but by federal execution, which is nothing but a measure of internal government. The constitution of the German Bund is so anomalous that no exact parallel to its conduct can be found; but this proceeding is somewhat the same as if, England having cause of complaint against France for some breach of the treaty of commerce, the English government were to obtain a verdict against the emperor in the Central Criminal Court, and levy a fine upon the money he holds in the English funds. After the diet had made this threat, the King of Denmark died; and his successor—whose title for Lauenburg at least was unquestionable—announced his accession to them, and claimed that his plenipotentiary should be admitted to their sittings. They refused to acknowledge him; but, having done so, they proceeded to act as if they had acknowledged him. If they had recognized some other claimant in his place, it would then have been competent for them to convey to him their demands, and to order execution if those demands were disobeyed. But they neither acknowledged King Christian nor any one else; and yet while they were thus assuming that the throne was empty, and that there was no duke of Holstein, they ordered federal execution in Holstein because the duke of Holstein had not complied with their demands. In fact, they have taken measures professedly to force the King of Denmark to fulfill his federal obligations, having previously declared that there was no king of Denmark in existence. But this is not the worst confusion of which they have been guilty. Having occupied Holstein, to force the king to fulfill his federal obligations—for that is the meaning of an execution—they assumed the government of the duchy temporarily until their demands had been complied with; and then, holding the government under this tenure, they proceeded to give

to a pretender facilities for setting up a revolution under their protection. These strange irregularities are chiefly of importance as showing that the German Diet of the present hour is no regular government moving by strict legal rules or traditional principles of policy. In fear of revolution it has yielded itself up to be the instrument of popular passion, and its acts are inspired by a spirit not its own. Austria and Prussia would fain guide it into the path, if not of honor, at least of comparative safety. But the influence which their voices usually exert is lost in a moment such as this. One of those tempests of popular madness to which Germany is especially liable is sweeping over the land. No habits of self-government, no natural leaders are at hand to moderate the frenzy of ignorant enthusiasm; and the sovereigns of the smaller states, despots in quiet times and cowards in revolution, are bending in abject terror to the storm. What may be the issue a few months, or even a few weeks hence, it is impossible to say; but at the present moment negotiating with Germany is negotiating, not with a confederation of regular governments, but with an angry mob.

There is so far method in the German madness, that the excitement is wildest in some of the smaller states which are tolerably safe from punishment. Their wisdom in trying to precipitate a conflict in which, individually, they can hardly lose, and may possibly gain, may perhaps be justified by the event. Saxony, for instance, will probably in any case reverse the fate of Francis I., and escape with every thing except her honor. But it is not easy to understand how any reflecting men in the larger states can blind themselves to the danger upon which they are rushing. Germany has no friend on any frontier. All around her are lying enemies covetous of some possession that belongs to a German crown, and only waiting for an opportune moment to attack. The first sign that the lengthy Danish controversy was drawing toward actual war has brought out a proclamation from Garibaldi to the Italians, and from Kossuth to the Hungarians. Russia is probably in no mood to forgive Austria the base of operations which the Poles have found upon the Gallician frontier; and the Servians will have little affection for the staunch upholders of the

Ottoman empire. The hardihood of an Austrian statesman, who is eager to bring on war upon the Eyder, has something in it of antique grandeur. With the Quadrilateral to defend against an enthusiastic nation flushed with victory—with Hungary fretting and writhing under martial law—with a credit but just beginning to revive, taxation strained to the uttermost, and a large yearly deficit—with all these burdens to support, Austria sends her army to the extreme north to fight the Danes, and throws down the gauntlet to England, France, and Russia. But Austria will not be the only sufferer. On the left bank of the Rhine lie provinces of Bavaria and of Prussia, which for half a century have been at once a temptation and a reproach to France. They offer a prize to ambition, and at the same time they suggest memories of humiliation and hopes of revenge. The sovereign who should reunite them to the French empire would build his dynasty upon a foundation which neither liberal nor legitimist could shake. They are already half French in laws, and more than half French in sympathy. They would be easy for the French to conquer; and the barrier of the Rhine would make it difficult for the Germans to regain them. Nothing is wanting but a pretext upon which, without too great a sacrifice of character, the treaties which sever them from France may be torn up. There seems to be no doubt that the emperor is arming; and the condition of French politics pressing requires that, by some gain of territory or of fame, he should recall the wavering affections of his people, and wipe out the memory of Mexico. Every symptom combines to indicate that if the opportunity should come, it will not be thrown away. The Germans comfort themselves with the few fair words he cast to "his cousin" the Pretender. In his present passive, and almost friendly bearing—if the power of reasoning were left to them—they should read their greatest danger. Nothing would be more fatal to his plan than to betray it by a premature movement. When the Germans have fairly plunged into war, and have renounced the protection of public law by shamelessly breaking it themselves, then his time will have come. Till then his policy is, by absolute quiescence and occasional hints of friendly sentiments, to fool them into security and into war.

And what will England do? It is a question that concerns us deeply; but it is humiliating to be obliged to confess that it is one with which the Germans do not trouble themselves much. Of the true policy of England there can be little doubt, for it has been upheld by statesmen of all sides in every age. As the greatest of commercial powers, she can never suffer the highway of nations to fall into hands that may close it. The Sound, the Bosphorus, and the Straits of Gibraltar, the Isthmus of Suez and the Isthmus of Darien, must never be subject to the will of a first-rate power. Therefore, it is against the policy of England that Denmark should become the dependency of Germany. It is, of course, not possible to forecast the political form into which the seething mass of German populations will ultimately crystallize. But one of two alternatives may be safely predicted of the destiny of Germany as a European power. Either the present subdivision which neutralizes her natural resources will cease, and she will become one of the most powerful empires in the world: or else—a far likelier issue—the present enthusiasm will exhaust the energies of a people so unpractical, without leading to any definite result, and Germany will fall back into her old condition, more divided, more stagnant, more impotent than before, and more helplessly the slave of Russia. In either case it is not for our interest that Denmark should fall into her hands. It must never be forgotten that if King Christian IX. does not inherit Holstein, the claims of Russia—set aside by the Protocol of Warsaw only in his favor—revive in all their force. If, as Germany earnestly desires, the Danish king should cease to be Duke of Holstein, the Emperor Alexander is the indisputable heir of Kiel.*

But Denmark has a stronger claim

upon our support than any motives of mere self-interest can furnish. It was at the instance of England, more than of any other power, that the treaty of London was signed. It is not a treaty of guarantee, and, therefore, in strict law, we are not bound. But a treaty so recent, so distinctly pointed at the contingency which has just occurred, can not be lightly abandoned. If we refuse to stand by this engagement, which we took so large a share in negotiating, we may for the future spare ourselves the needless pastime of signing treaties altogether. Already our power to uphold the public law, which we take so prominent a share in making, is subject to doubts that are not flattering to our national pride. Lord Russell's fierce notes and pacific measures furnish an endless theme for the taunts of those who would gladly see the influence of England in the councils of Europe destroyed. The vigorous protests that have issued from the Foreign Office in the matter of Savoy, and of Poland, and of the American blockade, combined with the meek submission that invariably follows them, have caused the conviction to prevail extensively in Europe that, however she may write, England will never fight with any state that is able to defend itself. In the eastern or the southern seas, where there is no enemy that can resist her, she can still show her ancient prowess. She can exhibit great decision in Brazil, and burn down defenseless towns with wonderful vigor in Japan. But there is no danger that she will ever allow her martial ardor to betray her into any step more dangerous than a ferocious dispatch, when she is confronted with an adversary of any thing like equal strength. This is the character of us which any reader of foreign journals or foreign debates may find repeated, with still less flattering comments, whenever the probable policy of England comes under discussion. It can not be denied that the conduct of Lord Russell has given but too much point to these sarcasms. Even in this Danish matter, the fickle and trimming character of his policy has won for us little respect, and has destroyed the influence we might have previously possessed. When Denmark seemed in earnest, and Germany comparatively lukewarm, Lord Russell was a strong Dane. In return for a separation of Holstein precisely in the form in which it has been since effect-

* The Protocol of Warsaw, signed previous to the treaty of London, after reciting that the renunciations of the Emperor Paul were only made in favor of the male descendants of Frederic V., and declaring that the Emperor of Russia was then prepared to renounce his eventual rights in favor of Prince Christian of Glücksburg, goes on to provide, "That inasmuch as the renunciation of his majesty the emperor would have for its object to facilitate an arrangement called for by the first interests of the monarchy, the offer of such a renunciation would cease to be obligatory if the arrangement itself should fail." The *Journal de St. Petersburg* has just reprinted the Protocol of Warsaw, without note or comment.

ed by the the constitution of last November, he volunteered, if the other powers would consent, to guarantee Slesvig to Denmark. Shortly afterward the aspect of the political horizon darkened. Germany became fearfully in earnest, and there was no doubt that if she was in earnest Germany was the strongest power. Lord Russell's views underwent a salutary change. He became a decided German; and, in testimony of his conversion, he sent to Denmark a proposal that she should reduce her constitution to the concurrent action of four independent diets, and that, to make every thing work pleasantly with Germany, she should bring down her army and navy to the lowest possible point. The proposal was of course received with delight by Germany, and rejected with scorn by Denmark. It is hardly necessary to recall to the memory of the English reader, the unexampled insolence of the language in which this suicidal project was urged upon the acceptance of Denmark. There can be little doubt that the tone of that unfortunate dispatch has largely contributed to bring about the present crisis. It encouraged the belief now popular on the continent, that England is always upon the strongest side. Such vagaries have naturally produced that contempt of our power or our courage which the Germans have universally expressed, and upon which they are evidently acting.

But there is a stronger reason still why it will not consist with our honor to abandon Denmark. Unasked by her we have thrust upon her advice, by which her powers of self-defense will be seriously crippled if war should unhappily break out. At our request she has retreated from strong positions, which she might have held, and has foregone the opportunity of inflicting upon the ill-commanded troops of Germany a defeat, which would have gone far to cool that fervent patriotism which has selected Denmark from among all other lands in which Germans are held in subjection, because Denmark seemed the easiest prey. Such a policy binds us in honor as much as any guarantee. If we prevail upon a weak state, to whom we profess to be friendly, to abandon its sole and its best chance of resistance against an adversary of overwhelming numbers, we are bound

to take upon ourselves the hazards of that advice. Denmark is but a weak state to struggle against the unwieldy but still huge enemy that menaces her independence. She needs every aid that chance or promptitude, or strategical advantage can give her. If, in deference to our officious counsel, she foregoes these aids, and then, abandoned by us, is crushed in the unequal conflict, a stain, which time could not efface, would lie upon England's honor. It is base to abandon the weak in the moment of their utmost need, and in the presence of a gigantic assailant. But there is a deeper baseness far in the wordy friendship, which, implying the promise of aid, without formally pledging it, beguiles the weaker combatant into a fatal trust in his ally, and then deserts him.

Happily in this case, as in most others, the policy of honor is also the policy of peace. The care with which the Germans have selected the weakest state upon their frontier for the exhibition of their irrepressible patriotism, shows of what metal it is made. The magnificent sentiments they are parading, the exhortations to courage, the appeals to the German honor, would be in place if they were undertaking to free Alsace from France, or Livonia from Russia. Their zeal for German nationality, if it appears to us hot, is at least invariably safe. Once convince them that the raid on Denmark is not safe, and the excitement will subside with a marvelous rapidity. If, by timid language and a false love of peace, Germany is encouraged to believe that she can set treaties at defiance with impunity, a continental war will result, in which it is almost impossible that England should not be forced to take a part. Let Germany see distinctly that war with Denmark means war with England, and the governments that are now weakly yielding will draw courage to free their subjects from the imminence of a greater danger. But promptitude and courage are, above all things, necessary. In every portion of Europe the combustible materials lie scattered ready for the match. If they are kindled into war, no human power can set bounds to the conflagration, or predict the limits of its rage. Upon the action of England, who alone desires peace, the continuance of peace depends.

From Bently's Miscellany.

AN EPISODE OF STUART HISTORY.

DR. CARL VON WEBER, the indefatigable keeper of the Saxon records, while compiling a *Life of Maréchal de Saxe* from epistolary sources, has found in the reports of the Saxon envoy at Paris a full narrative of the squabble between Louis XV. and Charles Edward, which possesses sufficient novelty to be offered to English readers as a further installment of Jacobite literature.

After his unsuccessful landing in Scotland in the year '45, Charles Edward returned to France, and lived in Paris. As he was remarkable for his beauty, princely demeanor, attractive manners, and ambitious mind, an excellent shot and horseman, and a favorite of the ladies, it is not surprising that the young Pretender should become popular in the Circæan capital. The pensions settled on him by France and Spain, and the considerable sums forwarded to him by his adherents in England and Scotland, permitted him to live with princely display in Paris. He occupied a handsome hotel on the Boulevard, not far from the Porte St. Honoré, in which he daily gave dinners and suppers to twenty or thirty persons, frequently visited the court, and showed himself very often at the theater. He had collected round him a suite of about two hundred Scots; and a pretty young woman of that country, Clementina Walkinshaw, whose acquaintance he had formed at the siege of Bannockburn, also followed him, and lived with him a long time. This *liaison*, however, did not prevent him from most gratefully accepting the homage which the Princess de Talmont offered him.

All at once the merry life the prince was leading in Paris was disturbed by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. So early as the London Quadruple Alliance of August 12th, 1718, France had pledged herself to give no support "to the person and his descendants, if he should have any, who, during the lifetime of James II., assumed the title of Prince of Wales,

and after his death that of King of Great Britain," and also to refuse his adherents a domicile (*receptaculum*). This article was repeated and confirmed anew in the preliminary treaty of April 30th, 1748, and in the definitive peace of October 18th, 1748, England urgently pressed that Prince Charles Edward should be removed from Paris. But this did not accord with the wishes of the prince, who, on July 16th, 1748, sent a printed protest against the Treaty of Aix to all the ambassadors. On the first hint that a change of residence would be desirable, he appealed to a solemn promise of Louis XV., who had assured him "an unlimited asylum in his kingdom," and to a treaty which he had made with France in his quality of Regent of Scotland, in which, however, the French ministers refused to recognize the promise of an asylum, and, indeed, regarded it as set aside by later events.

The Princess Talmont, whom Loss, the Saxon envoy, describes as "an intriguing woman, who likes to mix herself up in things that do not concern her," tried as early as June to effect negotiations which would eventually insure her lover an existence in Poland, to which country Lord Maret, one of his adherents, proceeded for the same purpose. But when Count Loss inquired into this matter of the minister, Marquis Puycieulx, on July 3d, the latter replied that the King of France would not assent to such a scheme, but, on the contrary, work energetically against it, and the marquis proposed Freyburg, where they could offer the prince "a furnished palace, an agreeable country-house, and a guard for the safety of his person." Hence the negotiations, probably commenced without the prince's sanction, fell through.

In November, 1748, the Duke de Gesvres was ordered by Louis XV. to have a personal interview with the prince, and induce him to leave France; but he threw away his eloquence, as the prince

declared that he would only yield to force. These negotiations were soon known in Paris, and the great majority took the part of the prince: he showed himself more in public than he had formerly done; he went every night to the theater, very brilliantly dressed, and wearing his orders, "affecting," as Loss writes, "always to take the king's box," while previously he had gone to the small boxes plainly dressed, and "not caring to be seen." At a masqued ball at the opera he appeared as a Highlander, and, as Major-General von Fontenay writes, "*scrupuleux sur l'habillement, il n'avoit point de culotte: c'est un lieu, ou elle est souvent embarrassante.*"

The House of Talmont also broke up into two parties: the prince, who did not wish to injure himself at court, wrote Charles Edward a very polite letter, in which he expressed his regret that circumstances prevented him from seeing the prince henceforth at his house. Charles Edward, on receiving the letter, burst into a great rage, and declared he would avenge this insult; and the Princess de Talmont, who was dining with him, strove in vain to appease him. The next morning he proceeded to the palace of the Prince de Talmont, and, when the porter refused to admit him, he made such a disturbance that he was at length let in: he went straight to the garden, which he did not leave till the princess came down and pacified him; her husband, however, adhered to his resolution of closing his house against the prince, while the princess continued to visit him at his palace, as before.

On November 20th, as verbal communications had met with no result, Louis XV. wrote a very friendly letter to the prince, in which he repeated the wish that he would quit France, as an asylum could no longer be granted him. The Duke de Gesvres was ordered to deliver the letter personally, and at the same time make every effort to induce the prince to yield; but the latter declared, after reading the letter, that he had formed his resolution, and did not believe that the posture of affairs permitted him to leave Paris. If they attempted to try force, he would know how to defend himself.

A courier was now sent to the prince's father at Rome, with a request that he would employ his paternal authority, and order his son at once to retire from Paris.

The Pretender, James III., satisfied this wish: his letter, addressed to the prince, reached Paris on December 4th, accompanied by a copy. The Duke de Gesvres, who had given up all hopes of effecting any thing by his personal influence over the prince (his last visit on December 1st only lasted two minutes), now sent for three of Charles Edward's confidants—Crem, Kelly, and Osborn*—and informed them of the contents of the letter from the copy. James III. wrote to his son that he could not remain in the country of the King of France against his will, "and this is the reason why I am obliged to order you, as your father and your king, to conform without delay to the intentions of H. M. C. M., by voluntarily quitting his states." Gesvres requested the three gentlemen to place the letter in the prince's own hands, and tell him that the king would have preferred it had the prince yielded to necessity without his father's special orders. He must now leave France within twelve days.

At the expiration of two hours the envoys returned with the information that their efforts to induce the prince to open the letter had been in vain; he had placed it unopened in his pocket, and they proposed that the copy of the letter should be read to the prince. Gesvres drove, on the evening of December 4th, to Versailles, in order to obtain instructions. The proposal made by the prince's friends was assented to by the king, and in accordance with this the three proceeded to the prince, who listened to the reading of the letter till they came to the words we have quoted. Here he interrupted the reader, and ordered him to leave off. As representations did not produce the slightest effect on him, the three declared that if he refused to obey his father's orders, they would be compelled to leave him. Nor did this affect the prince: he declared that they could act as they thought proper, but he knew what he had to do: they might kill him, murder him, but he would not quit Paris even if fifty cannon were pointed at his house, and it was surrounded by one hundred thousand men.

The three gentlemen on this left the prince, returned to Gesvres to inform him of what had occurred, and then retired to Passy. In the evening the prince sent for

* The Duc de Luynes in his *Memoirs* calls them Kely, Hakebrat, and Greené.

Kelly, who held his money and valuables in charge. The whole night was spent in checking accounts and handing over the deposit, and then the prince definitely gave Kelly his discharge. The Duc de Luynes also tells us that the prince stated to one of his confidants, that some time previously he had received a letter from his father requesting him to act as he thought best for his glory and interests, and pay no attention to any further letters from him he might receive. Luynes doubts, however, whether such a letter was written by James to his son.

Several days were spent in fresh efforts to change the prince's resolution. Gesvres offered him his own château as a temporary residence, in the event of his wishing to send a courier to Rome to ascertain the authenticity of the letter, but in the event of its confirmation he must give way. The prince remained inexorable: he declared, "that he had formed an engagement with the public to support his resolution, that a man of his birth never went back from his word—that, in short, there was no other residence for him but Paris or Paradise." As Reumont tells us in his *Life of the Countess of Albany*, he also said, "I feel very sorry for Louis: I can only lose my life, but he his honor."

People in Paris were convinced that the prince had chosen as his model Charles XII. at Bender, that if force were employed he would defend himself to the utmost, and fears were entertained lest the people, whose favorite he was, would take his part. But it did not come to a fight. On the afternoon of December 14th, 1748, the prince received several anonymous letters informing him that it was intended to arrest him at the theater, but he paid no attention to them, either because he believed that it would not be risked, or because, in such a measure against him, he found a desirable escape from a labyrinth from which he was unable to find any exit himself. After so long asserting that he would not leave Paris alive, he could not now yield without rendering himself ridiculous; violent resistance could only lead to useless bloodshed and his own ruin, and it would be sufficient if there was an ostensible appearance of his having only yielded to force.

Hence Charles Edward entered the opera-house between five and six o'clock

of the evening of December 10th, where all the preparations had been made for his reception. In the corridor which he had to pass through in order to reach his box, and which had no outlet at the other end, four police sergeants in civilian clothing were standing: the prince was walking a few yards ahead of his suite, and so soon as he entered the corridor a barrier was closed behind him, and the four sergeants rushed upon him, seized his arms, and carried him through an usually closed side-door into the garden of the Palais Royal, and thence to a room occupied by a surgeon of the Duke of Orleans. Count de Vaudreuil, major in the Gardes Françaises, informed him that he was arrested by the king's order on his father's request. His sword, and a pistol which he had in one of his pockets, were taken from him. On his assurance that he had no other arms about him, Vaudreuil, who had three captains of his regiment with him, replied that he would be satisfied with his assurance, and not search him further. An accident, however, led to the discovery of a second pistol, concealed in his clothes, and the officers now carried their precautions so far that they bound their prisoner's feet and hands with silk cords; they afterward excused this violence by their fear lest the prince might have other weapons concealed about him, and might attempt to take his own life, as he had threatened to do should he be arrested. Thus bound, the prince was taken to a coach drawn by six horses, which the three officers who had accompanied Vaudreuil entered; at the Porte St. Denis a troop of mounted musqueteers were waiting, and escorted the coach to Vincennes.

The three gentlemen who had followed the prince to the playhouse were arrested at the same time, and taken to the Bastille. The occurrence had not been unnoticed, and soon reached the ears of the Princess de Talmont, who was in the house: she fell out of one fainting fit into another, so that it was necessary to carry her home, and she at once sent a valet to the prince's house, to obtain information as to what had become of him. An officer had already arrived there with a troop, who arrested all the prince's servants and conveyed them to the Bastille, and the same fate befell the valet of the princess, on whom was found a portrait of his mistress, "painted in a royal cloak," as well as a

letter to the prince, which he was to have delivered at the same time. In the prince's house—which was searched and put under seal—fifteen brace of pistols and twenty-five guns were found, but only two pounds of gunpowder, so that the prince's often-declared intention of defending himself in the event of force being used, was at any rate not confirmed by this slight stock of ammunition.

At Vincennes the prince was led to the Donjon, where a room had been prepared for him: he was here carefully searched, but no more weapons were found on him, and he was now freed from his bonds. He was greatly excited, declined supper, threw himself fully dressed on a servant's bed, as he refused the one prepared for him, and slept for some hours. He awoke again at three A.M., and walked violently up and down his room, in which two captains and two lieutenants watched him, while fifty grenadiers surrounded the Donjon. To the officers he said that "they were charged with a very humiliating commission," but entered into no details either with them or with Du Châtelet, the commandant of Vincennes, when the latter paid him a visit.

On the next day Charles Edward became calmer, and asked for food; on the third day he grew more colloquial, and expressed a wish to the officers on guard to regain his liberty, and his readiness to obey the king. On December 14th he wrote Louis XV. a letter, the style of which, though it did not reveal a correct appreciation of his position, still expressed his submission. The king, "without paying serious heed," so Loss writes, "to the equality which this nobleman, by his mode of writing, seemed desirous of establishing between himself and the King of France, let him know that he would allow his prisoner to depart in full liberty, if he pledged his honor not to return to France: he would then be escorted by an officer to any spot on the frontier selected by himself."

The prince compromised for awhile, by declining the company of the officer, but at length yielded, and gave the required promise to the officer who had brought him the king's verbal message. According to De Luynes, he also drew up a written promise to leave France, and not return. On being asked where he proposed going, he designated Pont de Beauvoisin, on the Savoy frontier; but

gave no further account of his intentions, and none was asked of him. On his request two of his gentlemen—Strafford and Geridon—two of his valets, and two footmen, were discharged from the Bastille, in order that they might accompany him on his journey; and his papers were also restored to him.

On December 15th, two post-chaises drove up to the Donjon of Vincennes: the prince entered one, with his escort, De Perousy, first ensign in the Great Musqueteers, and Strafford: while Geridon rode in the other. On arriving at Fontainebleau in the evening, the prince stopped at the post-house, and spent the next day in bed, under the pretext that he felt unwell; he had sent Princess de Talmont a letter, requesting her to follow him to Fontainebleau, but the "romantic queen," as she was called in Paris, did not make her appearance. At Pont de Beauvoisin, Perousy left the prince, who, after taking leave of Strafford and Geridon, arrived at Avignon at seven A.M. on December 27th, mounted on a sorry horse, and wearing a black peruke and old uniform. In spite of his modest appearance, he was received by the Papal vice-legate with great marks of honor, and three salvos of ordnance from the city walls; he lodged at the palace of the vice-legate, and attended on one of the next days a masqued ball given in honor of the Infant, Don Philip, with whom he had a conference. Early in March he quitted Avignon, and disappeared for some time; in June, 1749, the news arrived from Bologna that he was in the latter city, and a later dispatch of Count Loss, on May 6th, 1750, informs us that the prince was hiding in Lorraine, "in order to be able to continue his amorous commerce with Madame la Princess de Talmont."

In Paris, it is true, the people had not risen to liberate him, but they were very savage at the treatment of the prince: it was forbidden under a heavy penalty to speak in the cafés and public resorts about the occurrence, but the repressed anger found vent in pasquinades. Desforges, the author of one of these, which concluded with the words:

"Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux, vous n'êtes plus
l'asile,"

did penance for his poetical effort by three years' imprisonment at Mont St. Michel.

Several others who had spoken disagreeably were lodged in the Bastille. Lady Lisimore, wife of the Pretender's ex-minister, who had also been unable to keep her tongue in check, received from the Marquis de Puycieulx a letter to the effect that "as she had displeased by her conduct the most Christian king, it was his majesty's order that she should retire from Paris to Orleans."

We can not part from Charles Edward without a feeling of melancholy. The

destiny which had summoned him to assume a prominent position refused him death at the right moment: if a bullet had laid him low at the head of his brave Highlanders, or even had he lost his head by the ax, like the last of the Hohenstaufen, he would still gleam in history like a dazzling meteor, which we would sooner see burst and disappear after a short career than sink in the mud. The latter, unfortunately, was the sad fate of Bonny Prince Charlie.

From the National Review.

THE RACES OF THE OLD WORLD.*

THE historical period of mankind does not begin even with the invention of letters and the keeping of written records. Time's effacing fingers, which have destroyed so much, have not spared the records of primeval history kept by the earliest nations of civilized mankind. Nevertheless, the decay produced by time has destroyed little in comparison with other causes. Social, dynastic, and especially religious revolutions, arising in the bosom of those old civilizations, have been far more potent agents of destruction. And still more has the work of destruction been carried on by those inbursts of alien, conquering races, which have overthrown and obliterated all but one of the civilizations of the primeval world. Man himself has been the chief agent in consigning to oblivion the history and knowledge of his fellow-men. In those early times, when the wide sympathy for all things human which distinguishes the present

age was unknown, and when humanity presented itself in but a narrow form, each nation cared only for itself, for its own history, religion, and civilization, and regarded those of other nations with contempt and destructive hatred. China, the most fortunate of all countries in this respect—the great link which unites the world of to-day with primeval times—whose civilization alone has survived in continuity, unbroken, save by its own natural stages of development, from the dawn of humanity to the present day—has not wholly escaped the destruction of records and monuments which consigned to oblivion, or to a dim twilight of doubts and speculation, the history of other primeval civilizations. The great but short-lived political revolution accomplished by Chehoang-te, the "first great emperor," two hundred years before Christ—the conflict between arbitrary power, on the one hand, and the constitutional principles and old form of government represented by the "men of letters," the only aristocracy of China, on the other—condemned to destruction the ancient records and literature, upon which these men of letters and the people at large built their political creed, and which, as the text-books of the national education, tended to keep alive the spirit of popular freedom. In Egypt, the wanton burning of the great Alexandrian library completed, by an act of religious bigotry, the destruction of

* *The Nationalities of Europe.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London. 1863.

The Races of the Old World. By CHARLES L. BRACE. 1 vol. London. 1863.

Historico-Geographical Atlas. By DR. KARL VON SPRUNER. (English edition.) London. 1861.

Anthropology of Primitive Peoples. By DR. THEODOR WAITZ. Vol. I. (English edition.) London. 1863.

Types of Mankind; or, Ethnological Researches, based upon the ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races. By J. C. NORT, M.D., and G. R. GLIDDON. London. 1854.

the history and knowledge of a most ancient people, whose national life had previously been trodden out under the heel of four different races of conquering invaders. In the ancient civilization, also, which grew up on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, historical records were kept, and knowledge of many kinds registered, in written documents, stamped upon tablets of enduring clay, and apparently also preserved on paper or sheets of parchment. But there also the destroying hand of man has been at work, obliterating the knowledge of the past—firing temples and palaces, upon whose walls were preserved the state-history of the country, and bringing such calamities upon the land that the surpassingly fertile plain relapsed into an arid waste, and the old population disappeared utterly, leaving behind them not even a knowledge of the language they had inscribed upon the tablets and ruined monuments, which Nature happily took into her own keeping, and covered over with a grassy verdure sprung from the dust of their own decay. Of the innumerable written documents of Egypt—of which even the Alexandrian library contained but a small portion—only a few injured and half illegible papyri have been recovered, and some fragments of chronological tables have come down to us in questionable guise through the translation of post-Christian writers. Of the native records and literature of Babylonia and Assyria we know still less: the translated fragments of Berosus being nearly all that the conquering civilization of Greece has handed down for our instruction. Ancient Persia also—the Persia which existed before Cyrus, and abreast of the early Babylonian empire—had a literature and records; but of these nothing now remains but an ill-preserved copy of the Zendavesta.

If history could go back to the invention of written records, by which the events and thoughts of mankind were first put in an enduring form, it would indeed go very far. In the remotest times of Egypt of which we have any remains, we find that the art of writing had been invented, and that records were kept. In Babylonia we find the same, and likewise in China. But few as are the fragments of that anciently recorded knowledge which we possess, the greater part has been recovered by us, rather than pre-

served for us by the intermediate races of civilized mankind. Our knowledge of these early times is in truth a discovery. We have exhumed it from long-buried ruins, and have learnt for ourselves to read in the inscriptions on those ruins languages which the world had forgotten, and which have not been spoken for two or three thousand years. The new science of philology also has come to aid us in the investigation of those old times, showing us the relations of the archaic languages, and inferentially, of the races which spoke them, with languages and nations which are fully within the ken of history. It may truly be said that the further we are receding from the remote past, the more are we becoming acquainted with it. And as yet we are merely at the beginning of this new knowledge. It can not be doubted that we shall yet obtain more papyri from Egypt, and find more inscriptions upon its monuments; and also that further study will enable us to interpret the ancient hieroglyphic writings of that country with greater precision. In regard to the old civilizations of the valley of the Euphrates, a similar expansion of knowledge undoubtedly awaits us, not only in the exhuming of more monuments, and the exploration of more ruins, but also in the deciphering of the many clay tablets and cylinders covered with writing which are already in our possession. Of ancient India, whose civilization was of considerably later date, we already know much; but a new expansion of our knowledge is beginning through the archæological researches commissioned by the Indian government, and ably conducted by General Cunningham.* Of ancient China also, whose

* In making this appointment, for the examination of the ancient architectural remains of Upper India, the late Viceroy said, in words worthy of the son of George Canning: "It will not be to our credit as an enlightened ruling power, if we continue to allow such fields of investigation as the remains of the old Buddhist capital in Behar, the vast ruins of Kanouj, the plains round Delhi studded with ruins more thickly than even the Campagna of Rome, and many others, to remain without more examination than they have hitherto received." Major-General Cunningham, who has for this purpose been appointed Archæological Surveyor to the Government of India, is the first authority on the subject of Buddhism and the Pall inscriptions, and was a coadjutor of Wilson, Prinsep, Wilford, and other eminent scholars. His first Report, for 1861-2, has been published by the Bengal Asiatic Society.

records were kept from the earliest period of its civilization, our knowledge will ere long become fuller and more exact; for, in proportion as that vast country becomes opened to Europeans, we shall obtain fuller access to its old chronicles, and ampler acquaintance with its early history.

Availing ourselves of the present means of information, let us endeavor to sketch as on a map the early developments of civilization, from the dawn or twilight of history, when they first appeared as glimmering isolated lights, down to the commingling of races and expansion of knowledge which have been gradually widening the sphere of civilization, and slowly imparting to it that character of universality which the future doubtless will fully realize. Recent discoveries, indeed, give us glimpses of a period when, both in Europe and in America, at a most remote antiquity, there was no civilization at all. These discoveries, as compendiously set forth in Sir C. Lyell's new book, open to us a vista through which we see the human race existing on the earth at a period more remote, and under circumstances more singular, than had hitherto ever been imagined. We find early man existing in Europe along with the mammoth, woolly elephant, the cave-lion, tiger, rhinoceros, hyena, and gigantic deer—all of which species of animals became extinct many thousands of years ago; and in America we find him existing along with the kindred species of gigantic animals which we imagined had disappeared from the earth long before the creation of man. It is worthy of notice, that even at that exceedingly remote time mankind seems to have exhibited almost as great structural diversities as at the present day: for if in the skull of the Neanderthal man we find a brute-like configuration not easy to parallel among the existing tribes, on the other hand the skull of the Engis man, which is of at least equal antiquity, is of ordinary development, and might have belonged to an individual of the present population of Europe. This prehistoric population seems to have lived in caves, or in rude dwellings on the banks of rivers, and at a later time in little villages built on piles, in the shallows of lakes—obtaining the means of subsistence by fishing or hunting—doubtless clothing themselves to some extent in the skins of the slain animals, and making all their implements of bone or stone,

the use of metals being to them an unknown art. It is certainly startling to think of mankind existing at a time when species of the elephant and rhinoceros, of the lion, tiger, and hippopotamus shared with him the forest-clad plains and valleys of Europe, and when the British Isles were united alike with one another and with the continent; but, save for the presence of these long-extinct animals, there is little in the condition of those prehistoric men which can not be paralleled among the barbarous tribes still existing in various parts of the world. The rude tribe, for example, in the valley of the Somme, where so many flint implements have been found—who appear to have lived upon the ice which in that glacial period covered the river, making holes in the icy floor through which they dropped their hooks to catch the fish in the waters beneath—led a life in many respects similar to that of some of the Esquimaux tribes of the present day. And at the other extremity of the American continent—in Tierra del Fuego, with its densely wooded hill-sides and extensive glaciers—there still exists a population of savages in a condition strikingly similar to that of the tribes of remotest antiquity whose remains we find in the flint tools and stone implements of the "drift." The natives of that inhospitable region are unacquainted with the metallurgic arts, and use "stone tools, flint knives, arrow and spear heads of flint or volcanic glass, for cutting bark for canoes, flesh, blubber, and sinews—for knocking shell-fish off the rocks, breaking large shells, killing guanacoes (in time of deep snow), and for weapons." In every sheltered cove where wigwams are placed, there are invariably heaps of refuse—shells and stones, offal and bones—which often appear very old, being covered deeply with wind-driven sand or water-washed soil, on which there is a growth of vegetation—an exact counterpart of the "kitchen-middens" of the so-called "stone age" in Scandinavia. These heaps are from six to ten feet high, and from ten or twenty to more than fifty yards in length: but—as in the kitchen-middens of Europe—no human bones, we are told, would be found in them (unless dogs had dragged them thither), because the natives either burn the bodies of their dead, or sink them with large stones in deep water.

Curious as are the recent discoveries

which indicate the antiquity of man, the real history of our race only begins with the first dawns of civilization amidst the primeval darkness of savage life. We may picture the earth at that time as overshadowed with vast and gloomy forests, in all parts save where tracts of barren sand still exist, and roamed over by sparse tribes of barbarous mankind, maintaining a precarious existence, and a disputed dominion with vast herds of wild or ferocious animals. At length, amidst that primeval darkness and gloom, alike of earth and man, three separate centers of light and civilization began to shine. One of these was in the furthest corner of Eastern Asia, where the Chinese nation, entering its present territory from the northwest, began to fell the forests, drain the rich but marshy plains, and spread their dominion southward to the Yangtse-Kiang, driving before them a barbarous race of earlier settlers, who were contented to live in the primeval forests as rude hunters, and of whom a portion survive in the scattered tribes of the Miaou-tse, occupying some of the mountain-districts of southwestern China. Another of these spots of light arose in the lower part of the Euphrates valley, where the great Hamitic chief Nimrud established the first military empire of the world; and although that empire was shortlived, and a long interval ensued, during which we lose sight of the beginnings of the Babylonian civilization, it appears to have continued its course, with various vicissitudes, down to the time when it emerges into historic light, about 2200 years before Christ. The third of these nearly simultaneous civilizations arose in the valley of the Nile, where Menes at length gathered all Egypt into one kingdom, and commenced a monarchy the most famous of the old world for the grandeur of its ruins.

These earliest of civilizations all arose independently of one another. There seems, indeed, to have been some slight connection in very early times between ancient Babylonia and Egypt; but that connection is so legendary, and the traces of community of ideas are so imperceptible, that they can not be held to impair the independent character of either of these primeval civilizations. In regard to China, the purely native character of its civilization, and its original independence of all foreign influences, are beyond

dispute. It is to be observed, as a matter of no small ethnological significance, that none of these primeval empires was established by the two races of mankind, the Aryan and Semitic, which we now deservedly account the highest. It was the Mongolian race in China, and the Hamitic race in Babylonia and Egypt, that first blossomed into civilization. Next appeared the Aryan family of the Persians, around Balkh, and in western Afghanistan, advancing southwestward until under Jemsheed they founded Persepolis. Simultaneously the Aryan family of the Hindoos, entering India from the northwest, and journeying slowly across the Punjab, began to settle and build cities on the upper plains of the Ganges and Jumna. But long before these twin Aryan nations had risen to greatness, the pure Semitic race had established itself in power and pomp in the valley-land of the Tigris and Euphrates. Semitic tribes appear to have formed part of the very mixed population of Babylonia in the earliest times of which we have cognizance; and in the sixteenth century B.C. an invasion from Arabia overthrew the native Chaldean monarchy, and established a Semitic dynasty in its stead. Meanwhile another branch of the Semites, the Aramæan, rose into greater power in Assyria, and in the thirteenth century it conquered Babylonia, extinguished the monarchy, and annexed the country to the empire of Nineveh. The Semite tribe of the Jews had previously established themselves in Palestine, on their exodus from Egypt (about 1400 B.C.); and the Phœnician people, also Semitic, were commencing that career of commerce and navigation which distinguished them from all the other races of the old world. This was the first heyday of Semitic power. The rule of the Assyrian monarchs extended eastward over Persia, northward to the Caspian and almost to the Black sea, westward to the shores of the Ægean and the Levant, and even Lower Egypt for a time owned its suzerainty. But in the sixth century before Christ, the dominion of the Semitic race came suddenly to an end—to rise again with equal suddenness, and far greater brilliance, twelve centuries afterward, in the Arabian branch of the race.

The empire of Cyrus marks the opening of the second great epoch of human history—the true middle ages of civilized

times. The primeval isolation of states and peoples thenceforth began to give way. The march of armies in rude fashion, brought nations into contact, and widened the sphere of human knowledge. The blazing ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, moreover, while marking the downfall of Semitic power, arose like signal-fires, to announce the advent of a new race upon the world's stage, whose glory was destined to eclipse that of all the other great sections of mankind. The Hamitic race had had its day. At one time occupying the southwestern coasts of Asia, from Egypt to beyond the Persian Gulf, it seems every where in Asia to have given way to the Semitic race, prior to the fifteenth century before Christ, and only remained erect in the immemorial center of its power, Egypt. But now both Hamites and Semites were to be deposed from their thrones by the earliest conquering branch of the Aryan or Indo-European race. After the sister Aryan nations of the Persians and Hindoos parted company, the Persians appear to have been engaged in constant warfare with the ruder Turanian tribes, who occupied the region where they settled, and whom they conquered and drove out. Future discoveries may possibly succeed in throwing light upon that early period in the history of the Persians; but as yet we only know that its main features are, the religious revolution accomplished by Zoroaster (the earliest lawgiver, and the first great man who believed that he had obtained a revelation from the Deity), the half-religious, half-political warfare with the Scythic or Turanian tribes, the founding of Persepolis, and the conquest by the Babylonians or Assyrians. As long as they remain on the plateau of Iran, the ancient Persians are invisible to us; but from the moment that they descend through the passes of the Zagros mountain-chain into the Mesopotamian valley, they usurp dominion, and concentrate upon themselves the gaze of subsequent times. Shifting the center of their power to Babylon, while maintaining their old supremacy eastward to the Indus, they quickly overrun Syria and Egypt, and, pouring northward through the "Syran gates," extend their dominion over all Asia Minor up to the shores of the Hellespont. The Hamitic and Semitic populations were now overlaid by an upper caste of Aryan conquerors;

and a network of administration brought all southwestern Asia, from the Indus to the Hellespont, and from the Caspian to the Cataracts of the Nile, into one dominion. The primitive seats of Hamitic, Semitic, and Aryan rule—Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia—became fused into one dominion, and projected their power westward to the seas of Europe.

Hitherto, the dawns of civilization had been confined to the countries lying on the sea-board of southern Asia, and to the adjoining valley-land of the Nile. The great mountain-girdle of Asia, which extends from the shores of the Black sea to the eastern frontier of Nepal, and the lateral chain which runs northeastward from that point, forming the inland frontier of China Proper, is the line which then, as now, separated the seats of Eastern civilization from the immense region of steppes and deserts, roamed over by barbarous tribes, which constitutes the interior and bulk of the Asiatic continent. The Chinese and Hindoos still remained in perfect isolation from one another, and from the rest of the world—as the Chinese, indeed, have done almost to the present day. But the political fusion of the Hamitic, Semitic, and Aryan peoples of southwestern Asia created an empire, born of military conquest, and disposed to extend its acquaintance with the surrounding nations by a military career. It occupied the whole region between the Indus and the *Ægean* sea; its outposts were on the Hellespont, and it was ready to throw itself across.

Europe, indeed, had as yet nothing to tempt the cupidity of a conqueror, unless it were his mere lust for dominion. Long after a girdle of growing light had begun to fringe the Asiatic continent, from China to Egypt, Europe remained in barbaric darkness, covered with primeval forests and marshes, tenanted only by wandering tribes, who built no cities, and practiced little agriculture. But almost cotemporaneous with the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, and with the establishment of Assyrian supremacy (by the conquest of Babylon) over the whole of Mesopotamia, the first faint dawns of European civilization arose in the hilly and by no means fertile peninsula which forms the southeastern corner of our continent, and which lies most open to the influx of settlers and ideas alike from Asia and Egypt. The Greeks had reached their

early manhood, when the ambition of Xerxes attempted to extend the dominion of Persia across the Hellespont; and the great feat which marked the maturity of their nation was the eastern expedition of Alexander, which subjected to Hellenic rule the whole area of Asia and Egypt, which had formed the empire of Cyrus and his successors. The empire of Alexander is remarkable as the commencement of that triumph of Europe over Asia—of that invasion of the east by the west—which is still going on, which is extending the dominion of Russia across the interior of Asia to the shores of the Pacific, which has enthroned the British race in India, and which has led an Anglo-French army in easy triumph to the capital of China. Alexandria became the standard of Greek conquest, the seat of Hellenic learning in Egypt; the Greek city of Seleucia on the Tigris usurped the place of Babylon; and Hellenic colonists and influence introduced a new commingling of peoples and ideas throughout southwestern Asia.

The brief but brilliant and influential career of Hellenic conquest had very little immediate effect upon the development of the European continent. The Greeks, leaving barbaric Europe behind them, threw themselves into Asia; and the armies and colonies sent forth into the East, by draining away the flower of the small population of Greece, were doubtless the chief cause of the premature decay of the Hellenic race in its own country—just as the conquest and colonization of America produced a similar effect in after times upon the fortunes of Spain. But the rise of the Roman power, which in turn succeeded to the supremacy, produced very different results. Rome never acquired the full inheritance of the empire of Cyrus and Alexander in the east. Persia, Bactria, Afghanistan, and the provinces on the Indus, formed no part of the Roman empire; even the Mesopotamian valley, though overrun at times by the legions, was a "land debatable," which belonged as much to the rulers of Persia as to Rome. It was in Europe and in Africa that the distinguishing triumphs of Roman arms and civilization were won. Spain, Gaul, Britain, and the valley of the Danube, were, by the arms of the legions, brought within the sphere of civilization, and owed to their conquerors their first grand impulse in the career of national

development. The whole northern coast of Africa, too, extending between Egypt and the Atlantic—a region unknown to the armies of Alexander or his predecessors in empire—was conquered, organized, and partially colonized by the lordly race of Rome; and relics of Roman dominion have even been found on the southern side of the great desert of Sahara. The Greeks influenced the countries which they conquered almost exclusively by their ascendancy in the arts. Their material power was very small. After the death of Alexander, his generals contented themselves with becoming heads of native states, which became their adopted country, which they ruled without any reference to Greek empire, and where the improvements which they introduced were no other than would have occurred if the natives had voluntarily chosen a Greek adventurer for their king. But with Rome the case was very different; all her conquests were incorporated with the parent state, and subjected to a wise code of laws, and an admirable administrative system, such as had never been established among the isolated little states of Greece. Besides these, Rome carried into every country the elements of material civilization—roads, bridges, public buildings, and the useful arts of life; and in this way her conquests, which were by far the most extensive of any ancient state, proved also the most beneficial for mankind, and awoke Europe from her primeval barbarism to engage in that career of civilization in which she has since outshone all the rest of the world.

Rome, too, had her day and fell. But she did not fall, like her predecessors in supremacy, under the attack of a more powerful or more civilized race than her own, but under the attacks of a multiplicity of nations, most of them barbarous, for the most powerful of which singly she was far more than a match, yet whose never-ending assaults at length exhausted her strength. The tribes of Goths, Vandals, and Huns, who were mainly instrumental in overthrowing the western empire of Rome, belonged to no organized community, and speedily disappeared from the scene, hardly leaving a trace of their existence. But the assailants of her eastern empire, which upheld the glory of the Latin rule for centuries after the city of Rome had become the prey of many spoilers, were of a different kind. And the

foremost of these in civilization, and also (until the rise of the Turks) in power, was the Saracenic empire founded by Mohammed—constituting a new uprising of the Semitic race, in the only quarter (Arabia) where it had preserved both its purity of blood and its national independence. The conquests of the Persians under Cyrus and his successors had been animated in no small degree by religious fervor, by a zeal to diffuse the Zoroastrian worship—to make triumphant the cause of Ormuzd over that of Ahriman, the latter of which seemed to them represented by all nations who differed from themselves in religious belief. No such spirit inspired the conquests of the tolerant paganism of Greece and Rome; but it burst forth in greater zeal—indeed, with a fury unparalleled before or since—in the Arabian race who adopted the religion of Mohammed, and who struck the first heavy blows against the eastern empire of Rome. With a sudden flood of conquest they quickly overran Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt; twice, but unsuccessfully, they besieged Constantinople; they occupied Sicily and part of Italy; they conquered all northern Africa and Spain, and even carried their arms into France. Persia, Bactria, and Afghanistan became subject to their dominion and religion. And although they never established a stable and organized unity of empire like that of Rome, the religion and laws of the Koran became an enduring bond of union among all the populations of western Asia and northern Africa, from the banks of the Indus to the straits of Gibraltar.

This new and brilliant outburst of Semitic power had lasted for about four centuries, when a totally different race from any which had hitherto aspired to wide dominion appeared on the scene. The Turk from the north, descending from the steppes of Upper Asia, overran Persia, Afghanistan, and Syria, and while adopting the religion, rapidly extinguished the Asiatic empire of the Arabians. The Caliphate of Spain long survived, but when it too fell the power of the Semitic race came wholly to an end, and there do not seem any elements of the race left adequate to produce another revival. The Hamitic race has disappeared, leaving only some physical traits among the feeble Copts and Fellahs of Egypt. The Semitic race, as a political power, has likewise sunk, apparently never to rise again, al-

though the influence of the Jewish branch of the race, not collectively, but in the action of individual members, is felt in almost every court in Europe. The Turk took the place of the Arab, and established a wider and far stronger empire. Assailed by the Arab in the south, and by the Turk in the east, the states of Europe, then more isolated than the Grecian republics at the time of the Persian invasion, were roused to a common effort against the foe. Rallying at the summons of the head of the church, Christendom stayed its internal wars, and sent forth its chivalry to attack Mohammedanism in the center of its power; but after a brief success the effort failed. Jerusalem was recaptured by the soldiers of the Crescent, the remnant of the Crusaders were driven out of Syria, and overpassing the limits of Asia, the Ottoman Turks captured Constantinople, overran Greece, and solidly established the center of their power in Europe.

The capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1453) terminates the middle ages of civilized history, as the capture of Babylon by Cyrus marked their beginning. If we omit the great work accomplished by Rome in civilizing western Europe, the most remarkable feature of the two thousand years embraced in this period is the grand duel carried on between Asia and Europe. The Persian empire began the conflict by the invasion of Greece; Alexander the Great retaliated by overthrowing the empire of Persia, and establishing a Greek dominion over western Asia. To the Greek succeeded the Roman, who held western Asia in his firm grasp, from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, for eight centuries, and retained some part of his Asiatic dominion for nearly four centuries longer. Hitherto the results of this long duel had been wholly in favor of Europe. But the tide turned. The Arab established his dominion in Spain, and menaced France; the Mongols conquered Russia, and made war upon Poland; the Turk possessed himself of the southeastern countries of Europe, up to the frontiers of Venice and the middle of Hungary, along with the Russian provinces lying around the Black sea—carrying his arms also into Italy, and waging war with the flower of Germany around the walls of Vienna. One half of Europe fell under the dominion of Asia; and every people but our own, the

north Germans and the Scandinavians, were brought into mortal conflict with the alien races of the victorious East. The mighty fabric of Roman empire had fallen, and with it for several centuries disappeared the power of Europe. The conquests of Charlemagne, in the latter part of the eighth century, might have laid the foundations for a new fabric of European power; but his empire only endured for his lifetime, and Europe relapsed into its fragmentary condition, out of which in due time were to emerge the kingdoms of the present day.

The modern period of history is ushered in by the struggles of the European peoples to regain their independence, and expel the Asiatic invaders. Spain, which had earliest fallen under Asiatic dominion, was also the first country to throw off the yoke; and at the end of the fifteenth century the Moors were expelled, after having held their ground in Europe for eight hundred years. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Russians, under Ivan the Terrible, freed themselves from the yoke of the Mongols; and in the beginning of the seventeenth century (partly owing to the formidable antagonism which arose between them and the Persians) the aggressive attitude of the Turks in Europe was stayed; and our ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, pronounced (1628) his memorable opinion, that "this empire may stand, but never rise again." The Austrian empire steadily increased in power, acquiring one half of its provinces from the slowly-shrinking dominion of the Turks; and with the exception of the suppression of the kingdom of Poland, and the establishment of unity in Italy, and independence in Greece, the map of Europe presented nearly the same political divisions as at the present time. The tide of conflict between Europe and Asia was again on the turn. Turkish power in Europe began slowly to wane; and although by relaxing their rule, and suppressing many of its distinctive features, the Turks still preserve a considerable portion of their European conquests, the energies of the European nations, flowing round the flanks of their empire, have in recent times subjected a large portion of Asia to their sway. The British have established themselves as the ruling race in India; the Russians are spreading through central Asia and across Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor; and England and

Russia, from opposite quarters, have annihilated the primeval seclusion of China, and will ere long effect an immense revolution in the condition of that oldest of empires. Indeed, had not the discovery and colonization of the New World drawn a large and the most enterprising portion of the European nations across the Atlantic, there is reason to believe that by this time the Europeans would have installed themselves by conquest as the ruling race in every part of the Asiatic continent.

It would be a mistake to regard the triumph of one nation over another as a proof that the victors were essentially a more powerful people than the vanquished. At the moment of conflict they must indeed have been so; but their superiority may have arisen from a decline on the part of the conquered nation from its former greatness. And in no case is success in arms an absolute test of superiority in civilization. The conquests of the Mongols over the Chinese empire in the east, over Russia in the west, and over the southern states of Asia, were the triumphs of barbarous hordes, under the leadership of great military chiefs, over nations infinitely their superiors in civilization. The qualities which confer empire upon a people are, firstly, their military power; and secondly, their capacity for administrative organization, which, by conciliating and turning to account the resources of the conquered nations, augments the power of the empire state, and gives permanence to its sovereignty. The Egyptians and Babylonians were less martial peoples than the Assyrians, although seemingly their superiors in point of material civilization; the Persians in turn were better soldiers than the Assyrians, and the Greeks were superior to their predecessors in dominion alike in arts and in arms. But the great empire of Rome fell before powers and peoples, not one of which would have been a match for her in the zenith of her strength, and which ultimately triumphed over her only because of the exhaustion, produced by the aggregate of their ceaseless attacks. Rome, in the years of her decline, had three continents to contend against; and if her eastern empire, divorced from the west—the mere head, without either the heart or body, of the old Roman empire—was able to cope with the Saracenic power when at its zenith, and so long make head against the

still more formidable Ottomans, we may doubt whether the attacks of either of these powers would not have rattled harmlessly off the armor of old Rome in the time of Trajan or Aurelian.

In the events of the long period of history, extending over more than four thousand years, which we have thus briefly sketched, all the leading races of the Old World took part. Now let us, as briefly, look at the ethnology of the subject, and see what the latest science can tell us of the origin and mutual relations of those various, and some of them almost vanished, races. Classification is indispensable to science, and is of great use also to the general reader, even though it be, as in most cases it is, founded on an imperfect generalization. In regard to the races of mankind, the classifications or generalizations of science are very imperfect. Indeed, ethnologists themselves are so much at variance on this subject, that almost every independent inquirer is disposed to propound a classification of his own. Mr. Charles Brace, in his excellent manual of ethnology, adopting the classification to which there are the fewest objections, divides the races of the Old World into three prominent families of nations—the Turanian, the Semitic, and the Aryan—besides a fourth of comparatively little importance, the Hamitic. We doubt whether the title Aryan, now coming into vogue as a cognomen for the Indo-European family of nations, is a good one. *Arya* is not, as Mr. Brace supposes, “the most ancient name which the ancestors of this family gave themselves.” It was the title adopted by the ancestors of the sister nations of Persians and Hindoos; but we have no knowledge, and no reason for believing, that it was employed by the ancestors of the Celts, Teutons, Greeks, Romans, and other European races, who constitute by far the larger section of the family. On this account, we prefer the term Indo-European as the generic title of this great family of nations, reserving the term Aryan as the fitting cognomen of the eastern or Asiatic branch of the family, represented by the Persians and Brahmanical Hindoos. The Semitic race gives rise to little controversy. And obviously for this reason, that it was a compact family, occupying a distant geographical area, each branch of the family being in juxtaposition with the others, and exhibiting an almost perfect resem-

blance in spirit, language, and physical appearance. The two leading branches of the Semitic stock were the Aramæans, who founded the Assyrian monarchy, and the Arabians, who established the empire of the Caliphs; and two minor branches were the Jews and Phœnicians. The Hamitic peoples appear to have been a scattered vanguard of the Semitic race, which, losing connection with the original stock, pushed on to the coasts of southwestern Asia, and, probably mingling with other populations, erected states in Babylonia and in Egypt before the lagging main body of their family (the pure Semites) had attained to a distinctive national existence. Bunsen, indeed, regards the Hamitic peoples as an offshoot from the central mass of mankind before there had been any emigration of the Semitic and Aryan races, and while as yet the distinction between Aryan and Semite had not arisen. We are disposed to regard this view as the most correct; nevertheless, as the Hamitic line of migration was the same as that subsequently taken by the Semitic race, any one who chooses to regard the Hamites as the lost vanguard of the succeeding wave of population, or, in the words of Mr. Brace, as “the earliest appearance of crystallization of the Semitic race,” will be pretty near the truth. Mr. Rawlinson, in common with other authorities, holds that the Hamitic people, who founded the Babylonian state, came from Egypt—Egypt being, in the opinion of these authorities, the sole original seat of the Hamites. We must dissent from this opinion; indeed, we regard it as discordant with the established facts in regard to the early migrations of mankind. Since the Hamite population existed in Egypt, it evidently must first have passed through Mesopotamia, Syria, and Arabia; hence, even on *a priori* considerations, we should expect to find a Hamitic population occupying some parts of those countries until driven out by the succeeding wave of Semitic population. And, so far as the twilight of history permits us to see, this is just what we do find. A few years ago, in spite of the frequent allusion in the classic writers to Ethiopians of Asia, it was not believed that a Hamitic population existed in Babylonia, or in any other part of the Asiatic continent. Mr. Rawlinson, convinced by the discoveries recently made in Babylonia, acknowledges that a Hamitic peo-

ple not only existed, but were the original founders of civilization, on the shores of the Persian Gulf. But he considers that these Hamites came from Egypt; whereas we entertain no doubt that they were as much *in situ* in Babylonia as on the banks of the Nile. What appears to have misled Mr. Rawlison is perhaps, firstly, the old opinion against the existence of Ethiopians in Asia; and secondly, the fact that ancient Babylonia appears to have derived the greater part of its civilization from some persons who arrived there by sea. Probably enough, the strangers who thus arrived came from Egypt; but if the legend is to be followed at all, it shows that Babylonia was already peopled when these strangers arrived, and that they were not a colony, but simply a few individuals, superior in civilization to the original Babylonians, and who became their instructors in religion and the arts.

The Mongolian race likewise gives rise to few points of discussion. Although, owing to its continuous existence and civilization, far more numerous than the Semites either were or are, the Mongolian race occupies a tolerably distinct geographical area, and its various branches present an almost perfect racial resemblance to one another. Almost the whole of this numerous race is comprised in the immense population of China and Japan, the remainder of the race being nomadic tribes occupying the eastern half of interior Asia. But Mr. Brace and some other authorities, doubtless for the sake of making as few divisions as possible, coupled with the pure Mongolian race certain other nations or peoples, classing them all under the term Turanian. Foremost among

these peoples thus classed with the Mongolians are the Turks, and if the Turanian family were held to stop here, there would be little to object to it. The Turks who have established a settled empire in the west, and the Chinese who have done the same in the remote east, might be regarded as the opposite poles of the Turanian race, while the barbarous tribes who lie between would represent the undeveloped and commingling portions of the same stock. But under the generic title of Turanian are classed many other tribes and peoples which can not be coupled with the Turks and Mongolians without destroying all character of unity in the so-called race. For example, not only is the pre-Aryan population of India classed as along with the Chinese Turanian, but also the population of the peninsula of Siam and of the islands of the Pacific, as well as the Huns, Magyars, and other Asiatic peoples who forced their way into Europe. The term Turanian, in fact, can be adopted simply as a means of grouping under one head all the peoples of the Old World who do not belong to the Aryan, Semitic, or Hamitic families. In this respect it is useful; although it is a great defect that so numerous and important a race as the Mongolian (which constitutes nearly one half of the population of the Old World) should thus be deprived of a separate classification, and be registered as part of a family which derives its name from its insignificance—Turanians meaning “outsiders,” “people of another country,” and corresponding with the epithet, “barbarians,” as used by the Greeks and Romans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper in North America was printed in Boston in 1690. Only one copy of that paper is known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and is about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter-paper. It was stopped by the government. The Boston *News Letter* was the first regular paper; it was issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allen, in Pudding Lane. The contents of some of the early numbers are very peculiar. It has a speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, delivered one hundred and twenty days previously, and this was the latest news from England.

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The total cost of the New-York Central Park up to date, according to the Seventh Annual Report, amounts to \$8,731,217. The annual interest, amounting to \$519,588, is balanced by the increased taxes derived from the improved valuation of real estate in the vicinity.

The quantity of tea exported from Japan in 1862-3 was 5,796,888 lbs. The house of Low, in this city, has an establishment in that country where it is grown, manufactured, and packed by Chinese, imported and employed by them for that purpose.

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE PRISON OF LA ROQUETTE.

THE recent trial of Greco and his accomplices for the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, and the curious details connected with it in the House of Commons, have induced me to commit to paper some account of a visit I paid two or three years ago to the Newgate of Paris, when engaged in some investigation into the working of the continental system of punishing criminals.

When you stand in the Bastille square, near the column of July, you can see a narrow street of poor appearance branching off to the northeast from the broad, macadamized road that runs through the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Barrière du Trône. It is the Rue de la Roquette. The whole character of this street differs greatly from that of the other streets which intersect this faubourg, which has been so celebrated in every Parisian revolution. Is it more solitary and quiet: the shops, cafés, and ateliers disappear before you reach the point where the street crosses the new Boulevard Prince Eugène, and then its appearance grows more poverty-stricken and dirty with every step. The asphalt trottoirs leave off; the pavement becomes irregular, and the tall Parisian houses are dwarfed down to small one-storied buildings. A little way farther on, and the great, brilliant, noisy Paris has disappeared. You find yourself all at once at the farthest extremity of the faubourg. The change is the more sudden because the Rue Roquette is hardly more than a mile in length. On the other side of the Boulevard Prince Eugène the character of the street becomes perfectly melancholy. Grave-stones, crosses, pictures representing death and the grave, cypress shrubs, wreaths of ivy and immortelles, form the sole display on the ground-floor of the poor houses: the foreigner who walks along the street for the first time can no longer be in doubt—the Rue la Roquette must lead to a cemetery. And such is the case: it runs in a straight

line to Père la Chaise, the celebrated Parisian cemetery.

But it also runs past another place of burial, which probably very few of the many thousands who walk along the street to Père la Chaise know or notice. Shortly before the street crosses the external boulevard, two colossal buildings of gloomy, uncomfortable aspect rise on either side of it. They look half prisons, half fortresses, and lofty walls run all round them. At the corners and over the entrance gates the lofty walls are crowned with turrets, and above the interior we see the gable ends of colossal buildings which on the left side of the street are in the shape of a star. What is the purpose of these two dark buildings? The one on the left is the prison for youthful criminals from the age of six to twenty years. It is the only Parisian prison which has a thoroughly inhuman character; for in its courts and cells the silent system is carried out with the most extreme severity. The building on the right is only terrible through the persons who are confined in it and the fate that awaits them: inside it prevails the humane mode of treatment which I found in all French prisons, and which never exceeds the purpose of the imprisonment. It is the prison of the convicts and those condemned to death, the place of deposit for the scum of the population of Paris, who will be removed to the Bagne or Cayenne—or until they mount the guillotine. From this prison there are only two modes of release, the most terrible in human life—the galleys, and death by the executioner's hand. The prison is called after the street that runs past its grated iron gate. It is known as the Prison de la Roquette, and is of but recent origin, as it was built in 1851.

Twenty yards from the entrance gate, still on the left-hand side of the street, the pedestrian notices five larger stones of a bright color in the pavement. They form a large square, with the fifth stone in the

center, at the point where the diagonals of the square intersect each other. These five insignificant stones mark the most awful spot in Paris: they are the embodiment of fearful reminiscences dating back to the last century. These reminiscences drip with blood, pain, and tears. In a word, we are standing here on the spot where the guillotine is erected at every execution in Paris. After this terrible instrument had visited in the last century the Place de la Grève, the Place de St. Antoine, the Place de la Révolution, now called La Concorde, and wandered during the first half of our century round the barriers of Paris, it finally found a permanent station here ten years ago. But it rises from the earth only during the darkness of night, and disappears again after earliest dawn. The guillotine performs its terrible task ere the sun rises above the clumps of trees in the Bois de Boulogne. The awful instrument seems ashamed of its existence in our century, which has justly been christened that of civilization, of humanity. Or are those ashamed who pronounce sentence of death on their brothers in this age of enlightenment? This is the present place of execution for Paris and the department of the Seine. The condemned man either spends his last night on earth in the condemned cells in the rear of the prison, to which I shall presently conduct the reader, or is brought from the prison in which he has been confined a few minutes before his execution, into the front yard of La Roquette, and delivered to the executioner.

I rang the bell at the grated iron gate, which opens into the Rue de la Roquette. The gate, and the small yard into which I could look, seemed so stern, while, outside, the earth was glad with flowers and sunshine. The gloomy gate opened. Turcos in Arab dress and bright-hued turbans received me, and led me to the greffier. I showed him my order, addressed by the police prefect to all the prison directors in the department of the Seine, to show me every thing, and give me every detail about their functions that their duty permitted. The prefect's order also opened to me the La Roquette prison, to which it is very difficult to gain admission. The greffier rang a bell, and a prison official appeared. I requested for my guide one of the brigadiers who had watched Felice Orsini, the fanatical enemy of Napoleon, on the last night before he laid his head on the block.

The greffier granted my wish, and the brigadier came.

"Did you watch Orsini on the night before his death?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," the brigadier replied. "I was on guard several nights over Orsini and Pierri, and Radio as well. As you will be aware, sir, they passed one-and-twenty days at La Roquette."

We went on. The first small yard was inclosed by a large, many-storied building, containing apartments for the officials, the guard-room, and—the room of the executioner, who here receives the victim of the guillotine, which on this day the African soldiers, in their picturesque uniform, occupied. A second grated gate led into the main building of the prison, in which are the sleeping-wards and workshops of the galley-slaves and convicts cast for transportation. The four sides of the three-storied building run round a large inner yard, a fountain of constantly flowing water occupying its center. This large square is used as an exercising-yard by the convicts, and the most dangerous criminals are allowed two hours for recreation in this prison.

De la Roquette contains, on the average, from eight to nine hundred prisoners, who are awaiting their removal to the galleys or abroad, and they follow each other in divisions when taking exercise. At the time when I visited the yard, many of the prisoners were in it, walking and talking together just as they pleased. The La Roquette prison was blessedly ignorant of the "goose step," which renders the sole hour of recreation of the day wearisome and fatiguing, and which is found in most English prisons.

"How do you punish prisoners who are insubordinate?" I asked my companion, as we walked among the groups of gossiping convicts.

"By stopping their hours of liberty, warm food, and, if necessary, removal of their bed, and locking up in a dark cell," he replied.

"No lashes?" I added.

The man stopped, and looked at me in amazement.

"Lashes?" he said—"lashes? I suppose you mean with a whip?"

"Yes, of course."

The brigadier was silent for a moment, but then continued:

"Sir," he exclaimed, "in France no man is flogged, not even a galley-slave."

Are men flogged in your country? You must come from Russia, where the knout is used?"

"No, I am not a Russian, but an Englishman."

The brigadier looked at me in greater surprise. It seemed to him inexplicable that there could be another country beside Russia in Europe where men were flogged.

"Tell me," he repeated, "is it true that people are flogged in your country?"

"Oh yes," I answered—I trust with a blush—"our soldiers, sailors, and—garroters."

My worthy brigadier could not swallow this statement. Shaking his head, he muttered an "impossible" between his teeth, while we continued our walk.

We next entered the workshops of the convicts, which are on the different floors of the building. They were lofty, clean, and airy, but contained nothing remarkable beyond the convicts, who were occupied according to their ability or the trade they had previously carried on. Here bootmakers, tailors, leather-dressers, slipper-makers, blacksmiths, locksmiths, and carpenters work in separate shops up to the day when they are carried across the sea. But in these gray woolen jackets and trousers were the most dangerous ruffians in France. Every man of them had been convicted of robbery repeatedly, and many had been tried for murder, forgery, and highway robbery. While we were walking through the different workshops, my companion told me, while calling my attention to several hang dog faces, the most frightful tales, in which robbery and poisoning, rape and murder, played a prominent part. I noticed young convicts, who had scarce passed their twentieth year, with soft, gentle features, and yet they had already polluted their hands with the most atrocious crimes, and old, gray-haired men, on whose faces the galleys had made deep furrows; I saw eyes full of villany and awful malice, and foreheads on which ruffianism had set its stamp. But why describe this long portrait gallery of crime and wickedness? I felt uncomfortable when I grazed their clothes in passing, and even now, when I am writing, a shudder of disgust and repugnance runs over me. But even these men are treated in the most humane way, even though they have only retained the form of men.

They only worked from eight A.M. to eight P.M., and these twelve hours included two of rest. They had very excellent food, and meat twice a week—Thursday and Sunday. These hours of rest, and those after eight o'clock, belonged to themselves, and they could employ the time as they pleased, in working, walking, or reading.

For this latter purpose La Roquette contained a rather extensive library, from which each convict was allowed to borrow one volume a week. I had a look at the library, in which a convict acted as librarian. The books I took down were of a literary, historical, or scientific nature: I noticed several books of travel and natural history, while those on religious subjects were rarer. At night the convicts are allowed to read in their sleeping cells till ten o'clock. Each had a separate cell, with a prospect of the lofty wall which, as I have stated, forms an immense quadrangle round the prison. On walking with my brigadier along the galleries, and looking into some of the cells, I noticed that the iron bars were not close to the windows, but about half a foot away from them. On thrusting out my head, I found that it was possible to carry on a conversation with the prisoner in the next cell, if he put out his head too. I remarked on this to my companion, and he replied:

"That is quite correct: and it takes place here every night from half past nine till ten o'clock. This half hour before going to sleep is allowed the unhappy men for recreation. When the prison clock strikes ten, the sentries posted at the wall down there, as you can see, call out to put all lights out. Then the conversation is at an end."

This was certainly a contrast to some of the prisons which I inspected in Germany, where the sentries in the yards had orders to fire at the head of any prisoner thrust out of a window.

The central building in the large yard has a second passage leading to a smaller court. In the center of it is a fountain, surrounded by a grass-plot and trees. This yard is inclosed by buildings two stories high. It is very still and quiet here, and the contrast is the more remarkable if you have just come from the noise and confusion of the large yard, with its surrounding workshops. I too felt this contrast when I entered

with my companion: I heard nothing but the plashing of the fountain falling into a large stone basin.

"For what is this yard used?" I asked the brigadier.

"It is the yard of the prisoners condemned to death."

I shuddered for a moment.

"The yard of those condemned to death," I repeated mechanically. "Here Orsini and Pierri saw for the last time the blue sky and green earth."

Though I had a horror of the fanatical deed of the two Italians, I could not overcome a feeling of melancholy when I thought of the last moments of these men, on whom the blue sky of the loveliest land in the world smiled at their birth.

"You were asking about Orsini and Pierri," my companion said; "this is the yard in which they spent a portion of the day."

I silently went along the walks of the little garden. The mid-day sun peeped in so gloriously from the azure sky, and the grass plot was so exquisitely fresh. All around was silence; the water alone plashed in millions of silvery drops upon the stone.

"I will now show you the prisons of those condemned to death," said the brigadier.

He opened a heavy, iron-bound door, which opened from the building into the courtyard. We passed through it into a passage, which ran round three sides of the yard inside. On to this passage opened a number of rooms, employed as a surgery, a dissecting-room, a death-chamber, a consulting-room for the physicians and other administrative purposes. The brigadier opened two adjoining rooms, and I went in. I was in the prison of Orsini and Pierri during their twenty-one days' arrest in the Prison de la Roquette.

The rooms were not uncomfortable; they were spacious and lofty, and Orsini's had nearly a quadrangular shape. Pierri's room was longer by the breadth of the passages. The walls were washed with yellow ochre; the window, strongly guarded outside with iron bars, was rather large, and in the upper half of the wall. In the corner of each room stood an iron bedstead, while in the center there was a small china stove. There was no furniture in the rooms but a few cane chairs. The floor was boarded, and hence the

rooms had nothing about them to reveal their awful destination.

"The rooms on this passage and on the second floor are occupied by the condemned men till they are led out to execution in front of the prison," the brigadier remarked. "At the present moment there is no one in La Roquette awaiting the guillotine. The rooms are not furnished till they are going to be occupied. Pierri was in the room on the left, Orsini in that on the right. You see that only a wall divides the two rooms. Rudio was on the upper floor."

"Were you often on night-watch with Orsini and Pierri, brigadier?" I asked.

"Several times. I sat with Orsini on the night before his death."

"Are all the condemned men watched on the nights before their death?"

"All: you see the two chairs facing the bed. On one sits a turnkey, on the other a soldier, with their eyes fixed on the bed of the condemned man."

"Were Orsini and Pierri cheerful and quiet during the time they were confined here?"

"Up to the last moment they were cheerful and even merry. When they spoke of the attempt, they only regretted that it had failed. Pierri sang at times in his room the Marseillaise, or the song of the Girondists. Then he would sit for hours looking through the window at the sky, or talk with his sentry, or knock at the wall and shout to Orsini, who answered in the same way. They spent several hours every day in the garden, but of course separately. They did not see each other again till the morning of their execution, in this passage when they came out of their rooms. 'Eh bien,' Orsini exclaimed, 'where is Rudio?' Pierri laughed. 'I thought that we should have to take the walk alone,' he answered."

"And Orsini's last hours, brigadier? Did he sleep calmly?"

"Quite calmly for six hours. I did not notice that he woke once. At four o'clock he rose, breakfasted, and was quite cheerful. He again alluded to the attentat, and again regretted that it had not succeeded. Then the priest came. Orsini's demeanor remained the same—firm, calm, and cheerful. At this very spot he saw Pierri again, as I just told you, and they saluted each other in the heartiest way. If you have no objection we will go on. I will show you the route by which they

went to death. Or would you like first to see Rudio's room? You know that he was pardoned by his wife's intercession, was transported to Cayenne, and escaped from there?"

"I know. I feel no interest in Rudio's room. Let us go, brigadier."

The official locked the doors of the two rooms again, and at the end of the passage we went up a small flight of wooden stairs. We found ourselves in the upper story, which was joined by the long passage, on both sides of which are the sleeping cells of the convicts, and which leads again to the front yard of the prison.

"They both came along here," my companion said, as we walked along the passage, "Pierri in front, Orsini three paces behind him, with the priest by his side. The whole way Pierri sang, in a loud, echoing voice, the song of the Girondists. Orsini did not sing; he only repeated at times the words 'Du calme.' Both looked haughty, and, I might say, cheerful."

I could read quite plainly on my companion's face the feeling which the recollection even now aroused in him. He was silent for a moment.

"Continue, brigadier," I said—"continue."

"Well, both were handed over to the executioner in the small yard outside. He always waits in the front yard, and only enters the court of the condemned

men when the prisoner refuses to walk or offers resistance."

"Did Orsini write the well-known letter to Napoleon?" I asked, as we walked on.

"That I can not tell you," my companion said; "the director of the prison often remained a long time with the prisoners."

In the meanwhile we had reached the front yard of La Roquette.

"It was a gray winter's morning," the brigadier told me, ere I dismissed him, "not yet six o'clock. Outside, the whole faubourg had turned out, and, far as we could see, was head upon head. A loud weeping and sobbing was heard among the crowd when Orsini and Pierri ascended the scaffold. Pierri was still singing the chorus of the song of the Girondists: 'Mourir pour la patrie, mourir pour la patrie.' When we went up the steps Orsini shouted: 'Vive la France, vive l'Italie!' as he surveyed the crowd from the scaffold, ere he laid his head on the plank."

Once more I stood alone in front of the terrible gate of La Roquette, at the spot where the scaffold was erected, and as I walked up the street toward the Place de la Bastille, I caught myself involuntarily humming half aloud the Marseillaise. Luckily there was no cocked-hatted policeman at hand to overhear me.

THE WONDERS OF A WATCH.—There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels in an American watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1460 in a year; the second or center wheel, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8760 in a year; the

third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand), 1440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth, or 'scape wheel, 12,960 in 24 hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, or 141,812,000 in a year.—*Lancaster Express*.

TROUT IN THE THAMES.—There is a prospect of abundance of sport in the river Thames for trout fishing this season. Already they have been taken at Richmond while angling for roach and dace, and they have been seen feeding in various parts of the river. Upward of 40,000 young trout, hatched by the Thames Angling Preservation Society's apparatus, were turned into the water last year. Although trout-fishing commences by law after the 27th of January, the fish are seldom in condition in the Thames much earlier than the 1st of April, at which time the anglers generally commence operations.—*Times*, Feb. 24.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE LAST DAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

ONE morning, in the month of January, 1785, when Cowper lay awake, "waiting till he could reasonably hope the parlor would be ready," (that parlor at Olney which *The Task* has immortalized,) he composed the following epitaph on Dr. Johnson, who, not many days before, had been buried in Westminster Abbey:

"Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England
proud;
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom
taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine,
and strong—
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from Heaven pos-
sessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man, immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies!"

These lines contain a forcible description of the powers and the style of Johnson as a moralist and a poet. But what, it may be asked, does Cowper mean when he says that he had "faith at last, alone worth all the rest?" Was he not for years a professed believer in Christianity, in an age abounding with daring and unblushing skepticism? Undoubtedly he had religious feelings from the time when, at Oxford, he took up Law's *Serious Call*, expecting to find it a dull book, and one to be laughed at; but, on the contrary, found Law an overmatch for him. Nor did he conceal his convictions. He attended, with much regularity, the church of St. Clement Danes, where an interesting tablet marks the seat in which, Sabbath after Sabbath, he might be seen; he was indignant when, for political reasons, there was some hesitation about giving the Highlanders of Scotland the Scriptures in Gaelic; he would allow no profane swearing in his presence, and obscenity and impiety stood abashed before him. He gave admirable hints to a young clergyman in regard to the management of his parish, observing that "all means must be tried

by which souls may be saved;" and he declared, in one of his periodical papers, that, compared with the conversion of sinners, propriety and elegance in preaching are less than nothing.

Yet, with all this honest earnestness, his religion gave him no real peace. His views of Christianity were inaccurate and imperfect, and deeply tinged with the legal spirit so natural to man. "I can not be *sure*," said he, "that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted; I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be condemned." He never could be sure that he had *done* enough. Even in his account of that memorable scene, in itself so touching, his penance in the Uttoxeter market-place, the spirit of legality appears. Telling the circumstance, he states that he had been disobedient to his father, and that pride was the cause. "A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's book-stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." The idea of expiation by penance extended also to more serious offenses. He was perplexed with scruples, and burdened and impeded by self-imposed austerities.

He was preëminently one of those who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage. In February, 1784, the last year of his life, he told Sir John Hawkins, with a look that cut him to the heart, that he had the prospect of death before him, and that he dreaded to meet the Saviour. And in June of the same year, at the house of Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, the college of his youth, he surprised his friends by declaring, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. But, though late, relief was granted him. At evening-time it was light. That a great change came upon him during the concluding part of his last illness, we have evidence which it is impossible to question.

Among those who had access to his mind was the Moravian bishop, Mr. Latrobe. The views of religion which Mr. Latrobe held were very different from those to which we have referred, and he took frequent opportunities of placing them before the great moralist. So highly did Dr. Johnson regard him, that he requested his presence during his last illness. Mr. Latrobe could only reach him in time to pray by his bedside, but Dr. Johnson showed that he was sensible of his presence and grateful for it. Within a few days of his death, having been informed by Dr. Brocklesby that without a miracle he could not recover, "Then," said he, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."

Boswell thus writes in his *Life*: "Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following account: 'For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. Since I saw you I have had a long conversation with Cawston (Mr. Windham's servant), who sat up with Dr. Johnson from nine o'clock on Sunday evening till ten o'clock on Monday morning; and from what I can gather from him, it should seem that Dr. Johnson was perfectly composed, steady in hope, and resigned to death. At the interval of each hour they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain, when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer; and, though sometimes his voice failed him, his sense never did during that time. Cawston says that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute.'"

These accounts are confirmed by Dr. Burney, who speaks of the touching prayer which Dr. Johnson poured forth for his friends and himself, and by the testimony of others who saw him.

On the 5th of December, when about to commemorate, for the last time, the Saviour's death, he composed the prayer referred to, which concludes in the following simple and earnest words:

"Make this commemoration of him available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus effectual to my re-

demption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offenses. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by the grace of thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

It appears that a clergyman, Mr. Winstanley, was the main instrument in bringing his mind to a quiet trust. In answer to the anxious question, written to him by the dying moralist: "What shall I do to be saved?" Mr. Winstanley wrote: "I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' That passage had been often read by him, and had made but a slight impression; but now, pressed home by the gracious Spirit, it went straight to his heart. He interrupted the friend who was reading the letter: "Does he say so? Read it again." And he then earnestly begged that the writer might be sent for, that he might hear from him a confirmation of the truth. The state of Mr. Winstanley's health made an interview impossible; but he wrote, enforcing the truth. We have no doubt that this was well for Dr. Johnson's mind. He whose life had been passed among men, who had derived his chief pleasure from their society, and leaned upon their friendship, was taught that he must look for comfort in religion from a different source, and that, as Christ only was the Mediator, the Holy Spirit alone could be the comforter. That he had comfort, we have already shown; but on what it was founded is proved by the memorable conversation which Dr. Johnson held with his physician, Dr. Brocklesby. A little before he died, he turned to him with great earnestness: "Doctor," he said, "you are a worthy man, and my friend; but I am afraid you are not a Christian. What can I do better for you than offer up in your presence a prayer to the great God that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word?" Instantly he put up a fervent prayer for him. When he had finished, he caught hold of his hand with great earnestness, and cried: "Doctor, you do not say 'amen.'" The doctor looked foolish, but, after a pause, cried "amen." Johnson said: "My dear doctor, believe a dying man; there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God."

None of Johnson's biographers inform us who this Mr. Winstanley was. We are enabled to supply this defect, and to inform our readers that the Rev. Thomas Winstanley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, A.M., was appointed rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, in January, 1771, succeeding the celebrated Dr. Jortin, author of the *Life of Erasmus*, and other learned works; Mr. Winstanley died in February, 1789.

Of him we are able to say a little more, and even to give a specimen of his preaching. When Crabbe, the poet, came to London, in the year 1780, a literary adventurer with a few poems to begin with, neither patron nor bookseller would look at his wares. His few pounds soon wore down to shillings, and these were rapidly becoming pence, and the fate of Chatterton seemed impending over him. It is pleasant to know that he practiced no mean shifts, did not betake himself to the bottle to drown care, but lived an uncomplaining, though bitter life, in his humble lodgings with a hair-dresser, in Bishopsgate-street. He spent his Sabbaths in a becoming manner, and occasionally attended the ministry of Mr. Winstanley. On the 21st of May, he wrote thus to his friend in Suffolk:

"I give you, my dear Miss Elmy, a short abstract of a sermon preached this morning by my favorite clergyman at St. Dunstan's. There is nothing particular in it, but, had you heard the good man, reverend in appearance, and with a hollow, slow, voice, deliver it—a man whose seems as if already half way to heaven—you would have joined with me in wondering people call it dull and disagreeable to hear such discourses, and run from them to societies where deists foolishly blaspheme, or to pantomimes and farces, where men seek to deform the creatures God has stamped his image upon.

"(TEXT.—'For many are called, but few chosen.' Matthew 22: 14.) 'Brethren, what reasons may be assigned for these things? For the universality of the call; for the limitation of the choice? The reason why all are called is this, that God is no respecter of persons. Shall any, in the last day proclaim that the Judge of the whole earth did not right? shall any plead a want of this call as a reason why he came not? shall any be eternally miserable, because he was refused the means of being happy? No,

not one. All require this mercy; all have this mercy granted them. From the first man to the last, all are sinners; from the first man to the last, all are invited to be clean; for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"The reason why many are called is, because the mercy of God is not confined, is unspeakable. The reason why so few are chosen is, because man's depravity is so great, so extensive. The call is God's; the choice is ours. That we may be happy is his, of his goodness; that we will not, is our own folly. He wills not that a sinner should die in his sins, but, sinners as we are, we had rather die than part with them. The reason why few are chosen doth not depend upon Him who calls, but upon those who are called. Complain not that you want an invitation to heaven; but complain that you want the inclination to obey it. Say not that you can not go; but that you will not part with the objects which prevent your going.

"Again: to what are we called? and who are those who obey the call? The last question is to us the most important. Those who obey the call are such as pay respect to it. Those who accept the invitation are such as go like guests. Those who think themselves honored in the summons, will have on their wedding garment; they will put off the filthy robes of their own righteousness; and much more, they will put aside the garments spotted with iniquity. They consider themselves as called to faith, to thanksgiving, to justification, to sanctification, and they will therefore go in the disposition and temper of men desirous of these immortal benefits. They know that he who had them not, and who, though but one, typifies all the rejected, all the not chosen—they know he was bound hand and foot, and thrust out for that reason; yet, mark you, my fellow-sinners! this man went to the wedding, he enrolled himself among the guests, he was of the profession, a nominal Christian. How many are there now who are such, deaf to the true end of their calling, who love mercy, but not to use the means of attaining its blessing; who admire the robe of righteousness, but would wear it over the polluted weeds of depravity and hardness of heart?

"But to what are we called? To everlasting happiness! Consider, I im-

plore you, whether it is worth the trouble of looking after. Do by it as by your worldly bargains, which do not offer more. Examine the truths it is founded upon; they will bear examination. Try its merits; they will stand the trial. You would grieve to see thousands of saints in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves shut out; and yet, shut out you will be, into everlasting darkness, unless you rightly obey the call which you have heard. It is not enough to be called; for that all are. It is not enough to obey the call; for he did so in part who was rejected from the wedding; but to join the practice of religion to the profession of it is truly to accept the invitation, and will, through our Lord Jesus Christ, entitle you to the mercy to which we are called, even the pleasures which are at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty.

"The foregoing," says Mr. Crabbe, "as near as I remember, was the substance of

the good doctor's discourse. I have doubtless not done him justice in the expressions; those it was impossible for me to retain; but I have preserved in a great measure, the manner, pathos, and argument. Nor was the sermon much longer, though it took a long time to preach; for here we do not find a discourse run off as if they were the best teachers who say most upon a subject; here they dwell upon a sentence, and often repeat it, till it shall hardly fail of making an impression."

The report of Mr. Winstanley's sermon is obviously imperfect, and in some degree defective; for the poet's views of evangelical doctrine were at that time far from clear; but he bears an honorable testimony to the worth of this faithful minister, who was, at least, one of those who were honored to set before the great moralist the peace-bringing and consoling truths of the gospel.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

At the close of his sixty-third year, the Spirit of the Age has received the rite of baptism at the hands of a certain distinguished philosopher, whose connection with other "spirits," more or less apocryphal, renders the function peculiarly appropriate. We have all heard much concerning this "Decemnovenarianism" for a long time before he received his formidable cognomen. For good and evil he has been a by-word. While by one party a mere reference to his numerals *Anno Domini* was supposed sufficient to convict all ignorance and superstition of utter anachronism and imposture; by another party a keen sarcasm was understood to be conveyed against the world at large by the hint that it has the bad taste to exist in a century so low in the chronologic scale, instead of in the artistic *cinquecento*, or those yet nobler "Ages of Faith," profanely termed the "Dark." Perhaps it may not be unprofitable to af-

ford brief study to the question, What is this Spirit of the Nineteenth Century? How does it differ from that of other times? and is it on the whole worthy of either the laudation or disparagement with which it is commonly treated?

On the face of the matter appears a fact, which yet is often curiously overlooked both by eulogists and depreciators. The Spirit of the Age is not singular but dual. We have had two generations since the century began. There is Nineteenth Century *Père* and Nineteenth Century *Fils*; and they are as different from one another in principles, opinions, manners, and costume, as fathers and sons usually contrive to be. Praise or blame addressed vaguely to both, must usually be unjust to one or the other. Let us try to draw the portraits of these two characters, so as to mark such differences as clearly as we may.

Men and women who enjoyed their youthful prime in the first quarter of this century, must have been as little imbued with what we commonly think the spirit of *our* age, as any generation in history. With the few exceptions of salient men like Shelley, who held ultra free opinions, and were socially outlawed for holding them, the time was to the last degree conservative. The retreating wane of the great French Revolution carried men's minds back further than they had gone for long years toward Absolutism in politics and Traditionalism in religion. The connection between liberty and the guillotine, free-thinking and a Reign of Terror, presided over by a Goddess of Reason, was fresh in all men's minds. The equally intimate relation previously existing between despotism and the Bastille, orthodoxy and *Autos-da-fé*, was sufficiently distant to be forgotten. The whig and liberal of those days was more conservative than the tory of our own; and the tory was a being of whom no living specimen remains, any more than of the *Elephas Primigenius*. His footsteps may be tracked in a few old sand-colored books, and his teeth lie embedded in the lower strata of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*. Nearly all which constitutes the most living life of our time was then unknown. Scientific theories and discoveries, and philanthropic schemes occupied no space compared to the theater and the card-table. Social science, proper, was then unborn. The principle of association, with all its machinery (so familiar to us) of committees, patrons, secretaries, subscribers, meetings, and reports, was as little known as the omnibuses which each society resembles in purpose and noise, and which are as common as such societies now. There existed then the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and the "Society for the Discountenancing of Vice and the Promotion of the Christian Religion and Virtue." Who does not feel the verbosity of these titles? proof enough that they belonged to the age when there was ample space in the world for their swelling skirts to expand, and time enough on men's hands to repeat six words where two would suffice. It is needless to point out the familiar changes wrought by telegraphs, steam, chloroform, the penny post, and photography, which if we could deduct from our

present modes of existence, they would collapse like Nadar's balloon. These outward differences typified the inward between our fathers' lives and ours. They were emphatically *slow* lives, in the cant sense, and in all senses. People had leisure in those days. That constant sense of being driven — not precisely like "dumb" cattle, but cattle who must read, write, and talk more in twenty-four hours than twenty-four hours will permit — can never have been known to them, nor the curious sort of an ache, somewhere between head, chest, and stomach, which comes of such driving. People read Richardson still in country parts, and Scott was the nearest approach to "sensation" known. They dined at four o'clock so as to secure the loss of the best part of every day, even if they were not too muddled afterward to attend to any thing. Cards were played by grave ecclesiastics, and ladies of eminent virtues and "parts," at ten in the forenoon, if the day chanced to be rainy, and from six till midnight, whether it rained or shone. Drives were taken with four or even six horses, not for the purpose of going the faster, but rather for that of slow dignity. They danced minuets still in 1810: in fact life was a minuet, only now and then breaking out into some *gavotte* of masquerade or rout, or wild gambling wherein human nature avenged itself. Was all this dull to them as it seems to us? Was it really dull at all? Were those old tories and card-players so far behind us intellectually and morally? Some doubts may be entertained on the subject.

In the first place, life among all classes in the last generation seems to have been much less a struggle than it is with us. Perhaps in the highest sense it lacked something of aspiration, something of the longing which pervades all nobler hearts now, to do some one thing, however small, toward hastening God's kingdom in the world, and striking one blow, however weak, in the battle for the right and the true. But on the other hand, it was freer far from low social ambitions and petty vanities. As the classes were more marked, and there was very little possibility of rising from one into the other, so there was only rarely an effort to do so, and all the ugly and pitiful toils and disappointments, and equally pitiful successes of what we denominate *l'art de*

parvenir, were saved to society. The genus Snob was either then less numerous, or, like the serpent before the Fall, had not taken to eating dirt; and being conscious of his own meanness, adding the pretence of *not* caring for rank to the folly of caring for it intensely. Just as now-a-days every Englishman honors his queen, and is not ashamed to confess it; so in those times nearly every man honored those who, in the quaint old phrase of his catechism, were his "betters," and made no concealment of the matter. If there were less struggles to rise into higher grades of society, and less attempts to keep up the fictitious appearances, which always accompany such struggles, it is clear that the greatest taint and misery of modern life must have been absent. Only to imagine what it would be to banish all that comes of these base efforts out of the present world is to see another order of things. Real poverty, short of absolute want, has no pain to be compared with the gnawings of these pitiful ambitions and the sacrifices which are made for them, which no sense of duty or honor alleviates or recompenses.

The principle which most largely actuated men in the last generation in these matters, seems to have been precisely the reverse of *l'art de parvenir*. It was the art of standing still. *Noblesse oblige* meant that a man's actions, habits, modes of life, should be consistent with his birth; that is, with a certain *fact*. The modern principle is, that they should be consistent with the station which he would like to *be supposed to hold*; that is, with something *untrue*. Even if the old notion had in it some absurdity, if it compelled its adherents to such imprudences as that of the Duke of Ormond giving away his last £40 in the world in veils to the household of the friend he had visited—it had in it something genuinely respectable. The new notion has no one element of good sentiment to redeem it from utter contemptibility. A man undergoing many privations for the old principles, could respect himself and be happy and at peace, since no discovery could involve him in disgrace. A man toiling and scheming on the new principle must needs despise himself and live in constant fear of every chance disclosure which may throw down his hardily-erected edifice of respectability like a house of cards.

The gentleman and lady of the last generation not only led lives essentially different from ours—they stood themselves in widely different moral and mental positions. The ethics of 1800–1820, and of 1840–1860, are opposed in their very sources, so are the theologies, so are the politics, so are the esthetics. Very briefly can we point out these contrasts.

The morals of the last generation were all imbued with the spirit of Paley, if not absolutely founded on his miserable *Moral Philosophy*. Locke's metaphysics were still dominant in England, though Kant had revolutionized Germany. It was generally accepted that we knew right and wrong only because an outward Revelation had commanded the one and forbidden the other; or else (as Bentham taught the more advanced minds) that a "lot of pleasures" could only be judged to be good or evil by their results on the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." There was "no higher law" heard of, nor was there any *theoretic* admission of a purely unselfish motive. It was considered quite a liberal and enlightened thing to say, "It is not the fear of hell, but the hope of heaven, which ought to guide us." Virtue *was*, in Paley's phrase, "doing good *for the sake* of eternal reward in heaven." Of course, human hearts were not really cramped to such pitiful systems. The same clergyman whom the writer has heard teaching a class of scholars that it was wrong to commit murder, *because* the Sixth Commandment forbids homicide, and scoffing at the suggestion that conscience gave the law of the case; that clergyman acted probably with as direct and simple adherence to his own conscience on all moral questions, as any of those who "count reason ripe by resting on the law within." The same noble old soldier who said he acted always from hope of heaven, probably never once in his whole life thought whether he was increasing his chances of going thither by being just, generous, and brave. False theories assimilate with difficulty in healthy human organizations, and, as the teetotallers say of alcohol, only run about the blood-vessels, and disorder the brains now and then, without ever becoming a part of the individual's own flesh and blood. Still these bad ethics were bad things, and tended to lower the tone of sentiment. Selfish principles did not shock the ear as they do now, for

they were heard every Sunday, attached to all holiest sentiments and duties. God himself was said to have made man "for his own glory;" and man was to love him (as Waterland said) because he is "more able to make us happy than all beside."* Small marvel was it, then, that those who could use such a word as "love" in such a sense, misapplied it equally in human relationships. Marriage was a thing understood to be properly contracted, if the man or woman had the means of bestowing some benefits; and statecraft, war, philanthropy, science, and art might surely be pursued by any man avowedly for his own fame, and with no nobler end, when it was taught that the creation of heaven and earth had had no other aim, even with Him whose "glory" could have no witness of equals, or receive increase from the hallelujahs of the universe.

There seems to have been a sharper line drawn in those days also than we now admit between the higher and lower kinds of virtue. The Wesleyans among the lower classes, and the friends of Lady Huntingdon, and the "Clapham Sect" among the higher, were separated off from the "world" by the renunciation of social pleasures, by sobriety of dress in an age of splendor, and by a general profession of far stricter principles than were expected to regulate the behavior of others. "Merely moral" men and women might then do a good many things, and neglect a great many duties which in our day would hardly leave them the character of "moral" at all. Gentlemen might gamble a little, and drink a good deal; and ladies might send their children away to be nursed (visiting them once a month or so for the first two years), and play cards all day and every night; and yet obtain universal respect. In our day religious people are not so strict, and people with no profession of religion by no means so lax, as in the last generation.

Then as to theology. Broad ideas had not yet been broached, beyond the very small circle of Coleridge. A man must be either a "Christian" or an "Infidel." If he were a Christian and a Protestant he must hold all the doctrines of Wilberforce and Hannah More; if he were not a Christian, in this sense, then, whether, like Priestley and Belsham, he called him-

self so or not, was of no consequence—he was in the same boat with Tom Paine and Robespierre, and that boat had but one mooring. The sensational school of metaphysics, leading men to hold that only through the medium of the senses can any truth be known to man, necessarily threw the entire weight of spiritual reliance upon external revelation, and of this revelation itself, on the tangible book in which it was recorded. The "Literal and Verbal" school of Scripturalists owes its existence in direct logical descent from Locke, albeit his individual creed was of the widest, and rested "miracle on doctrine, not doctrine on miracle." It was natural for men who felt convinced that all ground of faith was taken from us by a single doubt, to treat with impatience all attempts to hold fast one doctrine and let go another, and bring reason to "sit in judgment," where (*on their hypothesis*) she could have no jurisdiction whatever. To be offended with the cut-and-dried theology to be found in those dreary gray and brown paper-covered books, with rough edges, which appeared between 1800 and 1830, is only to show we have not nimble imagination enough to climb down out of our present position to the shelf where they inevitably had their place.

Then for politics. That was the age of real Toryism, or rather of Conservatism, though the word was then unknown. It may be doubted whether in any previous period of English history men had been so fond of standing still. There had, of course, always existed the old glorification of the past at the expense of the present. Our charming song of the "Fine old English Gentleman" is a modernized paraphrase of one popular in the days of James I., which compared disadvantageously those very "reverend seigniors" in doublet and trunk-hosen with their nobler predecessors of Queen Elizabeth's court. Doubtless, could we go backward up the stream we should find each generation lauding the one before it, till Arthur and his chivalry should outshine all subsequent kings and heroes, and perform feats like Ajax lifting the stone,

"Which scarce ten men could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days."

After the *degenerate days* of Homer we may console ourselves perhaps, and take courage.

* Waterland's *Sermon on the Nature and Kinds of Self-Love*.

But though each age has boasted of the past, it is not very clear that Englishmen ever very seriously wished to go back, or even to stand still, as regarded political rights, till the terrors of the French revolution drove them into a frenzy of conservative feeling. Old tories wanted to bring back the Stuarts, old royalists would have held Charles on the throne, partisans of Tudors and Plantagenets, of Normans and Saxons, fought for their respective *dynasties*. But a thoroughly conservative policy, on the principle, "things are good as they are—the English constitution is perfect, and unsusceptible of improvement," was surely never adopted by any considerable party hitherto. The first quarter of the nineteenth century (this century of progress!) was the precise period of the whole national history, when men said, "Let us stand still."

If it be a fair division of society which has been sometimes made between the Have-Somethings and the Have-Nothings, then might it be said that this conservative sentiment was essentially a sentiment of the pocket. The ethics which, as we have seen, allowed a man to place happiness as his "being's end and aim," allowed him also fairly to place the happiness and well-being of his *class* before that of all other classes. The land-owner held by the corn-laws, and by every other law which suited his own interest, and kept the power in his own hands; and what was more, he *acknowledged* he did so, and nobody said him nay. Arguments arose as to *how* members of parliament, engaged for special interests, were returned; but, perhaps, we have yet to wait for the condemnation which ought to follow the attempt to return them for any special interest (as opposed to that of the whole body politic) whatsoever.

The whig of 1820 was a bold, brave man. His desire of progress was about the same as that of the tory of 1850. *Festina lente* was the motto of both; but the old whig proposed to *move*, if it were but a few inches, and that little movement has gone on accelerating, till it has carried tory, whig, and radical away in the flood. Of course, like the religious reformer, he was confounded with the extremest section of his party. To propose to enlarge the franchise by a pound-holding, and to desire to cut off the heads of all kings, was one and the same. We

recollect hearing in a country town of a meeting wherein some notable having proposed the king's health, turned round courteously to a whig gentleman of the utmost loyalty, and gravely apologized. "No offense to you, I hope, Mr. E——." "He that is not with me is against me." "Any body who wants to go on is a malcontent and a rebel, and any body who has religious doubts is an infidel." It was all clear-sailing. We must draw a line somewhere.

Again, the esthetics of the past generation were singularly different from our own. Classicism appeared in a certain thin and ghostly shape in the *Style de l'Empire*. All that made it beautiful of old was gone—the originality, the breadth, the freedom, the suitabilities of race and climate. There only remained a certain puny imitation which, if Pericles or Horace could have arisen and beheld, would have driven them to hide their heads again under the waters of Styx. Furniture was "classical" which had legs carved, and draperies hung as falsely and as poorly as could be conceived. Houses were "Grecian" which had a door in the middle, a window on each side, and three windows overhead. Colors were "in good taste" which were either fawn, or gray, or that peculiar blue made by mixing black and white paint. Ladies had a "Grecian bend" when they rounded their shoulders and poked their heads. Dresses were classical which had waists under the arms and such scanty skirts as (in a case known to us traditionally) compelled the wearer to go out of the room and take it off before she could sit down. That was the esthetic taste of 1810. Refinement meant poorness, thinness—or, as ladies' maids say, "skimpiness"—of dress and habits of life. *Tre-maine* was a refined book. Byron was a "most refined creature" when he went to dine with Rogers, and refused to eat any thing but potatoes and vinegar, and then stole off to a tavern, and devoured a good plain dinner in private. We ourselves remember having contemplated, as a child, with awe and admiration, three young ladies who visited the paternal abode, and never ate anything, except perhaps the wing of a chicken, or a spoonful of jelly, and a little wine and water. One day some naughty school-boys having laid a trap for these ethereal beings, caught them all three surreptitiously in the

luncheon-room—one was eating cheese, another carving a round of beef, and the third (alas! "the youngest and fairest she"), to save time, had applied a huge silver tankard of beer straight to her delicate lips!

This last period of bad taste, however, is later than can be fairly laid to the door of the generation of which we have been speaking hitherto—the generation which was at its zenith in the first twenty years of the century. The ladies and gentlemen of that time were too truly such to descend often to such affectations; they were proud rather than either vain or conceited. Their manners were a second nature, and no assumed piece of acting. Let us try to recall what those manners—now passing rapidly out of the world—actually were.

Our private illusions on the subject of clothes were once dispelled somewhat unkindly by a charmingly-attired damsel, who remarked to us, "My dear, it is not a question whether you dress ill or well—you don't *dress* at all!" In like manner the present generation would not, in the eyes of the last, have good manners or bad, but simply no *manners* whatever. Manners were things half natural, half acquired by people who united good birth and good breeding—like setter dogs, who must come of a proper race, and then receive careful training. You could not teach a mastiff to set, neither would the best red spaniel pup do the business well without thorough instruction, whatever good dispositions it might show. Nature and art must combine, alike to mark the partridge or to enter a drawing-room. But the art acquired in childhood *grew* to the possessor; the dignified and easy walk, the noble carriage of the head, the modulated voice, the unfailing courtesy to all, the easy tact of ever ready and appropriate conversation, were as much a part of the man himself, and as little an effort as to speak his own language. Here was perhaps the greatest distinction between him and ourselves. Our manners are either bad, or *spontaneously* good, or else affected and artificial. His were never bad; and were neither exactly spontaneous, nor yet artificial, but *educated*, and (precisely speaking) *polished*. The natural substance, whatever it might be, had received the highest possible finish. There was no veneering which might rub off, or start with a little unwonted

heat. It was the wood itself brought to lustrous perfection.

The difference between our fathers' manners and ours was visible in every detail; but the essential distinction seems to have lain in the art of conversation, as practiced in their time and our own. If the reader has known the happiness of associating intimately with any man or woman who brought the old system into our age, he can surely never cease to regret that that exquisite tact and suavity is vanishing from society. How really *delicious* a thing it was! How—when its atmosphere had once wrapped us round—we felt ourselves expand in it, as sea-anemones do in warm and sheltered caves, where there is no chance of a breaker ever disturbing the surface! "Nobody is going to say any thing disagreeable to any body! Every body's small feelings and prejudices will be remembered. Kind things will be seen to be dropped gently, calling for no reply. The speaker will consider whether what he has got to say can interest his audience, and will never pour out his egotism irrespective of their feelings." It is a vision of paradise, like Mohammed's promise to the blessed: "Ye shall sit on seats opposite one another. All grudges shall be taken away out of your hearts." And then this delightful conversation (we *talk* now—we never *converse*), with its careful give and take, its courteous drawing forth of the most modest in the party, its sparkling anecdotes and friendly discussion, all came to us through such organs of speech—so soft, so full and modulated. Where are those voices gone—those female voices of the last generation? We hear sweet singers now; but hardly ever sweet talkers, sweet laughers. We talk too loud, or else fall into the atrocity of whispering to our next neighbor, so that no third person hears us. In the days of good manners, every body talked for the whole circle, but never raised a voice beyond the pitch of sweetness and good breeding. Our words and sentences come out gurgling and spluttering like bitter ale when the cork is drawn; theirs flowed smoothly like rich wine out of their own fine old silver claret jugs. Is it not a pity that this art—which is every body's art, which fills up all the interstices of life, and is of tenfold more importance to human happiness than all the painting, music, and sculpture in the world—should

be allowed to sink into oblivion like those of making Venetian glass, or the Tyrian dye? Shall we teach children to chatter four languages and never teach them not to interrupt people who are speaking one of them? Shall we instruct young ladies to warble like nightingales, and then have them to scream like cockatoos in small assemblies, and sit dumb as owls in large ones? There are well-bred people now—people whom nature has dowered with such natural tact and dignity, that nothing can have surpassed it. But for the great mass of society, the want of an education of manners—the dying out of the old traditional practice, is surely a deplorable thing. We have got back hoops, and seem on the way to get back powder. May the kind fates give us one thing more—the manners of the people who wore hoops and powder of old, and the memory of whose suave courtesy comes to us like the odor of their own *marichale*, or of a drawing-room full of Eastern sandal-wood boxes and *pot-pourri*.

Lastly, there was one point in which we are accustomed to think that we have made vast advance over our fathers, on which it is possible they might have had something to put in as a plea *per contra*. Their practice of dueling was barbarous, was immoral, was the source of great and useless misery to hundreds. But in despising it as we have learned to do, it may be asked, have we lost nothing of the keen sense of honor which spurred them (however wrongly) to such measures? That sense of honor was often exaggerated, often purely conventional, and the duel, as a means of satisfying it, was always imperfect, and often absurd. Still, the idea that life itself was in a moment to be risked by every gentleman, at the call even of a mistaken sense of honor, that a man's truth, courage, probity, and the reputation of every woman of his family, were things infinitely more valuable than safety, and to be defended in an instant at the peril of death—these were ideas that had in them much that was ennobling to the age in which they were current. A man imbued with them might have a hundred vices, but he could hardly be wholly base or contemptible. We have given them up, and we have done rightly; nor can we suppose that in God's world the maintenance of any high moral quality really demands an immoral prac-

tice. True honor—that is self-reverence for the humanity lodged in us, respect for ourselves, independently of the world's opinion—can live and flourish, thank Heaven! without a pistol or a rapier. But there is no small danger that in first putting away from us, and taking on ourselves to despise as barbarous the practice which continually gave to such honor visible dominion over life and limb, we should fall into the error of undervaluing the thing itself. Let the frequenters of those clubs where the reputations of men are coolly canvassed, and the names of women bandied about in most unseemly sort, decide whether the disuse of the much-abused duel is a wholly unmixed benefit.

What is the result of this brief review of the character of the past generation? Firstly this—that in modes of life, in religion, in politics, in æsthetic taste, in manners, and social laws it was altogether different from ours, and in many respects strangely contrasted with it. If either their spirit or ours was "Decemnovenarianism," the *other* was something else which ought to be called by a different name. Whether the one was better or worse than the other, the twentieth century must decide. While we can not doubt that

"Through the ages our increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the
process of the suns,"

it will not hurt us to bear in recollection, that with narrower creeds, and poorer systems of ethics, our fathers were, perhaps, practically as religious and as faithful to duty (as they understood it) as any men are now; that their politics, if selfish, have left us a better legacy of national security than is enjoyed by the heirs of any other race in the world; and that if we may question their taste in dress and furniture, they would unhesitatingly and utterly condemn our manners and conversation.

The younger generation of the nineteenth century—this generation of our own, which we are accustomed only to think of when we talk of the spirit of the age—how shall we draw its distinctive qualities? What are the ideas which permeate it and make it what it is? Are there in truth such ideas peculiar to it, or is it any material progress which has

produced the apparent change? Is it steam which has made "Decemnovenarianism," or "Decemnovenarianism" which has created steam, and a hundred other instruments whereby to rule over the world?

Among the most delicate of all Shelley's ethereal conceptions, is that of a race of beings whose dwelling is in the minds of men—who say to Prometheus:

"We breathe and sicken not
The atmosphere of human thought—
Be it dim, and dank, and gray,
Like a storm-extinguished day,
Traversed o'er by dying gleams—
Be it bright as all between
Sunny skies and windless streams;
We make there our airy tent,
Voyaging cloud-like and unpent,
Through the liquid element."

It seems to us as if such beings would find the "atmosphere of human thought" in our time and forty years ago altogether different. There is considerably more oxygen in it just now—a tension often extreme and injurious, and as widely different from the milder air of the past as a Yorkshire moor is from a Devonshirecombe. The acceleration of all modes of social and intellectual life must have had great share in producing this change; but the keener thought has again invented and applied inventions in a way no previous age ever did or would have done.* It is no part of our work now to go over those stages of material progress of which steam, telegraphs, penny posts, chloroform, gas, photography, Armstrong guns, and the analysis of the solar spectrum, are the most marvelous, but perhaps hardly more widely effective than many others by which our manufactures, agriculture, and all arts of life have been revolutionized. The volume which should embody the briefest record of these achievements during their generation would be a portly tome itself. Our affair is with the ideas, the mental coinage current in the Victorian age. Gold, and silver, and copper, what is it worth? and what sort of image and superscription does it bear?

The political ideas of our age would probably, half a dozen years ago, have been pronounced by every one eminently

democratic. It was a commonly received opinion that the tendency of the times, all over Europe, was in the direction of republicanism, and that it was a question of time only when these tendencies should culminate in overwhelming power. Individual dictators, it was thought, might acquire despotic rule abroad, and our own constitutional monarchs might long retain a nominal sovereignty in England, but all aristocratic institutions were in process of slow and certain dissolution. What has become of that democratic spirit of the age? It would seem that it has certainly received a check. The failure of Garibaldi and the Mazzinian party in Italy has done something—the American war much more. That war, although actually traceable to the very failure of the great republic to be a real democracy, and to give civil and political rights to all the inhabitants of its territories, has yet been most illogically accepted in Europe as evidence of the failure of democracy itself. The real weakness of the system which it has exposed, its inadequacy to produce either the powers of command or readiness of obedience needful in warfare, the unwieldiness of a huge *Demos* struggling like an elephant in the gripe of a fierce and agile tiger—this has hardly been noticed, as it deserved, as a warning that freedom itself (till the world is other than it is) can not be insured without proportionate military organization.

However this may be, and whatever other causes have tended to modify popular sentiment, it seems clear enough that it *has* been modified. We are *not* "on the high road to universal democracy," as many averred, a few years ago, we surely were. The English Royal House and the English House of Lords will hold their places beyond any date now in sight. Republics for Greece, or for Italy, are postponed *sine die*, perhaps till the klephts of Albania and brigands of Calabria can read newspapers, and honor Themis and Nemesis as well as the Pannaghia and Madonna! "Brave Swiss" are no longer quoted by any tourists who have endured their ill manners and extortions, as models for European imitation, nor is there a general desire to see England parceled out into cantons, and represented by a congress of inn-keepers. Have we for all this swung back the pendulum of prejudice to the Toryism of our fathers? Not at all! *Liberal* poli-

* e. g. Photography, which seems to have been discovered and used in the last century, and then suffered to fall into oblivion again.

tics, if not *democratic* ones, are so universal that it may fairly be questioned if a conservative party which twenty years since would have been recognized as such, now exists at all. Every body wants to *go on*, and to go on pretty fast. It is only a question of how the drag is to be applied to the engine. There is no longer (as there was at the beginning of the century) a handful of violent radicals to a nation of tories, nor—as there were a few years ago—two balanced parties, one in favor of progress and one opposed to it. There are none so violent as the old reformers, none so pig-headed as the old conservatives. Parties tend continually to efface themselves, and ideas once peculiar to the radicals now permeate all men's minds, and make England every day more and more a country of liberals—of liberals only.*

That *justice should be done to all* is the very ground and reason why governments exist. To lodge power in the hands of those who have no means of knowing what is justice in larger matters of state policy, is obviously an absurd contradiction of the ends of all government. It is possible always that those who *do* know justice may not choose to execute it; but those who *do not* know it can not execute it, if they would. The whole difference then, between true political liberalism and false, seems to lie in this, that the false seems to give men power before knowledge, and the true would give them knowledge before power.

Singularly parallel to the change in political feeling is that in religious views in England during the last few years. New sects do not arise, nor the old freer ones ostensibly add to their numbers; but the whole existing thought of the nation is gradually leavening with free ideas, which sooner or later must tend to efface sects in religion, like parties in politics. The process has by no means gone so far

in the one case as in the other. There is still a great conservative religious party—a party with two vast separate aggregations, the High Church and the Evangelical; but it would seem as if neither of these stood as high as they did some years ago. They are formed of men, few of whom hold a prominent place in the intellectual life of the time, and none of whom hold out the promise of hereafter rising to higher influence. The younger generation we might almost compare to the sands pouring down the sides of the loose hillocks on the shore and swelling the ever-growing mass of broad opinion below. "Young England" now is assuredly not Puseyite, still less is it Calvinist. A small portion of it only belongs to the earlier broad church of Maurice and Kingsley. The far profounder school, of which the Oxford Regius Professor of Greek is the head, probably numbers at this moment more of the rising intellect of the time—the intellect which shortly must take the foremost place in politics and literature—than any other in the land. The literature of the time bears unmistakable traces of this crumbling away of definite traditional belief, this leveling process going on in the opinions of all the most active and cultivated minds. Few of the peculiar and distinctive doctrines of the older creeds, whose influence might be traced in every line of the literature of earlier times, seem to have a place in the history, the science, the fiction, or the higher periodical writings of our day. A Moslem or Hindu, coming to England and studying our journals and our bookshelves, would find it a *Christian* literature in the sense only of a wide humanity, of a reverent and somewhat distant tone in all mention of the Divine Being, and of a peculiar modern mode of paying a warm, brief homage to the name of Christ, resembling the self-crossing of a well-feeling Romanist at the sight of a crucifix. Of the special doctrines "necessary to salvation," of Athanasius, of Luther, or of Calvin, of any recognition of either Church or Bible as a final court of appeal for metaphysics, morals, history, or physical science, he would find scarcely any trace at all. A book or a periodical which assumes the orthodox doctrines, and applies them to the real facts of life, is thereby immediately marked as belonging to the "religious world," and passes out of the sphere of regular literature. Thus the members

* Perhaps one of the under-currents which may have tended of late to soften democratic opinions into liberalism in England, may be traced to the results of the working of the new poor-law. No one can have been led to watch these closely without being struck with the fact, that our lowest constituency chooses representatives utterly unfit to cope with the simplest problems, not only of political economy, but of common humanity and justice. To intrust the selection of a senate, which must decide the destinies of the world, to men who choose such representatives as the elected guardians of half the Unions of England, is obviously a dangerous experiment.

of the republic of letters, at all events, must needs be classed as holding in religion the same position which thinking men generally at present hold in politics. They are *liberals*, but not extreme *radicals*. They desire reform, not revolution; and their tone toward the past is tender rather than inimical. In so far, then, as literature must be held to be the vane on our spire, we must judge thereby which way the wind is blowing all around.

There is much of good and somewhat of evil, in this religious attitude of our generation. It is good inasmuch as it is an attitude of reverence. Whatever Englishmen believe or disbelieve now, there is hardly a trace of Voltarian shallow and trivial contempt, or of the solemn sneer of that "lord of irony," Gibbon; neither are we indifferent to the whole subject, in the deplorable manner of clever Frenchmen and Italians. Let an Englishman approach ever so nearly to the dread gulf of atheism, he very seldom denies that he knows it *is* a gulf terrible and dark, and that he would fain turn round and escape it. The self-conceited satisfaction in verbal quibbles, whereby the shallower races of the South are content to shut out God and Heaven from human eyes, are flimsy veils, rent asunder at once in the strong grasp of the Saxon. Is there, or is there not, a God? Is there, or is there not, a life to come? These are questions he may perhaps admit, with downcast eyes and aching heart, to be for the present beyond his solution; but he will never dismiss them with a shrug, a quibble, and a smile. Huc tells us that when a Chinese is asked his religion he considers it an imperative duty of courtesy to depreciate it, and praise that of his interlocutor: "My religion is the poor, and mean, and foolish religion of Lao-Tze. It is not nearly so good a religion as the high and exalted religion of Fo; but opinions only vary: Truth is one. We are all brothers." The difference between these Chinese and intelligent men in Southern Europe seems to be that they all equally dispipe the religions in whose forms they acquiesce, and each professes a stupid and unmeaning latitudinarianism. The Chinese alone speaks civilly of *another's* faith, while the Frenchman and the Italian insult both it and their own with absolute impartiality!

English skepticism in our time is mostly of that sort of which it may be said:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

It *is* honest, serious, and arises in most cases from the sincere interest taken in the subject. Along with it (in whatever degree it may exist) there lives a strong and high *moral* faith, an intense belief in justice, truth, goodness, purity; higher standards of virtue, higher conceptions of what life ought to be made, nay, even a wholly new spirit of tenderness for any genuine religious feeling in other creeds and ages—these are symptoms full of largest promise. Whatever revolution in opinion may be in store, there can be no reason to fear for its ultimate results, while skepticism itself assumes such shapes as these.

On the other hand, there is an evil side to the religious attitude of the age. It is the disposition to accept as a finality that condition of hesitation and uncertainty which in the nature of things should be one of transition. There is an unavowed feeling current through the higher minds of the age, that a definite faith is an unattainable good; that the larger a man's mind, and the broader his grasp of the great facts of life, so much the more cloudy must be his creed, so much the feebler must glimmer for him the ray of light divine, whereby earth's pathways are *cheered for humbler souls*. It is not merely that men do not now hope to reduce all the awful mysteries of theology to half a page of formularies. It is not merely that they have ceased to look for celestial manna of infallible doctrines, rained down by book or church, for mortals to gather up and be fed. They no longer hope to have any theology at all. They no longer look with filial confidence to the Father of Spirits for that bread of life, without which our souls must faint and perish. Here is the *real* weak point of faith, properly so called; not the faith in books or churches, but in the ultimate intuitions of human nature; those intuitions which tell us that the Creator can not leave unsatisfied the greatest want of his noblest creature, while he openeth his hand and filleth the desire of bird and brute; those intuitions which tell us that all which has glorified and hallowed the past, which has exalted man into the

martyr, and purified him into the saint, the religion which has been the source of every thing most beautiful, and every thing most holy, *can not* be a dream and a mistake.

There is a great error current in our way of viewing these things just now. Because we have discovered that we can not attain *infallible* truth, we have leaped to the conclusion that we can dispense with truth altogether. Because there is no miraculous potable gold in the alchemy of the soul, we imagine we can live without natural food. In youth we plant our tree of faith in hot haste, and dig it up by the roots, and plant again and again equally fruitlessly; and then we sit down in despair, and cross our hands, and say: "We will plant no more—let the ground lie barren." But our *duty* is to plant, to plant deeply and firmly, perchance with much labor and many prayers, and then at last the faith will strike its roots into our hearts and grow and flourish year by year, warmed by the sun and watered by the rains of heaven, till the feeble shoot has become a mighty tree—different from the shoot, inasmuch as it is larger and more beautiful, yet in truth the same, and developed from the same firm-set root. Then we ourselves may look back on the day of small things, when a blast of idle words could have overthrown us, and rejoice that "neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," can separate us from God, or cast our faith uprooted on the ground.

In morals, as well as in politics and religion, the present generation is widely divided from the past. Theoretically it holds different opinions, and, practically, it has established a very different standard of virtue. The system of Paley and Bentham modified and ennobled in the hands of John Stuart Mill, represents even the happiness-test theory in a far better light, while, on the other hand, the opposite school of ethics, which sets forth virtue as the end of creation, and intuition as our moral guide, has gained ground so far that it may be said to color our literature, almost as Paley's doctrines did those of the last generation. In particular, divines of nearly all varieties of theological opinion have ceased to preach the miserable "Do good that you may go to heaven" sermons we used to hear, and sound a nobler note, as to the *motive* of duty,

even when their ideas concerning the origin of our *knowledge* of it may be ever so confined. Kingsley's apostrophe in the *Saints' Tragedy* has struck the key-note of the newer and grander lesson:

"Is selfishness—for *time* a sin—
Stretched out into eternity, celestial prudence?"

People interest themselves little in theories of morals, and contentedly listen to the most degrading heresies on the subject, while they are ready to call fire and flame over some infinitely small and obscure error of theology. Yet among all the ignorance and indifference on the subject, the progress toward a higher system insensibly produces beneficial practical results. The nobler principle echoed about, penetrates men's brains at last, and kindles a generous warmth in their hearts, which the meaner one was unable to touch. The duties of the rich toward the poor are assuredly understood in quite a different sense now from what they were formerly, when careless alms or ostentatious Christian benefactions were supposed to fulfill them sufficiently. The whole movement, of which the Social Science Association is the visible type, owes its existence to the higher senses of responsibility, first to seek out and discover, and then to remedy the misery of the pauper and the criminal, the ignorant and the vicious. For one "Man of Ross," one Hannah More, or Mrs. Fry, of the last age, there are thousands of philanthropists now devoting themselves almost as a matter of course to doing all that in their power may lie, to lift a little of the weight of the world's burden from the shoulders of the weak and the suffering. No sooner is a scheme of beneficence started than aid flows in from every quarter from unknown friends. A mere summary of the work now doing of this sort in England would fill a volume. Here is surely the "spirit of the age" in its very noblest development. In many less obvious ways a change has taken place in the general manner of regarding questions of moral importance. Thirty years ago the man who should have spoken of marriages contracted for convenience as essentially immoral, would have been laughed at for his pains. In the upper classes the notion that such marriages were fit and right, that esteem was the only thing needed to render a worldly alliance in every way

good and proper, was instilled into the minds of young people as a matter of course. A young lady who declined "advantageous" proposals for the simple reason that she disliked the proposer, was considered to deserve poverty and ridicule for the rest of her life, unless in the rare case of her being in a position to command other similarly advantageous alliances. Even down to the present time, a few belated writers of fiction make their heroines do a noble action in marrying some man they abhor, to obey their fathers or oblige their mothers. All this miserable folly is going out of fashion. We are beginning to see that the canon that "marriage must hallow love" has a converse quite equally sacred, and that "love also must hallow marriage."

It is needless to point out the often-recognized changes which have occurred in the social morals of the century. Drunkenness, gambling, blasphemy, these three giant vices, at all events, have been extruded in uttermost disgrace from the circles where once they blazed in full effrontery. Perhaps other vices, worse than they, may yet, with God's help, be conquered also.

As to the esthetics of our age, who knows what they are? Are we romanticists or classicists? Is pre-Raphaelitism an accepted thing? Ought our buildings, public and private, to be Gothic, or Greek, or Italian? or something jumbled of all? or something wholly new? Should our furniture be Tudor, or Renaissance, or Louis XIV., or Style Empire? When we ask these questions, we awake to the curious fact, that every preceding generation has had its style more or less marked and predominant, through all the works of the day. But our generation has no such style. There is no one thread of thought or taste running through the multitudinous shapes or colors which our houses within and without display. If a future painter wishes to give "An Interior, Temp. Q. Victoria," or a future novelist describe vividly an English house in 1864, what can either of them do in the way of architecture or furniture to give *coulour locale* to their sketches? The crinoline remains the sole original feature of the epoch. In manners, where are we? We will not say, like the young midshipman, who was desired by his father to take notes of the manners and customs of the nations whom he visited, and who

simply appended to those of the Polyne-sians, "Manners, none; customs, beastly." We are not at all "beastly." Probably real refinement and delicacy never reached so high a point before, as among the middle and upper classes of England now. Certainly, we may doubt that cleanliness ever did so. If the conquest of India had only availed to bring us back so many exquisitely clean ladies and gentlemen, and to introduce the supreme institution of the matutinal tub, then would not the empire of Aurungzebe have fallen in vain. Still for "manners," alas! for mode of address, for conversation, for the minor courtesies of life which make all the difference between jolting down the road of life in a cart, and rolling over it in a well-swung carriage, it can hardly be denied there is a grievous falling off from the days of our fathers. Is this owing to women? A great change has certainly taken place in their position. A woman's lot is a freer, happier thing by far than it was when life's lottery offered her but the one prize of a congenial marriage, and all the rest of her chances were miserable blanks of unhappy wedlock or dreary maidenhood, pinned up in narrowest circles of conventionality. Still further may these changes go. But let us trust that however may hereafter be adjusted many questions opened now, it will never cease to be woman's aim to soften and refine the manners of their time, and to claim from men that gentle courtesy which it is equally a pleasure and an honor to give and to receive. The fear that they should do otherwise seems about as well founded as that they should join in a league for the general massacre of babies, or any thing else equally congenial to their natures.

To resume. Nineteenth Century *Père* was a fine worthy gentleman in thick white cravat and blue coat. He had the narrowest political and religious creed, and the worst esthetic taste possible. But he was brave (as some fifty well-fought battles by sea and land could testify), pious, and charitable, according to his lights, and of supreme courtesy of manners and chivalry of feeling. He left to his son (with all his foolish opinions) the English constitution and the English church, a variety of hideous edifices and public monuments, and a rather greater tendency to gout than had been enjoyed by mankind before the treaty with Portugal.

Nineteenth Century *Fils* is a young

gentleman in tweed suit and wide awake, with a cigar permanently growing out of his lips. He has the very finest aspirations in all directions, but has no particular creed as yet, political, religious, moral, or esthetic, and no manners whatever,

good, bad, or indifferent. It is earnestly hoped by the friends of this interesting youth that he may leave something as good to Twentieth Century as the heritage he received from his own respected progenitors.

From the London Eclectic.

LECTURERS AND LECTURING: THOMAS COOPER.

THE public mind is quite undecided in its opinion as to the question, whether lectures and lecturing are a great nuisance or a great luxury? We believe, if most people answered honestly, the verdict would be, *great nuisance*; at any rate, this is the impression conveyed by the amazing difficulty there is, even in a very large and crowded population, of obtaining a tolerably decent-looking audience, and by the consequent usually miserable remuneration, with which most lecturers are compelled to content themselves, who feel that amongst the several missions of modern enlightenment, that department is theirs. We are not quite certain that things are mending in this matter; we speak from no especial text, but from impressions which have often passed through our mind with reference to the importance of the lecturer's work, and the undue appreciation of it. It is true that the preliminary arrangements and securities against loss on the part of lecturer, or committee engaging him, have been wrought into a scientific texture, and planning and scheming to get rid perhaps of two or three hundred course tickets; but even in this case, success only seems certain when large concessions are made to the popular yearning for amusement or something more questionable, and the lecturer's desk is transformed into the ventriloquist's or the thespian's theater. Some persons prophesy and proclaim that the age of lecturing has gone by; the multiplication of books and papers has extinguished the need of it. Others, like George Gillfillan, for instance, in his third volume of *Literary Portraits*, pour every kind of

imaginable contempt upon the lecture craft; contempt, it must be admitted, deserved in many instances, but too bad when it is made a generalization of the whole. From some aspects, it might seem that the lecturer has, within the last twenty years, passed under an eclipse, and yet we suppose that his functions have settled themselves now more distinctly into a profession. To listen to a bad lecture is one of the most appalling calamities that can happen to a mortal. We say it with deep sensibility, even in the recollection of innumerable bad lectures delivered by ourselves. A man, unfit for the lecturer's work in the lecturer's desk, is a pitiable spectacle, for lecturing is an art by itself. Every preacher is now supposed to be capable of delivering himself in a popular lecture; but nothing is wider apart than even the most serious and instructive lecture should be from the sermon. A man may be a successful pleader, an able barrister, and gifted in the forensic line; his friends suppose, of course, that he may deliver himself ably and effectively in a lecture. The art of the lecturer is nearer to the practice of the barrister than to the work of the pulpit; but it is not at all likely that the successful pleader will make the able lecturer. The most able lecturers, we believe, of our day, are nearly all masters in the pulpit; but they usually are only so as they leave the peculiar fervor and method of the pulpit behind them, when they come for purposes which must be regarded as more secular, before audiences. The work of the pulpit is especially with conscience—soul—affection. The work of the lecturer is with the mind, the under

standing. The purpose of the first is to bring the spirit into serious thought and emotional relation with God, Scripture, divine things. The purpose of the last may be the same, but it is indirectly so; it is as different as the intelligent week-day evening fireside should be from the Christian Sabbath-afternoon fireside. A man may make a very good preacher without either imagination, humor, or good humor. In fact, very few preachers have either one or the other of either of these attributes; but a lecturer will make nothing out, will win the ear of no audience, will move no sensibilities, will convey no instruction, who has not in a large proportion these great human attributes. Now, all these remarks are to preface the expression of our own conviction, that lecturing is one of the most healthy, happy, and charming modes of public instruction. We shall never forget, so long as we live, some lectures heard when we were a boy; their delight and their influence are with us still. We shall never forget the impression of the unhappy Haydon's lectures on painting, on our mind; and we must still believe, that for many purposes, especially upon certain orders of mind, a competent lecture, well furnished, easily delivered, is more effective than almost the best book. Indeed, all best books, best poems, best philosophies, best outlines of science, histories, even biographies, need the expositor, the middle man, just as trade has its princely merchants, and its little retail purchasers, but the space between these two is filled up by the middle man—the tradesman. So the lecturer, the oral teacher, takes the things of innumerable high books and great thoughts, unattainable, incomprehensible, abstract ideas, and makes them simple, easy, beautiful, practical. We are aware we say high things about the lecturer—things to which few lecturers have attained; but in spite of the desponding tone with which we commenced our examples, we believe that the lecturer's is as yet almost an undeveloped art and power. It is remarkable that the great love and rage for listening to lectures, and great, able, noble lecturers, exist in America incomparably beyond any such experience in England. Where we go to lectures by scores, people there go by hundreds, and the men to whom we listen by hundreds, they are listened to by thousands there. Of course we speak of pe-

riods before the present unhappy struggle, and from the testimonies and experiences of such men as Sir Charles Lyell, George Combe, Professor Agassiz, and Professor Guyot. This confirms in our mind the impression, that the love of listening to a good lecture is a luxury resulting from a certain amount at least of moral and mental culture—an acquaintance with books, and a thirst for that impetus and impulse which the human voice especially gives. In England, the man has the best chance of obtaining an audience in the lecture-room, almost in the inverse proportion in which he possesses the felicities and facilities of public speech and instruction. Let him be a man who has achieved great fame as a writer—which of course usually supposes a retirement from incessant public speech, independence of it, usually inaptitude for it—and he will have an audience. Sometimes it is very delightful to see and to hear a man of thought and mark read even one of his own already published papers. One of the richest luxuries we have enjoyed in this way was the sitting recently in the audience of A. K. H. B., Mr. Boyd, our dear country parson, and listening to his most happy reading of his own paper "On Men of whom more might have been made." The masters of the pen are not always so delightful, and they are not lecturers. Mr. Thackeray's lectures were amazingly successful, and they contained his average amount of brilliancy in satire and description; but the same lectures might have been delivered, not in Mr. Thackeray's unhappy manner, but with ease and fluency by a practiced speaker, but an unknown man, and they would have been failures; in fact, people paid their guineas for the course, with pleasure, to see the author of *Vanity Fair*, to spend an evening with him; vulgar high-bred women to ogle him, after the delightfully polite way of the best society, with their eye-glasses; and men to gape, and to gaze and rub their moustache with their walking-stick, bringing, as is thus frequently their wont, two pieces of wood into close proximity. Celebrities are always sure of the *parvenues*, and so an audience is made. Then how delightful it is if the neighboring peer or baronet condescends somehow or other to get up a lecture on behalf of the Mechanics' Institution in the neighborhood of the country seat. Then what a fluttering of opera

cloaks, and the small town belles in full dress; and what an overflowing spontaneity of thankfulness, when the small, shivering secretary proposes a vote of humble gratitude to the noble lord or honorable baronet; and with what condescension and affability all the big little people speak of the institution, and their desire to help the poor things; and fancy that in having done their little part to-day to the great man, they have fulfilled each item of the golden rule, and get themselves tucked-up to sleep on comfortable terms with God and man: while the humble, thoughtful lecturer, to whom the work is really a passion and a purpose, comes and goes, greeted by his small, almost no audience, and receiving his fee, receives no public acknowledgment of thanks; as if it were possible that any fee could cover impulse given to the heart, and light and truth poured in upon the mind. It may seem that we speak rather bitterly; in fact, we have been saddened by the reputed failure of the lecturer, and we have attributed the failure to two or three circumstances—to the “snobbery” which we see has penetrated to the lecturer’s desk also, creating that incommensurable kind of article called the *amateur lecturer*—still more saddened we have been by finding in almost every substitute the sacred purposes of knowledge-getting and truth-getting represented by the Mechanics’ or Literary Institute, degraded by the admixture of semi-theatric exhibitions, ventriloquial flights, Ethiopian serenaders, in some instances, Christy’s minstrels, and other such admirable helps to “the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!” Music bath charms, and we desire to say no word against the occasional healthful intermixture of the concert, when it commends itself to the nobler faculties. We were privileged the other day to lecture before an institute, to which we belonged some twenty-eight years since, when just emerging into riper youth. All things had changed—most people would say, changed for the better; the room we remembered in our boyhood was a long, plain, simple room, not capable of holding more than from three to four hundred persons; it was adorned by the busts of the masters of science—the long, elevated platform at the further end of the room, surrounded by the majestic tools, instruments, and playthings of science. From

that platform was never delivered, we suppose, a lecture which had not some claims upon what belongs to the better nature of man; no buffoon ever stood there—no harlequinading ever went on there. We often saw the room thronged, and always with those who, in some humble way, more or less, were seeking after knowledge; especially we recollect the respectful attention with which every lecture was listened to by the whole audience. These things have passed away. When we lectured before the same institute the other day, the little room had yielded to a vast, handsome theater, capable of accommodating twelve hundred people; we had no reason to complain of our audience, for the theater was full; but it seemed to us a very different building to the little, venerable, scientific-looking hall of old days; and a glance at the programme for the session showed plainly how amusement, and appealing to vulgar tastes, predominated in the thoughts of those who catered for the audience. Thomas Carlyle says, the only hell an Englishman in general knows any thing about is the hell of not getting on; and the feverish desire of success which compels the tradesman to absorb himself and fuse down all things, eternal, immortal, and temporal, mental, moral, and emotional, into the making-up a good account at his banker’s—which compels many a church to take its cue from the congregation, and the world—also prostrates institutions, whose purpose is the advancement of intelligence and higher ideas, before the most unintelligent and thoughtless classes of the community.

How is it we have been led into the making of these remarks? We had not purposed when we commenced them that they should have extended to so great a length; they have been quickened within us by the having listened to the man, of all other men, we believe, at whose feet, as a lecturer for popular purposes and audiences, we would delight to sit. Thomas Cooper is a lecturer in a very eminent degree—we think we should not hesitate to call him the king of lecturers. Here we know many would differ from us; he is too genuine and great to prepare, and polish, and chisel, and to cultivate the rhetorician’s art, by which the lecture becomes like a declamation of Sims Reeves—every syllable set to the music of a certain bar, and all the emo-

tions stored up in the memory to be forthcoming at a certain moment and in a certain place. Utterly inartificial, perfectly healthful, coherent, logical, redundant in anecdote, overflowing with best information, facts of science, happy pieces of humor, rare touches of imagination which ascend easily, and vaults to the height of its subject, without giving the hearer the painful impression of clambering, and panting, and blowing, which too frequently the rhetorician gives. We know not how, in terms of sufficient strength, to express our admiration of this useful man, who now seeks by his eloquent and powerful and well-informed mind, and singularly felicitous and adroit tongue, in some measure to overtake and undo the mischiefs effected by him by the same means whilst walking beneath the night of skepticism. We touched the topic of this paper, from a sense of duty lying upon us, after having heard him, of using these pages for the purpose of commending him to ministers and churches, and genuine institutions, existing for the purpose of getting the best knowledge, and showing its identity with truest and highest religion. Thomas Cooper, as perhaps most of our readers know, has led a wonderful, checkered, many-colored life; at all times, we believe, like Mr. Holyoake, maintaining a high character for moral consistency, whilst deviating into many of the wildest divarications of infidelity. He is one of the noblest children born of toil. Poor and inured to poverty, the method he first pursued to obtain knowledge inspires instructive homage; from a shoemaker he became a schoolmaster, from a schoolmaster to be the editor of the *Stamford Mercury*. The history of his mind and life will, no doubt, be before many of our readers in their recollection of his eloquent and extraordinary defense of himself on the occasion of his great political trial. In prison he wrote his *Purgatory of Suicides*. On the occasion of its publication it received hearty admiration in the pages of the *Eclectic Review*. Dr. Croly, in a more splendid notice of it, declared it "the most wonderful effort of intellectual power produced within the last century." Perhaps this is an exaggeration; but if so, it was yet the expression of a man of brilliant genius and magnificent imagination. Our more modest estimate of it would yet, independently of its grandeur as a poem, describe

it as incomparably the most learned poem in the English language after *Paradise Lost*. Intermeddling with all kinds of learning and knowledge, handling languages, history, science, with the strength of a strong human will, he became a skeptic, yielded himself to the fascination, irresistible a quarter of a century since, of the Strauss theory—this he sought to expound, and by such and other lectures, and by the advocacy of remarkably free political opinions, became well known, especially to the thoughtful masses and laboring classes of the country. Several years since, his mind underwent an entire change; he had probably been an unconscious believer all along—his *Purgatory of Suicides* is much more the product of faith than of skepticism. While yet an unbeliever he could say—

"I love the Galilean, Lord and Christ;
Such goodness I could own, and though enshrined
In flesh could worship. If emparadised
Beyond the grave, no Eden I could find
Restored, though all the good of human kind
Were there, and not that yearning One—the
poor
Who healed, and fed, and blest! Nay, to my
mind,
Hell would be Heaven with him—horror no
more
Could fright, if such benignant beauty trod
its shore."

There were predispositions, therefore, in a mind capable of expressing itself thus: and, since his conversion to Christianity, he has principally occupied himself by delivering a course of lectures, embracing a comprehensive scheme of argument in favor of the reality of religious truth. There is something to our minds, we could almost say, sublime and beautiful, in the life in its more advanced age, offering itself up, with all its accumulations of knowledge and genius, to extend "the faith it once labored to destroy." There are several circumstances which meet in Thomas Cooper, as a lecturer, which strongly commend him to our minds. One of these is that the lectures to which we refer form a course of instruction. We grieve much over the exceedingly desultory lecturing of our day—the getting up a lecture, as it is called, upon some subject. Lecturing, to be truly healthy and useful, should deal systematically with a subject. Mr. Cooper unfolds, through various pathways of argu-

ment, the great doctrine of design and divine intention. Commencing his first lecture with the argument of Paley, we express simple truth when we say, he improves the argument by supplying several links in the chain; and the first lecture, in the course of its delivery, transforms Natural History into the interest of a fairy tale. Several of the inferior creatures, and their ways and habits, are described with delightful and entertaining adroitness of description. The second lecture, on Design in the Celestial Spaces, compels the mind of the hearer to move with freedom and majesty; and the whole audience, when we formed a part of it, hung breathlessly on the story of the successive defeats and the crowning triumphant discoveries of Leverrier and Adams. The great discoveries of Galileo Newton, Kepler, and Herschel, are not veiled—they become dramatic, and every auditor lives in a personal interest with every part of the unfolding problem. Quitting the abstract thought of design, in another lecture, he chases skepticism through its various assertions of the materialism of thought, and humor and science combine in a delightful manipulation of the brain, previous to the assertion and induction of the spiritual nature in man. The audience is carried along—breathlessly again—through the history of James Watt, the arch discovery of the little lad, and at last the magnificent hand of the giant thinker, harnessing down steam with all its forces for great human purposes. But the lecturer is so delightfully free in his system, we could almost be sure that, frequently as these lectures have been delivered, they have never been composed or written down on paper. Illustrations of a very essential, but free, character spring up as he advances: now, turning his own wrist or shoulder into an easy anatomical diagram: and now describing the wasp or a bee, and the building of a comb, so simply and naturally, and in the fewest words, so fitly put, that the thing lives on the hearer's eye. Mr. Cooper possesses power enough of the rhetorical order, but seems to disdain to use it unless carried along unconsciously into the center of his own power. His style is direct, familiar, colloquial, frequently very pleasantly humorous, always lucid and clear; and usually, when the week has been spent in the delivery of such lectures as those to which we have pointed, on the

Sabbath, in the pulpits of the town—some of the most prominent of which we have been glad to find usually open to him—he deals with those still higher spiritual truths, to which he would make intellectual researches and knowledge only the porch and vestibule, and in this work our delight has been equal to that we have received in the other. A practical, spiritual, deeply devotional, and thoroughly evangelical spirit pervades all his teachings. One such sermon we heard, and of another in the same town, on the "Unsearchable Riches of Christ," we received from the best sources glowing accounts of affectionate admiration. In England there is not such another man as Thomas Cooper. Let the reader run his memory over the names of the men whom he has read, or of those whom he has not heard, and he will find this to be a true witness. Here is a man who does not come forward to sneer and peck at the faults of the age, or to deliver the loud sounding, political harangue, or to weave gorgeous words and sentences: the magnificent and stately marches and cadences of the ambitious orator. Mr. Cooper's aim seems to be, in an especial manner, to inform the mind and the judgment, and, if possible, to move the heart—in one word, to do good. Year after year, as the programme of lectures for the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, has appeared, we have anxiously looked, expecting to see the name of Thomas Cooper. We are quite aware that the aim of this excellent society is usually to secure the most respectable patrons, an occasional peer, a bishop, a very eminent collaborateur in the fields of literature or science; we should be glad to know that they were able to pack Exeter Hall to listen to the whole six lectures on the Design Argument. The society has frequently had some worthy and able tongue—it would be well to compare almost any with him; here is at once ease and fullness, humor and learning, imagination and force. The ears of young men could seldom be so well and profitably employed. We are glad that already some of our largest chapels have been thronged to hear this great master of informing speech. We have dictated these remarks in the hope that they may be a means of introducing this excellent and honored man to some towns and neighborhoods as yet unvisited. Our readers may be assured, if they

meet him they meet no unfinished or unfurnished tyro; although he may shock some prejudices by the fact that, like Richard Baxter, he is compelled to say, he "does no discredit to any University, since he is not of any," and with some, colleges alone are supposed to give either status or wisdom; we believe it will be increasingly found, as each lecture is heard,

and as the mind, perhaps, in private, turns over its stores, that for fullness and fitness, for the memory which treasures, for the prompt prehensible faculty which seizes, and for the wisdom which perceives and applies, there is scarcely another teacher among us able to do the work which Providence seems to have appointed to Thomas Cooper.

From the London Eclectic.

THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.*

It has long been known, and often said, that in the household of the Epworth Rectory is to be traced the real origin of Wesleyan-Methodism. "The Mother of the Wesleys," says Dr. Stevens, in his very interesting history, "is the Mother of Methodism." She was a rare and extraordinary woman. Much has been done by many historians and biographers, especially by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*, to give a worthy eminence to her, but probably Mr. Kirk's is the most beautiful and successful attempt; we have read his volume with great pleasure. The old Epworth Rectory is very well known to us—its ghostly perturbations, and its sad pecuniary difficulties, its flames and its fears, its devotion, its discipline, its extraordinary sons, its almost equally extraordinary daughters. It furnishes a picture of rural life in the beginning of the last century, very interesting to refer to again and again. The volume of Mr. Kirk will be prized by all to whom the memory of a beautiful Christian wife and mother is a pleasant and delightful subject of review; of course it was scarce possible to recite the story without detailing much of the family history. The chapter on the Sons and the Daughters is very mournfully tender; seldom does a family contain such a record of genius and of grief, sorrow and disappointment; for all the daughters were cross-bearers, and the sons too; al-

though the names of two of them are linked to such a glorious story in the church. Poor Hetty Wesley, refined and accomplished—what a story is hers!—her married life, what a great grief hangs along its whole page! The wife of a man abandoned to intemperance, all her efforts failed to reclaim him; at last, her health gave way beneath her complicated trials, and all traces of former beauty, except a lively piercing eye, vanished from her once handsome countenance. All her children died young, and she sought some consolation, and had, when cut off from congenial society, one in the expression of her sorrow in verse. How plaintive these lines in which she remonstrates with her husband:

"For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs;
In spite of grief to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee."

Mr. Kirk well and justly speaks of the inimitable pathos and polished numbers in the following address to her dying infant, dictated from her trembling lips a day or two after her confinement:

"Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient luster! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Read thy unresisting heart,—

* *The Mother of the Wesleys: a Biography.* By REV. JOHN KIRK. (Henry James Trevellder.)

Ere the long-enduring-swoon
 Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
 Ah! regard a mother's moan,
 Anguish deeper than thy own!
 Fairest eyes, whose dawning light,
 Late with rapture blest my sight,
 Ere your orbs extinguished be,
 Bend their trembling beams on me!
 Drooping sweetness, verdant flower!
 Blooming—withering in an hour!
 Ere thy gentle breast sustains
 Latest, fiercest mortal pains,
 Hear a suppliant,—let me be
 Partner of thy destiny!
 That, whene'er the fatal cloud
 Must thy radiant temples shroud,
 When deadly damps, impending now,
 Shall hover round thy destined brow,
 Diffusive may their influence be,
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree*."

But we are rather remarking upon the children and the daughters, than the mother—than the wise, judicious, and saintly mother. The children of so much grief were the children in a very eminent degree of prayer and holiness. In Su-

sanna Wesley was a wonderful combination of good sense and religious fervor "If," she exclaims, in one of her evening meditations, "if comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, and good; if earnestly and constantly to desire Thee, Thy favor, Thy acceptance, Thyself, rather than any or all things Thou hast created, be to love Thee—I do love Thee." Beautiful words! We can very confidently refer the reader to the volume before us for a biography of the dictator of these words of sweet meditation; which, with a narrative of a saintly woman's piety and sufferings, her domestic tribulations, and her personal holiness, bear sweet, soothing illustration to many a woman's heart, of the text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We think of the book as a delightful biography for all readers, but especially as a delightful book for wives and for mothers; it has our warmest word for a hearty welcome and reading by all lovers of biography.

From Bently's Miscellany.

"A NOVEL SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE."

A CURIOUS notice has lately appeared in the public prints under the above heading, said to be derived from a letter from Toulon, giving details relative to a scientific voyage about to be undertaken by the Duc de Luynes.

"Lieutenant Vignes, of the Imperial navy," it appears from this account, "has been appointed to the command of a steam gunboat belonging to the duke, which is to sail toward the end of the month on this voyage of discovery. After having visited the most interesting places in the Mediterranean, and particularly the coast of Syria, the boat is to be carried on the backs of mules across the mountains of Judea, to be launched on the Dead sea, of which the waters are to be analyzed, as chemists are not agreed as to their quality. The gunboat is to be again carried to the Mediterranean, whence it will proceed to the Black sea, ascend the

Don, cross the Steppes of Dolgo in a wagon to reach the Wolga, which it will descend to the Caspian sea, that immense conglomeration of water and of oil of petroleum, continually agitated with storms. After having carefully studied these phenomena, as well as the various inhabitants of that little-known region, the travelers will cross, on camels, the deserts of Asia-Minor to the town of Mossoul, where they will explore the course of the Tiger and the Euphrates, and examine the ruins of the great cities which flourished on their banks. After having accomplished that prodigious journey across seas, rivers, mountains, and deserts, the gunboat will return to France by the Persian gulf and the Red sea. All the difficulties attending such a dangerous journey have been well considered and carefully anticipated. Even the construction of the boat is a *chef-d'œuvre* of naval architecture and of

comfort. All the pieces into which the boat is divided when taken asunder are actually numbered, so that it may be easily put together in twenty-four hours. It will be for the first time that a steam-boat shall have been carried across the precipices of Daghestan and the scorching sands of Mesopotamia. A picked crew has been placed under the command of Lieutenant Vignes by the French government, for the navigation and transport of the gunboat. The Duc de Luynes is to be accompanied by several friends, as well as by *savans* and artists of the greatest merit, who have solicited the honor to share with him the dangers of this hazardous enterprise."

The undertaking, if seriously contemplated, is of a far more arduous nature than appears on the surface; at the same time that the results proposed to be obtained are totally incommensurate with the toil and expense that will be incurred. We are not favored with details as to the proposed size of the gunboat, but it is to be seaworthy, since it is meant to navigate the Mediterranean and to confront the "storms" of the Caspian. There is to be accommodation for several friends of the Duc de Luynes, as well as for *savans*, and artists, and for a picked crew; and as it must also carry engine and boiler as well as "guns," it must be a vessel of such a size, that to transport its sections on the backs of mules across the mountains of Judea, will be an undertaking of no ordinary magnitude. The horse-track—for it is no better—from the coast to Jerusalem, already presents some

asperities of ground; but these are nothing to compare with what will be met with in the stony wilderness that stretches between Jerusalem and the Dead sea.

And what is all this for? Not for the honor and glory of first navigating the waters of the Bahr Lut, since that has been done by Messrs. Moore and Beke, and by Lynch and his friends, who conveyed small boats thither from the Mediterranean. But to analyze the waters? Why, they have been already analyzed by the first chemists in Europe; by Lavoisier, in 1773; by Dr. Marcel, in 1807; by Klaproth, by Guy Lussac, about 1818; by Professor Gmelin, in 1826; and by Dr. Apjohn, in 1839. There is little or nothing, then, to recompense the enterprising and gallant Frenchmen for so laborious an undertaking.

Altogether, it is a truly "novel scientific voyage"—we hope results that will leave the surveys and explorations of a Chesney, a Layard, and a Rawlinson, in the far background, may be acquired to science—and for artists a new field of exceeding charms undoubtedly presents itself; but we have no hesitation in prognosticating that the first portion of the proposed undertaking—the transport to the Dead sea—will be fatal enough, without a further vain attempt to climb Taurus, and to confront the lofty Gordyeon mountains, in the footsteps of the Greeks of old, who, led by Xenophon, had no sections of a gunboat, guns, boilers, and engines, to convey across those snow-clad crests and rocky pathless defiles.

A MAMMOTH DOCK.—The New Orleans *Times* states that an enterprising firm belonging to that city and Algiers has now a mammoth dock nearly completed on the Ohio river. It is three hundred feet long, with ninety feet floor, built almost entirely of white oak. Over three hundred men have been at work on it for a long time, and three saw-mills are employed in turning out the necessary lumber and timber. This dock is to be completed and delivered by June 1st. It is large enough to take on a ship of five thousand tons, drawing twenty-two feet of water. The Pensacola, Brooklyn, Hartford, and vessels of that class can be admitted readily, or it can accommodate any two vessels of seven hundred tons at the same time. The cost of the dock will be over \$350,000.

CONNECTING THE LAKES WITH THE SEA-BEARD.—President Lincoln has communicated to Congress the report of Charles B. Stewart, consulting engineer, upon the improvements to pass gunboats from tide-water to the western lakes. The engineer assumes that upon the connection of these lakes with tide-water depends the jurisdiction of our government, common defense as well as welfare, and that the Mississippi river should likewise be connected with the lakes. He gives as the total estimates for improved gunboat locks for the Erie, Oswego, Champlain, and the Cayuga and Seneca canals, with seven feet of water, over \$18,000,000; and with eight feet of water, over \$20,5000,000, and the cost of a canal around Niagara Falls at from ten to thirteen million dollars.

From the London Eclectic.

MRS. GATTY'S PARABLES.

WE feel it always a pleasant duty to call attention to Mrs. Gatty's *Parables—Red Snow, and other Parables from Nature; Third Series. Parables from Nature; Fourth Series.* By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell & Daldy.) Mrs. Gatty is mistress of a rare art. Three years since, we called attention at some length to the first and second series of her *Parables*. We are scarcely prepared to say that she has exceeded or even equaled her first volumes, but that may possibly arise from the absence of that freshness which impressed the mind at first. Certainly in her department she walks alone. Her circle seems a simple one; but of the many, many thousands who are set apart to preach sermons, and do their work tolerably well, very few could find, as Mrs. Alfred Gatty so pleasantly finds, in a world of images, very frequently the real meaning of things. For our parts, we have a great reverence for the parable-uttering art. It has often been used as the inlet to all knowledge. A very admirable parable is that on *Imperfect Instruments*—the parable of the young clergyman who tuned his imperfect organ by a perfect system, and failed, because he found that the tuning had been too perfect by half. We must quote the close of this very instructive little homily:

And now for the explanation. Neither father nor son could unravel the mystery. The only guess even that they could make was, that the man at the music-shop might have given them a wrong scale to work by. It was not a bad idea, and it served to keep them quiet till the organ-builder, whom they had sent for at once, came over. He was an odd, sententious old man, with a good deal of dry humor. So when he got into the church and touched the fatal organ, he first chuckled and then laughed outright.

Were the bellows out of order? Were the pipes injured? Was the scale incor-

rect? Was the tuning imperfect? Geronimo's questions fell thick and fast.

"Nothing of the sort, young gentleman," said the organ-builder to every suggestion. "There's only one thing the matter—but it's every thing—the tuning's *too perfect by half!*"

Both Geronimo and his father stared, to the organ-builder's great delight.

"You don't seem to have heard of this before, gentlemen," observed he; "but it's a fact, nevertheless. The scale's all right; the system's perfect; but if you stick too close to it, it sets you wrong. The organ won't bear it, that's the fact."

"Not bear being put into perfect tune?" asked Geronimo, really astonished. "How is that possible?"

"Because it's an imperfect instrument, sir," answered the organ-builder; "and that being the case, you have to make the best you can of it, and not try to get it perfect, for that's not possible."

Here he took up the scale paper, and went on to explain that most of the fifths must be left somewhat flat, and the few others made somewhat sharp; the octaves alone being tuned in perfect unison. And this was the best plan, he assured them, of getting a harmonious whole—"not perfect, I grant, even then," added he, "but pretty fair for this present life, gentlemen, you see."

Geronimo listened in silence. A system of expediency in the material world, and in music especially, seemed to him monstrous. He sat silently by, too, while the organ-builder made his preparations for repairing the mischief that had been done. His father slept away, as silent as himself, though possibly he made his own reflections before he went.

But Geronimo sat silently on, till at last the organ-builder began to tune the fifths, leaving each one flat in succession; and then he could contain himself no longer. He got up, but only to sit down again, and then rose once more.

"This is most trying!" he exclaimed.

"As unsatisfactory to the mind as the ear! To have a perfect system to go by" (here he pointed to the scale of twenty notes) "and not be allowed to carry it perfectly out, though ear and heart rebel against the disorder! To have an evil under your very hand to be remedied, and be obliged to suffer it still! I call this dreadful!"

The organ-builder stopped his work to listen and reply:

"It's not very pleasant, I admit," said he, "but there's one thing's worse—to find you've worked so hard for the system, that you've missed the end it was made for."

"A perfect system ought to work out a perfect end," murmured Geronimo.

But the organ-builder shook his head. "Not if the instrument isn't perfect too," persisted he; "there's sure to be a cross somewhere."

Drone went another pipe, another imperfect fifth was tuned, and the organ-builder made another pause. He was a very sententious man, and liked to explain all round his subject.

"It's the same all through life," observed he; "the best rules even, short of gospel rules, of course, mustn't be pressed too close; neither man nor organ can bear it. If we were all up in heaven it might be different."

In spite of himself Geronimo smiled, and the smile did him good. "What a choice of evils!" he said.

"Can't be otherwise," remarked his companion, "so long as things are all imperfect together—men and organs—and perhaps even rules too, sometimes."

Geronimo shook his head, but the organ-builder did not notice it, and went back to his tuning as cheerful as if no such thing as a sad necessity existed in the world. And Geronimo went on listening to the unsatisfactory sounds, musing the while thereupon.

. . . Irregularity—inconsistency—contradictions even—were as rife then in the material world as in the spiritual—must be borne with—allowed for—made the best of—in the one case as in the other. The organ-builder's business was not so much more satisfactory than a clergyman's after all! . . .

"Now, sir, you may play Hadyn's mass in five flats for as long as you please," observed the organ-builder, as he concluded the tuning, striking down the full

chord of the key in proof of the fact: "The organ goes sweetly enough now."

And so it did—"sweetly enough," if not as perfectly as Geronimo could have desired; but he had had his lesson, and must henceforth be contented with something short of his ideal.

"That type of perfect in his mind,
For nature can we nowhere find."

Nowhere in the lower nature, at least; and for the full development of the higher, he must wait in patience. But patience is the philosophy of experience, and even Geronimo attained it at last.

THE SPIDER AND HER COBWEBS.

And as an illustration for those who are not familiar with Mrs. Gatty's mode of dealing with natural things, we may quote *Cobwebs*:

Twinette, the spider, was young, hungry, and industrious. "Weave yourself a web, my dear," said her mother, "as you know how without teaching, and catch flies for yourself; only don't weave near me in the corner here. I am old, and stay in the corners; but you are young, and needn't. Besides, you would be in my way. Scramble along the rafters to a little distance off, and spin. But mind! just see there's nothing there—below you I mean—before you begin. You won't catch any thing to eat, if there isn't empty space about you for the flies to fly in."

Twinette was dutiful, and obeyed. She scrambled along the wood-work of the groined roof of the church—for it was there her mother lived—till she had gone what she thought might fairly be called a little distance off, and then she stopped to look around, which, considering that as she had eight eyes to do it with, was not difficult. But she was not so sure of what there might be below.

"I wonder whether mother would say there was nothing here—below me, I mean—but empty space for flies to fly in?" said she.

But she might have stood wondering there for ever. So she went back to her mother, and asked what she thought.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said her mother, "how can I think about what I don't see? There usen't to be any thing there in my young days, I'm sure. But every

body must find out things for themselves. Let yourself down by the family rope, as you know how, without teaching, and see for yourself if there's any thing there or not."

Twinette was a very intelligent young spider, quite worthy of the age she was born in; so she thanked her mother for her advice, and was just starting afresh, when another thought struck her. "How shall I know if there's any thing there when I get there?" asked she.

"Dear me, if there's any thing there, how can you help seeing it?" cried the mother, rather teased by her daughter's inquiring spirit, "you with at least eight eyes in your head!"

"Thank you. Now I quite understand," said Twinette; and scuttling back to the end of the rafter, she began to prepare the family rope.

It was the most exquisite thing in the world—so fine, it was scarcely visible; so elastic, it could be blown about without breaking; such a perfect gray that it looked white against black things, and black against white; so manageable that Twinette could both make it, and slide down by it at once; and when she wished to get back, could slip up by it, and roll it up at the same time!

It was a wonderful rope for any body to make without teaching. But Twinette was not conceited. Rope-making came as natural to her as eating and fighting do to intelligent little boys, so she thought no more about it than we do of chewing our food.

How she did it is another question, and one not easily answered, however intelligent we may be. Thus much may be hinted: Out of four little spinning-machines near the tail came four little threads, and the rope was a four-twist of these. But as each separate thread was itself a many-twist of a great many others, still finer, I do not pretend to tell the number of strands (as rope-threads are called) in Twinette's family rope. Enough, that as she made it now, it has been made from generation to generation, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of a change.

The plan was for the spinner to glue the ends to the rafter and then start off. Then out came the threads from the spinning-machines, and twist went the rope; and the further the spinner traveled, the longer the rope became.

And Twinette made ready accordingly, and turning on her back, let herself fairly off.

The glued ends held fast, the four strands twined closely together, and down went the family rope, with Twinette at the end, guiding it. Down into the middle of the chancel, where there were carved oaken screens on three sides, and carved oaken seats below, with carved oaken figures at each end of each.

Twinette was about half-way down to the stone-flagged floor, when she shut up the spinning-machines, and stopped to rest and look round. Then balancing herself at the end of her rope, with her legs crumpled up round her, she made her remarks.

"This is charming!" cried she. "One had need to travel and see the world. And all's so nice in the middle here. Nice empty space for the flies to fly about in; and a very pleasant time they must have of it! Dear me, how hungry I feel—I must go back and weave at once."

But just as she was preparing to roll up the rope and be off, a ray of sunshine, streaming through one of the chancel windows, struck in a direct line upon her suspended body, quite startling her with the dazzle of its brightness. Every thing seemed in a blaze all round her, and she turned round and round in terror.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" cried she, for she didn't know what to say, and still couldn't help calling out. Then, making a great effort, she made one hearty spring, and, blinded though she was, shot up to the groined roof, as fast as spider could go, rolling the rope into a ball as she went. After which she stopped to complain.

But it is dull work complaining to one's self, so she soon ran back to her mother in the corner.

"Back again so soon, my dear?" asked the old lady, not overpleased at the fresh disturbance.

"Back again at all is the wonder," whimpered Twinette. "There's something down there, after all, besides empty space."

"Why, what did you see?" asked her mother.

"Nothing; that was just it," answered Twinette. "I could see nothing for dazzle and blaze: but I did see dazzle and blaze."

"Young people of the present day are very troublesome with their observations," remarked her mother; "however, if one rule will not do, here is another. Did dazzle and blaze shove you out of your place, my dear?"

Twinette said, "Certainly not—she had come away of herself."

"Then how could they be any thing?" asked her mother. "Two things could not be in the one place at the same time. Let Twinette try to get into her place, while she was there herself, and see if she could?"

Twinette did not try, because she knew she couldn't, but she sat very silent, wondering what dazzle and blaze could be, if they were nothing at all! a puzzle which might have lasted her for ever. Fortunately her mother interrupted her, by advising her to go and get something to do. She really couldn't afford to feed her out of her web any longer she said.

"If dazzle and blaze kill me, you'll be sorry, mother," said Twinette, in a pet.

"Nonsense, about dazzle and blaze," cried the old spider, now thoroughly roused. "I dare say they're only a little more light than usual. There's more or less light up here in the corners even, at times. You talk nonsense, my dear."

So Twinette scuttled off in silence; for she dared not ask what light was, though she wanted to know.

But she felt too cross to begin to spin. She preferred a search after truth to her dinner, which showed she was no common-place spider. So she resolved to go down below in another place and see if she could find a really empty space; and accordingly prepared the family rope.

When she came down, it was about half a foot further east in the chancel, and a very prosperous journey she made. "Come! all's safe so far," said she, her good humor returning. "I do believe I've found nothing at last. How jolly it is!" As she spoke, she hung dangling at the end of her rope, back downwards, her legs tucked up round her as before, in perfect enjoyment, when, suddenly, the south door of the church was thrown open, and a strong gust set in. It was a windy evening, and the draught that poured into the chancel blew the family rope, with Twinette at the end of it, backward and forward through the air, till she turned quite giddy.

"O dear, O dear!" puffing, "what

shall I do! How could they say there was nothing here—O dear!—but empty space for flies—O dear!—to fly in?" But at last, in despair, she made an effort of resistance, and in the very teeth of the wind, succeeded in coiling up the family rope, and so got back to the rafters.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for her that a lazy, half-alive fly happened to be creeping along it just at the moment. As she landed from her air-dive she pounced on the stroller, killed him, and sucked his juices before he knew where he was, as people say. Then, throwing down his carcass, she scrambled back to her mother, and told her what she thought, though not in plain words; for what she thought was, that the old lady didn't know what she was saying, when she talked about empty space with nothing in it.

"Dazzle and blaze were nothing," cried she at last, "though they blinded me because they and I were in one place together, which couldn't be if they'd been any thing; and now this is nothing, though it blows me out of my place twenty times in a minute, because I can't see it. What's the use of rules one can't go by, mother? I don't believe you know a quarter of what's down below there."

The old spider's head had turned as giddy with Twinette's arguments as Twinette's had done while swinging in the wind.

"I don't see what it can matter what's there," whispered she, "if there's room for flies to fly about in. I wish you'd go back and spin."

"That's another part of the question," remarked Twinette, in answer to the first half of her mother's sentence. In answer to the second she scuttled back to the rafter, intending to be obedient and spin. But she dawdled and thought, and thought and dawdled, till the day was nearly over.

"I will take one more turn down below," said she to herself at last, "and look round me again."

And so she did, but went further down than before; then stopped to rest as usual. Presently, as she hung dangling in the air by her line, she grew venturesome. "I will sift the matter to the bottom," thought she. "I will see how far empty space goes." So saying she reopened her spinning-machines and started afresh.

It was a wonderful rope, certainly, or it would not have gone on to such a length

without breaking. In a few minutes Twinette was on the cold stone pavement. But she didn't like the feel of it at all, so took to running as fast as she could go, and luckily met with a step of wood-work on one side. Up to this she hurried at once, and crept into a corner close by, where she stopped to take breath. "One doesn't know what to expect in such queer outlandish places," observed she; "when I've rested I'll go back, but I must wait till I can see a little better."

Seeing a little better was out of the question, however, for night was coming on, and when weary of waiting, she stepped out of her hiding-place to look round, the whole church was in darkness.

Now, it is one thing to be snug in bed when it is dark, and another to be a long way from home and have lost your way, and not know what may happen to you next minute. Twinette had often been in the dark corner with her mother, and thought nothing of it. Now she shook all over with fright, and wondered what dreadful thing darkness could be.

Then she thought of her mother's rules, and felt quite angry.

"I can't see any thing, and I don't feel any thing," murmured she, "and yet here's something that frightens me out of my wits."

At last her very fright made her bold. She felt about for the family rope; it was there safe and sound, and she made a spring. Roll went the rope, and up went its owner; higher, higher, higher, through the dark night-air; seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing but the desperate fear within. By the time she touched the rafter she was half-exhausted; and as soon as she was safely landed upon it, she fell asleep.

It must have been late next morning when she woke, for the sound of organ music was pealing through the church, and the air vibrations swept pleasantly over her frame; rising and falling like gusts of night, swelling and sinking like waves of the sea, gathering and dispersing like vapors of the sky.

She went down by the family rope to observe, but nothing was to be seen to account for her sensations. Fresh ones, however, stole round her, as she hung suspended, for it was a harvest-festival, and large white lilies were grouped with evergreens round the slender pillars of

the screens, and filled the air with their powerful odor. Still nothing disturbed her from her place. Sunshine streamed in through the windows—she even felt it warm on her body—but it interfered with nothing else; and, meanwhile, in such sort as spiders hear, she heard music and prayer—whether as music and prayer come to us, or as deaf men enjoy sound by touch, let those say who can! A door opened, and a breeze caught her rope; but still she held fast. So music and prayer and sunshine and breeze and scent were all there together; and Twinette was among them, and saw flies flying about overhead.

This was enough; she went back to the rafter, chose a home, and began to spin. Before evening, her web was completed, and her first prey caught and feasted on.

Then she cleared the remains out of her chamber, and sat down in state to think; for Twinette was now a philosopher. It came to her while she was spinning her web. As she crossed and twisted the threads, her ideas grew clearer and clearer, or she fancied so, which did almost as well. Each line she fastened brought its own reflection; and this was the way they went on:

"Empty space is an old wife's tale"—she fixed that very tight. "Sight and touch are but very imperfect guides"—this crossed the other at an angle. "Two or three things can easily be in one place at the very same time"—this seemed very loose till she tightened it by a second. "Sunshine and wind and scent and sound don't drive each other out of their places"—that held firm. "When one has sensations there is something to cause them, whether one sees it or feels it, or finds it out or not"—this was a wonderful thread, it went right round the web and was fastened down in several places. "Light and darkness, and sunshine and wind, and sound and sensation, and fright and pleasure, don't keep away flies"—the little interlacing threads looked quite pretty as she placed them. "How many things I know of that I don't know much about,"—the web got thicker every minute. "And perhaps there may be ever so much more beyond—ever so much more—ever so much more—beyond." Those were her very last words. She kept repeating them till she finished her web; and when she sat up in state, after supper, to think,

she began to repeat them again; for she could think of nothing better or wiser to say. But this was no wonder, for all her thoughts put together made nothing but a cobweb, after all!

And when the Turk's-head broomswept it, with others, from the roof, Twinette was no longer in the little chamber below. She had died and bequeathed her cobweb-wisdom to another generation. But as it was only cobweb-wisdom, spiders remain spiders still, and still weave their webs in the roofs of churches with-

out fathoming the mystery of unseen presences below.

We counsel not only all teachers to read these pleasant things, but readers. Embarrassed minds, and spirits disturbed by the impressive mysteries around them, will, we venture to think, frequently find in the pages of the cheerful parable-utterer, pencils of light which, like the sharp fingers of flame in a dark forest, will serve to bring out beauties, meanings, and mysteries unthought of before.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

EARLIER TYPE OF THE SENSATIONAL NOVEL.

BELIEVING that the course of the sensational novel has passed the culminating point, and bestowing our most hearty wishes for its termination, we purpose to lay before our readers a connected notice of a story of the class, constructed before any one had thought of finding a generic name for such productions.

The mere sensational novel, which we would gladly see devoted to the waters of the infernal Lethe, lays no claim to truthful delineation of character, to moral teaching, to sympathy with the outward and inward manifestations of nature, nor pleasing social pictures, nor genial gushes of humor, nor healthy exercises of thought. Its sole merit consists in keeping the mind in painful suspense, exciting sensations of horror, or terror at least, and surrounding vice with a lurid splendor. The novel that excites a lively interest in the fortunes of its good characters, even though united with the excitement of suspense and mystery, is not the thing against which we protest, if it possesses the desirable qualities we have named.

We talk of the article in question as if it were a variety in the domain of fiction altogether new; yet it has existed in a more or less developed shape since the first romance was written. *The Golden Ass* of Lucius Apuleius, one of the earliest tales we can call to mind, is sensational in parts. If the play of *King Lear*

is not a very sensational drama, we know not the meaning of the word. *The Mort d'Arthur* in part, a greater portion of the *Nibelungen Lied*, several plays of the earliest English dramatists, and *Titus Andronicus*, be the author who he may, are clearly of the same order. Our great old Chaucer thought little of making his readers' nerves tingle now and then, and their flesh to creep.

The romances of chivalry were, oddly enough, nearly exempt from censure in this particular; the *Souderi* and *D'Urfé* romances entirely so. Novels of intrigue or of unconnected adventure prevailed from the days of William and Mary to the epoch of the Radcliffe romances, and when the mild terrors of these and their imitations began to lose their power, Matthew Gregory Lewis, by infusing a spice of horror mixed with very decided immorality into his precious productions, continued the evil work of vitiating public taste. At last the combined efforts of Miss Edgeworth, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the Misses Lee, Miss Austen, and the great wizard, Sir Walter, cleared the unhealthy atmosphere, except where the genius of poor Maturin endeavored to keep the baleful vapor suspended. He came too late, however, to do much harm, and for ten years, commencing about 1819, the novels published were distinguished by little either of good or evil. Sir Ed.

ward Lytton Bulwer then began to introduce the spasmodic and morbid elements into his philosophical (?) stories, and even *The Keepsake* was seldom without a tale of a pretty nearly disgusting character. A charming heroine in one of these tales is the object of the hero's passion, but he is cured of his love, and nearly deprived of life by a strange discovery made by his being present where he ought not. He had never seen the left hand nor wrist of his lady-love, but on the occasion mentioned he beheld a hissing serpent where arm and hand ought anatomically to have been found. The unfortunate woman, it turns out, was obliged to find human food for this demon, and the horrified lover hears her vainly beseeching it to spare her betrothed (himself), when she would become his wife. There are few of poor Banim's stories in which an unhealthy morbid thread may not be found pervading the texture. The earlier phase of the school abounds with supernatural distortion.

By way of variety, the soul of a deceased person is permitted to animate the body of a new-born infant, and when the man or woman arrives at the age of reason, he or she becomes conscious of a former state of existence. The new relations with the acquaintances of a past life are any thing but pleasant. In one case an unfortunate father and mother are convinced that their little daughter is animated by the soul and spirit of her sister, long since dead. Mr. Boaden, of theatrical memory, wasted a great deal of time in constructing stories tainted with diseased extravagances of this kind. Ainsworth's early romances are other bad cases in point, and the translation of the *Nôtre Dame* romance made matters still worse than they would otherwise have been. Before the present undesirable revival, we enjoyed a quiet interval of about fifteen years. We look out for clearer weather after a little; but so sure as the use of pens and paper continues to be taught, so sure are our children to see a new race of "Rookwoods" and "Lady Audleys" introducing themselves into the reünions of future "Waverleys" and "Rose Bradwardines" and "Emmas" and "Mr. Knightleys," and pushing them from their stools. They will, in turn, be thrown over and flung out of doors, but not till they have accomplished their share of mischief.

Something of the relation which a river, sometimes visible, and at other times prosecuting its course through underground channels, bears to a noble stream, never sinking below the surface till it reaches the sea, does the English tale of excitement present toward its Gallic counterpart. We purpose producing a sheaf from among the perennial and never-failing crop which is indispensable to the life and well-being of the regular consumers of the three-volume novel, who can read French.

The story now to be introduced, is written by Marie Aycard, whom, notwithstanding the Christian name, we guess to be no more a woman than Amédée Aycard, author of several popular novels. We have seen no other novel with the same name upon the title except *La Logique des Passions*, a work of smaller compass, but equally talented.

M. de Bussiere was (we throw our sketch into the past tense) a rich proprietor, with a hotel in the city, and a country house between St. Mande and Charenton. His solitude was cheered by the presence of his richly dowered ward, Juliette de Pontis, a young lady as beautiful as Venus, and as queenly and imperious as Juno. Mme. de Linant, his widowed sister, was blessed with a handsome and accomplished son, Anatole, full of love for Juliette, and of ambition to be prefect of a department under Napoleon the First. At present he is only Auditor of Public Accounts. His love was reciprocated; and so at proper time brother and sister concluded the match in the French mode, not troubling themselves much to ascertain whether the young people loved each other sufficiently to risk matrimony. It may be said here that the bachelor brother was rather careless in religious matters, and the widow a devotee, with a foible for omens. She had almost broken off the match, because, just as the last words were spoken between her brother and herself, a spider, that had been executing some vibrations from the ceiling, swung himself on to her silk gown. Just then:

"Anatole entered, his cheeks flushed and his cravat in his hand. He was as handsome as Antinous; his eyes sparkled with joy and health. His frame, supple and well-formed, had that easy grace which college gymnastics confer, and which is perfected by association with refined society. He respectfully saluted his mother, shook his uncle's hand, and then

placed himself before the glass to adjust his neck-tie."

Uncle and nephew soon came to an understanding, and Madame went out into the park to sound Juliette on the affair. She saw her talking to Mons. Ernest de Meyran, and Charlotte his sister, under a large tree; and, as frequently occurs in French fiction, she placed herself behind the thick trunk to ascertain whether the young lady favored the pretensions of the young gentleman in company. Mlle. Charlotte was enlarging on her approaching marriage with her cousin, a captain of dragoons, and watching the effect of her brilliant expectations on Juliette; but she abated her self-complacency not a little by the ensuing little speech, which will give the reader some insight into her character:

"A captain!" cried she with disdain. "If I ever wed an officer, he must be a general, or at least a captain of a man-of-war. The general is a king in the camp—the captain in his ship; and the wife of one or the other a queen. Captain, indeed! Why, Charlotte, you must make your court to the colonel's wife! For my part, I would hardly submit to be lady of honor to the empress." "She is as proud as I suspected," thought Mme. de Linant. "But this," continued Juliette, "I should prefer to the other—a young, handsome husband, whom I loved, and who neither depended on colonel nor emperor, and with whom I could live in a fine old château, surrounded by my farmers, my vine-dressers, and my hay-makers, and where I should have abundance of poultry and rabbits."

Mme. de Linant took her apart, and found, by a little finesse, that she returned Anatole's love with a passion no less ardent and sincere. So the young people are left to explain themselves, and

"Anatole was forced to a sudden explanation. 'Juliette,' said he, extending his hand, 'tell me frankly whether I may pass my life by your side, or look on you to-day for the last time.' 'A violent alternative,' answered she. 'Must we hate, if we happen not to love? However,' added she, fixing her large eyes on Anatole, 'perhaps you are right. So let us love each other to the end. I have made the promise to your mother.' 'Ah, Juliette, what a happy moment! How gladly shall we recall this day! I vow to be ever the most submissive and most devoted husband.' 'As devoted as you will, Anatole, but I require not submission. What I particularly desire is confidence. Be confiding and frank; that will be sufficient. Love is not love without confidence.' 'Fear nothing: you shall penetrate

every fold of my heart. Should I ever possess a secret, it shall be no secret from you—you shall be my confidant.' 'Have you no secret at this moment?' 'I had one this morning, but it is no secret now, to you at least.'"

Juliette was not a Griselda, and she dreaded being sought on account of her riches. She and her betrothed, and Ernest and Charlotte de Meyran, were, shortly after this, taking an airing in the park. Charlotte was a young and blooming Hebe, with soft, languishing eyes, and the unfortunate idea passed through Juliette's mind: "If this girl had some thousands more for her dowry, perhaps Anatole would prefer her to me." Now, Charlotte was a selfish, unprincipled young lady, with the very least objection in the world to seduce the bridegroom from his allegiance. And by the merest chance Anatole's hand and hers touched for a moment, and she at once withdrew hers, and her cheeks became like two cherries. Anatole was scarcely aware of the accident, but Juliette's eyes were those of a lynx. The two gentlemen were discussing game, when

"Charlotte languidly exclaimed, 'Oh, my ether-flacon, my ether-flacon!—I feel so faint!'" She put her hand into her pocket, but prompt as lightning Juliette laid her hand on Charlotte's to prevent her taking it out. 'Ether!' said she, 'have you ether about you? Now I know why I have been suffering ever since I got into this carriage—since this morning—indeed, ever since you came, Mademoiselle. Ether almost kills me.' 'Eh! what has happened?' cried Anatole, much dismayed by the unusually spirited dialogue and gestures. 'Are you ill, Mlle. Charlotte?'

"If the Auditor of Accounts had cast his eyes on Juliette he might have asked her the same question. Mlle. de Pontis's lips had become livid; drops of moisture trickled down her forehead. One of her hands held Charlotte's arm as in a vice, the other was seized with an involuntary trembling. 'Do not take out your hand, Mademoiselle; let me not see this odious flacon. I shall die if you do.' 'I do not understand you, Juliette,' said Anatole. 'If Mademoiselle Charlotte has need of ether, why should you prevent it?' 'Be silent, Monsieur,' said Juliette. 'Attend to your own affairs. I tell you that ether would kill me.' 'But, my dear Juliette, that ether is a most powerful anti-spasmodic, and calms instead of irritating—you need it yourself!'

"These words appeared to Juliette a bitter sarcasm. She fancied that Anatole was exercising his raillery on the anger to which she had abandoned herself, and he could perceive a bitter smile pass over her lips. Meanwhile Mlle.

Charlotte, dismayed by this violence of which she alone rightly suspected the cause, leaned her head against the corner of the barouche, half closed her eyes, and uttered little plaintive sighs. M. Anatole, who had not the slightest suspicion of the growing hatred that had sprung up between the two young ladies, and supposed in all good faith that ether might calm their irritated nerves, sought to disengage Juliette's hand.

"What!" cried she, with indignation. "Will you proceed to violence? Will you take the liberty of laying hands on me? M. Ernest, I hope you will not permit it." M. Meyran, who till then had not interfered, declared, with much dignity, that he was entirely at her service. "But, Juliette," said Anatole, "Mlle. Charlotte, you see, is in danger of swooning. Ether, I assure you, will do no harm, but the contrary. If it were musk, indeed!" "Picard," cried Juliette to the coachman, "stop. Open the door; I must get out; I will return to the house on foot." But the sky, gradually lowering since the morning, was now sending down torrents of rain, and Picard, lending a deaf ear to his young mistress, turned his steeds and sped home. Juliette was trembling with rage.

"M. Ernest then took up his parable and said, very calmly and politely, to his sister, 'Charlotte, it is not the question whether ether is injurious or not. Mlle. de Pontis dislikes it; so take the bottle and fling it out.' 'But, brother!' 'But, sister, you are not ill; or if you were, it is passed; do what I say.' 'That is to say,' rejoined Anatole warmly, 'you are ill; throw the remedy out of the window.' 'Permit me, sir,' replied Ernest, with ceremonious politeness, 'to point out her duty to my sister.'

"Juliette had loosed her hold on Charlotte, and placed her handkerchief to her nose to preserve herself from the dangerous exhalation. Mlle. Charlotte gave way. She fumbled in her pocket, pulled out her handkerchief, then a little note-book in Russia leather, then a pincushion fully furnished, then a confectionery-box full of gum lozenges, then nothing at all, then she turned her pocket inside out. 'Ah, my goodness!' cried she, 'I have left my flacon in Paris. Now I recollect, I locked it in my work-box yesterday evening.'

"Juliette's countenance passed from white to red, her ears grew purple, her temples throbbed, something fiery hot seemed to have seized her heart. She resembled a beautiful tigress who had fallen into a trap. Anatole, feeling himself somewhat hurt, did not show much forbearance. When he saw there was not the slightest atom of ether about Charlotte or in the carriage he burst out a-laughing, and cried, 'Ah, ether kills me! — ether kills me! Juliette, your imagination is too lively, and really you owe an apology to Mlle. Charlotte; you have bruised her arm.' 'I shall trouble you to present my excuses; they will be the more welcome for coming from your mouth.'

"They had reached home. Picard opened

the carriage door. Juliette sprang out on the lower step, and before disappearing in the vestibule, she darted a glance at Anatole so full of hate and derision that he felt in a moment all the love in his heart replaced by the very contrary passion. 'I have never met contempt from any one,' thought he, 'yet this girl despises me. She has humbled me before M. Meyran and his sister. She owes me a reparation, and I can wait for it.' Consulting his resentment alone, he quitted the Bussiere Folly, walked to Saint Mande, and took a cab to Paris."

As ill fortune would have it, another suitor paid a visit to the Bussiere Folly at the same time, namely, M. Norbert, a lieutenant in the guards, a fine *personable* dragoon, but with little pretension to mental qualifications. Juliette, intent on her wrongs, agreed to become Mme. Norbert without hesitation. She suspected him to be a *mauvais sujet* and faithless in his attachments; but she soon discovered, by woman's ready penetration, that he was not possessed of much firmness of purpose, while she was thoroughly conscious of her own determined will.

Norbert was not much better nor worse than other officers under Napoleon I. So he considered it an indispensable matter to have Mlle. Olympia, of the *corps-de-ballet*, under his serene protection. She heard of his approaching marriage, and while he and his brother officers were discussing the approaching change in his life, and what the dancer would think of it, a servant announced Mlle. Olympia.

"When people speak of a wolf," said a witty cuirassier, 'they are sure to see his tail.' Mlle. Olympia entered with a smile on her lips. She was a charming little body, light as a sylph, all grace, and her countenance boasted three dimples, and eyes sparkling like carbuncles. She said she had come from rehearsal, and merely followed M. Norbert's boy as he was fetching an omelette that perfumed the whole Rue Castiglione. She would have followed that omelette to the end of the world. Besides, her success that morning had thrown her into transports. M. Gardel praised her revolutions, and her pirouettes, and now she was dying of hunger. M. Norbert, seeing no trace of displeasure on her features, took courage, and gallantly invited her to try the omelette that smelled so charmingly. Mlle. Olympia would like some oysters; she then tried game; then a piece of roast duck; she had a weakness on

* Portions of this extract will jar on our long-established notions of French politeness. We would have willingly softened down some asperities, but felt it a duty to give an honest translation.

the subject of champagne. It was the town rat in the fable devouring the remains of Ortolans on the Turkey carpet. It was incredible that so much food could be stowed away in so small a body. When she had overcome the mighty mass of eatables, she amused herself nipping a Savoy cake.

"Ah, my handsome Norbert!" she commenced, 'are you going to be married? Branchu told it to Vestris, Vestris told it to Clotilde, and Clotilde told it to little Marie, who told it to me at rehearsal.' 'That's the way they keep secrets at the opera,' said a cuirassier. 'We are people of honor at the opera,' said Olympia, rather proudly. The two cuirassiers, who had more faith in the honor of the Imperial Guard than that of the opera, burst out into a rather uncivil laugh. 'The beginning of the battle,' muttered the captain between his teeth.

"But Mademoiselle was not in a fighting humor. Her limbs were fatigued, and she had eaten heartily. She was determined to employ mild measures—neither cries, nor tears, nor reproaches, nor explosions—nothing in fact, of what might remind you of the ladies of that establishment where fish is sold. Those means would not suit one who belonged to the ballet, and might one day become the leader. 'Norbert,' said she, 'if you have not seen Mademoiselle Juliette this morning do not delay your visit; she has received a packet which concerns you.' 'A packet concerning me! what have you done, wretch?' 'Very little. Somebody went to Father Girard the letter-writer of the Rue des Frondeurs—he is secretary to all the *corps-de-ballet*—and dictated a little bit of biography to him; that's all.'

"At these words Beau Norbert grew scarlet with rage. He was rough with the ladies of Olympia's class, though he would lavish diamonds on them. He rose from table, and walked across the room for his riding whip; but the two cuirassiers got up to prevent the chastisement, and the captain took Mademoiselle under his protection. The *danseuse* feeling that she was in no danger with three warriors for life-guards, continued biting her Savoy cake, and sipping her champagne with perfect *sang froid*."

The result may be stated in a few words. Captain Volski, a much poorer man than Lieutenant Norbert, though his superior officer, saw Mademoiselle home in safety, and Juliette gave the trembling Norbert the pestilent note unread, as it happened to be anonymous—so she affirmed at least.

"Ah ha!" said the joyous lieutenant to himself. 'Now, Mademoiselle Olympia; go write anonymous letters and compose biographies. We are above these little affairs of the coulisses. Ah, my sylphide, you have tasted my champagne for the last time—you have swallowed your last omelette with me.'

M. Anatole was so possessed with rage against his betrothed, that he was completely reconciled to her marriage with the bold dragoon, who, he hoped, would make her life uncomfortable.

"She is rich," said he, 'and must have slaves; all the world must bow before her. Heaven bless that *façon* of ether, that sudden faintness felt by the amiable Charlotte, even that storm that permitted Mlle. de Pontis to reveal her frightful character. If looks could inflict death, where should we be all at this moment? Oh, aye! M. Ernest must be excepted. In abandoning his sister, he found favor with this fury. Oh, for the proconsulate of Asia!' (Let the reader keep in mind the ambition of the speaker.) 'I would not unite my destiny with that of Mademoiselle Juliette. She would make me purchase her riches too dear. She dreads ether—ether kills her! Be it so! But tell me how a *façon* of ether, left behind in Paris, could do her any harm in the wood of Vincennes? As much as to say, I have tilled lands, I have meadows, I have woods, I own hotels in Paris, my yearly revenues are immense. Bear with my caprices; I am so high above you! Not I, indeed, Madame!'"

Anatole, Madame de Linant, Charlotte, and Olympia attended the marriage ceremony, in the Church of St. Roch. Olympia placed herself in the way by which the bride and bridegroom left the altar; and Norbert was so vexed by the insolent glances she bestowed on him, that he contrived to overturn a chair as he passed her, and hurt her leg. She cried out, and the circumstance did not escape the attentive eyes and ears of Juliette. It came to the turn of Captain Volski again to conduct Olympia home.

"There was considerable disturbance in the church, caused by the noise of the fall and the cry. They asked on every side, 'What is the matter?' and got for answer, 'A woman who has fainted;' and a fish-wife volunteered this information: 'It's a woman I know, that lost father and mother. See, she is in mourning.' (Olympia had put on black for the occasion.) 'That handsome officer gave her a promise of marriage, and there he is now, married to another. Nothing more common.' 'All these promises of marriage,' said a lady of the Halle (fish-market), 'ought to be on stamped paper, and made payable like promissory-notes. Oh, my! if a man played me such a trick, these five fingers would be his end. Ah! now they are taking her away to the watch-house. That's the way they always treat poor people.'"

The fish-lady's wrath was excited by the circumstance of Captain Volski as-

sisting Olympia out of the church. M. Maillet, the physician to the opera, paid her a visit at her lodgings, and pronounced her unable to resume her duties for some days.

"Mr. Maillet was a man of about forty-five years of age, and had preserved the habits and appearance of a young man, and fluttered about the coulisses of the opera as light as Zephyr Paul hovered about the nymphs of Diana, or the companions of Flora. Always dressed with the utmost care, he retained the manners of the old court. The sword and laced hat excepted, he was a genuine marquis. His pockets were always full of pastilles, jujubes, gum-lozenges, and amber-licorice. He felt for the ills of prima donnas and leading danseuses, with a charity truly angelic; and if he was a little rough with the chorus-singers and the ordinary members of the *corps-de-ballet*, it was because a singing-girl at fifty francs a month could by no means possess a throat as delicate as the actress of 20,000 francs, nor the tibia of a mere figurante deserve the delicate attention of that of a sylphide, who only touched the ground through complaisance. However, he was always interested by a pretty face, and frequently chuckled Mlle. Olympia under the chin, and paid a compliment to her dimples.

His new patient kept her lodgings in the best order, had her window-stools filled with flower-pots, and was strictly frugal at home. She was a gourmand only when she had nothing to pay for the entertainment, and could swallow, without injury, a quantity of champagne sufficient to make a man unmistakably tipsy. Neither caprices nor passions could turn her from the path she had selected. Incapable of love, or other fantasy, she looked on her lovers merely as people destined to enrich her, or to insure her success at the theater."

Captain Volski, being desirous of her friendship, was given to understand that he would be entitled to her gratitude by spoiling Lieutenant Norbert's beauty. Juliette, dreading the vengeance of the dancer—for she had, at one glance only, divined her perverse nature—obtained from her cousin the war-minister, without consulting her husband, a *congé* for six months, which she intended to pass with him in Italy. But just at the moment Bonaparte gave orders for an inroad on Germany. The brave dragoon was as pliant to his wife's will as a kid-glove; but the idea of taking his ease while his comrades were on active duty, so irritated him, that he tore up his writ of leave, and was hastening to the bureau of the war-minister to express his determination, when he was met by Captain Volski.

"'Lieutenant,' said he, 'I have just learned that you are deserting the colors as we are entering on the campaign. I assure you that I will not allow it. There shall be no example of cowardice in the company so long as I am at its head. Why have you asked leave of absence without consulting me?'

"Norbert was not a patient man, and the tone of the captain was not such as a man of courage could brook. Anger seized him; his cheeks reddened, his eyes flashed, he ground his teeth; and shaking a riding-whip which he had in his hand, he struck the captain a violent blow across the face."

Of course a meeting was inevitable, Volski was the better swordsman, and intended only to inflict a wound on his adversary. His weapon was the regulation sword, but Norbert had provided himself with a blade of Damascus.

"The combat could not last long, and from the very attitudes of the champions, Norbert's second judged that it would be bloody. It lasted long enough, however, through Volski's fear of giving only a slight wound, and then being obliged to stop. The desire of a complete victory became at last so strong, that by a dangerous maneuver he laid himself open, to induce Norbert to quit his guard. In effect the steel of the latter took his left shoulder, and laid it open to the bone; but his own, by a straight thrust, passed through the breast of his antagonist. At the same moment a noise among the boughs behind Volski made him turn his head, and Norbert, lowering his weapon, had still strength enough to pass it through his body. The two swords being fixed, the nerveless hands let go the hilts, the men reeled and fell lifeless on the grass, slipping with their blood."

And this catastrophe was entirely owing to the spite of a worthless dancer, and a moment's impatience on the part of Volski. A few words quietly exchanged with his lieutenant would have rendered the meeting impossible. What a hard service is kept in the devil's institutions!

Immediately after her marriage, Juliette had managed by her influence with her relative, the war-minister, to have Anatole removed from Paris to the German frontier. On being recalled, after the death of Norbert, he was not slow in returning evil for evil. Here is the opinion he expressed of her conduct among his acquaintances:

"This is what is to be met in society. A young wife is possessed with a love the most violent, the most senseless. She regards noth-

ing—neither honor, virtue, nor duty. Perish the reputation of a brave soldier, rather than be deprived of his caresses for a day—rather than be prevented from enjoying his society by the lovely shores of the bay of Naples! And so she would indulge her fantasy at the expense of the lives of two brave men.”

Some eighteen months later, when time had softened in some degree, the grief inflicted upon her by the death of her husband, and when the mutual feelings of herself and Anatole were even more embittered than at first, she prevented his marriage with the soft-mannered but selfish Charlotte. A relative of hers, a M. Herbois, from Aveyron, had written a heavy pamphlet on the necessity of manuring the light soil of that country, and besought his fair cousin to procure for him from the minister, the cross of the legion of honor. She informed him that his only chance was to marry, Napoleon having such a dislike to old bachelors.

Charlotte's father being a determined gambler, had refused his daughter's hand to Anatole, as he could not spare a dowry from the demands of the gambling table. But M. Herbois was prepared to take any one recommended by the influential Juliette, without a farthing. Mlle. de Meyran would have preferred the handsome, gifted, ambitious Anatole; but finding no alternative between vulgar M. Herbois and poverty, she obeyed her father. Anatole loved the cunning young lady well enough, but his ambition did not sleep, and he knew if he carried her off against the will of her father, and made her his wife, he would incur the emperor's displeasure, and lose his public appointment. Charlotte allowed him a parting interview, and effectually discouraged any proceeding of the kind by seeming to wish to recommend it. She had an eye to M. Herbois's 40,000 livres a year.

“She leaned her head on Anatole's shoulder, and said: ‘What if you were to carry me off?’ He shook a little. ‘I know very well,’ continued she, ‘that your career would be ruined, that the emperor and the minister would never forgive an abduction; that my father would exclaim, that my brother in the public service would injure you, and that Madame Norbert would go all lengths; and I should be separated from the world, never to reënter it. No matter; my love for you would suffice for all. We would find some corner of the earth, where we might conceal our happiness. I am confident in your love—carry me off.’”

But of course Anatole loved her too well to expose her to poverty and solitude. So she kept her character for unselfishness and constancy, and married M. Herbois and his work on manures, and his 40,000 livres per annum.

This of course added to Anatole's resentment against Juliette, but he had soon an opportunity of revenging the wrong. Elleviou, the accomplished singer and actor of that day, was a terrible lady-killer. Anatole one day saw a lady enter the celebrated restaurant, the *Cadran-Bleu*; he recognized the head-dress, the shawl, the height, and shape of Madame Norbert, and going into the house he learned, at the expense of a couple of Napoleons, that the dame was at that moment dining in a private room with Elleviou. It was not long till his acquaintances were as well informed on the subject as he; and Juliette, without knowing the cause, found herself treated very coldly, avoided in fact, by the ladies of her circle. She had begun to entertain favorable thoughts of Ernest de Meyran, being ignorant of his dissipated and gambling propensities; and, on one occasion, had advanced him a considerable sum to acquit a gambling debt, on some false pretences of his, and this was also unfavorably interpreted.

In this strife of wrong-doing, Anatole did not escape. A litigious miller, a tenant of Madame Norbert's, going to law with the prefect of his district, lost his cause, but came up to Paris to get himself *rightified*. He brought his papers (sealed) to the proper office, of which Anatole was the chief. He winked at the great man, and told him the documents were to be read by him alone, and that he would find them very convincing. The adroit miller had inserted among the papers twenty notes of 1,000 francs each. Anatole gave the parcel to his clerk to be laid in a certain press; and at the proper time, favorably represented to the minister the man's case. The cause went against him, however, and then he loudly claimed his twenty notes from Anatole, though liable to be severely punished himself, for attempting to bribe a public functionary. This was a severe blow for the ambitious prefect that was to be. He blamed Juliette for inciting the miller, for he looked on the presence of the notes as a pure invention. The wife of the minister, Juliette's relation, exerted her-

self to such purpose, that though he considered Anatole innocent in the matter of the notes, he determined to have him deprived of his appointment for his calumnies against Madame Norbert. At last his clerk was discovered to have purloined the miller's money, and his integrity was so far justified; and he discovered that he had mistaken an actress for Madame Norbert in the Cadran-Bleu concern. He was, however, convinced that all hopes of high office were at an end. Driven to bay, he paid a visit to Madame Norbert, who had just returned from an entertainment at the minister's, where she had been openly insulted by an out-spoken woman of doubtful virtue.

"These two persons regarded one another some time without speaking; they examined each other like two tigers thirsty for blood, devising where best to strike the first stroke. At last, Anatole, taking a chair, began the strife. 'We hate each other cordially, madame,' said he, 'and I can not explain how I have forced myself into your presence. I have deeply injured you, but unfortunately I can not repair the wrong if you alone are to be benefited. I am lost also. You have enveloped me in the meshes of a shameful accusation—that of a vile theft.' 'I hated you sufficiently to believe the charge. Did you suppose that I could act like a woman without a name, in meeting an actor in a house open to all comers?' 'I believed that you were the very person; and when I found my mistake it was too late to undo the mischief. You have prevented me from marrying a woman I loved; restore me Charlotte de Meyran, madame. You can satisfy yourself to-morrow that I am innocent of the theft, however it may annoy you. We both are lost. I can well conceive how two enemies can rush to the place of combat where one is to lose his life. But if it is proved to them that both must perish, I can not imagine the after struggle, especially when the prize they fight for is reputation.' 'It is you,' said Juliette, 'who have brought me to the place of combat. I had no choice, I must follow.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I am neither vile nor cowardly, and I know your conduct to be free even from suspicion. Yet I hate you, and my hate is returned. However, I know the value of reputation. It is more than life—more than talent. For a woman especially, reputation is as necessary as the air she breathes.' 'I know it well,' said Juliette. 'Both suffering equally, I have been obliged to make this visit.' 'Have you brought poison or the dagger to put an end to my sufferings?' 'It may be so, madame. Career in an honorable profession is as necessary to my well-being as reputation is to yours. Though we hate, we can not help esteeming each other, and I see but one means to effect

our deliverance from the abyss which opens before us.' 'And this means—what is it?' 'To espouse each other.' M. de Linant added not a word; he bowed respectfully, opened the door, and departed."

Juliette's surprise at this proposal may be imagined, but when she mentioned it to the minister and his wife, and due consideration was given to it, they decided that it was the very thing to be done, all circumstances considered. It was agreed that the ceremony should take place at night.

"The church was plunged in the most profound darkness, but the Virgin's chapel sparkled with a thousand lights. . . . The bride was arrayed in white, and a coral ornament adorned her hair, depended from her ears, and wound round her neck. She was beautiful, but frightfully pale. The coral on which the light fell in floods, gave a strange and ghastly color to her skin. . . . No joyous hymns, no sunlight, no incense! The mass was celebrated in the deepest silence, broken only by the voices of the priest and his assistants, the heavy thud of the rain coming down in torrents, and the rumbling of distant thunder. At last came the moment when, placed under the canopy, bridegroom and bride laid their hands each in the other, and he put the gold circlet on her finger. You would have said their hands were of marble, without a pulse of life. The ceremony being ended, the priest was about addressing them on their reciprocal duties, when a frightful clatter stopped his discourse. Some heavy object had fallen with a stunning noise on the pavement, and it seemed as if the pulpit had tumbled, a mass of wood had cracked, and the organ fallen to pieces with a dismal shriek. The thunder was heard in a prolonged rattle, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed a cloud of dust in the nave, as if rising from the vaults. A clash of iron accompanied these terrors, and a voice repeating in wild terror, *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*."

Juliette fell in a swoon into the arms of Madame C., and was borne lifeless into the sacristy."

After awhile, Anatole about to follow to make inquiry after his wife, was accosted by the minister, who, congratulating him on being just appointed prefect in Aveyron, politely handed him into a traveling carriage which was to convey him to his government. Away he went in his light wedding garments, and would have

* The rain and thunder excepted, all this confusion arose from trivial causes, namely, the falling of a heavy picture, the clash of the frightened beadle's halbert on the flags, and the prayer of the terrified distributor of the holy-water.

suffered not a little from the cold had it not been for a comfortable padded cloak which had been thoughtfully provided for him.

He had now gained his coveted object; and by his ability and naturally good disposition he soon was very popular in his capital of Rhodéz. Moreover, Charlotte, now Madame de Herbois, lived near, and he could frequently relax from his pleasant duties in her society. (The sensation British maid or matron need not become nervous at this point—tender speeches were the worst that occurred between the quondam lovers.) But, alas, Napoleon would not allow a prefect and his lady to live apart. So he requested Madame de Linant, who had lived in the minister's family since her marriage, to come and take possession of the lady's apartments in the prefecture, promising that he would never abuse his privileges, or inflict his society on her except at public receptions. She had to submit to hard fate. She was left completely at liberty, however, in her state apartments; and by degrees both husband and wife, discovering their mutual good qualities, began to regret their estrangement. She began to be tormented with jealousy on account of the visits made to Madame Charlotte, and just at the time received a visit from Ernest, who was flying from the pursuit of justice.

He informed her that his sister, with Anatole's concurrence, had placed one of her own creatures in her (Juliette's) service, and that she had promised her a dowry, and would effect her marriage with her suitor, on condition of her poisoning her new mistress, still with Anatole's concurrence. On inquiry, she found the poison in the maid's possession; and in Ernest's presence, burst out into a passion of jealousy and resentment, exclaiming as once did Henry II., "Oh! who will free me from this man?" At this juncture Anatole was away at Mme. de Herbois's, and intended, without returning, to join a party of huntsmen at some distance next day. Ernest, on hearing the frenzied wife's exclamation, started to do the deed, that is, waylay and murder Anatole, and then oblige her as his accomplice to fly with him to another country. After his departure, she found that Charlotte's guilt consisted in bribing Rose to administer a liquor which would make her ill, and thus compel her to return to Paris for medical

advice, and that Anatole had no knowledge whatever of the compact. She at once sent messengers in all haste to find her husband, and urgently require him to return.

On his meeting with Charlotte that day, she let him into her design of sending her husband to Italy to study the science of manures under a celebrated professor, and also how she would oblige his wife to quit Rhodéz, as already explained. She showed him her favorite dog, once a lively little animal, now moving about in a listless fashion from a dose of the poison, and explained that it would be as brisk as ever in a day or so. Anatole had been suffering from remorse and reawakened love of his wife, and now he bitterly reproached Charlotte — rushed from the house — sprung on his horse—saw the poor little hound lying dead as he was crossing the yard, and rode home like the wind to save his wife, if not too late. Meantime she was in agony for his safety. Rose, who had decided on not administering the medicine, cried out:

" 'Madame, Monsieur is alighting.' A shivering seized on the young wife. She felt her limbs tremble under her, but her feelings were all gratitude that her rash expressions had not borne their bitter fruit. 'Oh, Rose! are you sure?' She heard the outer door clash, and trembling with emotion, she retreated to the farthest part of her boudoir. At last the door flew open, and Anatole springing toward his wife clasped her to his heart. 'Juliette,' cried he, trembling, 'you are pale; your lips and under your eyes are discolored. Am I too late?' Then perceiving Rose, he cried out, 'Let this girl be arrested.' Juliette laid one hand on her husband's mouth, and with the other held before his eyes the little bottle still full to the stopper. 'No,' said she, 'Rose is a true girl. We must recompense her instead of delivering her to justice.' 'Oh, God be praised!' cried he, 'that you have escaped death. How dreadful that I who love you most tenderly should have been selected as an accomplice for your death.' She flung her arms round her husband, and her past sufferings were as if they had never been."

But we are constrained to omit all further circumstances of the unlooked for reconciliation, and the fortunes of the other personages of the story, high and low, and the many picturesque and humorous passages with which the book is filled. Our object being to present a sensation French story of an unobjectionable char-

acter, and a date anterior to the Lady Audley school, we have spared our readers every thing in the shape of criticism. Being destitute of the evil qualities so dear to the admirers of the wicked works

of Feydeau, Sue and Co., it has missed such popularity as is enjoyed by their writings, and will, therefore, as we hope, possess the virtue of novelty for many of our readers.

From Fraser's Magazine.

M R . T H A C K E R A Y .

MR. THACKERAY's melancholy and unexpected death makes it natural to take some notice of the general character of his writings.

There has been much controversy on the moral effects of novels; and it is only of late years that the public at large, and especially the religious public, appear to have given way to irresistible force, and to have admitted by their conduct, and also by their teaching, that novel-reading is not wicked, and that it is even possible that a novel may be a good and useful book. The denunciations against novels which may be read in old-fashioned sermons are still as good as when they were first written, yet no one reads them. Baxter says, "Another dangerous time-wasting sin is the reading of vain books, play-books, romances, and feigned histories. I speak not here how pernicious this vice is, by corrupting the fancy and affections, and putting you out of relish to necessary things; but be-think you, before you spend another hour in any such books, whether you can comfortably give an account of it unto God?" Elsewhere he says, "Another point of sensuality to be denied is the reading or hearing of false and tempting books, and those that only tend to please an idle fancy, and not to edify. Such as are romances and other feigned histories of that nature, with books of tales and jests, and foolish compliments, with which the world so much aboundeth that there's few but may have admittance to this library of the devil." He goes on to show how these works "ensnare us in a world of guilt," "dangerously bewitch and corrupt the minds of young and empty people, and rob men of much precious time." And he concludes with

these emphatic exhortations, which afford a strange contrast to the tone of modern reviews, even if they are of the stricter sort: "Therefore I may well conclude that play-books, and history fables, and romances, and such like, are the very poison of youth, the prevention of grace, the fuel of wantonness and lust, and the food and work of empty, vicious, graceless persons; and it's great pity they be not banished out of the commonwealth." "All these considered, I beseech you, throw away these pestilent vanities, and take them not into your hands, nor suffer them in the hands of your children, or in your houses, but burn them as you would do a conjuring book, and as they did, Acts 19: 19, that so they may do no mischief to others."

These vigorous denunciations embody, in plain words, a sentiment which, in our own days, is altogether worn out, in so far as novels were its object. It was, however, exceedingly powerful in its day; and long after it had ceased to be openly or generally avowed, it continued to exercise a very perceptible influence, not only over the opinion which the public entertained of novels and their writers, but over the opinion which novelists entertained of themselves and their works. With some striking exceptions, a certain Bohemian air hung about our principal writers of fiction for a length of time. A humorist is almost always a person of more than average sensibility, and these qualities are almost certain to put their possessor more or less in opposition to the established state of things. Both Fielding and Smollet are memorable instances of this; and though memorable names—such, especially, as that of Walter

Scott—might be mentioned on the other side, it will be generally found, as was the case with Scott himself, that their attachment to what exists is owing, to a great extent, to the fact that they have been able to throw an air of romance over it. If he had not managed to idealize Scotland, and to see his bare-legged Highlanders in a romantic point of view, Scott, hard-headed and sensible as he was, would hardly have managed to write the Waverley novels, however much he wanted to buy land. The moral novelists—such as Richardson, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen—who are to fiction what Arminians are to theology, belong to a different class. The whole coloring of their works is derived from a mental atmosphere altogether unlike that of the rebellious sentimentalists who seem to consider that wit, irony and pathos are the instruments by which a just estimate may be formed of human affairs. For the last thirty or five-and-thirty years the writers who in the last century would have been prominent members of the literary opposition, have obtained an entirely new position, and have exercised a considerable influence on the whole course of thought. Novel-writing has become not only a business, but by far the most lucrative branch of literary industry. A really good novel, by a well-known writer, is worth its weight, not in gold, but almost in five-pound notes. Thousands of pounds have of late years been paid for the right to publish a single edition of a story in numbers. After being published in numbers they are thrown into cheap editions, and find wings of one sort or another with which they fly over the whole face of the country. Their influence is enormous. They are the favorite national indoors amusement. All men and all women read them, and many women read nothing else. Modern popular novels have far more influence over the morals of the public, and over their views of life, than the stage and the pulpit put together. Novels and newspapers have a sort of analogy to Church and State. The one represents to innumerable readers the active and business-like, the other the contemplative view of things. There are thousands upon thousands of young people, and a considerable number of people no longer young, whose principal experience of argument and discussion is derived from leading articles, and whose notions of the character and prospects of the world in which they live, of the nature

of its institutions, and, in a word, of the general color of life, are taken principally from novels. Whether we like it or not, such is the state of things to which, by a great variety of causes, we have been brought; and it ought to be recognized, if we are to try to estimate the nature of the influence which particular writers have exercised.

Mr. Thackeray was thrown, at the age at which people choose their professions, into the full current of light literature, and become one of the most prominent directors of that great outburst of the pathetic and impulsive view of things which have just been referred to. Its first beginnings were cotemporary with what almost every one of a sufficiently ardent turn of mind to take a prominent part in fiction, regarded as the advent of a political millennium. The Reform bill, and other measures of the same sort, had discredited all existing institutions, and the general temper of the times led men to look with favor on all new schemes, and to listen willingly to every one who was inclined to denounce or to banter the standing usages of society. The old Bohemianism of the ragged authors of the eighteenth century was transformed into political, literary and social radicalism. From 1830 to 1848, or thereabouts, the prevailing tone of the more popular forms of light literature might be not unjustly described as a sort of rowdy young Englandism, differing from the white neckcloth, high-church variety of that creed, as the actual Mr. Douglas Jerrold differed from Mr. Disraeli's ideal. Lord Macaulay once humorously described himself as free from all taint of liberalism, as he "was for war, hanging, and church establishments." The current upon which Mr. Thackeray was originally launched ran in exactly the opposite direction. The early volumes of *Punch* overflow with proof of the horror with which its representative men affected to shudder at the notion of hanging a rogue, paying a bishop, or fighting the French. It was from this starting-point that several of our most popular writers set off in a career which led them in very different directions. Mr. Thackeray, when forced to rely on his own exertions, found himself led by one part of his character to associate with the picturesque regiment with which it was his lot to march through Coventry and other places. He had the quick sympathies, the humor dashed with pathos, the genuine feeling, and, it must

be added, the disinclination for severe thought and vigorous study, which predispose men to take such a view of life. He could do inimitably well the humorously skeptical criticism which often appears at first sight to settle every thing by a pathetic smile or a sly allusion; and as he was compelled to produce periodical literature for the sake of earning his living, he naturally, and, indeed, inevitably produced what he had it in him to produce. He had thus every prospect of becoming the chief musician in that impulsive band which proposed to fiddle down the walls of our social Jericho, at a small weekly charge, at per line, for caricatures and pathos. He had, however, something in him far too good for this kind of career.

There was one point in which he was infinitely superior to the noble army of mockers amongst whom he had happened to take service. By birth, by education, and by nature, he was a thorough gentleman. Public schools and universities were not in his eyes, as they were in those of some of his associates and several of his rivals, mere nests of prejudice and bulwarks of corruption. Cambridge and the Charterhouse had taught him to know his place in the world, and had made him deeply conscious of the fact—of which such a man as Mr. Jerrold never seemed to have the faintest notion—that those who manage the affairs of this country and administer its institutions are neither fools nor knaves, but men far better instructed, and much wiser, than the toiling millions who were, and to some extent still are, flattered with the titles of hard-headed and hard-handed, whilst morally they were, to say the least, no worse. It was one of Mr. Thackeray's best points that he never overrated himself or the party with which he was accidentally associated. He knew perfectly well that a novel at its best estate ought to be regarded as nothing more than an elegant amusement, indirectly instructive; and that the true greatness and happiness of the world depend upon the exercise of sterner qualities. Mr. Dickens expressed his regret, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that Mr. Thackeray did not sufficiently appreciate the dignity of his calling. He understood it far better than his critics, for he knew that it consisted principally in minding his own business, and writing about matters which he understood. His memory has not to bear the disgrace of such ignorant and mischievous libels as

the description of the Circumlocution Office, or the attack on the Court of Chancery in *Bleak House*. If Mr. Thackeray had written a novel about Law Reform, he would have thought it his duty to be acquainted with the elements of the subject. As it was, he knew the limits of his province, and studiously kept within them.

This just appreciation of his own gifts and of the mental attitude which it became him to assume, explains the principal characteristics of his books. His province, as he conceived it, was the description, not exactly of the lighter side of human nature, but of human nature in its lighter occupations. His works form a series of pictures of the men and women amongst whom he was accustomed to move, as far as he knew them. There were many points in their characters of which he was, and was contented to be, ignorant. He hardly ever in his earlier and more characteristic works introduces even references to the severer affairs of life. He did not know much of such matters, and he knew the extent of his ignorance. There are in his works no such characters or scenes as those which Sir Edward Lytton in our own country, or Balzac and Bernard amongst the French, are so fond of drawing. He never drew such a character as Lumley Ferrers or Audley Egerton, or the heroes of *L'homme Sérieux*, or the *Gentilhomme Campagnard*, nor is there any thing to be found in his works like that vast network of all sorts and conditions of men—soldiers, statesmen, lawyers, merchants, bankers, shop-keepers, and peasants—who ply their several tasks through the innumerable volumes of the *Comédie Humaine*, which Balzac fondly hoped would be a monument to him more durable than brass. Except the later novels, which take in a certain quantity of historical matter, and of which we shall speak more in detail immediately, his novels are all about the simplest matters—love-making, artless or selfish, in the manner of George Osborne, or in the manner of Dobbin; the schemes of Becky Sharpe to push herself in the world and to cheat her creditors; the ups and downs in the life of a skeptical, irresolute, sensitive young man about town, who writes for the newspapers; and other such matters. This certainly diminishes the interest of the books in one direction. The stirring, busy part of life is, after all, the most interesting part of it. Love-making and domestic

schemes are but one ingredient in the pudding; and an appreciation of plums by no means excludes a certain satisfaction in suet. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the system of writing about what you understand, and not going beyond the length of your tether, is, beyond all question, the true one. When Balzac explains and illustrates by appropriate examples the course of all things human, divine, and infernal, showing how battles are fought, fortunes made, lawsuits determined, and empires governed; and when Sir E. Lytton, in a quieter way, converts his books into a cyclopedia of all mysteries and all knowledge, including as many classical quotations (and in many instances the same quotations) as *Burton's Anatomy*, the word humbug steals gently into the reader's mind. Mr. Thackeray's writings never suggest such a commentary. The Marquis of Steyne comes upon the stage in *Vanity Fair* to no very great purpose. We learn nothing about his public life or his political opinions, but as far as he goes, he is a genuine character, an excellent portrait of a debauched old grandee, who is still driven by passions which he ought to have outlived, to amuse himself with a sex which he despises. When Audley Egerton attitudinizes and works out the regulation contrast between an iron exterior and a tender heart, a dreadful suspicion grows up in the reader's mind that he is not the least like a cabinet minister, and that he and his red boxes and parliamentary eloquence are mostly in the nature of dramatic properties, and not very good ones. Balzac's statesmen and men of business may in reality be equally unnatural; but there is by nature so much more humbug in a Frenchman than in an Englishman that the expedient is less offensive in a French than in an English novel.

His scrupulous modesty and adherence to fact produced at least two effects on Mr. Thackeray's novels worth noticing. It accounts for much of the air of pathos which they wear. In one of the volumes of miscellanies there is a frontispiece representing a dwarfed figure with a large head. He is removing a laughing mask attached to a cap and bells, and underneath appear the author's own features, wearing a strange look of half-bewildered sadness—the face of a man who has hardly shaken off an unpleasant dream. Again and again, in various parts of his books,

the impression under which this little figure was drawn is conveyed to the reader by casual allusions, by turns of expression, by a thousand subtle intimations to the effect that the actor was rather tired of his part, and never heartily liked it. When a sensitive man is under a constant temptation to write about himself and his own feelings, he inevitably acquires a certain degree of mannerism, and it is impossible to be quite sure whether his feelings are entirely genuine. A person who, from a feeling that he ought to be dissatisfied with his occupation in life, is constantly telling himself that he is dissatisfied with it, probably hardly knows himself whether he really is so or not. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Thackeray would have liked any other pursuit better than the one which he adopted, or that he was better fitted for any other; but, considering the arrogance which is the besetting sin of popular writers, it is much to his credit that he should have felt the weak side of his calling, and should have regretted to see his hand subdued to what it worked in, as no doubt it often was. A writer by profession must, by the necessity of the case, write a good deal that would not sell if it had not his trade-mark on it; and he must almost always feel that if his income was otherwise secured, and if he had energy enough to write at all under such circumstances, he would be able to write much better books than he is ever likely to make in the way of business.

It is a considerable thing, and shows a true perception of a man's real value, for so popular a writer as Mr. Thackeray was, to be able to bear this in mind. The flattery poured upon popular novelists, living or dead, in the present day, is a disgrace to what is technically called literature. Hardly any other class of men, except here and there popular preachers, get publicly cried over by their colleagues. When eminent men in other lines of life die, people do not put articles into newspapers or magazines, leaving out the Mr., putting in at length all the Christian names, and blubbing about them and theirs as if the fact that a man wrote novels made him and his affairs, and all the feelings of his friends and family, public property. To those who care for the maintenance of that wise reserve which is to all sturdy virtues what enamel is to teeth, such demonstrations are extremely unwelcome. If a man can not

control his feelings, let him go home, and cry his eyes out if he pleases; but he ought not to come before the public till he has washed his face and brushed his hair.

Besides producing this general impatience of the work in which he was engaged, Mr. Thackeray's genuine modesty and adherence to his own limits produced a noticeable specific effect on his writings. It contributed largely to the want of plot which is to be seen in all his books. This, no doubt, was partly due to the practice of publishing novels in parts—a practice far more advantageous to the novelist than to the novel; but the moral ground for it is to be found in the inherent honesty and simplicity of the man. A young gentleman in search of a profession once asked a venerable relative high in the church, what he thought of his becoming a doctor. "No," was the reply, "I see a providential obstacle. You have not humbug enough about you." The same obstacle prevented Mr. Thackeray from excelling in what is often considered the most attractive and even the most intellectual part of novel-writing—the devising of plots. He had very little turn for this. If by any accident he brings in an unexpected incident or strange turn of events, you feel that he is tacitly despising his own trick. For instance, at the end of *Philip*, where the old coach upsets and is broken, whereby the will lost for many years is discovered, and the necessary fortune is sent in the right direction, there is a sort of intentional, or at least conscious clumsiness about the whole proceeding, which shows that the writer must have laughed at it himself. His caricature plots—the plots of the prize novels, for instance or of *Rebecca and Rowena*—are much more ingenious than the plots of his principal works. The latter are, without exception, what Baxter called feigned histories. They are fictitious biographies extending over a considerable space of time, and depending for their interest, not on any particular combination of circumstances, but on a succession of events, long enough to bring out naturally, and without perceptible effort, the leading characteristics of the personages of the story. No doubt this way of writing is apt to be dull. It can not be denied that by the time that Pendennis leaves his chambers in the temple, we, the readers, are as tired

of them as he must have been; and long before Philip reaches the end of a career which has no particular termination after all, we get to feel that we know as much about him as we much care to know. On the other hand, a writer in whose works the ludicrous element, whether in its simple or in its pathetic shape, has so very large a share, could hardly, without a certain contempt for himself, make his plots good, in the sense in which the plots of A. Dumas, for instance, are good. A reflective man, whose eyes are open to the grotesque side of human affairs, and especially to his own relation to them, can hardly fail to be struck with the absurdity of his own position, when he sits down to construct an elaborate series of adventures, coincidences, hair-breadth escapes, mistaken identities, and the like, which he is afterwards to describe with a sprightliness which will pass for real interest and emotion. To compose a plot calculated for descriptions of the deeper, sterner, and more tragic emotions, is a task on which serious labor might well be bestowed; but a man must rather overrate the value of a laugh if he is willing to take so much trouble to devise the telling of it; and a mind essentially humorous and pathetic will find occasions for the display of those gifts rather in the common routine of life than in forced unnatural situations. It is one of the great merits and beauties of Mr. Thackeray's style that his pathos is introduced in the most perfectly natural way, and never forced into artificial prominence. Death-bed scenes—which some writers would dwell upon as if they could not be content without actually rubbing the onions into their readers' eyes—are by him almost always left in the background, and rather indicated than described. He does not make us stand by the bed-side of poor old Sedley, or give a minute description of the way in which Amelia received the news of George's death.

Passing from the consideration of Mr. Thackeray's general position in literature to that of his works, the first in order of time are four volumes of miscellanies, which contain a selection from the periodical writings, which for many years it was his regular profession to compose. As might have been expected, they are of most unequal merit. Many of them are very poor, and many others which possess considerable merit are so much disfigured by

the defects which attach to almost all periodical writing, that their general effect is nearly spoiled. Even the worst of these performances, however, deserve notice, as they mark the point from which their author set out. It is curious to contrast their general temper and tone with that of their more elaborate successors. The *Book of Snobs*, republished from *Punch*, is a good landmark. It sums up, in the lengthy manner which is inseparably connected with periodical composition, one of the doctrines which Mr. Thackeray preached with diminishing vigor and relish all through his career. Every one knows its character. It was originally a lucky hit in *Punch*, and after the manner of such lucky hits, was repeated, diversified, and—to use an American adaptation of a French word for which we have no equivalent—“exploited,” till it became rather wearisome. The general result of it is to this effect: “In every walk of life is to be found meanness and a regard for low objects more or less concealed under pretensions to something higher. The writer will go through a number of illustrations of this general truth, and will show you meanness in society, meanness in professional life, meanness in domestic arrangements, pettiness and paltriness every where, under thousands of forms.” The effect which this had, and the popularity which it enjoyed, were very remarkable. By the fertility of his illustrations, and the wonderfully life-like air which he gave to every little detail, Mr. Thackeray certainly contrived to produce a considerable effect on the public. He managed to convey the impression that all the common distinctions and usages of society were bad things, that they were founded upon a wretched love of money, a servile regard for the opinion of others, and the absence, or at any rate the weakness, of all the higher and more generous principles of conduct. The chief inference which at that time—somewhere about the thirty-fifth year of his age—Mr. Thackeray had extracted from his observation of the world was—What a number of snobs there are in the world! What mean and petty motives regulate every-day life! Both the faults and the merits of the little book are obvious enough. It is very clever as far as it goes, but it goes a very little way. It is so contrived as to look like a picture of society, but in fact it is

a picture of an infinitesimally small proportion of the life of an insignificant portion of society. The comfortable classes are represented as making a Bible of the peerage. How many people there are in those classes who could say with perfect truth that they never saw or thought of such a book, or of any thing in any degree analogous to it! A keen eye may detect certain dashes of vulgarity in every man's manners and habits, but if we take any fair specimen of the bulk of the class which furnished Mr. Thackeray with his game, we shall find that he passes nine-tenths of his time and thoughts in his business; and far the greater part of the other tenth in relations with his family and his other immediate friends and connections, which are in reality altogether prosaic, and afford no food at all for satire. The greatest excellence which can distinguish a satirist is a continual consciousness of the true scope of his satire, and of the fact that there is an immensely wide department of affairs which affords no room at all for it. In Mr. Thackeray's earlier works, and especially in the *Book of Snobs*, there is no consciousness of this, and the consequence is that the satire is more pungent, better written, because the writer attached more importance to it than it really deserved, and far less just and less pleasing to an impartial critic than the more enlightened satire of his later works. There is a sort of dash and acrid vigor about it which is the redeeming quality of early works; but this advantage is gained at a considerable price—a price which in his later days the author would not have thought it worth while to pay.

A considerable part of Mr. Thackeray's lighter compositions neither had, nor were meant to have, any moral at all. They were pure burlesques; and, considered in that point of view, they were perhaps the best things that he ever wrote—the best that have been written in our day. Such performances as the ballads of Policeman X, carry one particular kind of fun to the extreme limit which it is capable of attaining. The spelling is in itself a work of art. Almost all spelling which aims at representing the pronunciation of uneducated people is entirely conventional. Even Shakspeare does not attempt, when he brings a clown on the stage, to give more than a general notion of rusticity and awkwardness; and of the

many novelists who introduce provincial dialects into their stories, hardly one is able to give to a reader who is not familiar with it before-hand the least notion of the kind of sound which he would hear if he went into the district described. The conventional cockney, for instance, is a man who transposes w and v, who always leaves out the initial h, and invariably prefixes it to an open vowel. This is not only not true, but has hardly any resemblance to the truth. Ten h's are wrongfully omitted for one that is improperly introduced; and the reason is obvious: it saves trouble to drop an h, but no one inserts them unless he wants to give extra emphasis to what he has to say, "Hit is hadmitted on hall 'ands," said a vulgar fellow, in the heat of a splendid oration. In quieter moments he might have talked of "'ands," but never of "hit" or "hadmitted." Mr. Thackeray was aware of all the refinements of what might be described as his native slang, and he reproduced it with marvelous fidelity. What can represent the particular forms of clipping and mumbling English in use in London better than Jacob Omnium's interview with the liveryman whose action was fatal to the Palace Court?

"For two-pound seventeen,
This liveryman replied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's 'oss,
Which the thief had took to ride,
'Do you see any thing green in me?'
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My 'oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall I be called to pay? it is
A iniquitious job."

The gift of reproducing slang is comparatively unimportant; but the power of seeing the full grotesqueness of a grotesque incident which these ballads display is wonderful in its way. Nothing can show a deeper sense of humor than the notion of bringing together Louis Philippe, Cuffy the Chartist orator, and Smith O'Brien, in the characters of three waits, singing before Buckingham Palace at Christmas, 1848. Our readers will probably thank us for the opportunity of reading once more two or three familiar stanzas. First comes the king:

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crown,
Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English
ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith."

The lamentation of Cuffy is an admirable mixture of the grotesque and pathetic:

"O Halbert! 'appy prince,
Vith children round your knees,
Ingraving 'ansum prints,
And takin' hoff your hease.
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt, solt seas!"

Smith O'Brien's song leaves little to be said on the famous affair of the cabbage garden:

"Their fortress we assail:
Hurroo, my boys, hurroo;
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo.
Strike and prevail, proud Innesfail:
O'Brien, aboo, aboo!"

"Our people they defied,
They shot at 'em like savages;
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages:
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages."

The mere power of grotesque writing is by no means the only noticeable point about these ballads. They mark, as we have observed, the point from which the author started. His opinions were almost entirely the reflection of his sympathies and antipathies; and these underwent a great change in the course of his career as a writer. Here, for instance, are some lines written in 1841, which suit very ill with the temper of *Esmond* and *The Virginians*. Speaking of soldiers, he says:

"Go to! I hate him and his trade.
Who bade us so to cringe and bend—
And all God's peaceful people made—
To such as him subservient?"

"Tell me, what find we to admire
In epaulettes and scarlet coats,
In men, because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?"

The very ballad in which the lines occurred might have supplied the answer. It is called the *Chronicle of the Drum*, and

is ten times too long, and in most parts poor enough; but it contains flashes of serious poetry which show that its writer knew how to sympathize with the stronger passions which he then denounced, but subsequently recognized. Perhaps the most spirited passage of the whole refers to the exploits of the old drummer, who is supposed to tell his story. He bares his breast and shows his wounds:

"This came when I followed bold Kleber,
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
And that from an Austrian saber,
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all,
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,
To think of the deeds that I saw.
I followed bold Ney through the fire,
And charged by the side of Murat."

There are several other parts of the same piece which show greater power than the author generally chose to display. Take, for instance, this glance at the execution of Louis XVI.:

"She [the guillotine] called for the blood of
our king,
And straight from his prison we drew
him;
And to her, with shouting, we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew
him.
.

"I see him, as now for a moment
Away from his gaolers he broke,
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And struggled, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho! drummer, quick! silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum;'
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of Saint Louis was dumb."

These lines, and others that could easily be mentioned, show how vigorous and manly a tone Mr. Thackeray could assume when he chose, and lead us to regret that he should have written so much for *Punch* and from the *Punch* point of view.

Amongst the minor works included in the four volumes of miscellanies, there is one deserving a higher reputation than it has ever attained. This is the story of *Barry Lyndon*, originally published many years ago, in this magazine. It was, in

some important respects, the best novel that Mr. Thackeray ever wrote; though it is not surprising that this should not be the general opinion. As it is less known than his other works, it may be allowable to say a few words on its plot. *Barry Lyndon* is the history of a thorough blackguard. Barry, the hero, who tells his own story, so that the reader is prevented from seeing how much of the book the author means to be considered true, is a noisy Irishman, strong, fierce, wild, and ignorant, full of lies and boasting, who sets out to seek his fortune about the middle of the last century. After a sham duel, in which he falsely supposes himself to have killed his man, he goes from his native town to Dublin, and, after various adventures, enlists as a common soldier, and goes to serve in the Seven Years' War. There, by an ingenious contrivance, he steals the clothes and money of a wounded officer, assumes his character, and deserts. He is entrapped by one of the man-stealers of Frederick II., and serves for five years in his army. There he turns police spy, and is set to watch the doings of a professional gambler, who turns out to be his uncle, and by whose assistance he contrives to desert from the Prussian service. He then becomes bully to his uncle's gambling-table, and goes through all manner of blackguard scenes, which he describes with a degree of pride and self-gratification which is indescribably comic. The scene of the last of these adventures is laid at a small German court; and in describing it Mr. Thackeray tried his hand almost for the only time in his whole career at the melodramatic style of composition. There is a fascinating and guilty princess; an irresolute French dandy, with whom she is in love; a rigid old aristocrat, his grandfather, who cares more for family honor than any thing else in the world; and, by way of finale, a secret execution by "Monsieur de Strasburg," who, as the lawyers would say, is brought down special for the purpose. The machinery which sets all this going is Mr. Barry's play-table, at which the young Frenchman gambles away the crown jewels lent him by the princess, and so brings her name into discredit. After figuring in this little tragedy, Mr. (or, as he calls himself, Captain) Barry returns to Ireland; and, after much blackguard splendor, bullies a great heiress, Lady Lyndon, into marrying him.

She is of superlatively grand family, and has forty thousand pounds a year, which he proceeds to squander in the most reckless manner. By degrees Barry Lyndon, as he is now called, sinks from the extraordinary splendor to which he had risen into a beggarly and almost penniless Irish squire; and at last he falls into the condition of a prisoner for debt in the Fleet prison, where he lingers out a miserable existence, writing his memoirs, and being managed by his tough old mother, who sticks by him to the last, and supports him out of an annuity of fifty pounds a year, with which she began life, and which she had contrived to cling to through all her own and her son's ups and downs in the world.

Barry Lyndon has rather more plot in it than most of Mr. Thackeray's novels. Indeed, one or two of the episodes, such as the story of the German princess, and the story of Barry's contrivances for escaping from the service of the King of Prussia, are remarkably good pieces of story-telling of the common kind; but in its main features it is like the rest of his works. It is an imaginary biography, the incidents of which bring out by degrees the character of the hero. The incidents themselves, however, are far more varied and important than those of *Pendennis*, for instance, or *Vanity Fair*, and they have an interest of their own altogether independent of their influence on Barry. The army of Frederick II., the state of Dublin in the middle of the last century, the constitution of society which preceded the French Revolution, when all the aristocracies in Europe were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, reckless of the flood which was to destroy them all (a subject which had inexhaustible attractions for Mr. Thackeray), are all described with extreme vivacity, and with that picturesque, truthful touch which no one else could emulate. The most interesting part of the book, however, is no doubt the character of the hero. He is an utter blackguard, boastful, false, selfish, ferocious in a superlative degree, and yet he considers himself in perfect good faith the most splendid, honorable, and magnificent man of his time. All his worst faults he views as harmless and even rather graceful peccadillos; and whenever villainy brings him to trouble, he periles himself in the most plausible and natural manner that he is a victim of the

conspiracies of his enemies and a martyr to his own guileless simplicity. If it is a great thing to see ourselves as others see us, the power of seeing another man as he sees himself, is much more surprising, especially if the person so seen is a monstrous ruffian, and the person seeing him a thorough gentleman and man of honor.

The merits of *Barry Lyndon* are not such as to recommend it to every one. Many people complain, and not without truth, that they can feel no interest in the history of an utter blackguard and scoundrel. This is very much a matter of taste. It would no doubt be a great defect to write upon such subjects generally, or even often; but to perform such a feat now and then, and as a feat, is a very different thing. *Barry Lyndon* is far more amusing than *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, for instance, and is worked out with far greater depth. It may even sustain a comparison with Fielding's *Life of Jonathan Wild*. There is as much skill in making Barry tell his own story, and in entering into and humoring his own estimate of himself, as there is in Fielding's conscious and express irony, which, indeed, is somewhat too apparent, and is kept up so long as to become wearisome at last. There is, moreover, about *Barry Lyndon* one merit which is not to be found in either of the other works. There are redeeming features in the hero. He is fond of his child, he understands the value of his mother's affection for him, and here and there he has a sort of glimpse of better feelings, and of the possibility of better objects in life than those for which he lives, though this mood invariably dissolves away into noisy rant and drunken mawkishness.

Passing from Mr. Thackeray's minor performances to his more elaborate works, the first place, not only in time but in importance, is undoubtedly due to *Vanity Fair*. It was by this work that he passed from the position of a man known to comparatively few friends, and to the editors of magazines and newspapers, to that of a writer who had contributed something considerable to the permanent literature of his country. It is difficult, and it would hardly be worth while, to add any thing to the chorus of well-earned praise which has acknowledged the merits of this work, especially since its author's death. The character of Becky Sharpe alone, rising and falling

with every wave of fortune, was enough to make the reputation of any writer. The ease with which she asserts herself successively in half a dozen different positions, and the callous good humor with which she endures the inevitable when all her wiles fail her, is admirable; nor is it easy to overpraise the fertility with which group after group of secondary characters is delineated, all with a continual supply of interest and vivacity, and all with that little touch of depreciation which for a very long time marked almost every portrait that came from Mr. Thackeray's pencil. At a later period of his life, Amelia would not have been quite such a fool, and Captain Dobbin would have had hands and feet of the usual size. In *Vanity Fair* the author seems to be haunted by a fear, which he never can manage to lay aside, that unless he can make his characters amiable in spite of some foible or personal defect, he has not done his duty by them. He is so eager, for instance, to show that Dobbin is a man of noble character, that he makes him as uncouth as he can in order to prevent his readers from liking him for any other qualities than the ones which he means to praise and honor. This disposition goes through nearly all his books. That extravagant injustice and cruelty which he continually ascribes to women who are meant to be, and who in most things really are, all that is amiable, seem to be meant as protests against himself. "I and my readers, too, would fall down and worship this woman if I did not more or less disfigure her; but no one deserves to be worshiped, so let us dash in an unjust act or unkind speech to show that she, too, is but mortal." The ridiculous faults, the deformities, the occasional bursts of passion and defects of temper, are always given to the characters whom the author liked. The bad people he appears to feel are sufficiently punished by their natural deformity. Every body will hate them. The important thing is to prevent the public from feeling too much admiration for the good ones, or to force them, if they will admire, to do so *quand même*, in spite of defects serious enough to justify a very different feeling.

It would seem to be a mistake to attribute any definite moral to such a book as *Vanity Fair*. It is a sort of protest on behalf of the weak, the meek, the simple, the unsuccessful, against the rich,

the prosperous, the man who gets on in the world, the man who has all that he wants, and thinks principally of enjoying himself. If Becky Sharpe is to be reduced to any thing so prosaic as a moral, she would be translated into some sort of precept to all women to pass their lives in being fond of their husbands, fond of their children, fond of going to church, given to caressing habits in general, with a certain touch of humorous archness. Above all, they are never to be worldly, never to care for riches and greatness, or for fine society. The humor with which all this is worked in and out, and backward and forward, and the variety of ornaments which are strung on the slender strings of story which meanders through seven or eight hundred closely-printed pages, are sufficiently well-known to thousands upon thousands of readers. The tune of *vanitas vanitatum*, with the recommendation, in an undertone, of reverence for all manner of gentle, honorable, and high-minded feelings, is no doubt extremely striking, and has probably really done something toward making some part of the community care a little less about some special forms of tinsel; but there always must be readers who will say, "Here is *Vanity Fair* as represented by a man of genius; here are officers, country gentlemen, and their wives and daughters, men of business, Indian civil servants, clerks, clergymen, all the sorts and conditions of men among whom I am passing my life, and the whole raree show which the children in the vignette, at the end of the book, are shutting up in the box from whence it came, does not contain a single person of my acquaintance. My friends manage their estates and do justice, write, or look after their regiments, and have military schemes and business on their hands, or go to their country houses, or buy and sell, or collect revenues and administer justice, and look after public works in India, or mind their parishes at home. Sometimes they fall in love and get married or refused, as the case may be, and every now and then they go to parties, and give parties at their own houses; but neither the falling in love nor the party-giving occupies one hundredth part of that space in their lives which these good folks appear to allot to such occupations." There are, it is to be hoped, very few captains of marching regiments who have to accuse themselves of having

dangled for twelve or fourteen years after a woman who did not care for them; and the number of people who have either the patience, or even the wish, to try to push themselves into the society of the rich and great must be very small. A man who means to preach on the text, vanity of vanities, ought to take for his illustration something that is not obviously vanity. It wants no great genius to show that Dobbin's pursuit of Amelia, or that Becky's ambition to get into grand society in London, is vanity. But we are not all obviously playing the fool. Take a solid apothecary, who makes £1500 a year, and spends £1000, and puts by the rest for his children, and if this too can be shown to be vanity, then there is no doubt something memorable has been said; but to stop short of that is to leave the whole matter at a loose end. *Vanity Fair* is marvelously clever; its details may be read a hundred times with constantly increasing satisfaction; but when we view it as a whole, neither the tenderness which lies at the bottom, nor the satire which lies at the top, appear to have an adequate foundation; and both put together, leave all the great passions and strong emotions of life, with the exception of love and vanity, unexplored and undescribed.

Pendennis, the immediate successor of *Vanity Fair*, must be considered inferior to it as a work of art. There is even less story, and what there is is very slight. The only parts of the book in which any thing approaching to a plot is introduced, are those which relate to the secret marriage of Warrenton and the adventures of Captain Altamont, and these are devices of the humblest and most perfectly well-known kind. The book, notwithstanding this, has very deep interest. It opens altogether a new vein, and describes to the life a matter with which the author was perhaps better acquainted than any thing else, and which no other writer has succeeded in describing tolerably well. Pendennis and his friend Warrenton represent one section of the class to which they belong to absolute perfection. The state of mind of a well-educated young Englishman who is at once obliged to be satisfied with his skepticism and dissatisfied with himself for being skeptical, was never described with more skill. Few things would be more instructive in their way than a full comparison between *Pendennis* and some of the French novels

which aim at describing the same class of persons in France. Nothing could throw more light on the difference between the two nations. The comparison will not quite run on all fours; but Madame Sand's tale, *Horace*, is in many respects analogous to *Pendennis*. Horace, to be sure, is only a student, and his career stops before that of Pendennis; but in many respects they resemble each other. Both are nominally advocates, both are writers, though Pendennis makes more of a profession of it than Horace; both are self-indulgent and idle, and both have the same exterior graces, being handsome, healthy young fellows, vain of their personal appearance, and full of animal life and spirits. There is also a good deal of undesigned resemblance between the incidents of the two stories. Both Horace and Pendennis are in love with two women. Pendennis, indeed, is in love with three at different times. Each has a *fidus Achates*, older and more experienced than himself, who gives him good advice; each draws a full-length portrait of himself by his behavior on a variety of occasions; and the history of each is a bitter satire composed by a friendly and sympathetic satirist. Here, however, the resemblance ends, and a series of contrasts of far greater importance, and going much deeper, begins. Horace has no particular convictions and very little knowledge; but he is a revolutionist, prepared, as he supposes, to descend into the streets and kill or be killed for no particular reason except that he likes noise and excitement. When it comes to the point, he generally manages to be out of harm's way; but this is because the cold fit of prudence is on him, not from want of courage. In a word, he is blown about by every wind of impulse, and is always under the power of some impulse or other—generally one of a violent character. The accurate measure which Pendennis takes of himself and his own significance is the most characteristic thing about him, and it puts a profound distinction between him and his French cotemporary.

By the time that he wrote *The Newcomes* Mr. Thackeray had reached an important point in his career. He had pretty well made friends with the world in which he lived. In his early writings there is a certain dash of Bohemianism, though it is subdued and kept in order by education

and early associations. *Vanity Fair* admits of being explained as a representation of a part of the world; but it may also be viewed, and that somewhat plausibly, as a general attack upon things as they are, and as a declaration of war upon the established order of society. It must be owned that the cheerful and friendly way of viewing the subject is pleasanter than the old one, though it gives less occasion for the display in all their power of the splendid gifts which first made the author's reputation.

The Virginians and *Esmond* form a separate group of Mr. Thackeray's works; and, in our opinion, they show more skill, are of more interest, and are, in every respect, superior to his other works, except, possibly, *Barry Lyndon*, which, however admirable in its execution, is by no means so pleasing or interesting as a story. It is improbable, however, that the reputation of these books will be so wide or lasting as that of *Vanity Fair*, or even of *Pendennis*, which will always have an interest of their own, independent of their value as works of art; the one as a protest, more or less exaggerated, against society as it was between 1830 and 1840, the other, as a sympathizing picture of the polished skepticism which prevailed amongst the best-educated part of the comfortable classes of English society in the middle of the nineteenth century. We probably owe much of the spirit and vivacity of modern historians, and much of their consciousness that the persons whom they have to describe were real men and women, and not mere names in a book, to the vigor with which novelists, from Sir Walter Scott downward, have preached the same doctrine. Fiction can hardly be employed more usefully than when it makes past times real to us, and enables us for a time to breathe the air of other ages, and to hear the voices which once filled them with joy and sorrow, mirth and love.

The subjects of both *Esmond* and *The Virginians* are happily chosen. There was something specially congenial to the tone of Mr. Thackeray's mind in that of the eminent men of the early part of the eighteenth century. He entered with great ease into the feelings of such writers as Steele and Addison; and he took the trouble to make himself well acquainted with the wars of Queen Anne's time, and with part, at least, of the characters of

her great captains and statesmen. His accounts of Marlborough and Webb are excellent, and the same may be said of the sketch of St. John. There is also more of a plot in *Esmond* than in his other works. The hero's wavering between the Protestants and Catholics, between King James II. and King George I., and his way of judging of every thing, not upon principle, but almost exclusively on the ground of personal likings and dislikings, are very characteristic of the author.

The Virginians has most of the merits of *Esmond*, and especially the great cardinal merit of being about something important. Long after we have got tired of reading re-statements of a man's peculiar views of life, we can still take great pleasure in looking at his pictures of the American War, the state of feeling in England respecting it, and all the old-world stories about the half-forgotten great old houses—such as supplied Harry Warrington with aristocratic companions at the gaming-table, and fights fought long ago, like the unlucky expedition to Brittany, over which, a few years since, French patriotism waxed triumphant. It is pleasant to think in how kindly a spirit, and with what admirable intentions, this book was written. Its author had the friendship of America very near his heart, and did his very best to promote goodwill between the two nations.

Such are a few of the more obvious remarks which a review of the writings of this remarkable man suggests. Criticism, by its very nature, has much affinity with finding fault, and the merits of a popular novelist are generally so obvious and so fully recognized, that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them. We should be sorry, however, to seem not to be alive to the merits, literary and personal, of so considerable a man, or even to be too keenly alive to his defects, at a time when every one would wish to do to his memory that honor which it so well deserves. Mr. Thackeray's place in the literary history of his country will no doubt be both high and permanent. In some of the gifts of a novelist he fully equals, and in some he exceeds, Fielding, though the foundation of his character was softer and less vivacious; but from Fielding's days to our own, there has been no one at all like him in this country. One or two of his French cotemporaries resemble him;

and no doubt he learnt much from them, though some of their gifts he could not, and others he probably would not, acquire.

Of Mr. Thackeray's personal qualities it would not be appropriate to speak here. We are not of opinion that by writing popular novels a man becomes common property; and it is difficult to say much

of the personal feeling which even short intercourse with him inspired, without employing language which might appear insincere and exaggerated, especially if it were loud enough to make itself heard through the unrestrained and unqualified lamentations which resound round the grave of one of the simplest and most natural of men.

GEORGE PEABODY.

THE name of this eminent London banker is well and widely known in the commercial world, and in the walks of civil life, for his generous liberality and large-hearted patronage of public libraries and literary institutions. He has been the architect of his own colossal wealth and fortune. He has gained an enviable fame and high position as a man among the merchant princes of England and the United States. Such a man is an honor to his age and race. Blessed with immense wealth—the rich fruits of his own skill and enterprise—he scatters blessings in amplitude among his fellow-men on both sides of the Atlantic. He is a public benefactor in the true sense of the word, thus setting an enviable and brilliant example to many others of large affluence, in the bestowment of lasting blessings and permanent treasures on his generation. "Honor to whom honor is due." Desirous of contributing in some measure in this direction, we have thought it a fitting and an acceptable tribute to his honor and worth as a man, to embellish the present number of *THE ECLECTIC* with a well-engraved and accurate portrait of one who is held in such high esteem. The portrait has just been engraved from a photograph of the original, taken a short time since in Paris. We hope his numerous friends will be gratified in obtaining it. A brief biographical sketch is all that will be needful in this place.

George Peabody was born in Danvers, Mass., February 18th, 1795. His parents were in moderate circumstances, and his early education was acquired in the dis-

trict schools. At the age of eleven he was placed as clerk with a grocer in his native town, but left him when he had attained his fifteenth year, and, after spending a year with his grandfather in Thetford, Vt., went to Newburyport as clerk for his elder brother, who had opened a dry goods shop there. The shop being consumed by fire, he next went with an uncle to Georgetown, D. C., where for the following two years the business was conducted in his name, though a minor. Finding himself in danger, if he continued in this relation, of being held responsible for debts he had not contracted, he withdrew from the business in 1814, and became a partner of Mr. Elisha Riggs in the wholesale dry goods trade, Mr. Riggs furnishing the necessary capital, and intrusting the management to Mr. Peabody. The next year the house was removed to Baltimore, where it soon attracted a large business, and in 1822 branch houses were established in New-York and Philadelphia. In 1827 Mr. Peabody crossed the Atlantic for the first time to buy goods. In 1829, by the retirement of Mr. Riggs, he became senior partner in the house. More than once, on his visits to Europe, he was intrusted with important negotiations by the State of Maryland, which were invariably conducted with success. Early in 1837 he took up his residence permanently in England. In 1843 he withdrew from the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., and established himself in London as a merchant and banker. Through his exertions, the confidence in American responsibility, which had well-

nigh failed in the disastrous period of 1837, was maintained. He rendered repeated and important favors in this respect to the State of Maryland, which were gratefully acknowledged, but for which he refused all compensation. The house he established in London has been ever since its foundation the headquarters of his countrymen in that city, and the center of American news and intelligence. In 1852, at the bi-centennial anniversary of his native town of Danvers, he sent a toast in a sealed envelope, not to be opened till the day of the anniversary. That toast was: "Education a debt from the present to future generations;" and in

order to pay his share of that debt, a check for \$20,000 was inclosed, to be expended in the founding of an institute, lyceum, and library for the town. By subsequent gifts that amount has been increased to \$60,000, and an additional \$10,000 has been bestowed upon North Danvers, for a branch library. To the first Grinnell expedition to the Arctic ocean, he contributed \$10,000. In 1856-7 he gave the sum of \$300,000, with a pledge to increase it to \$500,000, to found an institute in Baltimore for the promotion of science, literature, and the fine arts.

For this brief sketch we are chiefly indebted to *Appleton's Cyclopædia*.

From the London Society Magazine.

E A S T E R E V E A T S T . P E T E R S B U R G .

THE days when East and West contended about the time at which Easter should fall, are over, as far as we are concerned, and the English congregation at St. Petersburg conforms itself to the practice of the National Church by keeping Easter according to the Eastern and not the Western practice. The Russian mode of ushering in the festival is so different from any thing that we are accustomed to in England, that an account of it may interest some readers, especially as it possesses the charm of undoubted antiquity.

In England, on Easter Eve, we go to bed as usual, and wait patiently until broad daylight has ushered in the joyful day; but the Russian is not content so to do. He considers it begun as the last stroke of twelve dies on the ear, and is impatient to welcome it. At the palace, some thousand people assemble, late on Easter Eve, for the service in the Imperial Chapel, and while the gospel is being read, the guns of the fortress sympathetically announce to the whole city that "Christ is risen;" whilst, after the service, each one of the guests hears the news from his sovereign's lips, and exchanges with him the Easter salute. This has,

however, been reduced, in consideration of the number of recipients, from three to two kisses.

It is not among the higher ranks alone, that Easter morning is thus anticipated, and welcomed with excitement. Every church, from the grandest to the most humble, is thronged with worshipers; and happening to be in St. Petersburg on Easter Eve, I felt anxious to see the service performed at the Isaak Church, which, from its form and size, may be called the St. Paul's of St. Petersburg, though vastly superior to the latter in its great magnificence. I had been warned to start early, and accordingly set off at ten o'clock P.M., having about two miles to walk. Even at that early hour, streams of people were to be seen on their way to their respective churches, whilst all along the streets, saucers of tallow were placed at intervals on the pavement, each with its blazing wick diffusing a smoky, greasy smell, which was far from agreeable. Here and there, also, servants were hurrying along, bearing in cloths the Easter cakes, and a kind of cream-cheese, that they might be blessed by the priest before being eaten. Toward the great church, the largest number was flocking, and as I

entered with the throng, a curious scene presented itself to my gaze. Excepting a part railed off in front of the altar, the church was moderately crowded with people of the lower class, chiefly men, whilst along the walls, and around the bases of the columns, were reclining numbers of peasants in their sheepskins, looking somewhat like gipsies under a hedge. These had come early to secure places, and were bivouacking until a quarter to twelve, when the service began, and all had to stand. Each of them held in his hand apparently a slender white wand, which proved, on closer inspection, to be the wax taper, not yet lighted, which it is the custom for every one to hold during the time of service upon special occasions. The dome, about the size of that of St. Paul's, but unlike it in being decorated with colored marbles, frescoes, and gilding, was only lighted by four or five groups of votive tapers, which burned on a raised platform in the center, around a tomb with the figure of the Saviour painted on it, which had remained there since Good-Friday. No sound was heard but the buzz of subdued talking, and the voice of those who were taking it in turns to read some portion of Scripture on the platform, which had continued from the time of the afternoon service, any one who liked being allowed to read. Presently those who were admitted by ticket to the reserved portion began to enter, and many pausing, crossed themselves, and stooped and kissed the tomb. The body of the church began also to fill, and an uninterrupted stream of people poured in at the doors. Within the rails of the altar is a magnificent screen, separating off the Holy of Holies, adorned with immense pictures exquisitely worked in mosaic, and pillars of malachite and lapis lazulæ. It has three doors; the center one, or royal gate, was now opened, and the Metropolitan, attended by several bishops and priests, came forth. Before him were borne a triple, a double, and a single candle, emblematic of Christian doctrine, and they walked round the tomb, bowing and swinging censers. Their gorgeous dressess, jeweled miters, and flowing beards, seen amidst the smoke of the censers had a most striking effect, and I could almost have imagined myself witnessing some ceremony of the old Jewish worship. After kissing the tomb, the bishops raised it at the corners, and held it resting on the head of the Metropolitan,

whose miter had been previously removed, and in this manner they all retired within the gates, which were again closed.

And now a curtain was drawn aside which had covered a colored transparency representing a figure of the Saviour, which appeared over the gates, and at the same moment a flame ran along the cords, which lighted the large chandeliers and a cluster of candles high up in the dome, and from several points the assembled thousands began to light their tapers. I had not provided myself with one, but presently I felt a tap on my shoulder, and some unseen benefactor (for to turn round in the dense crowd was out of the question) supplied my deficiency. This seemed to be a general practice, to judge by the number of tapers I saw handed about. Again the doors opened, not to be closed again during the Easter week, and the procession came forth—the choir chanting a hymn announcing the resurrection, whilst candles and banners were borne by some of the train. A passage was with difficulty cleared for them by the officials down the center of the church, and they moved on, singing, and proceeded, on leaving the west door, to make the circuit of the building.

While they were doing this, I had time to look around me. We were packed as closely as possible, each with his flaming taper increasing the otherwise excessive heat, whilst the mass was occasionally convulsed, as fresh comers, with one going before as the point of the wedge, worked their way into it. The heads of the people appeared to have been annointed with something in honor of the occasion which made them glisten in the candle-light, while not a few of them got singed in the press, whether purposely or not I could not feel sure. One man I observed with a bright red head of hair, to whose locks a bystander deliberately applied his taper, with an exclamation of disgust at their color. The odor of the crowd baffles all power of description. In no country is one's sense of smell gratified by an assemblage of the lower orders; but in Russia the peasant wears his sheepskin and boots all through the winter by day and by night, and this in huts closed against ventilation, reeking with the smell of its inmates, their fish and their cabbage; and when it is considered that some thousands of them were crammed together in a building already artificially heated, the state of the

atmosphere may be faintly conceived by those who have not experienced the reality.

After a time the procession reëntered the church at the same door by which they had left it, and the service was continued: but however impressive it may be to those who understand the language, and are not pinioned in a crowd, to one who enjoys neither of these advantages, the fine music, which, as in all Greek churches, is solely vocal, fails to atone for the discomfort, so I determined to extricate myself, knowing that the service would continue for at least two hours. The task proved easier than I anticipated, and after pushing my way, shoulder first, through the crowd

of dirty, good-humored faces, I reached the door at a quarter to one. The streets were singularly deserted, but several churches into which I looked presented a similar scene to the one I had just left, being filled with the same dense crowd with their burning tapers; whilst outside the doors were placed quantities of Easter cakes, each with a lighted taper stuck in the center, awaiting the priest's blessing. I was not sorry to reach home at two o'clock, and resign myself for the remainder of the Easter morning to sound slumbers, which were only broken by the sound of salutes from the fortress guns, which twice came booming at intervals across the Neva. C.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

LIFE OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 458.

THE reading public and the admirers of the character of this eminent man and historian will welcome a new edition of this valuable work. The name and memory of such a man should not, can not, be forgotten by any who love talent and sterling eminence in all that constitutes personal worth in the relations of life. We met him at his own beautiful home at Lynn, overlooking the broad expanse of ocean, a short time before his death, and the amenity of his manners and charms of his conversation revealed the cause of the admiration in which he was held by many friends at home and abroad. The volume now offered is a valuable biography, which, as we learn from the publishers, has been received with the warmest encomiums, both at home and abroad. It was originally published in an elegant quarto volume, illustrated in the highest style of art, and an edition was printed which was thought almost too large for these present times. But the whole of that edition has been exhausted, and now, in answer to the general demand, the publishers (Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston) have reproduced the Life in a very handsome 12mo volume, at a price which is within the means of all readers. They have also ready a *third* edition, which is of the 8vo size, and is finished to match exactly with the library editions of Prescott's works. Both of these new editions include the entire contents of the quarto, and contain also the portrait on steel.

CHRISTIAN MEMORIALS OF THE WAR; OR, SCENES AND INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF RELIGIOUS FAITH AND PRINCIPLE, PATRIOTISM AND BRAVERY, IN OUR ARMY, WITH HISTORICAL NOTES. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, Professor of Biblical Literature

and Interpretation in Newton Theological Institute, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1864.

THIS will be a welcome book to any pious father or mother who has a son or brother or relative in the army of the United States, in the tremendous struggle now waging for the salvation of our government and country. It is an instructive and touching memorial of the religious history of the war, and its incidents will be treasured up and remembered long after the roar of battle has died away.

HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway, publishes a great variety of music suited to many occasions, among which is "Waters's Choral Harp," a new Sunday-school book of one hundred and sixty pages of beautiful hymns and tunes. It contains many gems of music which will give interest and pleasure both to teachers and scholars in our Sabbath-schools. Go and select for yourselves, or send.

SERMONS. Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., the Incumbent. Fifth Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

THE eminent character of the author of this volume, his reputation as a preacher, and the demand and sale of five editions of the work, form the best proofs of the high estimation in which this book is held by the public. Its rich and mellow diction, and the affluence of the thoughts which are spread over its pages, will well require the reader for its attentive perusal. We are glad to see this volume issued from the teeming press of Ticknor & Fields.

THACKERAY'S FRAGMENT.—The *Cornhill* contains the first part of Mr. Thackeray's story, which, oddly enough, is written as if he had contemplated its posthumous publication, the hero telling his story in old age, so that we know the end from the beginning. As yet, it is a most melancholy tale, the central idea being identical with that of Miss Thackeray's wonderful *Story of Elizabeth*. A French girl, innocent, but fond of gayety, is married to a gloomy Huguenot of the time of Louis XV., and shut up during her husband's absence in war with a pastor and two ancient sisters-in-law, to live a kind of life only too familiar to many an English household. It is needless to enter on a plot which can not be ended, but the fragment leaves on us an indefinable impression, as if Mr. Thackeray had succeeded in bringing to the surface that deep tenderness which all who knew him believe to have underlain his outwardly sarcastic habit. There is a gentle mellowness in his writing, hardly so conspicuous before, or rather conspicuous only in passages, instead of flavoring, as in this instance, entire chapters. The impression is the more singular because the life of these chapters, down to the smallest incident, is of the gloomiest kind—the description of the little French lady tortured by a hunger for cheerfulness, and believed by her husband to be unfaithful when she is only mad. There are few direct words of the kind; but no man can read the fragment without feeling that, as Thackeray wrote it, his main impulse was a limitless pity for the sufferings of his own creation. The writing is a little too compact, but there is a curious evidence of his power as a mere artist in the way in which he contrives to leave the impression that the narrator is getting somewhat feeble and garrulous with age, given to small jokes and trifling vanities, while scarcely mentioning himself except as a child.—*Spectator*.

THE MAPLE SUGAR CROP OF 1864.—From present indications there is little doubt that the maple sugar crop of 1864 will vastly exceed that made in any previous year. The season thus far has been a good one, and favorable for the early commencement of operations. We have had for the past two weeks a succession of sunshiny days and freezing nights. In all probability the crop of maple sugar at the North for the present year will reach 25,000,000 pounds, worth at the low estimate of 15 cents per pound, \$3,750,000—an important item in the sugar product of the country. This will be but a small amount of the sugar consumed in the whole country, yet it will go far toward supplying the deficiency caused by non-production at the South. Few people comprehend the great amount of sugar annually used in the United States. In 1862, it is estimated that the total consumption of sugar both of the North and South, was 482,411 tons, or nearly 29 pounds to every man, woman, and child. This consumption was largely decreased in 1863, and will be still more so during the present year. By the manufacture of sugar from the maple and from sorghum the North will soon be independent of all foreign sugar-producing countries.—*Detroit Tribune*.

ROSES A LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.—To enjoy the scent of roses, at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused

roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal-times, they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose-leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Anthony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—M. Pousard, President of the Agricultural Society of Châlons, has addressed a paper to that body, in which he stated that he has discovered a remedy for the potato disease. The secret consists in planting them after the 1st of June, instead of in April. By this plan they escape the frost of April, and the leaf is not exposed to the hot sun of July. M. Pousard is of opinion that the alternate frost and heat corrupt the root by their opposing influence. It appears that he has continued his experiments for several years, and that his potatoes are of a fine size and perfectly sound. M. Pousard is able likewise by this plan to grow two crops on the same ground within the year.

POWER OF A BIRD'S SONG.—When we hear the song of a soaring lark, we may be sure that the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses, or undulations, or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little songster's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling, in principle, the reed of a clarinet. Let us suppose that we hear the song of a lark, elevated to a height of five hundred feet in the air. Before this is possible, the bird must have agitated a sphere of air one thousand feet in diameter; that is to say, it must have communicated to 17,888 tons of air a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.—*Tyndall's Glaciers of the Alps*.

A NEW INFLATION.—The enemies of crinoline have been in hope that fashion would not long resist the terror occasioned by successive deaths by fire, and that the days of crinoline were numbered. There appears, however, no present likelihood of this. The rage for full-blown garments, if we may trust the advertising columns of the press, is on the increase. One of these announces the "Gemma or jeweled" crinoline; the "Sans-flectums;" the "Oudina or waved;" "Sans-flectums jeweled;" and crinolines "magnificently puffed."—*Times*.

OUSACA, a city of Japan, has been the scene of a fearful fire, such as can only be known in cities built entirely of wood; 80,000 houses and 250 warehouses are said to have been destroyed, and 500 to 1000 lives lost.

According to published statistics, it appears that the wholesale cost of live animals brought to the city of New-York for slaughter last year, exceeded \$30,000,000, and that more than one half our beef comes from the single State of Illinois.

BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.—In the general report which has been issued respecting the census of 1861, the commissioners say the people of these islands are more movable than other nations, and large numbers of them are always abroad, sometimes on distant voyages, sometimes on the Alps, sometimes in the deserts of Africa, or in the strangest places; but generally in ships at sea, in the great commercial *entrepôts*, in the capitals of Europe, in our colonies, or in the States of America. France is the country to which the English most resort in Europe, and 25,844 are domiciled there; 4092 are returned in Belgium, 827 in Holland, 1124 in Switzerland, 7365 in Germany, 5467 in Italy (including Rome), 2072 in Portugal, and 3879 in Spain, 525 in Greece, 2360 in Turkey, and 931 in Egypt, in Denmark 372, in Norway 272, and in Sweden 411, in Russia 3749. Passing to Asia, 30 of her Majesty's subjects were returned in Persia, 1072 in China, 81 in Japan, and 24 in Siam. The English population in India, according to the returns of the Indian government (apparently defective) amounted to 125,379, including the English army 85,008 strong. 340 English people are in the empire of Morocco. Algeria and the rest of Africa make no return. Central America returns 145 English residents, Ecuador 27, Chili 4152, of whom 3265 are males, chiefly miners, and Brazil 2838. The number of each of the two sexes returned abroad did not greatly differ, as the males were 36,734, and the females 31,235. In France and Belgium the women exceed the men in number; and in Germany there was little difference. In China, Japan, Chili, Brazil, and India, the men preponderated largely. The natives of England in the United States exceed the numbers in all other countries. According to an elaborate return of the numbers of the inhabitants of each State in 1860 who were born in this kingdom, the number amounted in the aggregate to 2,224,743, of whom it was ascertained that 477,455 were born in England and Wales, 108,518 in Scotland, and 1,611,304 in Ireland. 27,466 were described simply as born in the United Kingdom.—*Liverpool Post*.

A TRAMWAY FOR MONT CENIS.—A proposal was some time ago submitted by Mr. Fell, in concert with Messrs. Brassey and Jackson, to the French and Italian governments, for laying down a tramway on the present Mont Cenis route, covering the same with wooden, iron, and stone galleries, and working it by means of a new and lighter species of locomotive. The first series of experiments for producing a low engine capable of carrying a train of one hundred passengers, with their luggage, over the mountain, have, according to the *Morning Post*, had satisfactory results. These Mont Cenis locomotive experiments have been carried on at the Cromford and High Peak Railway, Whalley Bridge. It is hoped thus to solve the problem of a rapid and comparatively cheap communication across the great passes of the Alps.—*London Weekly*.

THE NEW BOOKS OF 1863.—According to the *Publishers' Circular*, 3878 is the number of titles of publications issued in the past year. This falls in a trifling degree short of the number in 1862, which amounted, after similar deductions, to exactly 3913. These figures, however, though interesting in some respects, afford really little

indication of the relative prosperity of the trade in different years. Of course, if the number of titles of new works fell greatly in any particular year, it could not but indicate some real depression. But the true index of prosperity does not lie in the number of titles, which remain pretty nearly stationary from year to year, but in that far less easily ascertainable indication, the number of issues.

It is asserted, on good authority, that there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 15,000 men living by low gambling, 50,000 by constant thieving, 5000 receivers of stolen goods, and 150,000 men and women subsisting by other disgraceful means. There are no fewer than 25,000 beggars. So that there are more than 250,000 persons in the London district, of all ages and sexes, who prey upon the honest and industrious part of the community.

DRAINAGE AND ROMANCE.—The draining of the lake Celano, undertaken by Prince Torlonia for agricultural objects, is now so near to completion that only about one fourth its body of water remains to be drawn off: the celebrated emissary made under Claudius may now be penetrated in its entire length, though not without personal inconvenience; and a striking scene was presented when the tunnel was illuminated throughout on occasion of a visit to inspect the works from the minister of the newly-constituted Italian kingdom, Signor Peruzzi. Through the urgency of like utilitarian demands two other classic lakes, in the Roman Campagna, that of Gabii and the Regillus, have been caused to disappear, within recent years, to leave their dry beds for the growth of grain, their scenery deprived of its most impressive and historically important feature.—*Letter from Rome*.

SCAN. MAG.—It appears strange that the most violent of the German potentates should be the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince! The husband of the Princess Royal might not have displayed his enmity to England so very prominently. As Benhaded had some secret ground of animosity toward the King of Israel, so there appears to be some paltry jealousy in this Danish question. Among the princesses whom the Prince of Wales *might* have had was one connected with the royal family of Prussia and the meddlesome court of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. England exulted when the Prince did *not* select one of the eternal Coburgs; but Saxe-Gotha and Prussia are certainly paying off a debt of revenge on Denmark to the best of their ability.—*Liverpool Courier*.

SOUTH-AMERICAN COTTON.—Mr. G. Mulhall, editor of the *Standard*, is at present in Paraguay, inspecting the cotton plantations, which, we are happy to say, are in the most flourishing condition. He informs us that in Paraguay, there are about 7,000,000 of plants in the very best condition. His tour through the plantations in Corrientes convinced him of the fact that with the very slightest efforts cotton on a large scale can be grown in that province. A full report of his travels in the cotton regions of the Plate will, on his return, be at once forwarded to the Cotton Supply Association in Manchester.—*Buenos Ayres Standard*, Jan. 12th.

LARGE CITIES AND THEIR GROWTH.—Were a stranger to judge of the city of New-York by the self-complacent laudations of the press of that city, he would be induced to believe that London, the largest, and richest, and greatest city in the world, has been completely outstripped by the "metropolis of the New World." The following statement, derived from official sources, namely, the census of the United States for 1860 and that of London for 1861—the full reports of neither of which have yet been published—is presented, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions:

In March, 1851, London contained a population of 2,362,236 inhabitants and 305,996 houses. In 1861, the population had increased to 2,803,989 inhabitants, and 369,421 houses, showing an increase in ten years of 441,750 inhabitants, and 53,488 houses. The number of houses erected in the city of London in ten years was therefore only 500 less than the total number of houses in New-York in 1860.

In 1850 New-York contained a population of 515,517 inhabitants, and 37,291 houses. In 1860 the number of inhabitants is set down at 805,751 and the number of houses 53,971, showing an increase of 290,104 inhabitants, and 16,680 houses.

Philadelphia contained in 1850 a population of 330,043 inhabitants and 53,974 houses. In 1860 the number of inhabitants was 562,529, and the number of houses 89,632, showing an increase in ten years of 28,354 houses, and 222,484 inhabitants.

Thus we find that London, in ten years, had increased in population 441,753; New-York, 290,104 souls, or 56.73 per cent.; and Philadelphia 222,484 inhabitants, or 65.43 per cent. The average number of houses during ten years in London was 5349; in New-York, 1668; and in Philadelphia, 2862. London has been settled 2000 years, New-York 249 years, and Philadelphia 178.

NORTHERN SUGAR CANE.—A letter in the *Auburn Advertiser* contains an interesting account of several experiments in the cultivation of the imphee, or northern sugar-cane, in Cayuga county in this State. The result was gratifying: five gallons of juice produced one of syrup, and the yield per acre was from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty gallons of syrup. About twenty acres will be planted in the town of Genoa this year. The juice is expressed from the cane by grinding and pressing.

THE EUROPEAN ARMIES.—M. Legoyt of the Ministry of Agriculture, Paris, publishes the following statistics respecting the armies of Europe: Austria keeps an army of 467,000 men, which costs her 336,000,000*f.*; France has an army of 573,000 men, which costs 688,000,000*f.*; Prussia an army of 214,000 men, which costs her 156,000,000*f.*; England an army of 300,000 men, which costs 677,000,000*f.*; and Russia an army of 1,000,000 of men, which costs 529,000,000*f.* That is, out of the total budget of each of those States an expenditure of thirty-seven per cent. in Austria, or more than a third; thirty-three per cent. in France; thirty in Prussia; thirty-nine in England, and forty-two in Russia. Let us also mention Italy, where 329,000,000*f.* are expended in keeping up a force of 314,000 men; Turkey, weighed down by an army of 424,000 men; Denmark and Sweden, the first with 50,000 and the second with 67,000 men, by which

their budgets are increased to thirty-seven and forty per cent. respectively. The other secondary States follow in an analogous proportion. Switzerland is the only European State that neither increases her army nor her budget. M. Legoyt, adding together the effective of all the European armies, according to estimates which he considers rather below than superior to the reality, arrives at the fearful number of 3,815,847 men, and an outlay of 3,000,000,000*f.*

THE annual musical festival of the three cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, will take place this summer at the latter place. The "Creation," "Elijah," "Judas Macabæus," "Israel in Egypt," Spohr's "Fall of Babylon," and the "Messiah," are the oratorios selected. There will also be a variety of miscellaneous music performed.

THE CONDITION OF ROME.—So bad is now the state of Rome that, according to the *Post*, the Princess Corsini, desiring to attend a reception at the Colonna Palace, and wishing to wear her jewels, was compelled to demand an escort of the Papal Dragoon Guards. The citizens assert that they have absolutely no protection, that the police are brigands in uniform, and that no redress is to be obtained in the most ordinary case of robbery except through the French authorities. If the latter interfere, Mgr. de Merode makes a point of refusing the request, and the poor Romans are therefore crushed by the French, pillaged by the brigands, and neglected by the government which ought either to protect or to surrender them. If they resist the French intruders, they are imprisoned; if they object to the brigands in uniform, they are arrested; and if they support the authorities who do nothing for them, they are pretty sure to be surrendered to one or the other of the other two hostile powers. It is a happy life which infallibility produces in its capital.—*English Paper.*

SEMRAMIS is said to have erected statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, forty feet in height, and made of beaten gold. Drinking-vessels made of gold and weighing twelve hundred talents, are also spoken of. The sumptuous display of precious metals in the palaces of the great are frequently alluded to; but it has been aptly observed that the quantity diffused among the bulk of the English population at the present day would make a sum total far outbidding the golden wealth of those earlier days, though less obvious and glittering from being so much diffused.

ILLINOIS CORN.—In 1860 Illinois raised one hundred and fifteen million bushels of corn. If this were placed in cars, three hundred bushels in a car, it would make a train two thousand three hundred and ninety-five miles long; and allowing twenty-five cars to a locomotive, it would take fourteen thousand three hundred and seventy locomotives to draw it.

A PHILOSOPHER, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife "brown sugar," because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined!

GOLD discoveries in Van Buren county, Michigan, are creating much excitement in that State. A company is forming to test the value of the "diggings."

WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.—Allusion has been made to the late Mr. Thackeray's large brain. A medical friend favors us with a note on the subject: "The average weight of the human brain," he says, "is forty-nine ounces in the male and forty-four ounces in the female. In most instances, however, when the individual has been distinguished by great mental power, it has been known to rise much above the numbers given. The brain of Cuvier weighed sixty-four ounces, Dr. Alexander Crombie's sixty-three ounces, Lord Byron's sixty-two ounces, and Mr. Thackeray's fifty-eight and a half ounces. In contradistinction to these may be placed the brain of an idiot, given by Dr. Toad, weighing sixteen and a quarter ounces, and the still more remarkable one described last year by Dr. Gore, barely reaching ten ounces five grains. Among these unfortunate individuals, it is true, large heads are often met with, but in such cases the fine filaments and delicate chambers of the brain have been injured by disease, and they are thus, from many of its parts failing to act, or not acting in harmony, converted into beings who live a mere vegetative existence, are guided by dangerous impulses, but still more frequently by the gentler instincts."—*Inverness Courier*.

DESERT OF SAHARA.—*In the Wilderness shall the Waters break out.*—Perhaps no more hopeless enterprise could be undertaken than to attempt to reclaim the great African desert of Sahara, where no rain ever falls, and there are but occasional oases to give relief to the weary and fainting caravans that traverse it. Modern science, however, laughs at seeming impossibilities. Skillful engineers in the French army in Algiers proposed to sink Artesian wells at different points, with the strong confidence that thus water could be reached and forced to the surface. In 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which, as vegetation thrives luxuriantly, thirty thousand palm-trees and one thousand fruit-trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over five hundred feet, an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there was a large body of water underneath. The French government, by this means, hopes to make the route across the desert to Timbuctoo fertile and fit for travelers, and thus to bring the whole overland travel and commerce through Algeria, which will be one of the greatest feats of modern scientific enterprise.

At a recent meeting of the London Geographical Society, it was contended it is impossible to colonize tropical regions with the Anglo-Saxon race. Yet there are numerous places in those regions where the Anglo-Saxon settlers have increased in numbers and maintained their ascendancy.

The musical scale of nature is still the subject of eager discussion. The Chinese and old Gaels had a scale consisting of five tones derived from each other by a succession of perfect fifths. Compared with our modern scale, it wants the fourth and seventh, and is the most usual scale of the Scotch airs.

A new green crop has been discovered, which will produce forty tons to the acre. It is called the cattle melon.

THE CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND MEXICO.—The convention between France and Mexico has been published. It states that the French troops are to be reduced as soon as possible to 25,000 men, including the foreign legion. The French troops will gradually evacuate Mexico, as the organization of the Mexican troops proceeds. The foreign legion, composed of 8000 men, will remain in Mexico six years after the recall of all other troops. Wherever the garrison of a place may not be exclusively Mexican the commandant will be a Frenchman. The French commanders will not be able to intervene in the Mexican administration. The expense of the French expedition until July, 1864, is fixed at 270,000,000f. After July, 1864, Mexico will pay an annual indemnity of 1000f. for each French soldier. The Mexican government will pay annually 25,000,000f. in cash, in liquidation of the sums due to France. The convention further states that a committee will examine the claims of French subjects and the indemnities due to them.

ENGLISH EXPORT OF BOOKS.—The export of English books to the States of America fell from £140,000 worth in 1859 to less than half that value in 1861, and the returns now published show that in 1862 it was little over £50,000. The export to Australia has also fallen off considerably; in 1859 it exceeded £126,000, in 1861 it was but £110,900, in 1862 only £97,000. The export of English books to France has risen greatly; in 1859 it only amounted to £9569, in 1862 it was £16,355. To British North-America we send books in a year to the value of about £23,000, to the West-Indies £17,000, and the export to India and that set down as being made to Egypt amount to about £125,000. The value of our books exported in the year 1860 was as high as £494,845; in 1861 it fell to £445,358; and in 1862 to £415,203; but in the first eleven months of 1863 it had recovered to £408,957. Our imports of books in 1862 were of the value of £101,033.

An important discovery has recently been made in Minnesota. It consists of an extensive bed of cannel coal, which has been found up the Minnesota valley on the Cottonwood river, a little more than a hundred miles from St. Paul. The bed is eighty-eight feet below the surface, where the shaft was sunk, and is six feet in thickness. It is probable that other shafts will find it nearer the surface. There are indications that immense coal beds exist in that locality. A company has been organized to work the mines, and they expect to be bringing coal down the Minnesota river to St. Paul by the 1st of July. The importance of this discovery is very great. The manufacturing interests of Minnesota, which have been kept in the background for want of this material, will now be rapidly developed.

The opinion appears to be gaining ground in England that submarine cables should be made of the lightest material. A copper wire with a manilla hemp insulator is now recommended as the lightest and strongest, yet is heavy enough to sink. The Red sea and Algiers cables are said to have been destroyed by their own weight.

ANTHRACITE coal has been found among the rocks through which the tunnel of Mont Cenis is constructing.

THE HINDOOS AGGRIEVED.—The government of Bengal has done a very unwise thing. Some ten millions of people, living on the banks of the Ganges, have from time immemorial been in the habit of throwing their dead into the sacred river. They can not afford to burn them to ashes, and will not bury them, so they char them on the pyres and fling them into the water. The practice has now been prohibited, to the wrath and consternation of all Hindoos, who loudly threaten resistance. The order seems very unwise, for the practice, though we may think it disgusting, does not, like suttee or infanticide, destroy human life, and its effect upon health can hardly be very great. The stream rolls very rapidly, and a traveler may ascend the river every day for years and only perceive the bodies by the vultures perched upon them. If the government insists on its order, it must burn the dead at the public expense.—*Spectator*.—This is an overdrawn picture. The prohibition applies to Calcutta, where sanitary causes have rendered it imperative. The foul stench of the burning corpses has often engendered most destructive and sweeping fevers.

THACKERAY IN 'AMERICA (1853).—I looked forward to a dull, wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time; but, in the gentlemen's cabin of the ferry-boat, whom should I see but Thackeray! We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston; seen much of Prescott, (whom he speaks highly of,) Ticknor, Longfellow, etc. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York.—*Life of Washington Irving*.

PARIS has just forty-six omnibuses less than London, the respective numbers being five hundred and thirty-seven and five hundred and eighty-three; but the Paris buses carry ninety million passengers in a year, whereas only forty-one million English indulge in the dubious luxury. The Paris receipts are 55*l*. 70*s*. per omnibus per diem, whereas the London "cad" has a good day with 70*l*. 60*s*. The five hundred and thirty-seven Paris omnibuses run in the day over a space equal to once and a half round the world.

A VERY curious book has been published by Trübner, the well-known English publisher, on the "current gold and silver coins of all countries," with nine hundred *fac-simile* illustrations in silver and gilt values and denomination. Among the curious facts which it brings out is the one that the Austrian dollar coined at the present day is the exact copy of the dollar of Maria Theresa of 1780, then struck for the Levant trade.

A SUBTERRANEAN HUNT.—An extraordinary *batue* has just taken place in the sewers of Paris. Taking advantage of the frost, which drives this particular game into covert, the owner invited a Christmas party to partake of the sport of rat-killing. All the great sewers were driven in one

direction, till millions of rats, which fought among themselves like tigers as they were hunted along, were collected in the large drain by the bridge of Asnières. Forty dogs were then let down into the sewers, and after a fight which lasted forty-five hours, and in which four dogs were killed and some blinded, no less than one hundred and ten thousand rats were dispatched.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SOURCES OF THE NILE.—Captain Speke has not been allowed to receive the honors of discovering the source of the Nile without challenge. Dr. Charles Beke, a high authority on African geography, maintains that the fact of the Nile flowing out of lake Nyanza no more proves the lake to be the source of the river than the fact of the Rhône issuing from the lake of Geneva indicates the true origin of that river. Dr. Beke reminds scientific men, that as long ago as 1849 he had pointed out the existence of two great lakes, and Captain Burton had also reported to the Royal Geographical Society that the Nyanza or Kilwa Lake is altogether distinct from the "Sea of Ujiji." From information gathered from the church missionaries at Mombas and from native traders, the true source of the Nile is supposed to be to the east of lake Nyanza, next the snowy Alps of Africa. Captains Speke and Grant had rendered it certain that the Nyanza joins the Nile, though they had not absolutely connected it with the river flowing past Gondokoro, there being two hundred miles of the river's course not followed by them. There is certainly room for further exploration before the discovery can be considered completed.

IN the Mediterranean sea, near the coast of Sicily, a movable island has been seen of late, sometimes rising almost to the surface of the water, and again disappearing quite out of sight. It is supposed to be of volcanic origin, and an English vessel with a cargo of scientific men on board is stationed in the vicinity watching the phases of the phenomenon.

SINCE the occupation of Schleswig by the Germans, almost an entire change of the local officials has been made, the use of the Danish language is prohibited in the principal schools, the use of postage-stamps and paper stamped with the Danish crown has been prohibited, prayer for the king disallowed, and the currency of Denmark forbidden to be circulated.

AN oil farm in Western Pennsylvania has been sold for the enormous sum of five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It contains several priceless oil-wells.

EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Some very rare Shakspearean and other books were sold on Monday by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, which realized very high prices. The grand feature in the sale was the first four editions of Shakspeare's Plays, the first edition printed in 1623, having Ben Jonson's verses in *fac-simile*, producing 260 guineas; the second, in 1632, 52 guineas; the third, in 1664, 41 guineas; the fourth, in 1685, £23; the single play of "King Lear," printed in 1608, £34; a very beautiful copy of the minor poems, printed in 1640, £20; and a most charming little volume, being an uncut copy of "Venus and Adonis," printed at Edinburgh in 1627, £115.—*Examiner*.



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From the British Quarterly.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.*

EUROPE has entered upon a new epoch of troubles. The long peace which followed the downfall of Napoleon the First has been gradually giving way, and now appears to have absolutely terminated. The revolutions which convulsed the continent in 1848 inaugurated a new period of international conflicts; and though the principle which animated these revolutions was temporarily forced into abeyance, it has been growing in strength, and is now the shaping power, the for-

native cause of events. The Russian war of 1854-6 next disturbed the general tranquillity, forcing England, for a brief space, to abandon her dreams of peace, and interrupting her long enjoyment of a career of purely industrial enterprise. The Italian war of 1859 aroused her still more, and at once awoke all the leading Powers of Europe to a sense of impending dangers. Since then, every country has armed. A well-founded sentiment of increasing troubles passed like an electric shock throughout Europe. Every where, statesmen and people alike began to perceive the magnitude of the mine which underlay the existing fabric of power in Europe, as well as the masked conspirator who, ere long, would put the match to it for the purposes of his own ambition. At present, the dread substance of this general foreboding — the realization of

* *Parliamentary Papers:*

Denmark and Germany. Correspondence respecting the Affairs of the Duchies of Holstein, Lauenburg, and Schleswig. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1864.

North America. No. 2. Correspondence respecting the Capture of the Saxon, by the United States Ship Vanderbilt. Presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1864.

this ominous fear—is beginning to take shape under our own eyes. The spark of war has been lighted, and he will be a bold man who will foretell when it will be definitively extinguished. The period of convulsion which now appears to be opening, may be interrupted more than once by a peace which is but a truce, but it is hard to believe that it will terminate until all Europe has been thrown into the crucible, and has reappeared with a new and more stable form of territorial power.

Nothing can better show the overwhelming tendency of events toward war than the fact that the very Powers which have given the signal and occasion for convulsions, are those which hitherto, and in their normal condition, are most desirous of peace. Neither Austria nor Prussia had any reason to desire war, nor any wish to engage in it. They have been hurried into it by the pressure of events which they would fain have resisted, and which they still struggle against. The whole condition of Europe has grown unstable, and new aspirations are predominant, which the governments can not control. This is the most serious aspect of the case—the one which renders almost desperate any hope for a continuance, or early resumption, of pacific relations among the Powers of Europe. The motive power is now in the hands, not of governments, but of peoples; and nothing will suffice to stay the course of those national passions until they have led to open conflict. Not till they have measured their strength, and found in the stern school of war what is attainable and what is not—not till then will the old condition of stable tranquillity return. This is the one spectacle which presents itself—a continent seething with warring passions and aspirations, which threaten to make chaos of its present fabric of power. Not less striking is the other spectacle which meets the observant eye—a monarch sitting calmly by, watching the gathering storm, and ready, by deliberate preparation, to turn the raging of the nations to his own advantage. He is neither on the one side nor on the other. He supports each as best suits his purpose for the hour, and as readily abandons it, for a like reason, to support the other. At present he smiles grimly in his cabinet at the Tuileries, to see his neighbors quarreling. He has helped, too, in his own dexterous way, and as a “friendly bystander,”

to set them by the ears; and he will take good care that they do not make up matters until he has reaped a substantial profit out of their quarrel.

In this new period of war, upon which Europe seems to have entered, the forces at work will in the main be wholly different from any which have given rise to great wars in the past. Of the many causes of conflict which have been in operation in past times, some are now, happily, antiquated and robbed of their power; and all of them, we trust, will ere long disappear from the arena of Europe. In old times, the caprice of kings, a personal affront offered by one monarch to another, frequently led to hostilities, in which the belligerent nations had no possible interest. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* At other times, war has arisen simply from a difference in the interpretation of international law, without either party being desirous to provoke a conflict—as was the case in the war between England and America in 1812–14. These have been small wars, and are easily appeased. A more formidable cause of international conflict is the ambition of despotic monarchs of great power and ability—as exemplified by the long wars produced by the ambition of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. All of these three causes of conflict may be regarded as accidents. But there is another class of wars which have their root in the hearts and passions of nations. These are—wars of Independence, wars of Religion, wars of Nationality. The first of this class may seem to run into the third; but in reality they belong to different stages in the life of nations, and, though they have some features in common, may be distinguished with sufficient clearness. Wars of independence may be waged by empires which include the most incongruous nationalities—as Austria under Maria Theresa, and during the long war against the ambition of Napoleon I.; and they may also be waged by one section of the same race against another—as the wars between England and her American colonies, between Spain and her American colonies, and now between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. Contests of nationality are the growth of our own times. Since the migration and intermingling of peoples which produced and followed the downfall of the vast fabric of the Western

Roman Empire, the most remarkable wars of Europe have been the Crusades, with their sequel—the wars to arrest the progress of the victorious Ottomans; the wars of the Reformation; the wars with the Grande Monarque of France; and again, a century afterward, with the warlike genius and soaring ambition of the great Corsican. In none of these did the principle of nationality play any distinctive part. It was hardly even thought of as a distinct power. Kingdoms were held to be only real existences; nationalities were of no account. Kingdoms were extended or contracted, as the chances of war determined; but it mattered not about the population of the provinces thus gained or lost. Their wishes were never taken into account. Nor, to speak the truth, did the population of such provinces, in these times, care much to which kingdom they belonged. Even in 1815, when Europe was arranged anew on the basis of political expediency, and when there was a considerable shifting to and fro of the old landmarks, not a voice of complaint, save from the sturdy Norwegians, was raised by any people against the decrees of the congress.

Nothing is more common nowadays than to hear the settlement of Europe made by the Congress of Vienna, denounced as alike wicked and absurd. But such a view of the matter is exceedingly unjust. The ablest heads in Europe were there met in conclave, and they made the best arrangement which was possible in the temper and circumstances of the time. Italy had been broken into fragments for centuries; the spirit of nationality was extinct; and, judging from the experience of the past, the only practical question in regard to her northern provinces, was, whether they should be under the dominion of Austria or of France. Nor was the case of Poland overlooked. It produced the most stormy discussions of any; England and Austria warmly advocating the restoration of Poland to her old independence, while Russia and Prussia as strenuously resisted the proposal. Rather than encounter the calamities of another European war, a compromise was effected, by which a part of Poland was established as a separate kingdom, under the rule of the czars. This portion of the settlement of 1815 was felt to be unsatisfactory even by the

contracting powers; but no better course was open to their adoption. Each had fought and suffered; they had seen all Europe converted into one vast battlefield; and they must not merely be excused, but approved, for shrinking from a renewal of the war, and contenting themselves with making the best settlement which they found it in their power to establish. All the great treaties by which peace has been restored to Europe have been the result of compromises; and the treaties of Vienna were as efficacious for attaining their object—the resettlement of Europe after a long period of war and convulsions—as any which could have been framed at that time.

But every settlement becomes antiquated in the course of time; and the settlement of 1815 now shares the fate of all its predecessors. During the half century that has since elapsed, the condition of Europe has wholly changed. During that time, the right of nations to choose their own form of government—which was the animating principle of the first French revolution, as it had been of the English revolution more than a century before—has become widely recognized; it has been acted upon since 1815, alike in France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, while Austria and Prussia have become constitutional Powers. The adoption of this principle, however, has in no material way affected the settlement of Vienna, which related only to the territorial limits of kingdoms, and which left each people to do as it pleased, so long as it did not violate those established limits. The principle which is demolishing the treaties of 1815 is not that of the revolution of 1789, but one of later growth, and one of which France, during her Revolutionary war, was a flagrant violator. It is the principle of nationality—the right of nations to throw off a foreign yoke, and unite with other sections (if there be any) of the same nationality. The separation of Greece from the rule of the Turks, and of Belgium from Holland, were the first movements of this kind; and the latter of these events constituted the first violation of the territorial settlement effected by the treaties of 1815. But it was not till 1848 that the new principle manifested itself in formidable proportions; and from that hour it became evident that the settlement of Vienna was becoming antiquated, inapplicable to the condition of

the times, and would gradually give way before the action of the new power. Simultaneously with the revolutionary convulsions of 1848-9, a member of the proscribed Bonaparte family rose to the head of affairs in France, to whom the treaties of 1815 were a hateful memento of his uncle's downfall, and who resolved to compass their overthrow, and effect a new settlement of Europe, in which France should be aggrandized at the expense of her neighbors. He saw that the treaties of 1815 were doomed—that they would crumble to pieces, whatever efforts might be made to uphold them; and his skill has consisted simply in expediting their decay, and in turning the attendant convulsions to his own advantage.

The process of disintegration is so far advanced, that he can now afford to lower, if not wholly throw off, the mask, and to proclaim the nullity of the hated treaties. In his speech on the opening of the French chambers on the 5th of November, he said plainly, "The treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist." Simultaneously he addressed a letter to each of the governments of Europe, making the same statement in a milder form, and inviting the Powers to a congress, at which a new settlement might be effected. The project did not meet with much encouragement. The King of Italy, indeed, and one or two lesser Powers, accepted the proposal without reservation; but by far the greater number, including the great Powers, made their acceptance conditional upon a satisfactory explanation from the emperor of the precise objects for which the congress was to assemble. When this explanation was given, the British government at once declined to take part in the congress, in a dispatch which pointed out very clearly the impracticability of the proposal. In the first place, the Powers most affected by the questions which were proposed for discussion would refuse to take part in the congress; and, in the second place, if it were possible to bring them together, the only mode of compelling the minority to submit to the decision of the majority would be by having recourse to hostilities. On these grounds, the British government wisely declined to accept the emperor's proposal; and there can be no doubt that, in taking this step, they merely anticipated the replies which would have been given by the other great Powers. The proposed congress, accordingly, fell

to the ground. It is impossible to think that so sagacious a man as Napoleon III. really believed that such a proposal would be accepted; but it is not difficult to divine the motives which induced him to make it. It was a triumph for France to proclaim aloud that the treaties of 1815—mementoes of Waterloo—were at an end; and yet to do so as if the proclamation were not a defiance to the other powers, but an invitation to draw closer the bonds of peace. Moreover, the congress might have afforded the means of forming a system of alliances, of obvious advantage to the emperor. Indeed, the fundamental principle of the emperor's policy is never to allow himself to be isolated—never to engage in war without having first secured an amount of moral and material support sufficient to enable him to attain his object, or at least render all but impossible a fatal disaster. And in any event, the proposal for a congress, whether wholly unsuccessful or not, would rebound to his credit as a lover of peace, and as a far-seeing statesman. Troubles were coming—that was evident: nor had he any desire that they should not come. But when they came, he could say—is he not already saying?—"I warned you of this: I proposed the only course by which war might be avoided: you rejected that proposal—and now on your heads be the responsibility of all that may happen."

Any monarch who proclaims that the treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist must either be a fool—which assuredly the Emperor of the French is not—or else he must have an object in producing the downfall of those treaties. The only effect of making such an announcement in so public and explicit a manner must be, to weaken the power of those treaties still more. It was an encouragement to all the governments or parties in Europe who long for their overthrow, and it announced very plainly to those parties that it was not from the Emperor of the French that they will encounter opposition. Nevertheless, the statement itself was not very far from the truth. The treaties nominally exist, in their more important provisions; but they are no longer operative. Treaties are operative only as long as the leading Powers are resolved to uphold them. Twenty years ago, the Powers were thus resolved; and any glaring infraction of those treaties would have been at once

met by a combined movement on the part of the other Powers to resist it. There is no such community of sentiment or action now. An utter disregard of treaties prevails every where. No Power will take up arms on their behalf. No Power will come to the assistance of a neighbor who, in defiance of these treaties, is attacked. This, as we have said, is partly owing to the new and dislocating forces which have recently come into play, which are as perplexing as menacing. Each government sees that the principle of nationality must, to some extent, be recognized; and each is willing that its neighbor should suffer from the new principle, while resolved to oppose it in its own territories. The fabric is falling, and the isolated action of the governments, each bent only on securing its own interests, hastens the downfall. In 1815, the Powers of Europe, taught by bitter experience, saw that the only means of preserving peace was for each to abnegate its schemes of ambition, and unite together to uphold the settlement which had been made. But that settlement has become so obsolete, and is so obviously doomed, that community of action has ceased: no Power comes forward to maintain the settlement in its entirety, and each of them thinks only how to save or aggrandize itself in the break-up which is approaching. At the same time it must be said, that the Emperor of the French himself is a great cause of the existing dissension and dilemma. But for the ambitious projects which he is known to entertain, England and France might, at this moment, be in close and cordial alliance. The alliance formed between the two Powers in order to resist the ambition of Russia in 1854-6, might be equally efficacious to solve many of the European difficulties at the present hour. But how can England ally herself with a monarch whose ambition is now notorious, and who never makes war without a secret purpose of aggrandizing France by additions of territory? Last summer, England, Austria, and France were anxious to support the cause of Poland: what was it that nullified all their efforts? Simply this, that both England and Austria were aware that if they made war upon Russia, in alliance with France, Napoleon would turn the war to his own selfish purposes, and would seize the Rhenish provinces of Germany as a "compensation" for his services. The same truth

was equally well known to Russia; and hence the Russian government could afford to disregard the vehement protests of the three powers, knowing that their coöperation would inevitably stop short of war.

It was in connection with the Polish question, and specially with a view to its solution, that Napoleon, in his speech to the chambers, suggested the assembling of a congress. The Polish question had been agitating Europe during the ten months previous; and it was from events in connection with that question that danger to the peace of Europe was most apprehended. Suddenly and unexpectedly the clouds of war gathered in another quarter. The long-smouldering strife between Germany and Denmark, which had come to be regarded by the rest of Europe as a wearisome and perplexing, but innocuous war of words, burst into flame. The King of Denmark died, and all Germany rose in excitement. While the Danish people, and the European Powers generally, tendered their customary congratulations to Christian IX., as lawful king, in virtue of the treaty of 1852, the German powers refused to recognize him, and resolved to occupy a portion of his territories with their troops. This excitement and energetic action on the part of the Germans startled every one—our statesmen, apparently, not excepted. Neither parliament nor the public in this country had given any adequate attention to the points in dispute between the Danish and German governments; and the first impression created by the action of the Germans was, that they had become suddenly insane, and inspired by a reckless and lawless ambition to aggrandize themselves at the expense of a weak neighbor. When the case is examined, however, it appears in another light. It is a tangled skein; but this much is evident, that the Danish government had broken its engagements, and that legality, as well as the principle of nationality, were on the side of the German Powers, but that those Powers, under the pressure of popular excitement, are disposed to strain both legality and nationality too far. So far as regards nationality, the duchies of Lauenburg and Holstein are purely German, but the population of Schleswig is only half German, the northern half being Danish. As regards treaties and legality, the question

must be decided by the terms of the treaty of London, of 8th May, 1852, and also by the engagements which the Danish government concluded with Austria and Prussia in the twelve months previous to the signing of that treaty.

The treaty of London was framed and signed by the great powers of Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, as well as by Denmark, Sweden, and some of the lesser States of Germany.* It was not submitted to the Germanic diet, because of the delay which would have been occasioned by waiting for the decision of so dilatory a body, and also because it was thought sufficient to obtain the signatures of the governments which possessed a majority of votes in that assembly. The cause which led to the framing of the treaty was this: The King of Denmark had no heirs; and on his demise, a number of competitors would come into the field, none of them possessing a right to the throne of Denmark, but each of whom could produce a claim, more or less valid, to some portion of the territories which form the kingdom of Denmark. Thus, Denmark would be rent into fragments; and, moreover, the claims of the various aspirants to these fragments of dominion were so conflicting, that a war of succession was inevitable. The object of the treaty of London was twofold: (1), To "secure the integrity of the Danish monarchy," which was declared by the Powers who signed the treaty to be requisite for the maintenance of the balance of power; and (2), To prevent a war and preserve the peace of Europe. Although this treaty is likely enough to be violated by the German Powers in the sequel, it is important to observe that, as yet, there has been no repudiation of it either by Austria and Prussia, or by the diet. The diet, although not bound by the treaty, which it never was asked to sign, has not committed any direct violation of it. It has pronounced no decision upon the claim of Christian IX. to succeed to the dominion of all the territories included within the Danish kingdom. Austria and Prussia acknowledge the validity of the treaty, but they decline to recognize King Christian until he has fulfilled the engage-

* It received the sanction of the Danish parliament, and of the Danish king as Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, but it was never formally sanctioned by the local Estates or native assemblies of these duchies.

ments undertaken by the Danish government in 1851–2, and but for which (although no such condition is alluded to in the treaty) it is unquestionable that they would not have been parties to the treaty of London.* One point of the complexity of the Dano-German question is the fact, that Austria and Prussia are bound by the treaty, while the diet is not, and that, accordingly, the diet may advance claims upon Denmark without any breach of strict legality, which would be inadmissible if advanced by Austria or Prussia. But as no direct infraction of the treaty of London has yet taken place—as the diet has not recognized the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg to the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, and as Austria and Prussia decidedly oppose them; and as the German Powers disclaim, for the present, any intention to destroy the integrity of Denmark, which the treaty of London was designed to secure—we may now eliminate that treaty from our consideration of the Dano-German question, and proceed to the other basis of the question—the engagements made by the Danish government with Austria and Prussia in 1851–2.

In 1848, as every one will remember, a revolution, on the principle of nationality, took place in Holstein and Schleswig, by which the German population of these provinces sought to throw off the yoke of Denmark, and to unite themselves with the rest of the fatherland. The result of the commotion was, that in 1851, both Holstein and Schleswig were held by the troops of Austria and Prussia; and the engagements of 1851–2, which have since played so important a part, were the conditions upon which Austria and Prussia consented to withdraw their troops from the Danish dominions. These engagements, unfortunately, were neither so formal nor so explicit as the importance of the question at issue demanded. The Danish government at first endeavored to

* The contracting parties, it is said in the treaty, "taking into consideration that the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, as connected with the general interest of the balance of power in Europe, is of high importance to the preservation of peace, and that an arrangement by which the succession to the whole dominions now united under the scepter of his Majesty the King of Denmark should devolve upon the male line, to the exclusion of the female, would be the best means of securing the integrity of that monarchy," etc.

give to them only the character of a moral pledge—of a private understanding between it and the German Powers. But Prince Schwartzberg, then prime minister of Austria, who took the lead in the negotiations, would not acquiesce in this course; and in his dispatch of 26th December, 1851, he drew up a statement of what he understood to be the engagements which the Danish government was willing to undertake, and requested that government to say whether or not it accepted that statement as correct. By a dispatch dated 29th January, 1852, the Danish government adopted this version of the agreement, and consequently became bound by its terms. But what were its terms? One part of the agreement was sufficiently explicit. The king undertook “not to incorporate, nor take any steps toward incorporating, Schleswig with Denmark proper.” Nothing could be plainer than the terms of this negative part of the obligation.* But the other part of the obligation—that which prescribed the course which the king was to adopt for the government of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg—was not so precise as to prevent a difference of opinion as to its import. The king

undertook to frame a general constitution, in which all parts of his monarchy were to be included, and in which they were to be “*equally represented*,” or, as it was otherwise expressed, “as members of a whole, in which no part is subordinate to the rest.” The Danes argue that “*equally represented*,” means “*fairly represented*,” that there was to be an equality in the principle of representation, but not necessarily in the number of the representatives. They say, and with truth, that it would be alike unjust and preposterous to give as many representatives to Lauenburg (for example) with its 50,000 inhabitants, as to Denmark proper, which has a population of 1,600,000; and that the only right and practicable course is to assign to each part of the kingdom a number of representatives proportionate to its population; just as Austria herself has done under her recent constitution. On the other hand, the Germans maintain that the terms of the agreement must be literally adhered to, and that each of the duchies must have an equal number of representatives to that assigned to Denmark proper.

It would be wearisome, and, fortunately, it is unnecessary, to record in detail the various measures by which the late King of Denmark sought to fulfill the engagements thus contracted in 1851–2, nor the endless opposition which these measures experienced on the part of one or other of the parties concerned. A single statement will suffice to show the insuperable dilemma in which he was placed. The king proposed to carry out, literally, the engagement—to give to each part of his kingdom an equal share of representation in a common parliament—but the Danish parliament resolutely rejected the proposed condition, and voted an amendment by which each part of the kingdom was to have a number of representatives in proportion to its population—according to which the duchies were to have thirty-three representatives in the imperial parliament, and Denmark proper forty-seven. At length, after trying every means to give effect to his engagements, and finding that whatever was satisfactory to the Danes was rejected by the duchies, and whatever satisfied the duchies was rejected by the Danes, the king abandoned the project as impracticable—as in truth it was. He resolved to make a settlement for his kingdom in the best form which

* So early as the 14th July, 1850, the King of Denmark, anxious to terminate the foreign occupation of his duchies, wrote as follows to the German Powers: “Any apprehension which might prevail as to a contemplated incorporation of the duchy of Schleswig with Denmark, will, at any rate, be definitely removed by our promise, hereby renewed, that such an incorporation shall not take place.” To this communication, which was accompanied by ministerial explanations, the Austrian government—which then, under Prince Schwartzberg, took the lead of Prussia—at length replied (26th December, 1851), that they understood it to constitute an engagement “that neither an incorporation of the duchy of Schleswig into the kingdom shall take place, nor that any steps tending toward this end shall be taken.” This interpretation of its views was accepted by the Danish government, which, in its dispatch of 29th January, 1852, made the following declaration: “That the interpretation which, in the note of the imperial cabinet of the 26th December, last year, and in the annex to that note, has been given to the intentions of his majesty as intimated to the courts of Vienna and Berlin, as well in general as more particularly in regard to the non-incorporation of Schleswig into the kingdom, is acknowledged by the king, our most gracious master, as being in accordance with his own views.” At the same time, Austria and Prussia, acting for Germany, agreed to ignore the old, and not well-founded claim, that Schleswig and Holstein should not be “separated”—whatever that might mean.

was practicable, and also least at variance with his engagements. He gave to Holstein a most liberal constitution for itself, making it an almost independent part of his dominions; and at the same time proposed a common constitution for Schleswig and Denmark proper, by which each should be represented in a common parliament in proportion to the amount of its population. The separate constitution for Holstein was promulgated by the patent of 30th March, of last year; and the common constitution for Denmark proper and Schleswig, was just ready for the royal signature in November, when the king died. The first act of the new king was to sign this constitution; and he could not help doing so, if he did not wish to lose his throne.

The patent of March and the constitution of November are the acts upon which the German powers base their right of intervention. The diet takes up the cause of Holstein, which is a duchy of the Germanic confederation; Austria and Prussia intervene more especially to maintain the rights of Schleswig, as established in 1851-2. There can be no doubt that the right to intervene in each case was well founded. The Danish government has not fulfilled the engagements which it undertook in 1851-2. It is true, that to carry out these engagements in their literal sense was impracticable; but, so far as legality is concerned, the German powers are entitled to say: "That does not concern us; the Danish government contracted those engagements, and it is bound to fulfill them." Lord Russell takes the same view of the case. At his suggestion, the patent of March has been withdrawn, and he endeavored also to get the Danish king to repeal the constitution which he signed in November. With all our sympathy for the Danes, we can not ignore these facts. We can not but acknowledge that, in the main, the German Powers have legality on their side. Whether they ought to have proceeded to execute a military intervention is another question; but clearly they had a right to do so. Lord Russell himself has stated that the non-fulfillment by Denmark of the engagements undertaken in 1851-2, was a well-founded *casus belli*. On 17th December, his lordship, in a dispatch to Mr. Murray, wrote as follows: "A violation of the engagements taken by Denmark in 1851-2 toward Germany,

is an offense which may be properly resented, and for which redress may be justly claimed." And that Denmark *had* violated her engagements as regards Schleswig, his lordship plainly states in his dispatches *passim*. For example, in a dispatch to Lord Wodehouse, dated 17th December, he says: "The fundamental law for Denmark proper and Schleswig, which was sanctioned on the 18th November, 1863, is virtually an incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark.

. . . The new constitution, therefore, being without the requisite sanction of the duchy of Schleswig, and being contrary to the engagements of the crown of Denmark, ought, so far as Schleswig is concerned, to be repealed." The Danes, however, both government and people, refuse to repeal the constitution. Hence the invasion of Schleswig, and the commencement of this war, which, we fear, is like the letting out of waters. The interests of England, and of the general peace of Europe, were opposed to the adoption of hostilities; but the German Powers must consult not our interests but their own; and, considering the violent popular excitement in Germany, it is hard to see how they could have refrained from acting as they did. It is also doubtful whether, if the German Powers had refrained from taking action in the matter, the result would have been better for Denmark. Free corps would have entered the duchies, supported by the population, hostilities would have ensued, and whatsoever might have been the issue of the hostilities, the popular excitement in Germany would have become uncontrollable, and an attack upon Denmark would have taken place of a more embittered character, and with less regard for legality, than that which has been made. War would have ensued in the one case as well as in the other. The diet is not bound by the treaty of London, one object of which is to maintain the integrity of Denmark; but Austria and Prussia are bound by it, and still profess themselves willing to respect the integrity of Denmark, if the Danish government fulfill the engagements of 1851-2. Whether they will continue willing to do this, or whether it will be possible for them to do so, after the occurrence of events which seem to be impending, is another question, and one which we are disposed to answer emphatically in the negative. But

at least let us acknowledge the fact that, after twelve years of pacific negotiations, the Danish government had not fulfilled the engagements of 1851-2, and, in part, had directly violated them, and that the German Powers were legally entitled to intervene in order to secure their fulfillment. The act of intervention, and the ultimate consequences which it may produce, are matters distinct from one another. We acknowledge the legality of the intervention, but we deeply deplore the disastrous complications which are almost certain to arise from it.

Thus far we have considered the Dano-German war as a question of treaties; but it has another and not less important aspect. The engagements of 1851-2 are the proximate cause of the war; but what was the cause of these engagements being made? The answer to this question will reveal the real nature of the present conflict. Formally, it is a war arising out of treaties; fundamentally, it is a war of nationality. It is needless to inquire how far the engagements exacted from Denmark in 1851-2 were justified by previous obligations. The revolution in the duchies in 1848, and the hostilities which followed between Denmark and the German Powers, formed a new starting-point, and led to a new settlement. In that settlement the German Powers took measures to secure the nationality of the German population embraced in the kingdom of Denmark, and to prevent their being amalgamated with the Danes in such a way as to endanger their nationality or destroy the autonomy of the duchies. They wished to keep this German population distinct from the Danes, in order that, eventually, when an occasion offered, these Germans might be reunited to the rest of the fatherland. This object was natural and legitimate as far as concerned Holstein and Lauenburg, both of which duchies, although subject to the King of Denmark, are members of the German confederation, and their population consists entirely of Germans. But the case of Schleswig is different. That duchy never at any time belonged to Germany, and its population is only half German. On the principle of nationality, therefore, Germany can only advance a pretension to that duchy, not a natural right. In exacting from the Danish government (in 1851-2) the pledge never to incorporate Schleswig with Denmark proper, the

German Powers pushed their claims to an extreme; and though they insist upon the fulfillment of their pledge, we do not think that even force of arms will enable them to carry their point. The motive for their insisting upon the non-incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark proper obviously is, that the *whole* of that duchy (as well as Holstein and Lauenburg) may ultimately lapse into the possession of Germany. But as the northern half of Schleswig is peopled by Danes, the annexation of the whole province to Germany would be as inadmissible on the principle of nationality as to annex any part of it would be a most flagrant breach of legality. To all appearance, Lauenburg, Holstein, and part of Schleswig, are lost to the Danish monarchy; but the line of the river Schlei and the Dannewerke, the old bulwark of the Dane against the German is likely once more to become the boundary between these rival, but not very discordant nationalities. The German Powers, indeed, with spade and mattock, may level that old bulwark of the Norse-land, but they will not so easily erase the line of national demarkation with which it nearly coincides.

We point out what may be called the natural rights involved in the question, in addition to the legal, not only because it is necessary to show the real nature of the present conflict, but also because we believe that these natural rights will play a more important part in the ultimate settlement of the question than the legal ones. Of the two millions and a half which form the population of Denmark, fully eight hundred thousand are Germans; and a kingdom so constituted is ill-fitted to resist the disintegrating effects of the principle of nationality. If the war go on, it is hopeless to expect that either side will be bound by the treaties *ante bellum*. The power of the sword, and the force of natural rights, will determine the question; and in this age of nationality, "natural rights" constitute a power which it is difficult to override. That the war will go on, we see every reason to believe. The Danes will not give up Schleswig. They will grant a perfect autonomy to Holstein and Lauenburg, and may make up their minds to see these provinces ultimately fall away from the Danish monarchy; but they will not repeal the bond which unites Schleswig with Denmark proper. To do so, after what has passed,

would be tantamount to handing that province also over to Germany. Therefore they are right to refuse to do so, even though the British government itself has urged the proposal. What more can they lose by continuing the war? For the Germans to attempt to annex Denmark proper would be a folly as well as a crime. Neither has Germany the least chance of being able to make such an annexation. If she can annex Schleswig, that is the most she can possibly do. Why, then, should the Danes consent to dis sever the union with Schleswig (which, we repeat, would now be equivalent to handing the whole province over to Germany), in order to stop hostilities, when they could lose no more by a continuance of the war, however unfavorable to them might be the issue?

But if the Danes do not consent to this disunion with Schleswig, the war will go on. Hence we infer that it will go on. And what is to be the upshot? How long will the general peace of Europe withstand the strain now put on it? How long will other peoples refrain from asserting the principle of nationality? The German Powers, it is true, adhere to legality while acting on behalf of nationality. But there are other Powers not so scrupulous, who are ready to act for nationality independent of legality. Is there not one power, also, which, despite its high-sounding professions, is ready to achieve its ambitious projects in defiance alike of legality and nationality? Italy may covet Venetia, Germany may covet Holstein and Lauenburg, on the principle of nationality, but the Rhenish provinces can not be seized by France save in direct contravention of that principle. And yet, is not the policy of Napoleon simply this—while supporting the cause of nationality against other governments, to violate it in the most high-handed manner by the annexations which he makes on his own frontiers?

There is one point in connection with the Dano-German war which the British public must carefully consider. What is to be our policy in the troublous times upon which Europe has entered? Five years ago we supported the cause of nationality in Italy. Are we to face about now, and adopt the opposite principle? If we approved the principle of nationality when acted upon by the intriguing and not very scrupulous Italians, how can we

ignore it when adopted by the far more honest German race? The Italian war, as we have since learned, was the result of a secret plot; and from the beginning of the movement until its completion, almost every success gained by the popular party was an infraction of legality—some of them so glaring as to be almost without a parallel. Yet all parties in this country condoned these infractions of legality, and we believe the majority heartily approved of them. Not to speak of the irregular expedition of Garibaldi against Naples, which our government could have stopped by sending a single frigate to the Straits of Messina (a course which the French emperor proposed, but which Lord Palmerston rejected); nor of the invasion and annexation of a portion of the Papal States by the Piedmontese, in violation of every principle of international law; nor of our recognition of the annexation of Naples to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel, although the King of Naples was still fighting for his crown on his own soil—let us take a case from Italy which is likely to have an exact parallel in the issue of this Dano-German war. By the terms of peace concluded at Villafranca, the Emperor of the French agreed that Parma, Modena, and Tuscany should be restored to their governments. But these duchies refused to return to their old allegiance, and voted their annexation to Piedmont. In these circumstances the British government sided energetically with the duchies—asserting for them the right to choose their own rulers—and the Emperor of the French at length acquiesced in the annexation. Suppose, then, that at the close of this Dano-German war, the duchies refuse to reënter into relationship with the Danish crown, and by a vote of the people decree their annexation to the fatherland, is England to interfere in opposition to this resolution on their part, and endeavor to force the duchies back into their old allegiance? On the contrary, what could our government do in such a case but assent? Indeed, they are bound by their antecedents not only to assert, but to approve.

Since the principle of nationality obtains the hearty support of this country, as exemplified in the case of Italy, how comes it that we are so unwilling to recognize its claims when advanced, in perfectly legal form, by the Germans? Chiefly because this aspect of the Dano-German

question has never fairly been placed before the public. The newspapers, in unwonted ignorance of the real nature of the case, opened full cry against the Germans; and although the publication of the dispatches has tended to correct the first erroneous impressions, the public has been so inflamed against the Germans that the irritation is not likely speedily to be effaced. It may hasten a return to sobriety to know that our irritation against the Germans is carefully watched, and will, ere long, be turned to good account, by one who is as little a friend of ours as of theirs. Set England and Germany by the ears, and the Rhine provinces drop into the hands of Napoleon like a ripe pear. And Belgium will share the same fate whenever the aged King Leopold, the good and wise, is gathered to his fathers. "Antwerp," said Napoleon the First, "is worth a kingdom to me: it is a loaded pistol held to the head of England." We wonder what Englishmen will think of themselves a few years hence, when, as a consequence of their blundering, they see this formidable vantage-ground falling into the hands of Napoleon the Third?

When the position of affairs in Europe is so troubled and menacing, demanding so much vigilance on the part of our statesmen, and threatening seriously to affect the interests of our country, it is deeply to be regretted that our relations with America should likewise be extremely embarrassing. Now, as on former occasions, the question of maritime rights forms the ground of quarrel between our government and that of the United States. In this matter the conduct of our government has been exceedingly unsatisfactory. A complete change has taken place in the views and conduct of the ministry within the last half year. The legal principles which they previously announced and acted upon, they now repudiate and condemn: so that, if they are right now, they were manifestly wrong before. Moreover, this change of views is directly traceable to a menacing dispatch forwarded by the American government to its representative at our court, and the substance of which was communicated by him to our minister for foreign affairs. The communication, indeed, was not made officially; but the menace was made known; and the change which immediately took place in the conduct of our government has been ascribed (and quite naturally) by the American minister

himself to the influence of the menaces which his government had employed. The character, as well as the *prestige*, of the British government has thereby been seriously damaged. Our government appears in the odious light of conceding what is just only upon compulsion; or, as many in this country think, of violating our laws at the imperious command of a foreign power.

The question thus at issue between our government and the cabinet of Washington may be classed under three heads: the case of the *Alabama*; the case of the steam-rams; and the numerous cases in which American ships of war have captured British merchant vessels under circumstances of most questionable legality, including the case of the *Saxon*, where an act of murder was perpetrated by an American officer. It is admitted that it is unlawful for a neutral power to permit a vessel equipped for war to proceed from its ports as the property of, or to coöperate with, a belligerent State. The *Alabama*, when it sailed from our ports, was not equipped for war: it could not have engaged in belligerent operations of any kind. All its warlike equipment it received afterward, and in a place entirely beyond our jurisdiction. We have no law by which the sailing of such a vessel could be prevented. But it was ascertained, that though she had no warlike material on board, the vessel had such preparations for receiving it as to place her destination in that respect beyond doubt. The solicitor-general, in the discussion on Friday, the 4th of March, stated the case of the *Alabama*, and of some other vessels which have been placed in the same category, with great clearness and fairness. In reply to Mr. Lefevre, the learned gentleman said:

"It was said that the government had permitted the escape of four vessels that ought not to have left these ports, and they were also accused of not taking means to repair the mischief thus done. First, with respect to the *Florida*. Before she left the shores of this country the government had no sufficient information—no evidence—that she was destined for the Confederate service. She was detained at Nassau, and inquiries were made there by the consular court, which acquitted her. That might have been for want of evidence, but in the face of that acquittal the government could not declare that her equipment was a violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. Nor was there any reason to suppose that she was manned from

this country. There were some few Englishmen among her crew, but there was no ground for believing that the greater part of her crew did not belong to the Confederate States. It was therefore impossible for her majesty's government to have stopped the Florida, or to treat her now otherwise than as the properly-commissioned vessel of a belligerent they had recognized. In the case of the Georgia, there was no sufficient evidence before she left that she was intended for the Confederate States. The government, however, had since received information that she was manned in a great measure from Liverpool, and proceedings had been taken against a firm of that town who were charged—he would not say whether rightly or otherwise—with having organized a system of enlisting men for the Georgia and other vessels.

"The case of the Alabama was different from those of the Florida and the Georgia, and also differed from that of the Alexandra. The Alabama had what might be called an exclusively warlike equipment, with sockets for guns. Depositions were made and laid before the law officers of the crown that the Alabama was manned at Liverpool, that the agents of the Confederate States at Liverpool enlisted men for her as fighting seamen, and that forty or fifty embarked, some knowing their destination and others being ignorant of it. Now, the law officers of the crown at that time were of opinion that the Alabama ought not to be allowed to leave Liverpool, and in that opinion he (the solicitor-general) had only to say that he entirely concurred. But the vessel escaped, and he quite agreed with his honorable friend who spoke last that her escape was a misfortune. But at the same time it was not a misfortune for which her majesty's government could fairly be held responsible. As soon as the evidence was presented to government it was laid before the law officers of the crown, their opinion was given without delay, and a telegram was immediately sent to Liverpool, directing that the vessel should be stopped. She escaped by a *ruse*, under pretence that she was going on a trial trip. Her majesty's government could not give assurance to other countries that no vessel could possibly escape, or that our laws would not be evaded. All they were bound to do was to bring a fair amount of vigilance to bear in order to prevent violations or evasions of the law. But if it turned out that not merely the Alabama had escaped by a *ruse*, but a number of other vessels—if several steam-rams—and to the subject of the steam-rams he should not further allude—had been permitted to escape by similar means, so that the American government could have said to her majesty's government: 'You are maintaining not a real but a fraudulent neutrality; you are conniving at violations of your laws which are notorious to every body; you won't put your Foreign Enlistment Act into effect'—then they might have just ground of complaint. But the answer to

all their complaints, and to all their claims—and, that there might be no doubt upon the matter, these claims the government distinctly resisted—was, 'We have fairly and honestly enforced the Foreign Enlistment Act, and have done our best to preserve our neutrality.'

"With respect to the Rappahannock, his honorable and learned friend was not correct in saying that she was fitted out in one of her majesty's dockyards. She was certainly fitted out in the proximity of one of the dockyards. She was bought by agents of the Confederate States, and was equipped at Sheerness, and her majesty's government were so much imposed upon as to lend artificers to equip her. But he could say that neither her majesty's government nor the law officers of the crown—so secretly was the equipment managed—had any information that the vessel was being fitted out for the service of the Confederate States until she escaped. It was, therefore, unreasonable to blame the government for not having prevented her departure. The greater part of the men on board were not aware of the purpose for which they were enlisted, and therefore it would have been extremely harsh to have instituted a prosecution against them. But he regretted to say, her majesty's government had too much reason to suppose that an officer in their employment was more seriously compromised. They had therefore thought it their duty to institute a prosecution against him, which would shortly come before the Queen's Bench, and he need not say it would give her majesty's government great pleasure if that gentleman could prove his innocence. He could not agree with the remark that those ships should be treated as English vessels. He denied that they were English vessels. They were not officered by British officers. They were Confederate vessels having Confederate commissions; and because some Englishmen had enlisted in them, and some more might have been employed in fitting them up, that was no ground for calling them British vessels. His honorable and learned friend had said, in the first place, that they ought to pursue and capture those ships. Capture the Alabama! But they should catch her first. ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) He would remind his honored and learned friend that when a vessel was commissioned by a recognized belligerent no inquiry could be made into her previous history. It had been decided in the American courts that a commission from a recognized belligerent obliterated the past offenses of the vessel. Therefore, as they had every reason to suppose that the Alabama and the other vessels referred to were public vessels of war, commissioned by a recognized belligerent, it would not be in accordance with the law of nations to pursue and capture them on account of the original illegality in their proceedings. An act of that kind might be construed as no less than an act of war. But, secondly, his honorable and learned friend had said, 'You ought to keep them out of your ports.' No doubt there was more to

be said for that. Her majesty had a right to prohibit the entrance of any vessel into her ports. But, at the same time, her majesty's government thought that, while preserving neutrality and admitting Federal vessels into our ports, if Confederate vessels, or even a limited number of them, were to be excluded, they would be accused of oppressing the weak and truckling to the strong. On the whole, therefore, it was thought more consistent with a fair neutrality to allow the vessels of both parties to come into our ports. There might, however, be conduct on the part of the Confederate government and of those vessels which would justify her majesty's government in revoking that permission. His honorable and learned friend next said that they ought to make the attempts to violate the neutrality of this country by using our ports for the building and equipping of vessels of war the subject of remonstrance to the Confederate government. He did not understand his honorable and learned friend to have recommended war. On the contrary, he deprecated any such idea. 'Because,' as he said, 'you do not recognize the Confederates as an independent State, but as a belligerent merely, that is no reason for allowing them to pursue any course of wrong-doing.' He (the solicitor-general) agreed with that opinion. They did not recognize the Confederates as an independent power, and for the simple reason that they were not. They had recognized them as belligerents because they were belligerents. But that was no reason why they should allow wrong to be done to the neutrality of this country. There was, however, some difficulty in approaching the Confederates. It was by no means so easy to make communications to the Confederate government, nor was the difficulty lightened by their having expelled our consuls. But that was a matter which was under the consideration of the government, and he believed steps would be very shortly taken for the purpose of conveying to the Confederate government the remonstrances of this country, and giving them an opportunity of explaining why their agents had acted in the manner described."

Of course the government of Washington may insist that our government was not so vigilant in the case of the Alabama as it should have been, or that our law is not such as it should be. But no case can be made out in either of these directions sufficient to sustain a demand for compensation. If that demand is ever to become a *casus belli*, England, we doubt not, will be well prepared to meet it.

The case of the steam-rams is obviously different from that of the Alabama. The configuration of these vessels is such as to enable them to commence belligerent operations without any further equipment. Very ineffective they would be without

cannon, it is true; nevertheless, they could fight after a fashion. No one doubts that it is unlawful to permit such vessels to be built in our ports for the service of a belligerent power. The only question was, whether or not they were being built for the Confederate government. There was a very strong presumption in favor of the supposition that they were being built for that government. But there was no evidence to that effect; and without a reasonable amount of evidence it is a violation of our Constitution for any government to confiscate property or imprison persons. This was the answer with which our government met the demands of the American minister that the steam-rams should be seized. But the menacing dispatch of Mr. Seward sufficed to change the tone of our government in this matter also. Lord Russell stated in public that our laws were defective and ought to be altered. Lord Palmerston, however—who, as he says himself, has not forgotten the fate which attended his Conspiracy bill—convinced his colleague that any attempt to alter our laws in order to meet the demands of the American government would end in a failure disastrous to the ministry. No such proposal, therefore, has been made. But instead of altering our laws, the government has disregarded them. They ordered the steam-rams to be seized in the beginning of September, yet at this moment, after seven months' delay, they acknowledge that they have not obtained evidence sufficient to enable them to bring the case to trial. We believe that an international wrong would have been committed if these vessels had been allowed to put to sea. We believe that the conduct of the government in this matter is in accordance with equity, though not with law. But it is a dangerous precedent. The government has placed itself above the law. And it is an additional misfortune that the conduct of the government has been so self-contradictory as to give to this arbitrary measure the appearance of having been taken out of deference to the threats of the American minister.

The third class of cases which raise the important question of maritime rights between this country and America is far too numerous to be dealt with in detail. The papers on the subject are admitted by all parties to be too voluminous to be

submitted to parliament. Only a few cases are to be so submitted to parliament, and some of these are still in course of preparation. The principle of maritime law which rules this large class of cases is simple enough; but the application of the principle is a difficult matter in many cases, owing to the modifying circumstances and conflicting evidence which attend them. A ship *bonâ fide* sailing between neutral ports may carry munitions of war without being liable to capture. This is admitted on all hands. Accordingly, the trade between this country and the port of Nassau, and also between this country and Matamoras, in Mexico, ought to be perfectly free and unaffected by the belligerent operations of the American States. But from Matamoras warlike stores are easily conveyed across the Mexican frontier into the Confederate States, and the port of Nassau is the great rendezvous of vessels which are designed to "run the blockade." Hence the Federal cruisers naturally regard all trading vessels between this country and these ports with suspicion, and seek to obstruct the trade as much as possible. In their desire to do this there can be little doubt that in not a few cases they have overstepped legality, and have seized vessels bearing warlike stores simply on the moral conviction that the ulterior object of these vessels was incompatible with neutrality. The vessels so seized must be carried into port, and the validity of the seizure be determined by the American prize-courts. The decisions of these courts may be right or may be wrong—and their impartiality is not above suspicion; but there is no act of statesmanship more full of grave responsibility than for a government to object to the decision of the legally constituted courts of another country. Even in the case of the Saxon, where a foul murder was committed by a Federal officer, our government may be foiled in its efforts to obtain justice against the criminal. The Federal government will put him upon his trial, but, having done so, they will wash their hands of the business. It is by no means probable that an American jury will convict him of the crime with which he is charged, and in such an event, the public of this country will feel a most justifiable indignation. In truth, every month that this deplorable conflict in America lasts, the list of grievances between this country and the bel-

ligerent States increases, and the task of settling differences and preserving peaceful relations between the two countries becomes more difficult.

It seems as if the present year is destined to witness a tumult of war on both sides of the Atlantic, and it will require great sagacity on the part of our statesmen to keep England out of the *mêlée*. In Europe, the conflict between Germany and Denmark threatens to grow wider, and assume the character of a general war. Italy has been arming for the last three months; France is getting ready her iron-clad fleet; the Poles are preparing for a general movement, which is to include Posen and Galicia as well as the Russian provinces—nay, even Hungary and the Danubian provinces—in order to coöperate with the expected attack of Italy and France. On the other side, Prussia, Austria, Russia, taking note of the impending danger, are combining preparations to resist it. If the British government were to renew the Anglo-French alliance, war would be rendered inevitable, and a shock of nations would ensue such as Europe has not yet witnessed. Whether any policy on the part of our government will suffice to avert a European war is more than doubtful, but we feel assured that if our government make a new league with the Emperor of the French for carrying on hostilities, the result will be disastrous to ourselves. Such a league, it is true, may yet be forced upon England by the pressure of events; but at best it will be an evil hardly inferior to that which it is designed to remedy. Were we to join with France in such a crusade, we should soon find that we had no control over the movements and issue of the conflict; we should find that the objects for which we fought were wholly disregarded, and that Napoleon would not only turn the war to the aggrandizement of France, but would end it by making friends, at our expense, with some of the very powers with which we, in alliance with him, had gone to war. We profoundly sympathize with the cause of freedom and nationality in Europe, but we demur to taking part in a war in which these words are invoked merely as a cover for selfish ambition. We have a deep-rooted and amply justified distrust of the French emperor. In the event of war he will make tools (if he can) of the Italians, and leave them in the lurch. He may

fight for Poland, and he will willingly aggrandize her at the expense of Germany, but he will end by making peace with Russia. And finally, if he draws the sword for Denmark, it will only be in order that he may seize and annex the provinces of the Rhine. We trust that a general war may be avoided, but we trust still more that England will not take part in it in alliance with an ambitious despot, who plays fast and loose with every Power, and who, supremely regardful of his own interests, seeks to close every war in a manner which is more satisfactory to his antagonists than to his allies.

Europe has entered upon a transition period certain to be fraught with momentous changes; and before that period is far advanced we shall see the system of alliances (which many persons imagine to be exploded) arising on a still grander scale than Europe has witnessed. During that period, too, Europe will cast off the slough of selfishness which now deadens the hearts of nations and paralyzes the policy of governments. Governments have duties as well as interests; yet of late every one of them is bent on shirking its duties. Governments, in shaping their policy, do not inquire what is right, but what will pay. How long, then, will the present system of established rights continue to be recognized? Europe is a commonwealth, where peace and order

should be maintained by the conjoined action or balanced influence of the great Powers. At present there is no such restraining force; no alliances, no conjoined action, no common watching over the public weal. The result of this will soon be apparent. Convulsion and temporary chaos will break in upon Europe. The fabric of power, which confesses itself antiquated by the fact of its impotency, is ready to perish, and will pass away, giving place to one based upon the new facts, not on the old traditions. We look forward to the future with anxiety, but without fear. It is by cycles and changes such as these that Providence keeps alive the generous emotions of mankind, while carrying on the work of material progress. A level reach of material prosperity, when wealth and intellect accumulate, and the nobler passions grow benumbed, is ever succeeded in human history by rapids of war and convulsion, in which higher and sterner developments of national life are attained, and selfishness is purged out of men's hearts by the fires of suffering. Anxious as the German Powers doubtless are to close the present contest before it leads to graver complications, we believe they will not succeed. And the sparks of this little war, ere they can be trampled out, will in all probability give rise to a contest of infinitely greater magnitude, and in which the interests of England will be more deeply involved.

DISCOVERY OF A SUBTERRANEAN FOREST AT HULL.—During the excavations now progressing at the Victoria Dock extension works, at Hull, a discovery interesting to antiquarians has been made. In several places, at a depth of about thirty-two feet from the surface, and beneath a seam of sand several feet in thickness, may be seen the remains of an ancient forest, held almost in a state of solution. In one instance the root and part of the stem of an immense oak, about twenty feet in circumference, and in a good state of preservation, lies exposed, and, as it is on a level with the bottom of the dock, it will probably continue in its original position until the end of time. The remains of the trunks of two other large trees have also been dug up, one of which bears the evident marks of fire. In some instances the wood is mixed with clay, and mostly as black as ebony, and when cut by the workmen's spades, soon crumbles into dust by the action of the air. The forest appears to have been of very great extent,

for at present no limit has been found to its boundaries. Wherever the excavations are continued, the workmen still discover traces of its existence. It may not be uninteresting to describe the geological condition of the strata. Clay is found to about fifteen feet below the surface, and beneath that the above-mentioned seam of sand, which is followed by a stratum of sand of a moister nature, greatly mixed with cockle and other fresh-water shells, and then comes the seam containing the wood, wetter still.

THE ROCK-CUT TEMPLES OF INDIA.—Fabulous antiquity has been ascribed to the rock-cut temples and caves of the Buddhists in India. The researches of James Prinsep and other learned Orientalists have demonstrated that the very earliest of these remains date from the second or third century before Christ. The whole range of Buddhist architecture does not cover more than about thirteen centuries.

From Chambers's Journal.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

It is many years ago, probably about the date of your birth, my average reader, that I learned what I am about to tell you. At that time there stood on the northwest coast of Ireland a building known as Kyarlin Castle. The greater part of it was very ancient; and the remainder had been built not less than one hundred and fifty years. I had commenced that pursuit, the taste for which remains with me to this day—namely, the search after antiquities capable of throwing light on the early history and customs of our ancestors. It happened, that while I was talking with a man who had been collecting kelp on the beach, he pulled out a piece of greenish-looking metal. To a man who regarded it with an uneducated eye, there was nothing in the appearance of it to give it any value; but I saw at once it was an axe of the bronze period. Finding he had picked it up on the shore, I spent as much of my time as I could spare for some weeks afterward in making search beneath the cliffs for other relics of a similar kind. I was one day so absorbed in studying the appearance of certain stones that lay on the beach, and which, for reasons I will not go into now, I thought were the remains of one of the most ancient of the Celtic edifices that have been discovered, that I did not notice how high the tide had risen, till it came washing among the stones I was examining. I looked round quickly, and saw, with a very uncomfortable sensation, that the sea already reached the cliffs I had passed. To escape that way before the tide would carry me off my legs, and beat me against the rocks, was, I knew, impossible. Hope lay in going onward, and finding an opening in the cliffs before the tide had risen much higher. I stumbled along as fast as I could go, over the slippery seaweed; but the sea was surging and foaming against the rocks so strongly that I found it difficult to make any progress at all. Looking ahead, I could see no sign

of a break in the cliffs, and I was about to resign myself to death, when I arrived opposite a cave which seemed to have been worn by the waves during storms. Looking into this little cave, I observed that the line of sea-weed on the fragments of rock indicated that during ordinary tides it was not filled by the sea. To go forward seemed certain death, to remain here gave at least a hope of escape. Hastily deciding in favor of the cave, I entered, and to shield myself from the surf as much as possible, immediately began piling up the pieces of rock and seaweed so as to make as effectual a barrier as was in my power between me and it. After enduring a long period of painful suspense, I saw with fervent thankfulness the setting in of the ebb. I was calculating the chances of my being able to reach a certain point in the cliffs by which I might ascend from the beach before it became dark, when I was suddenly startled by hearing a voice, which seemed to be at my elbow, say: "Here is another blanket for you. It is more than you deserve; but I will not deny you any physical comfort I permit myself to enjoy."

A weaker voice, but also that of a female replied: "Oh, my lady, let me but see the blessed sunlight again, and I will not care for clothes or food. Think of the years I have suffered in this dark place."

To which the first speaker answered in a passionate tone: "And what have your sufferings been compared to mine? Have I any hope of escape from mine, you wretched woman? Nay, does not every day that adds to my weakness increase the pains I suffer, by making me feel more acutely the want of sympathy of which I have been deprived through you?"

The dull sound of a closing door, and a low moaning which followed, was all that I heard afterward. To find words which could give you any idea of my utter astonishment, is impossible. Though dark, the cavity was so small at the upper end

that I could satisfy myself by feeling, almost without stirring from the spot whereon I was seated, that there was no opening from it, and certainly that no other person was present in it besides myself. After much reflection, the truth began to dawn upon my mind; the only building along that part of the coast which lay close to the edge of the cliff was Kyarlin Castle, and that the voices came from inmates of that building, I was the more induced to believe by the words "my lady," which, though they did not imply that the person addressed bore that title, yet showed she was a person of some distinction. Of course, you think I at once opened a conversation with the person imprisoned; but I did nothing of the kind. At that time, every family of the least influence living in the remoter parts of Ireland had individuals hanging about them capable of any act of violence on the slightest intimation from any member of the family, or even from a confidential servant, that it would be agreeable to them. In my case, caution was especially necessary, as I was the minister of the small proportion of the inhabitants of the surrounding district who professed Protestantism, and was therefore more than usually obnoxious to those who adhered to the creed I considered it my duty to do my utmost to supplant. Moreover, I did not know how far I might be acting rightly in aiding the escape of the imprisoned woman. For the present, therefore, I determined on doing nothing; and crept as quietly as possible out of the cavity, and walked home. The next day I returned in the same direction; and when I reached the castle, I stooped down, and pretended to pick up a stone, which I threw down on the beach; but the stone I threw down I had painted before I left home, so that I should distinguish it readily among those which lay on the shore. From this place I walked slowly on till I reached the cleft by which I had ascended the previous evening, down which I scrambled to the beach, and turned back to the cave. Close to the entrance I found the colored stone, which confirmed my conjecture that the excavation adjoined an apartment in Kyarlin Castle. I went in with as little noise as possible, as it was now low water, and there was no sound to drown any I might chance to make. I listened, but all was silent. At last I determined to risk a

question; and putting my head close to the loose stones at the spot from whence the voices seemed to issue, I asked: "Is there any body shut up in there?"

A low cry followed, and a woman said: "Oh, do, for Heaven's sake, let me out!"

There was an expression of such eager entreaty in the voice, that, joined to what I had heard the day before, decided me on assisting her to escape, and thus giving her a chance of appealing to the law for protection, or, on the other hand, of compelling those who had imprisoned her here to continue her punishment in a legal manner, if there were any just ground for inflicting it. After a few more questions, I told her I would come back at the ebb of the tide that evening and release her. The operation was not a difficult one. The removal of some loose stones made an opening into a cell on a level with the beach, and through this I dragged her. The night was dark enough to make walking along the shore difficult; but it screened us from observation, if any one happened to be abroad in the neighborhood of the road we were obliged to follow to get to my cottage, which was the only place to which I could take her. Here I gave her in charge to Esther, the old woman who waited upon me. I followed them into the kitchen; but though there was no light there beyond that given by a tallow-candle and the turf-fire, the stranger covered her eyes with her hands, from inability to endure the pain it caused. She was a woman in appearance about forty years of age, with a complexion so intensely white, that I was reminded of Lot's wife after her conversion into salt. I asked no questions that evening, and what I subsequently learned from her was confirmed by Mrs. Meyrick of Kyarlin Castle, upon whom I considered it my duty to call with the aim of inducing her to make some provision for the poor victim of her passion. From other sources too, and at different periods, I heard other matters relating to the case, which enables me to give the following narrative in a connected form:

Catherine Mostyn was the daughter of a man who had succeeded to a large but encumbered estate, and by a continuance of the same careless extravagance which he had been accustomed to see from his youth upward, he had, by the time his daughter had completed her seventeenth year, reduced himself to a condition in

which he was scarcely any thing better than the steward of the estate nominally his own. Just about this time, Henry Meyrick returned from St. Omer, where he had been for several years living with a priest, who had been his instructor from his youth. His age was then twenty-two, and having neither father nor mother, it was supposed that he would not long remain at Kyarlin Castle, especially as the man who had been appointed by the executors to manage the estate attached to it had proved himself both honest and able. Shortly after his return to Ireland, Mostyn, as one of his nearest neighbors, and who had known him before he had been sent to France, called on him, and invited him to his house. Here, of course, he became acquainted with Kate Mostyn. She was remarkable for her exceeding loveliness, which was almost equaled by her pride, and the cold severity, almost sternness of her manner. Much of this latter may have been engendered by poverty, acting on a naturally proud and haughty character, and the continual discontent arising out of a comparison of her actual condition with what it might have been. Henry Meyrick soon became so deeply attached to her, that nobody was surprised when it was announced that the day had been fixed for their marriage. When this event took place, they went abroad for a few months, Mrs. Meyrick having never been out of Ireland previously. They had not long returned to Kyarlin Castle, before it was a matter of common talk that he saw only with her eyes. Childishly fond as Mr. Meyrick was of his wife and submissive as this led him to be to all her whims and fancies, he was not altogether without firmness of character in his dealings with men; and if he had remained a free man three or four years after his separation from his tutor, instead of falling in love immediately, and marrying shortly afterward, he might have acquired experience, which would have prevented the occurrence of the evils which wrecked his own and his wife's happiness, and cruelly injured one I firmly believe to have been an innocent victim.

Mrs. Meyrick was devotedly attached to her husband, but she was exacting in the extreme in the testimonies of his affection, and jealous of every woman to whom he paid the slightest attention. Her attendant was about the same age as herself, an Englishwoman she had engaged

in London on her way to the continent. This girl being of lively and engaging manners, and very pretty, was a great favorite with her mistress, and for this reason probably was treated by her master with a degree of familiarity not very surprising, considering their youth, and the extent to which circumstances had compelled all three of them to associate during their journey on the continent. Intimacies of such a kind are always dangerous, even if only from misconception; and it was exemplified in this instance. Mrs. Meyrick had sent her maid to her husband's study for a book she wanted; but directly after the girl had left her room, she changed her mind, and decided on reading some other. Going to the study, she opened the door, and was about to enter. Meyrick was there and the girl; but what it was which made Catherine close the door again, and turn away with a face so deadly pale, she never told any body, I believe, unless it might have been her spiritual adviser. She went back to her room, and locked herself in, and when her husband came to her, she would neither open it nor answer him. Finding she remained obstinately silent, he left the castle, and did not return that night, perhaps thinking he would thus bring her to hear reason. It strongly favors the opinion that Mrs. Meyrick was hasty in her conclusions, since her maid did not show any reluctance to go to her mistress when she rang her bell, who, however, refused to allow her to enter the room, and rang again for another servant. That night, Jane Wilmot, her maid, disappeared.

The day was still young when Henry Meyrick returned to the castle, after a night spent on the sea-shore. He was almost as white as his wife was when she turned away from his study-door the previous day. Walking wearily along the passage leading to this room, he told the man who followed him to bring him some coffee; and throwing his hat into one corner, he was about to sit down to his writing-table, when he saw lying on it a letter, or rather a small packet, addressed to himself in his wife's handwriting. Hastily opening it, he saw, not an offer of forgiveness, for the paper it contained was a blank sheet, but something which seemed to act upon him like the fabled head of the Medusa of old on those who looked on it. When the man entered with

the coffee, which was quite half an hour afterward, he saw his master take something from the table, and thrust it quickly into the breast-pocket of his coat, and then leave the room without touching the coffee, or speaking a single word. He went straight to the stables, put a saddle and bridle on the first horse he came to, without heeding or seeming to hear the offers of a groom to do it for him, and rode off. The groom said afterward that his master looked like a man who had seen a ghost. A few days afterward, his steward received a letter from him, directing him to forward a certain sum of money at specified periods to a bank in London; and this was the last communication received from him.

The sudden disappearance of Jane Wilmot excited a great deal of talk in the country round. Various rumors were, of course, in circulation to account for it; but that which received the greatest currency, and, for a time, was most generally credited, was that Mr. Meyrick had taken her away with him. Gradually, as the circumstances under which he had left became known, this opinion died away. Before this had happened, however, a young man named William Macarthy, who had inherited a small farm from his father, presented himself at Kyarlin Castle, and requested to see Mrs. Meyrick. At first, she refused to see him; but he insisted so strongly, that she could not continue her refusal, and was forced to admit him to an interview. His object in calling on her was to ascertain what had become of Jane Wilmot. He gave no credit to the rumor that she had gone away with Mr. Meyrick, and read some letters he had received from her, proving that he had for a considerable period been paying his addresses to her, and that matters had advanced so far that he had been pressing her to fix the day for their marriage. Under these circumstances, it was natural that he should refuse to believe any thing to her discredit, or that she could have left the country without communicating with him. The inference he drew, therefore, was, that she was still in the castle. From what I have said of Mrs. Meyrick's character, you will have no difficulty in imagining the kind of reply she would give him. Macarthy, rendered bold by his love for the missing girl, insisted that she would not have left the castle without the knowledge and consent

of her mistress, nor without informing him of her intention. Mrs. Meyrick was far too proud even to suggest that her husband had taken the girl away with him. Violent language closed the interview, and Macarthy left with the threat, that he would go to a magistrate, and get him to send constables to search the castle.

In the same room with Mrs. Meyrick, when Macarthy entered, was the woman she had selected to be her attendant in place of the English girl. As the language became warmer, this woman, indignant at hearing her mistress spoken to in such terms, and, as was the nature of Irish servants then, at all events in the rural districts, more jealous for her dignity than even her mistress herself, rang the bell, and before Macarthy left, all the servants, and even the supernumeraries who happened to be in the castle at the moment, had assembled about the door and heard his closing threat as he left the room. Nothing but Mrs. Meyrick's repeated orders saved him from violent treatment before he left the castle. As it was, they were ineffectual beyond its walls. William Macarthy was found lying in the road, a few hours later, dead. The number of pieces of lead and other metal found in his body and clothes showed that he must either have been fired at by several guns, or that some peculiar weapon had been used. This latter was the suggestion of a shrewd medical man who examined the body.

Macarthy was a man who had relatives and many friends, and these not of a kind to let his murder pass unpunished. It soon reached their ears that he had left Kyarlin Castle with the intention of applying to a justice to have it searched for the young English girl he was going to marry, and they naturally inferred that the murderer must be some person connected with the family there. To find out who this murderer was, they had recourse to an expedient which I thought had been discontinued generations before. A stage was erected, and on this the body of the deceased was laid on a sheet. The whole of the men-servants employed at Kyarlin Castle were ordered by Mrs. Meyrick to attend the ceremony of touching the body. One by one his friends approached and laid their hands on the chest of the corpse, and so also did every other man present, Mrs. Meyrick's servants remain-

ing till the last. These, in their turn, drew near, and repeated the ceremony in succession, without any result, till a man named Shaw, who was employed at the castle to look after the boats, laid his hand on the deceased's chest in the same manner as the others. Unaccountable as it may appear, the wounds on the instant opened afresh, and blood began to trickle from them on to the bier. The man immediately fell down in a fit, and in this condition was thrown into a cart, and escorted by all the friends of the deceased to the nearest jail. His trial came on in due course, and an attempt was made to elicit from him that he had committed the murder at the suggestion of his mistress, but this he strenuously denied, and averred, what all the other servants could prove, that he separated from the rest of the servants before Macarthy had left the room. He added: "I went to the kitchen, and took down a blunderbuss that was always hanging there, and loaded it with all the slugs I could find, and filled it up with nails. Then I ran along by the fields, and waited for Macarthy at Nevin's Cross, and shot him as he was passing me." This man was convicted and hung; but Macarthy's death deprived the English-woman of the only friend she had in the country, and no further attempt was made to ascertain what had become of her.

Years passed away. Mrs. Meyrick never left the castle for a single day, and showed herself so cold and stern to all who visited her, that nobody cared to repeat their visit, and it was not long before she was left without a single person to converse with—even her father being treated by her in such a manner that he died without a request to see her.

This was the state of things at the time when I assisted the woman to escape from her dungeon. Her story was a very pitiful one, and in substance was soon told. On the night of the day on which her mistress had taken such offense at Jane Wilmot, the girl went to bed, and, though much grieved at what had passed, soon fell into a sound sleep, from which she suddenly awoke, and found her mistress bending over her in the act of tying a handkerchief round her neck. She was so frightened by the expression in her face, that she wanted to cry out; but before she could utter a sound, the knot of

mouth, and she was made dumb. She tried to raise her hands to pull it out, and found that her arms were fastened at the elbows behind her back. Mrs. Meyrick then turned her on her face, and drew the cord tight till her elbows touched. Having rendered her entirely helpless, she ordered her to get out of bed, and come with her, and this in a tone that made the helpless girl get up as quickly as she could in her condition, and accompany her, all undressed as she was, to the cell from which I had rescued her. Her mistress locked the door, and went away, leaving her in darkness, and trembling with fear and cold. In a few minutes she returned with her servant's clothes, and threw them on the floor, and then the girl saw she had a naked knife in her hand. Almost dead with fright, the terrified woman threw herself on her knees, and entreated her mistress to spare her life. The latter replied not a word, and for a minute stood staring at her with eyes so widely distended, and a face so white and expressionless, that the poor creature before her, who was begging for her life, was seized with a new alarm, believing that her mistress had suddenly gone mad. At this idea, fresh horrors laid hold of her imagination, and the words she was uttering for mercy and pity were frozen on her tongue. Had I not myself seen the evidence of the mutilation, I should hesitate to tell you what followed. The mutilated part, with the ear-ring still attached, was what had so strongly excited the horror of Henry Meyrick, who, believing that it signified the death of the poor girl at the hands of his wife, could see no other course before him but escape from the country. In the wretched cell in which Jane Wilmot was thrown, she remained two days without food or clothing, for though her clothes lay on the damp floor, she could only partially cover herself with them in consequence of the way in which her arms were fastened. Believing that Mrs. Meyrick was insane, and that she would be left to die of hunger, the girl gave way to despair; and when at last her mistress returned with food, and cut the cord which bound her arms, she was so weak and helpless, that she had not a thought of resistance, and dressed herself, and ate with thankfulness. Year after year, and in total darkness, except at such times as Mrs. Meyrick brought her food, the unfortunate creature suffered in this

cell, or in a little one adjoining, where she slept. As for food, she needed so little, that she was never in actual want of it; nor, indeed, did she suffer from any deprivation except that of liberty.

On hearing her story, I was naturally so excited at the cruelty with which she had been treated, that I did not lose an hour before setting out for Kyarlin Castle. Here, after some obstacles had been thrown in my way, I had an interview with Mrs. Meyrick. I reproached her for her cruelty to Jane Wilmot in severe terms, and insisted on her making reparation to the extent of her ability. She readily adopted all my suggestions; and when I compared her present haggard appearance with what I had heard of her wonderful beauty a few years previously, I could not help feeling sorry for her. As a minister of the gospel, I thought it my duty to try and bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband; and when I spoke to her of this, she bow-

ed her head, and sobbed bitterly. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to answer my questions, she, at my request, gave me the address of the bank in London to which the steward forwarded the remittances for his master. On my return home, I wrote a full account of what I had learned to Mr. Meyrick, the liberation of Jane Wilmot, and the desire of his wife to be reconciled to him. Some months had passed when I received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick at Kyarlin Castle; and in the mean time Jane Wilmot had returned to England, too crushed and enfeebled, bodily and mentally, to entertain a thought of bringing her persecutor to justice. I procured for her all the pecuniary compensation she could require, but at the same time I carefully abstained from advising her what to do, thinking it was a matter for herself to decide, and that it was not for me to urge her to accept money in lieu of justice.

From the North British Review.

ANCIENT GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS OF SCOTLAND.*

MANY a long century has passed away since our forefathers began to speculate on the origin of those immense masses of clay, gravel, and sand, which are spread as a more or less continuous covering over well-nigh the whole of the surface of

Scotland. The Lowlands are buried deep beneath this mantle of detritus, save here and there where a knob of black rock, or a group of hills rises above it, while up the glens and valleys of the Highlands, parts of the same wide series of deposits

* *On the Revolutions of the Earth's Surface.* Sir JAMES HALL. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. vii. 1812.

Researches in Newer Pliocene Geology, 1836-1862. JAMES SMITH, Esq., of Jordanhill. Glasgow, 1862.

On the Evidences of the former Existence of Glaciers in Scotland, Ireland, and England. L. AGASSIZ. Proceedings of the Geological Society, vol. iii., and Edinburgh New Phil. Journal, vol. xxxiii. p. 217. 1840.

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On the Connection between the Distribution of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected their Area, especially during the Epoch of the Northern Drift. EDWARD FORBES. Memoirs of Geol. Survey, vol. i. 1846.

On Grooved and Striated Rocks in the Middle Region of Scotland. CHARLES MACLAREN. Edin. New Phil. Journal, vol. xlvii. p. 161. 1849.

On Glacial Phenomena in Scotland and parts of England. ROBERT CHAMBERS. Edin. New Phil. Journal, vol. liv. p. 229. 1852.

On the Ice-worn Rocks of Scotland. T. F. JAMIESON. Quart. Jour. Geol. Society, vol. xviii. 1862.

On the Glacial Origin of Lakes. A. C. RAMSAY. Quart. Jour. Geol. Society, vol. xviii.

On the Drift of the British Islands—"Antiquity of Man." Sir CHARLES LYELL. 1863.

On the Phenomena of the Glacial Drift of Scotland. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE. Trans. of Geol. Soc. of Glasg. vol. i. part ii. 1863.

On the parallel Roads of Glen Roy. T. F. JAMIESON. Quart. Jour. Geological Society, vol. xix. 1863.

may almost every where be traced. Nor does it require any geological training to be able to detect these features. They are of a kind that can not escape observation. Thus the gravel and sand are often arranged in singular ridges like huge lines of rampart, or in conical grassy hillocks, whose greenness forms in many places a strange contrast to the brown barrenness of the surrounding moors. Now and then, too, among the fertile fields of the low country, the eye rests on huge bowlders, which must have come from the far-off mountains of the Highlands. And blocks of the same kind may be found high on the sides, and even on the summits, of the Lowland hills. So obvious and obtrusive are these phenomena, that they could not but force themselves on the attention, even in the rude ages, long before science had arisen to take any interest in them. Hence sprang up those legendary stories of wizards and warlocks, brownies and goblins, to whose supernatural agency the Scottish mind early attributed the otherwise inexplicable gravel-mounds and bowlders. It was a quaint and beautiful superstition that peopled these verdurous hillocks or *tomans* with shadowy forms, like diminutive mortals, clad in green silk or in russet gray, whose unearthly music came sounding out faintly and softly from underneath the sod. The mounds rose so conspicuously from the ground, and whether in summer heat or winter frost, wore ever an aspect so smooth and green, where all around was rough with dark moss-hags and moor, that they seemed to have been raised by no natural power, but to be in very truth the work of fairy hands, designed at once to mark and to guard the entrance to the fairy world below. The hapless wight who, lured by their soft verdure, stretched himself to sleep on their slopes, sank gently into their depths, and after a seven years' servitude in fairy-land, awoke again on the self-same spot. Like young Tamlane:

"The Queen of Faeries kepkit him
In yon green hill to dwell."

The same fancy which found a supernatural origin for the mounds of sand and gravel had similar explanations to give of the strange elongated ridges of like materials known in Scotland as *kames*. According to one tradition, these ridges are the different strands of a rope which a trouble-

some elfin was commanded by Michael Scott to weave out of sand. The strands were all prepared, but when the imp tried to entwine them, each gave way, and hence the broken parts of the kames have remained to this day. Michael seems to have had no small amount of work in altering the surface of the country. Thus there is a deep gash through a sandy ridge at the south end of the Pentland Hills, and not far off stands a green conical sand hill. The wizard is said to have dug the trench and piled up the hill in the course of a single night. About ten miles farther west he attempted to dam up the River Clyde, by getting a number of witches to carry bowlders from a neighboring eminence. The spell was broken, however, in the midst of the performance, and the long line of bowlders in the different stages of transport may still be partially traced on the ground. In short, throughout many districts of the country, the peculiarly obtrusive nature of the superficial geology, and the difficulty of connecting it with any of the operations of nature now visible, have given rise to many of the supernatural legends which still linger in tradition.

It was but natural that when geology as a science began to attract attention in these islands, the vast accumulations of clay, sand, gravel, and bowlders scattered over the surface, should claim the notice of the early observers. These deposits formed the monuments of the last of the long succession of geological revolutions which the country had undergone. They were regarded as proofs of a violent cataclysm, whereby the hardest rocks were ground down and furrowed so as to cover the whole country with its own ruins, in the form of heaps of detritus. Nor was it difficult to see in such phenomena proofs of that great deluge which was believed to have covered the surface of the entire globe at the time of Noah. The hypothesis of violent oceanic debacles was ingeniously worked out by Sir James Hall, and influenced all the speculations of geologists on this subject for fully quarter of a century. By degrees, however, it was seen that the phenomena were of too definite and complicated a kind, and presented traces of too many different agencies, to have been the result of any sudden and transient catastrophe. Then came the hypothesis of ocean currents and icebergs, which has in turn to be abandoned, as at the best but a partial

explanation of the facts which it was proposed to elucidate. As investigations have advanced, the subject has always seemed to deepen in obscurity as well as interest. There is hardly a geologist of standing who has not been seduced into this domain, no matter how widely it might be separated from his more usual field of labor. Hence no part of the geology of the country has been so fruitful a source of scientific memoirs, papers, and notices of every variety of size and treatment. After groping in the dark for at least fifty years, geologists seem at last to be coming to an agreement as to the true origin and history of some of the superficial formations. We propose, therefore, in the following pages, to present the reader with an outline of the facts which have been observed, and a view of the general tendency of scientific reasoning regarding them.

The surface of Scotland, like that of Ireland and large tracts of England, as well as the whole of Scandinavia and Northern Europe, has a peculiar contour, which, since it is almost every where more or less visible, irrespective of the nature of the rock on which it shows itself, must evidently be the result of one great process acting long after all the hard rocks were formed. This contour consists in a rounding and smoothing of the hills and valleys into long, flowing outlines. What were once prominent crags have been ground down into undulating or pillow-shaped knolls, and deep hollows or gentler depressions have been worn in the rocks, not at random, but in a recognizable system. Thus the Lothians and Fife have had their surface scooped out into long, parallel hollows and valleys, which maintain a wonderful persistence in an easterly and westerly direction. In Galloway, we see the minor depressions diverging southward, from the mass of high ground that lies between St. Patrick's Channel and Nithsdale. Down the western coasts, from Cape Wrath to the Mull of Cantyre, and among the deep sea-lochs of the Firth of Clyde, the same evidence occurs of some agency which has pressed outward and seaward, grinding down the surface of the hardest rocks, and giving a rounded outline to the whole country. It is true, indeed, that this contour has often disappeared. The rains and frosts of ages have at last, in not a few places, succeeded in restoring to the rocks their ancient rugged character. Yet, even in the wild-

est Highland scenery, where the casual tourist may see, perhaps, nothing but thunder-riven crags and precipices, and glens blocked up with their ruins, the geologist can yet often detect traces of the same universal smoothing and moulding. Nay, it is precisely amid such scenes that he is most vividly impressed with the fact that the surface of the country has every where been ground down by a vast general agent, for he there sees what are the natural outlines which the rocks assume when left to the ordinary tear and wear of the elements. Instead of smooth, undulating outlines, he notes craggy precipices and scars, here and there, red and fresh, where the last winter's frosts have let loose huge masses of rock into the valleys below. He can trace how in this way the hand of nature is once more slowly roughening the landscape, restoring to the hard rocks their ancient cliffs and ravines, and to each knoll and crag a renewal of its former ruggedness. Yet his eye rests continually upon little hummocks of rock, or even upon whole hillsides, where the change has gone on but slowly, and where he can still view the uneffaced traces of that wonderful process by which the whole surface of the country, from Cape Wrath to the Solway, has been worn and smoothed.

This wide-spread abrasion, however, is not only a general moulding of the country on the great scale. It can be traced on hills and crags of every size down to mere hummocks and knolls, nay, even to the merest knobs and protuberances; in short, not only is the general configuration of the surface affected by it, but it may be followed out upon all the little dimples and prominences on a freshly-exposed surface of rock. The hardest rocks usually show its effects best; and when the soil and superficial detritus are stripped from them, their faces may be seen to be as smoothly dressed as if they had been cut in a mason's yard, and were designed to form part of the polished ashlar-work of a great building. Further, not only are they thus planed down, they are traversed by long and more or less parallel ruts and striæ, varying in depth and width from mere streaks, such as might be made by a grain of sand, up to grooves like those worn in old pavements by the cart-wheels of successive generations. The finer striations may be seen descending into the hollows and mounting over the prominences of a rock, keeping all

the while their general direction with about as much regularity and persistence as they do over the most even surface. It is plain that in whatever manner these markings were produced, they must be due to no violent agent rushing like a debacle across the country. They can only have been made, in a quiet, leisurely way, by some force that paid little or no regard to the minor inequalities of the ground, but passed on with a steady, persistent march, pressing grains of sand, pebbles, and even large blocks of stone upon the rocks below, in such a way as to leave there at last a smooth, polished surface marked by striations of varying coarseness, according as the rude polishing paste of detritus consisted of fine sand, or gravel, or bowlders. Now, just as the whole country has been smoothed, so has it at the same time been striated. It is hardly possible any where to peel off the upper covering of clay and soil, without laying bare a striated surface of rock, if that rock be at all of a kind fit to receive and preserve such markings. Moreover these striations are distributed with a remarkable symmetry. They radiate from the main mountain masses outward toward the sea. Down all the western fiords they may be traced passing westward beneath the waters of the Atlantic. Along the Pentland Firth they may be seen in like manner descending from the high grounds of Sutherland northward to the coast-line. On the eastern side of the island the same seaward trend of the ruts and striæ on the rocks is traceable from Caithness to Berwick. In the glens that descend upon the estuary of the Clyde the rocks are striated along the line of each valley, passing inland into high grounds in the interior, and striking outward beneath the waters of the Firth. The very islands in that firth are striated in the same way. Bute, for instance, is a notable example; for the striations, after coming down the glens of Cowal, and passing beneath the Kyles, reappear on the Bute shores, actually mount the slopes of the island so as to go right across it at a height of more than five hundred feet, and descend upon the firth on the southwest side. Again, we can sometimes trace the striations out of one sea-loch over a water-shed of six or eight hundred feet in height, and thence into another of the numerous long and deep inlets that ascend from the wide basin of the Clyde.

Thus from Loch Long these strange, almost indelible markings on the rock, may be followed over the water-shed which separates that fiord from the Gareloch, and thence down the latter valley into the Clyde. In Loch Fyne also, continuing in the line of the upper part of that valley, they are not deflected when the loch makes a bend south of Ardrishaig, but actually ascend the hills above Tarbert, and cross heights of eight hundred feet into the Sound of Jura. These localities have been well described by Mr. Charles Maclaren, Mr. T. F. Jamieson, and others. Yet there are many parts of this district, as yet unnoticed, where the same phenomena are equally striking. As an undescribed example of the worn and striated aspect of rock surface, Loch Riden, descending from the northeast into the Kyles of Bute, is especially striking. If the observer will take a boat and row gently along the rocky shore, and among the numerous islets of that comparatively short estuary, he will be amazed at the freshness in which the smoothed and striated rock surfaces have been preserved. Winding his way between islets and headlands, he will notice, that on looking toward the head of the loch, his eye catches the rough, blunt faces of the different crags and knolls; that, as he passes them, their sides, parallel in a general way with the sides of the loch, are well polished and striated, and that their upper ends, or those which face up the loch, are all worn down and smoothed off. He could not desire a more instructive lesson as to the nature of that smoothing process to which the surface of the country at large has been exposed. The striæ running parallel to the loch, the blunted and worn look of those parts of the crags and hummocks of rock that point up the valley, and the comparatively fresh and rough faces of those that look toward the sea, indicate, as plainly as words can do, that the agent which smoothed and striated the sides of Loch Riden must have moved downward along the length of the valley from the high grounds of the interior. And this agent must have filled up the valley, for its traces can yet be seen high on the hills on either side, while on the islets in the middle of the loch, as well as along the rocks of its margin, the striæ are every where seen descending beneath the water.

Geologists are now generally agreed

that these smoothed surfaces of rock, along the striæ and grooves which cover them, have been produced by ice. Up till now the commonly received opinion in this country has been, that they were caused, during a submergence of the land, by icebergs laden with sand and blocks of stone, whereby the rocks at the sea-bottom were scratched and worn down as the icy masses continued to be driven upon them. Within the last year or two, however, this explanation has been anew called in question, as inadequate to explain all the phenomena. The striations, as we have seen, do not merely run along the side of a hill, they sometimes run up and over it. Moreover, they accommodate themselves to all the little inequalities of the surface over which they pass. This could not have been done by a hard, rigid mass of ice like an iceberg; on the contrary, it points to an agent of such plasticity as to be able to mould itself upon the inequalities of its rocky bed. And this agent, as shown by the direction of the striations, must have moved outward and downward from the chief mountain masses, such as the Grampians and the hills of Galloway and Tweeddale. It must have filled up wide and deep valleys, pressing every where steadily and mightily upon the rocks, disregarding the minor features of the surface of the country, passing even over hills six or eight hundred feet high, as if they were but molehills, and continuing its operation over so vast a period as finally to leave the country smoothed and polished, or moulded, as it were, into a flowing, undulating contour.

To fulfill these conditions the only agent known in nature is *land-ice* or *glaciers*. The striated and polished rocks find their exact counterparts along the course of every modern glacier. There is hardly a Highland glen, nay, strange as it may sound, there are not many hillsides, even of the Lowlands, which do not remind one of the *roches moutonnées*, or ice-worn knolls of the Alps. The striæ are the same, the moulded outlines are the same, and the parallelism of the striations with the direction of the long valleys are alike, the same in Scotland and in Switzerland. In comparing the rock-markings of the two countries, we are driven to admit that as in the one case we see these markings to be manifestly the work of moving glacier ice, which is still visible, and still produ-

ing the same results, so, in the other instance, precisely similar effects must be due to the same cause, although the Scottish glaciers have long since disappeared. It is more than twenty years since Agassiz, fresh from a study of the Swiss glaciers, announced this conclusion. But British geologists, after trying every other expedient, are only now beginning to adopt it. Their difficulty lay not in the admission of the existence of glaciers in Scotland, for admirable descriptions of glacier moraines and striæ in Skye, Forfarshire, and Argyleshire, were published by Principal Forbes, Sir Charles Lyell, and Mr. Maclaren. But if the universal striation were every where taken as evidence of the existence of land-ice, it was plain that Scotland must not merely have been the seat of local glaciers, as Switzerland is at the present day, but must have been actually sealed in ice from mountain-top to sea-shore. This was a supposition too violent for ready belief, and hence the attempt to account for the striation of the country by iceberg action.

But the iceberg hypothesis must at last be abandoned. Geologists are at length reluctantly, and against all their previous speculations, driven to confess that, after all, Scotland must have been swathed in one vast wintry mantle of snow and ice. To such a condition of things modern Greenland affords us a close parallel. That great tract of country is covered with a thick sheet of ice, which, always receiving fresh accessions from atmospheric precipitation in the interior, presses steadily downward through the valleys and fiords, and creeps out to sea. It is the seaward edges of this great ice-sheet which are broken up and dispersed as icebergs. The constant grinding movement of so powerful an agency must produce effects of a far grander kind than any mere local glacier. The glacier wears down only the sides and bottom of the valley in which it flows; but the great Greenland ice-sheet, covering the length and breadth of the country, and allowing the underlying rocks to be seen only in occasional inland peaks and in a narrow strip along the sea-coast, but often not even there, must effect an abrasion of the whole surface infinitely greater than any mere glacier could do. We have no reason to suppose that the surface of Greenland differs from that of contiguous areas of the northern hemisphere. The portions which every sum-

mer sets free from the snow, suffice to indicate that those parts which are never bared of their perennial wintry garb, partake of the same inequalities, here intersected by valleys, and there rising into ridges and hills, nay, even sweeping up into lofty peaks, which are sometimes seen protruding black and jagged above the snow. Yet these varieties in the contour of its bed, do not appear to have much influence on the motion of the ice. One Arctic explorer, indeed, has remarked that where the ice is much crevassed, it is probably traveling over rocky or steep ground, while in other places, where the ground probably inclines more gently, the surface of the ice is unbroken. But nothing seems materially to interfere with the steady seaward movement of this great continental sheet of ice. Whether the ground be even or undulating, gentle or steep, it moves with a resistless march toward the sea. Its mass must thus be so immense, that it treats as mere pebbles in its path ridges of possibly very considerable elevation. It seems to pass as easily over them as a deep river sweeps over the stones that roughen its channel.

The Scandinavian peninsula affords an interesting connecting link between the existing condition of Greenland and the past state of Scotland during what is now known as the glacial period. The immense snow-fields of Norway are but the relics of the vast sheet of ice and snow which once covered that country and converted it into another Greenland. This sheet has shrunk up into the high grounds, from which it protrudes into the valleys in the form of glaciers, but it has not done so without leaving its stamp on the whole surface of the country. The rocks are every where *glaciated*, or worn into these flowing striated surfaces which have been described as characteristic of the rocks of Scotland. Down the valleys and fiords may be traced the ruts and grooves and polished surfaces, still often as fresh as if they had only been lately produced. From the sea-margin where these markings dip below the waves, and where no ice is now visible, we can follow them upward, step by step, till they pass into those which are now in the course of formation by the great glaciers of the interior. The inference can not be withheld that at one time these glaciers, instead of melting away where they now do, extended far down the valleys and went out to sea,

and that as the striae can be detected high on the hillsides, the valleys must have been filled to the brim with ice. In short, Scandinavia existed at that time in the same state in which Greenland still remains. The climate has ameliorated indeed, but the great inland snow-fields and glaciers yet continue as silent witnesses of the severity of the ancient climate.

Passing southward we see the perpetual snow gradually disappear, and when we reach the British Islands it is gone, although in sheltered crannies of the Grampians patches may be seen late in autumn which have survived the summer, and will remain until covered by the drifts of the next December. And yet, though snow-field and glacier have vanished, they have left their impress as visibly and widely on the rocks of Scotland as on those of Norway. A calm investigation of the rock-markings renders this conclusion certain. No icebergs could ever have moulded the contour of the country to its present form, any more than icebergs could have worn down the hills and valleys of Scandinavia. The more we pursue this supposition, the more utterly inadequate does it appear. That icebergs produce a considerable amount of abrasion as they grate along the sea-bottom, and that much was probably done in this way in the British area during some parts of the glacial period, no one will probably deny. But to imagine iceberg action sufficient to account for the universal abrasion of hill and valley in this country, seems as absurd as to contend that "because a man can with some difficulty smooth a rough surface of wood with his thumb-nail, therefore his dining-tables must have been fashioned and polished with that little instrument alone."* On the other hand, the striation of this country is exactly such, down even to its minutest features, as is now effected by the moving of a body of land ice such as a glacier. In Switzerland the evidence of a former greater extent of the glaciers rests upon the height and distance to which the striations can be traced from the present limits of the ice. And this evidence is of such a kind as amounts to a demonstration. In Norway the surface of the country between the snow-fields and the sea presents the same rock-mould-

* Mr. Robert Chambers.

ings and striations as are even to this day produced by the movement of its glaciers. In this case also, these markings are demonstrably the result of moving land-ice. The conclusion is therefore irresistible that the very same markings over the surface of Scotland must have been produced by the same agency, and thus that this country must have been covered with ice and snow, which, pressing outward and seaward for ages, wore down the rocks, and gave the land that undulating and truly ice-worn aspect which it wears to this day. In short, our country in old times must have been very much what Greenland is now—a land of perpetual snow and ice, pushing from its numerous fiords and glens huge glaciers to the sea.

It is still possible to estimate the thickness which this cake of ice attained in some of the Scottish valleys. Thus, in Loch Fyne both sides of the valley are striated and polished, and these traces of ice-action have been noticed by the Duke of Argyll at a height of at least eighteen hundred feet. The greatest depth of the loch is six hundred and twenty-four feet, and as the whole sides and bottom must have been striated in the same way, and by the same agent, it follows, that the ice, even if the higher striations were produced some time before those at the bottom, was probably not less than twenty-four hundred feet thick. Mr. Maclaren has traced the striations up to heights of more than two thousand feet in the southwest Highlands. Mr. Jamieson also estimates that the ice in Glen Spean must have been two miles broad at the surface, and at least thirteen hundred feet deep.

The movement of a glacier from a higher to a lower level is of course attended with a very large amount of abrasion of the rocks over which the ice glides. The sides and bottom of the valley are ever undergoing this process, and the result must necessarily be to deepen and widen the valley. If we allow a sufficient length of time for the glacier to do its work, there really seems hardly a limit to the extent to which it may grind down its channel. It must be borne in mind, too, that a river of ice is not bound by the same restraints as those which determine the action of a river of water. When a glacier is, as it were, choked by the narrowing of its valley, it actually ascends and flows over the obstruction. In such places there is

necessarily an enormous amount of pressure, the ice is broken into yawning crevasses, and the solid rocks must at the same time suffer a proportionate abrasion. The increased thickness of the mass of ice at such points must augment the vertical pressure, and give rise to a greater scooping of the bed of the glacier. If this state of things last, it is evident that a hollow or basin will be here ground out of the rock, and that, once formed, there will always be a tendency to preserve it during the general lowering of the bottom of the valley. On the retreat of the ice, owing to climatal changes, this hollow, unless previously filled up with mud and stones, will be occupied by water and form a lake. It will be a true rock-basin, with ice-worn surfaces around its lip and over its sides and bottom. Professor Ramsay, the present president of the Geological Society, has proposed this explanation for the Swiss lakes, as well as for those of the glaciated parts both of Europe and America. It applies very satisfactorily to many of the inland lochs and tarns of Scotland. For these in innumerable instances are neither dammed up by detrital matter, nor lie in rents and depressions of the earth's crust, but are assuredly mere cups and basins which have been scooped out of the solid rocks. What agency could have produced them? Not running water certainly, nor the waves of the sea, nor rains, springs, and frosts. Professor Ramsay has assigned the only cause which we at present know to be capable of eroding such hollows. They lie every where among ice-worn rocks, and must be looked upon as parts of that universal tear and wear of the surface brought about by the passage of a heavy sheet of ice from the high grounds to the sea. They probably point out the places where this ice-sheet, owing to the configuration of the ground, accumulated in the thickest masses, or where, from the comparative softness of the rocks, it encountered least resistance in its abrasion of the general surface of the country.

Thus, by the evidence of the rounded and worn aspect of the hills and glens, the smoothed and striated surface of the rocks, and the frequent occurrence of tarns and lakes, we learn that the extent to which this country suffered from the action of its ancient land-ice must have been beyond all imagination enormous.

As a necessary sequel, the amount of detritus could not but be proportionally great. At the present day, among the Swiss glaciers, a large quantity of *débris* is annually produced. The Rhone, for instance, issues from its icy source charged with mud which has been produced by the friction of the glacier, and in this dun discolored state, as every one knows, it enters the Lake of Geneva. But where it emerges from the lower extremity of that sheet of water it is perfectly limpid and clear. It has thus deposited in the lake all its glacial sediment, and so marked are the results of this process, that the upper part of the lake is sensibly diminishing both in depth and extent—a Roman port being now more than a mile and a half from the water. As might be expected, the amount of detrital matter produced by the great ice-sheets of the Arctic regions is on a still vaster scale. The sea is there sometimes discolored for several miles from shore by the mud ground down from the surface of the land. In Scotland, too, since we have such abundant evidence of abrasion, there can be no doubt that the quantity of detritus must have been very great. What, then, has become of it? If the rock-mouldings and striations, and the endless rock-basins, are enough to prove the passage of a massive sheet of ice from mountain to sea, it will add not a little to the impressiveness of that testimony if we can still point to the detrital matter which the ice left behind it. Happily this is not far to seek.

Over nearly the whole of the low-lying districts, such as the great central valley of the Clyde and the Forth, the solid rocks are to a large extent covered with a hard, tough, tenacious, earthy clay, which is charged with stones, varying in size from the merest pebbles, up to bowlders occasionally a yard or two in diameter. To this deposit the name of *boulder-clay* or *till*, has been given. But its origin has long been involved in mystery. The older geologists called it diluvial, and regarded it as proof of a violent flood, or a series of floods, which, sweeping across the country, produced the striations on the rocks by driving over them the stones, sand, and clay which now form the till. When this hypothesis was abandoned, no better explanation of the deposit could be given. The till is unstratified, the stones in it are stuck at all angles, as if to show that they never submitted to re-

arrangement in water; and, what is more singular still, nearly every stone of sufficient size and hardness, is as perfectly striated as the surfaces of the solid rocks. Nay, more, the lines on the stones have not been made rapidly and at random, as if a violent debacle of water might have produced them; they are usually as straight as a ruler could make them, and run chiefly along the longer axis of each stone, sometimes crossing each other, and one set even partially effacing an older group. In short, they tell, in signs which can not be mistaken, that they have been firmly fixed in some heavy body, which, turning them into the direction of their longer diameter, as the line of least resistance, moved them slowly and steadily over sand, stones, and rock, in such a way as to scratch them from end to end. In the course of this movement it often happened that a stone partially shifted its position, when a new series of striations was produced upon it at an angle with the former, which were consequently either in whole or in part effaced. The color and composition of the till vary with those of the rocks on which it lies—a circumstance which goes to show that the deposit has not been merely the work of drifting icebergs, which scattered their mud and bowlders upon the bed of the sea, but that it has been made as nearly as may be in the districts in which we now find it. Its thickness in the Lowlands sometimes amounts to one hundred and sixty feet or more, and it extends from under the sea-level up to heights of at least seventeen hundred feet. The streams in the lower parts of the country have in many cases cut deep ravines through it, and there it stands up in steep walls on which the characteristic features of the deposit are well displayed. Certainly there are not many localities better fitted to perplex and discomfit an eager geologist than one of these cliffs of boulder-clay. He sees before him a stiff sandy clay without any trace of stratification, full of stones of every size up to blocks of perhaps several feet in diameter. These are grouped in no order whatever; large bowlders and small pebbles are scattered indiscriminately through the clay from top to bottom, they are stuck at every angle, their surfaces are covered with ruts and striae, and if the face of the rock below be uncovered it may be seen to retain the same markings. Using his hammer upon them, he

finds them to consist almost wholly of fragments from the rocks of the immediate neighborhood. In a coal-measure district, for instance, he sees a mixture of bits of sand-stone, shale, iron-stone, coal, and other carboniferous strata, with a few pieces of the harder rocks of an adjacent geological area. He can perceive that this deposit must have been produced in the district from which it obtained its pebbles and boulders, but the mode of its formation has been for at least half a century one of the obscurest problems in Scottish geology. From the almost universal striation of the boulders, their local origin, and the thoroughly moraine-like aspect of the deposit in which they occur, it is now inferred with tolerable certainty that the till has been ground up by a moving mass of land-ice. It thus corroborates the inferences to be drawn from the striated rock-surfaces; and though there may still be difficulties connected with the details of the process of formation and deposit, these might perhaps be easily and satisfactorily solved if a competent observer could bring himself to spend some time along the margin of the great ice-sheet of Greenland.

As yet we can not tell what was the general aspect of the country previous to the glacial epoch. There seems little doubt, however, that the disposition of mountain and glen, hill and valley, was on the whole the same as now. The abrasion of the ice would of course tend to widen and deepen the depressions and to smooth down the roughnesses of the surface, and would even give rise to new hollows and inequalities. But, looking at the main features of the country, it may be assumed with some confidence that they were the same as now. The Grampians stretched across the country, rising into the same heights and intersected by the same valleys. The broad plains of the central counties, though their minor peculiarities doubtless differed a good deal from those of the present day, nevertheless stretched seaward as broad plains between the Clyde and the North Sea. The chain of uplands that form the pasture-lands of the south had doubtless the same wide sweep of undulating hill and table-land as they show to-day. In one respect only, so far as we know at present, did that old Scotland differ materially from the existing one; it seems to have stood at a considerably higher level above the

sea. This is indicated by the fact that the striations which occur over the whole face of the country go out to sea, and are found on little islands and skerries at some distance from the land. The islands of the Forth and Clyde firths, for instance, are *roches moutonnées*. Perhaps the land may not only have been higher as a whole, but particular portions of it—such, for example, as the chain of the Highland mountains—may have had a greater altitude relatively to the surrounding country than they have now. Unequal oscillations of level would help to remove several geological difficulties of a local kind which occur when we try to conceive the movement of a large body of ice over such a surface as the country wears at present. Let us, then, imagine the land to have risen several thousand feet higher than it does now, and to be subject to an increasing cold, until at length one wide mantle of ice and snow falls over it from the hill-tops to the sea. This great sheet, constantly augmented by renewed snow-falls, presses downward to the lower grounds, and, passing out by innumerable valleys, extends from the shore in long walls of ice. The unceasing friction of the ice wears down the rocks, and produces vast quantities of *débris*, which accumulates to form our till or boulder-clay. During this long process there can be little doubt that the country must have been slowly sinking. Its greatest altitude at the commencement, or during the severest part of the glacial period, was gradually reduced, and the depression went on until it had converted the island into a group of scattered islets. In Wales the extent of submergence can not have been less than two thousand three hundred feet below the present level of the country. In Scotland the limits have not been as yet satisfactorily fixed, although the evidence appears to favor a depression of about two thousand feet. As each successive zone of land went down beneath the sea, it carried with it its own share of the glacial till, which was thus gradually removed from the destructive effects both of glaciers and of the waves. Masses of ice, laden with detritus, were probably drifted far and wide over the submerged land, and dropped their rocky burdens many miles away from the hills and valleys from which these had been derived.

In the till we find some scanty indications of the denizens of the country during

these wintry ages. Bones of the "mammoth" have been found at Ratho, Kilmaurs, Airdrie, and Bishopbriggs. It was probably the *Elephas primigenius*, whose skeleton, with the flesh and skin still adhering, has been found imbedded in the ice of Siberia. Nor need we hesitate to admit the possibility of so huge a mammal enduring the severity of an arctic climate, for it is known that the skin was covered with a thick, coarse hair that must have served as a tolerable protection against the cold. Another of the known natives of Scotland at that time is the rein-deer, whose antlers have been found both in Ayrshire and Dumbarton. Horns and skulls of oxen, probably of extinct species, as well as those of several kinds of deer, have often been recorded as occurring during draining operations in different parts of the country; but it is much to be regretted that the specimens seem to have been destroyed or lost without any accurate description and comparison of them having been made. And doubtless there must still remain the relics of other animals yet to be discovered in the older glacial deposits of Scotland, for, scanty though the fauna could not fail to be, it need not have been less than that of the present Greenland. Besides the remains of these animals, the Scottish till has yielded traces of land vegetation; thin beds of peat and trunks of trees in what seem to have been little lakes or tarns formed in hollows of the glacial detritus. But no botanical examination of these remains has yet been made. Lastly, over and above these traces of life on the land, we meet, in the same deposit, with indications of life in the sea. Near Airdrie, two little patches of clay were found, containing marine shells, and an examination of these shells by Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill, showed them to belong to a species not now native in our seas, but still living in those of the far north. The occurrence both of peat-beds and land animals and of sea shells in the same great mass of detritus supports the inference, that the bowlder-clay was formed during a depression of the land, whereby successive terrestrial surfaces were submerged and covered over with marine deposits.

Such, then, appears, to have been the condition of Scotland during the severer parts of the glacial period. The evidence of the till brings before us a land sealed in ice and slowly sinking beneath the sea.

The deposits by which the till is overlaid, and which continue this strange and eventful story, reveal how the land rose again, how the climate, though less arctic in character, still remained such as to permit glaciers to harbor among the mountains, and bergs to drift among the firths and bays, and how, by slow degrees, the temperature increased, the ice disappeared, and the plants and animals of arctic types died out or retreated to a more congenial abode in northern latitudes, while those of a temperate character took their place.

Much remains to be done before any connected and succinct generalization of these later drift deposits can be given. It may be enough to mention here that they consist partly of sands, gravels, and clays, which have been arranged by water, and partly of mounds of angular rubbish, which represent true glacier moraines. The sands, gravels, and clays form a striking contrast to the character of the old till. While that deposit is a coarse, unassorted mass, these are, for the most part, stratified, and are sometimes divisible into the finest laminæ. Indeed, we only need to see the two kinds of deposit together, to be assured that they mark the operation of very different geological agents. The stratified series belongs, in all likelihood, to the time when the land was rising above the sea after its great submergence, when glaciers and icebergs still existed, when there were probably powerful floods, occasioned by the rapid thawing of large masses of ice and snow, and when the amount of water in the streamlets and rivers of Europe generally was much greater than it is now. If the later parts of the drift originated under so complex a series of conditions, it is natural to expect considerable complexity in their structure and arrangement. But it may be doubted if any one would suppose this drift-series to be so difficult as on examination it proves to be. Some parts were unquestionably formed under the sea, and tell their own story plainly enough. There are other portions which seem to defy all attempts at explanation. It is hard to see how they could have been produced by the sea, or by rivers; and it is as perplexing to conjecture any other agency which, by the merest possibility, could have been concerned in their formation. Let us look for a little at the unquestionably marine deposits. Their history is comparatively clear, and

it opens out, moreover, a most interesting chapter in the history of the country during the glacial period.

Along the lower parts of the country, more especially close to the sea-margin, there is developed a group of clays which are in some places extensively used for brick-making. These clays are well seen along the eastern coasts of Aberdeenshire and in the Firth of Forth at Kirkcaldy, Elic, and Dunbar. On the west side of the island they have been recognized at Fort-William, Oban, Lochgilphead, and throughout the Firth of Clyde and its long tributary fiords, from Glasgow to the south of Arran, and the shores of Galloway. In some of their bands they consist of the finest laminated clay, like so much impalpable mud. In others they are more or less mixed with stones, and contain an abundance of shells. Now, it may be asked, what proof is there that these clays belong to the icy period? The proof, however, is ample. It may be regarded as of two distinct kinds; one of which may be called *organic*, since it is derived from a consideration of the fossil remains found in the clays; the other is *physical*, and rests upon certain simple parts of the structure of the deposits.

The organic remains in these clays present one of the most delightful fields of study. More than quarter of a century has passed away since their occurrence and true character were ascertained by Mr. Smith of Jordanhill. Cruising with his yacht among the kyles and lochs of his own great Firth of Clyde, he had been collecting materials from the raised beaches of the west, to show that the land had undergone a comparatively recent elevation. One day, in company with a friend, he chanced to walk along the beach of a little bay in the Kyles of Bute. Their attention was directed to a number of shells lying among the shingle, but different from any they had ever dredged in the adjoining sea. On more close inspection it was found that the shells had been washed out of a bed of clay where they existed by hundreds, and that their association on the beach with the recent shells washed up by the tides was merely an accident. What, then, constituted the difference between the shells of the clay-bed and those living in the neighboring kyles and firths? It was at first supposed that some of them were of

new species. But by degrees it was ascertained that they were all of species yet living, that some of them were still natives of the seas of Scotland, but that others were now to be found only in the seas of Norway and the arctic circle. Having once fully grasped this fact, Mr. Smith was not slow to perceive its significance. He traced the clay-bed along many parts of the west coast, and in order the better to compare its contents with those still inhabiting Britain, he instituted a careful dredging of the basin of the Firth of Clyde. A more charming employment can hardly be conceived. In the midst of some of the finest scenery on the west of Scotland, within easy reach of all the comforts of home, and yet among scenes as lonely and retired as the wildest Highland tarn, his self-imposed task was to bring up to the light of day the denizens of these quiet sea-lochs and bays, to explore the deeps and shallows, sunken reefs and shoals and abysses; and thus, while his vessel perhaps lay asleep on the face of a summer sea, to walk, as it were, in fancy along the sea-floor many fathoms down, threading his way now among groves of tangle, now amid rocks and boulders, now over coral-sand, and picking up from its nestling place many a tiny shell which had never before been known to live around the coasts of Britain. But there was not only the pleasure of discovering the forms of the present inhabitants of our seas; one great object was to ascertain how far these differed from those of the old sea-bed, represented by the sheets of clay along the coast. The result of Mr. Smith's researches (subsequently extended by Edward Forbes, Mr. Macandrew, Mr. Jeffreys, and others) went to show that of the shells found in the clays, some fourteen or fifteen species were no longer British, but were still living in the seas of the far north; that about sixteen species, though still alive around Britain, were rare there, and attained their greatest development in the northern seas; while the remaining and much larger portion were yet common as British shells. The labors of naturalists and geologists have since then been abundant in the same field, but the great fact has only been confirmed that the general aspect of the assemblage of shells in the clay-beds of the Clyde is of a much more northern character than that of the present fauna of the same region, and that, to

find a similar assemblage, it is necessary to go into the boreal and arctic seas. So that from the fossil contents of these clays we are taught that the climate of this country was, in all probability, very much more severe than it is now, resembling that of Labrador or Greenland. Moreover, if we compare the fossil shells with the same species which still linger in the deeper parts of our seas, we find the former to be by far the largest and most abundant. The fossils, instead of resembling the rare and comparatively dwarfed forms which have survived in British waters, are as large and massive as those which now live in the far north. The cold of the northern seas, in short, seems congenial to them; they become smaller and fewer as they recede southward, and their frequent great size and plentifulness in the Clyde clay-beds is probably another good indication that the climate of Scotland, at the time they lived, approached to an arctic character.

The state of preservation in which these remains occur, is often wonderfully fresh. The delicate epidermis of the shells is frequently as perfect as in living specimens. In favorable localities, some of even the more fragile shells may be gathered in dozens, with their valves still adhering, and the ligament still fresh. One species, for example, the *Tellina proxima*, occurs at the south end of the Island of Bute, in all stages of growth, in such numbers, and in such an excellent state of keeping, that a collector might, in the course of an hour or two, obtain specimens enough to stock all the museums and private collections in the country. This shell, moreover, is a characteristic one of the glacial deposits, for it is now extinct in our seas, though it still lives farther north. The clay in which the shells lie seems, in many cases, to have fallen around and over them as gently as snow settles down upon leaflet and flower, enclosing them so tenderly yet so closely that not a spine or tubercle or fretted rib which was theirs when they died has since been defaced. One can not linger among these traces of life without being convinced that the sea-bed which they reveal must have resembled, in the main, an ordinary sea-bed of the present day. There is the same evidence of gentle deposition, of long-continued life, generation succeeding generation, and each leaving its own remains among the

sediments that gathered on the bottom. There is no trace of the violent cataclysms which were once in vogue as explanatory of the phenomena of the drift. On the contrary, judging from the size and abundance of the organic remains in these clays, we may infer that the conditions necessary for the maintenance of life in the sea were probably as favorable then as, under a like temperature, they are now.

The ancient basin of the Clyde must have vastly differed from the modern one. We have seen that the evidence of the shells points to a much colder climate. This is borne out by the physical proofs, to which a brief reference may now be made. Not only do the shells indicate a low temperature, but the same fact is confirmed by the very stones among which the shells occur in the clay. The lowest of the series of clay-beds in the Clyde district is a finely laminated clay without either fossils or stones of any kind. It rests directly on the old till. Above it come the shell-clays, in which the stones are often numerous and of considerable size. Now, the circumstances under which a bed of fine mud or clay can be accumulated forbid us to call in the aid of violent currents or tides, for of course the stronger the rush of water, the more certain is it that the finer sediment will be swept away and only deposited as the rate of transportation lessens. How comes it, then, that in some of the shell-clays there should not only be plenty of stones, but even sometimes large boulders? No transitory tide or submarine current will account for them; the mere fact that even the most delicate shells around them are still perfect, and show their valves adhering, suffices to preclude all violence. Delicate barnacles may also be seen clustered on the upper surfaces and sides of the stones, just in the position in which they anchored themselves, passed their lives, and died. The stones are scattered irregularly through the clay, with shells beneath, beside, and above them. We must therefore discover some agency that could drop them among the fine mud that was gathering over the shells at the sea-bottom. In all probability coast-ice had much to do with this transportation. The stones are often just such as a cake of ice, frozen along shore, would lift with it and carry out to sea. And what supports this view is the fact that in some cases

the stones have been found well striated on one or more sides. In the Paisley clay-pits, for instance, large striated pieces of schist from the neighboring Highland mountains, are occasionally obtained.

There is thus a double testimony to the severity of the climate when the brick clays of the Clyde were deposited. The shells remind us of the seas of Greenland and northern Scandinavia. The scattered bowlders bring before us ice-rafts and bergs, freighted with mud and stones, drifting across the bosom of the broad firth and its tributary lochs.

Similar evidence of the continued cold during the time when a large part of Scotland was last under the sea, is furnished by the brick-clays of the east coast, from Aberdeenshire southward. Like those of the Clyde, they overlie the old till, and, like them also, belong to a later stage of the same great glacial period. As yet it has been chiefly in the lower and more maritime tracts that these clays have been found. But there is another and more obtrusive testimony at once to the submergence of the country, and to the arctic character of the climate at the time. Scattered over the island, from sea to sea, are numberless blocks of stone, of all sizes, up to masses of many tons in weight. Unhappily, the progress of modern agriculture is inimical to their preservation, and they have, as a consequence, gradually disappeared from the more cultivated districts. But in many a mossy tract, especially around the flanks of the main hill-ranges, they may still be counted by the score. So conspicuous are they, as to attract the notice even of the rudest peasantry; and so strange often are their positions, and so markedly do they differ in composition from the general character of the surrounding rocks, that they have been, from earliest times, a theme of endless wonder. Many a wild legend and grotesque tale of goblins, witches, and elfins, has had its source among the gray

bowlders of a bare moor. "Giant's Stone," "Giant's Grave," "Auld Wives' Lift," "Witches' Stepping-Stanes," "Warlocks' Burden," "Hell Stanes," and similar epithets are common all over the Lowland counties, and mark where, to the people of an older time, the singularity of the erratic blocks proved them to be the handiwork, not of any mere natural agent, but of the active and sometimes malevolent spirits of another world. Nor need this popular belief be in any measure a matter of surprise. For truly, even to a geological eye which has been looking at the same phenomenon for years, each fresh repetition of it hardly diminishes the interest, nay, almost the wonder, with which it is beheld. We have rudely dispossessed the old warlocks and brownies, and yet, though we can now trace, it may be, the source from which the stones were derived, and the manner in which they were brought to their present sites, their history still reads like a very fairy-tale. There they lie crusted with mosses and lichens, and with tufts of heather and hare-bell, and fern nestling in their rifts, while all around, perhaps, is bare, bleak moorland. How came they there? They have not tumbled from any cliff, for we may see them rising boldly above the soil, when not another vestige of naked rock appears within sight. They have not been transported by rivers, for they are often seen perched on the summits of the hills, high above all the streams, and even out of hearing of their sound. They can not have been washed up by floods and oceanic convulsions, for not only are they in many cases of enormous size, but they consist of rock which is frequently foreign to the district, and may not be found nearer than fifty or sixty miles, beyond successive ranges of hills and valleys. What force then could carry these huge masses to such great distances across wide and deep valleys and lines of high hills? Again we must answer, ice.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A MAIDEN IN CHURCH.

SHE stands beside a pillar fair,
A maiden girlish-slight,
But stronger than the column there
Her innocency's might;
And simple straight her thoughts go up, in purest white arrayed,
And far above the pillar's shaft their resting-place is made.

She kneels beneath the arching lines
That o'er the chancel sweep,
And on her brow the holy signs
Of peaceful conscience sleep,
And higher than the arches' height her steadfast eyes do look,
The while they meekly seem to fall upon her open book.

A sunbeam laughs into her face,
The face that knows no stain,
And laughs to see from out their place,
Within the window pane,
The olden saints, in quaint array, come sliding, gliding down,
To hover o'er her winsome face, and weave for her a crown.

St. Matthew gleams about her lips,
For all his mien so staid;
And see, upon her finger-tips
St. James's palms are laid;
The loved Apostle calmly floats o'er one so purely fair,
And hoar St. Peter, with his keys, lies tangled in her hair.

Mine eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
For oh! she is so fair:
Yet do I naught but gaze and gaze,
For glory has no glare;
And then I murmur to myself, all wondering: "How can she,
This being, in her radiancy, my own betrothed be?"

Anon the organ's minstrelsy,
And all the choir join in;
But she, albeit her silency,
Is holier than a hymn;
For "Jubilate Domine" her every look doth show,
And "Gloria" is writ upon the brightness of her brow.

Then, for his text, the Pastor takes
A verse I know full well,
And every word he utters makes
A new-born glory-spell
Come showering down from out the pane to light up every word,
Yea, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see the Lord."

For lo! I see it shining out,
A gorgeous blazoned text,
With crimson, purple, strewn about
The golden blaze perplex;
And then upon my clasped hands I bow my face and pray,
And "Blessed are the pure in heart," I softly, softly say.

Utter.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE HORSES OF THE DESERT.

WHEN we say "the Arab," he who hears us is not certain whether we mean the horse or the man. The winged steed of the Sahara is, in one respect, a "household word" with us, and yet, like a classical quotation in a lady's mouth, it is much more familiar with us than known. Our admiration for the animal is vague and legendary. When some skeptic tells us that the English race-horse is greatly its superior, we have no reasons to offer for the impression which we entertain to the contrary. I remember, years ago, a white Arab—and white is considered the most promising hue—starting for the Goodwood Cup. Its beautiful appearance excited great attention. The price said to have been paid for it was prodigious, and it had never run upon an English race-course before. "The Ring," however, the members of which are not easily swayed by romance and enthusiasm, did not "fancy" the desert-born, and the result justified their coldness. He or she—for I forget the sex—bounded off with extreme velocity, and came in—last! My belief is that such would always be the case with Arabs entered for any of our *great* races; and yet there seems no doubt that for swiftness, endurance, and sagacity *combined*, the horses of the Sahara have no rivals. General Daumas, the French consul at Mascara, accredited to the Emir Abd-el-Kader, and afterward Central Director of the Arab office of Algeria, has recently* let us know the whole truth with regard to these animals, and the treatment which they receive from their wandering masters. Of this last, which to us, as a horse-rearing nation, is most interesting, "I am not prepared," writes he, "to say that 'This is right,' or 'This is wrong;' I say simply, Right or wrong, this is what the Arabs do." The question, Can not our light cavalry be recruited from Algeria, instead of, as at present,

from foreign countries? set the French general upon the most careful personal investigations into this subject; while, in addition, his friend the famous emir has supplied him with copious remarks. These latter are, as was to have been expected, couched in rather too flowery language to be acceptable, from a veterinary-surgeon point of view; but they are at least interesting, because genuine, and characteristic both of the hero and his race. This is the sort of letter Abd-el-Kader is accustomed to write upon equine matters:

"Praise be to the one God.

"To Him who remains over the same amid the revolutions of this world.

"To our friend General Daumas.

"Peace be with you, through the mercy and blessing of Allah, on the part of the writer of this letter, on that of his mother, his children, their mother, of all the members of his family, and of all his associates.

"To proceed: I have read your questions, I address to you my answers.

"Know, then, that it is admitted among us that Allah created the horse out of the wind, as he created Adam out of the mud.

"He said to the south wind: 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself'—and the wind condensed itself. Then came the Angel Gabriel, and took a handful of this matter, and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark-bay horse, etc., etc.

"Then he signed him with the sign of glory and of good fortune—a star in the middle of the forehead."

Thus the horse most esteemed is that which has a star on its forehead; and the Prophet has said: "If I were to gather together in one spot all the horses of the Arabs, and make them race against one another, it is the chestnut which would outstrip the rest."

Nevertheless, as I have said, the favorite color for a horse among the Arabs is the white.

* *The Horses of the Sahara.* By E. DAUMAS. W. H. Allen & Co.

"1. Take the horse white as a silken flag, without spot, with the circle of his eyes black.

"2. The black. 'He must be as black as night without moon and stars.'

"3. The bay. He must be nearly black, or streaked with gold. 'The dark red one said to the dispute, "Stop there."'"

The chestnuts, the dappled grays, and the yellow duns come next. The coats despised are the roan and the piebald, of which latter hue it is ungraciously remarked :

"Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow."

In spite of the praise that has been heaped upon the horse, he is certainly, in our own country, one of most senseless and helpless of all animals; timid, uncertain, and requiring abundance of care and watchfulness. The reverse of this is the case with its cousin of the desert. In early youth, indeed, immense pains are lavished upon him, and he is rarely mounted before he is two years and a half old, but his education has been such that he is by that time almost qualified to take care both of himself and his master. When the rider dismounts, and wishes his steed to remain stationary, he has merely to pass the bridle over his head; he has never any reason to ask a man to hold his horse for him. At market, or elsewhere, he leaves him for hours without disquietude, and returns to find him standing stock-still. This has been taught by a very simple process. The bridle once over his head, and dragging on the ground, a slave is stationed beside him to tread upon it whenever the animal is about to go off, and so to give a disagreeable shock to the bars of the mouth. This is the only thing approaching to harshness in the training of the Arab—although, indeed, if the training should *fail*, there are spurs employed such as no European would dream of using. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have little scope for employment in Algeria. Should any children, too young to reason, tense or ill-use the horses tethered in front of the tent, the Arab wife will cry: "Children, beat not the horses. Wretches! it is they who nourish you. Do you wish that Allah should curse our tent?" She does not spare her own husband, if he misuses his horse, but complains of him to the chief of the tribe. "O my lord! although he is all we have, yet my husband takes him on idle journeys, over-

rides him, taxes him beyond his strength. Scold him, I beseech you, in the name of Allah. Lead him back into the ways of our forefathers. Above all, however, don't tell him that it was I who suggested this to you."

"No sooner has the foal seen the light, than one of the bystanders takes it in his arms, and walks up and down with it for some time, in the midst of almost inconceivable noise and uproar. It is supposed that a useful lesson is thus taught for the future: the animal, accustomed from its birth to horrible sounds, will never afterward be frightened at any thing.

"To teach the foal to suck, a fig or a date soaked in milk, slightly salted, is put into his mouth. . . . But it is also necessary to accustom him to drink camel's and ewe's milk. They take a goatskin, used several years for holding milk, and fill it with air; then squeezing it gently, they blow up his nostrils a few times."

This last piece of education is essential in the desert, where water is often much scarcer than is milk; though, while there is any at all, the horse partakes of it, or monopolizes it, to the exclusion of the human. He is treated even better than "one of the family."

The Arab horse is watered, however, only once in the twenty-four hours. He is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley; these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when their stones are soft, and are eaten stones and all. In the spring, he is turned out on the pastures; but in the summer, if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. On this scanty fare, a good horse in the desert is expected, if necessary, to accomplish, for five or six *successive* days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles: and after a couple of days' rest and good feeding, he will be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting-place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; and if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue how far you can yet depend upon your horse, get off his back, and pull him strongly by the tail; if he remains unmoved, you may still rely upon him. "It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse doing one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours!" The requisites which the men of the desert look for in him are, that "he should carry a full-grown man, his arms

and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him."

A horse of the Sahara is calculated to live from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty; his prime is indicated by the following proverb:

"Seven years for my brother,
Seven years for myself,
Seven years for my enemy."

The Arabs prefer mares to horses, but only for the three following reasons: 1. The pecuniary profit; for the stories that represent the sons of the desert turning their backs upon proffered treasure, and remounting the beloved steed that they can not bring themselves to part with, are a little imaginary, and as much as four thousand pounds has been known to have been received for the progeny of a single mare. 2. Because the mare does not neigh like the horse in time of war—a most important matter. 3. Because she is less sensitive to hunger, thirst, and heat, and will feed on the same herbage as the sheep and camels.

The Arabs of Upper Asia have regular genealogical trees of their horses, in which the birth and parentage of a colt is affirmed by evidence such as would be taken in a court of justice; while among the tribe Annaya there are horses so priceless that it is at least impossible even for great personages and wealthy merchants to pay in cash for them: they give a number of bills, therefore, falling due at intervals of twelve months, or else bind themselves to pay an annuity for ever to the vender and his descendants. But perhaps nothing exemplifies the high value put upon a horse by these wandering people so much as this fact, that, although delighting in war and bloodshed, they never kill a farrier; they would as soon think of poisoning a well; he has only to alight, and imitate with the two corners of his burnous—raising and depressing them by turns—the movement of the bellows, and his life is held as sacred as that of a herald or a priest among more civilized nations. On the other hand, if a farrier chance to grow rich, a quarrel is often fastened upon him, and a portion of his wealth taken away, and held in hostage, to prevent so desirable a neighbor quitting the district.

The Arab horse-dealer is not the cheat

that his European brother commonly is, for he never resorts to any trickeries to disguise the bad points of his horse; but he is most seductively eloquent upon the subject of his virtues.

"'Uncover his back,' cries he, 'and satisfy thy gaze. Say not it is my horse, say it is my son. . . . He is pure as gold. His eyesight is so good that he can distinguish a hair in the night-time. In the day of battle, he delights in the whistling of the balls. He overtakes the gazelle. . . . He has no brother in the world; it is a swallow. He listens to his flanks, and is ever watching the heels of his rider.'"

It must not be concealed, however, that with all this honesty, and even chivalry, among the sons of the desert in respect to equine matters, there is also a good deal of horse-stealing. The protection of the Prophet is even invoked by persons bent upon this sort of enterprise; and the twenty-first of the Mussulman month is considered the right time for setting out, and the night of the twenty-second the most favorable for putting the design into execution. Upon the other hand, an evil which has grown out of horse-training in this country to a colossal size—that of gambling on the turf—is strictly kept down among the Arabs. It is forbidden and considered disgraceful to bet upon the result of horse-races, although they themselves are authorized by the Mohammedan religion. It is enacted by the Koran that the course for trained steeds should be seven kilomètres, and for those untrained but three. Ten horses run in each race, of which only the three who come in last receive nothing; and the prizes are given by the chiefs.

Contrary to the accepted opinion, the Arabs shoe their horses, although they take the shoes off in the spring. These are very light, of a soft, pliant metal, and are put on cold. Their bridles have blinkers fitted to them—an indignity which is reserved in England almost solely for draught-horses. The Arab saddle is of wood, with a huge pommel, and a broad *troussequin* behind, high enough to protect the loins; the whole being covered and held together without nails or pegs by a camel's skin. Suspended from the pommel is a sort of bag, called a *djebira*, containing several compartments for carrying bread, a mirror, soap, cartridges, shoes, a flint, and writing materials. "I am convinced," says General Daumas,

"that the sabretaches of our hussars had their origin in these *djebiras*." The stirrups are broad and clumsy. Their lateral faces gradually diminish so as to unite with the upper bar which supports the ring for the stirrup leathers. They are used very short, and the whole foot is thrust into them. The eye of these stirrups strikes against the leg-bone of him who rises in them, and renders them at first extremely painful; but after a time

the skin hardens, and an exostosis is formed, which destroys all sensibility. It is by these exostoses that a horseman is distinguished from a foot-soldier, and so clearly indeed, that in the province of Oran a certain bey, having resolved to inflict an exemplary chastisement on a tribe that had revolted, put to death all who fell into his hands bearing these marks. He well knew that his anger was only vented on the horsemen.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PLEASURES OF DIFFICULTY.

It would be very difficult to define precisely what is pleasure—almost as difficult as to define what is happiness. We pursue happiness, or some symbol for it, through life, and occasionally, perhaps, pluck pleasure by the way. But we have not time to examine the pleasure we have seized: "'tis odor fled as soon as shed;" and though the recollection of it lingers about us, and we sigh for its renewal, we never meet it again in the same shape: when next it comes to us it is like, but not the same. The pleasures that are gone are gone for ever; the pleasures which are to come must be more or less new, as we who enjoy them are more or less changed. The difference may be almost imperceptible, as the difference in ourselves, from day to day, is imperceptible; but a pleasure which we might call the same is in reality only similar, when experienced for the second time, and presents at least one essential point of difference, the want of novelty. But as there are degrees of novelty, as of almost all things, so by frequent repetition a pleasure becomes less and less like the first experience of it, until at length many things which we once regarded as our greatest pleasures cease to be pleasures at all. The triumph with which a child jerks his first minnow to the bank with a stick and a string is not exceeded by that with which, a score of years later, he kills a gigantic salmon by a dexterous throw of the fly, and a skillful contest with the fish. As all the toys and

games of childhood cease by degrees to please, so one hears many people proclaiming that childhood is the happiest part of life. But perhaps, after all, maturity and old age may be as happy in themselves, if only they can refrain from looking back. Childhood can not discern that some pleasures are irrevocably gone—all other ages can; and childhood enjoys more than any other age the pleasures of anticipation. But childhood is scarcely left behind ere we learn a lesson which counterbalances all childhood's advantages. Whenever the anticipation is great, the pleasure is proportionately small. To anticipate is to borrow for the present at the expense of the future; and unless we go through the insolvent court presided over by commissioner Death, we can not avoid the payment of such debts. In short, to use the homely old adage, we "can not eat the cake and have it." If, then, we are willing to learn the lessons which experience repeats to us every day, and when we have learnt them to act upon them, our pleasures may be as numerous at one period of our lives as at another. We have only to be content not to mourn for pleasures past, and to "take no thought for the morrow."

And the greatest and most permanent of all pleasures are the pleasures of difficulty. They are the greatest in number and in degree, for we meet nothing more frequently than difficulty; and the highest of all pleasures is the consciousness of

having surmounted a difficulty, and the next to it the satisfaction of having made a gallant, though unsuccessful struggle. And they are in two ways the most permanent; for on the one hand the pleasure of the struggle lasts throughout the whole of the struggle, and is increased when the struggle is successfully ended; and, on the other hand, the pleasure is susceptible of unlimited repetitions, as the number of difficulties which may be encountered is unlimited; and the pleasure of dealing with a new difficulty is a new pleasure, though still belonging to the one class—the pleasures of difficulty.

But it may with very great justice be said that pleasure is not the chief feature of a great and protracted struggle with a difficulty—that there are moments of depression, of disgust, even of despair. So, undoubtedly, there are; and in that very fact lies the great proof that difficulty is a source of pleasure. It is where the energies relax that depression comes in; it is where the difficulty has been removed from the category of the difficult, and transferred to that of the impossible. Difficulty naturally inspires the hope that it may be overcome; but impossibility destroys all hope, and crushes us with the belief that our labor is labor in vain. So in a long struggle, which is fruitless until the prime object is attained, it is to be expected that there will be moments when the poor toiler will ask himself whether he is not engaged upon a hopeless task—if not absolutely impossible, at least impossible to him. Still, when he sets himself to work again, he will forget his fears in his labors, and enjoy again the pleasures of activity or of difficulty, which are one and the same; for it is difficulty which calls forth activity, and activity is pleasure; and so he who struggles with an impossibility, believing it to be only a difficulty, may find pleasure in the struggle, though he never attains to that excess of pleasure which rewards the consummation. If a child wants a piece of the moon, and sits down and cries for it, he will be miserable; but if he sets to work to devise some means of reaching the moon and bringing back a piece of it, the occupation will secure him from misery as long as it lasts. It is better to inflate a balloon and ascend with it wherever it may go than to sit still and cry one's eyes out; for even a broken neck is better than a

broken heart. It is better to die of work than to die of grief, though not wise to kill one's self with either.

But it is the proneness to regard a difficulty as an impossibility which is the source of a great portion of human misery. It may sometimes prostrate the strong man in the midst of his exertions; but it more frequently displays itself among the more inactive portion of mankind, which “never gets a chance,” or “has no luck.” But with such men—as with those who work too hard, and fall victims to their hard work—the real mischief lies in an inherent fallacy in their view of life. They forget that the object and the attainment of it are but the zest which give piquancy to life, and that the struggle and the difficulty are the true meat and drink. And that this is so there are many indications; for even success palls upon men at last, just as the same sauce served up day after day at last palls upon the epicure. Great conquerors sigh for more worlds to vanquish before they have vanquished their own. Success has become so easy to them, that they have ceased to regard victory as involving any difficulty. They must be victorious; and how wretched will they be when there are no more victories to be won! All their power of struggling with difficulty has been spent in the struggle with a particular kind of difficulty, and they have drunk deep of its pleasures; they are for the most part ignorant of the pleasures of other difficulties; they fail to see that in human life there is an infinity of worlds within worlds to be conquered. Material conquest has been the pleasure of their youth—the delight of adding land to land, and saying, “This is mine;” and though the pleasure has ceased to please, and been metamorphosed into satiety, they still can not allow that any other kind of conquest can afford equal pleasure.

We are perhaps most of us guilty of the same absurdity; we are all bigoted to our own old habits; we are all more or less like the cobbler who thought there was nothing like leather; and we are so because we have all been conversant with the pleasures of a particular kind of difficulty, and still associate the idea of pleasant occupation with the idea of that particular kind of difficulty, no matter whether that difficulty be the reduction of a warlike nation into obedient subjects, or the reduction of a refractory piece of

leather into a well-made boot. But we all of us by this very fact bear witness to the pleasures of difficulty. Men may grumble at their hard work; but as a rule, if they are good for much, they take more interest in their own particular kind of work than in any thing else. There is a sort of consciousness in them that they have experienced pleasure in the successful struggle with certain difficulties, and a lurking hope that another successful struggle with the same kind of difficulties may be in store for them. They have the desire to advance—not to make entirely new conquests, but to secure by some additional victory the acquisitions they have already made.

All mankind seem to possess the combative faculty in a greater or less degree; and its difference in one man and another is perhaps one quite as much of kind as of degree. The occupations which a man pursues, or, in other words, the difficulties which he prefers to encounter, are quite as distinctive marks of his character as the energy with which he encounters them. An Aristotle or an Euclid fights as resolutely as a Alexander, and it costs as great an effort to read one of nature's laws as to assert the human law of might; but the one contest is visible, and the other seen only in its results. The pleasures of the victory and the struggle are perhaps as great in the one case as in the other. There is in both the precious drop of triumph to sweeten life—made precious only by the difficulty by which it has been purchased. Had Alexander been born to the greatness of Sardanapalus, he might have become a Sardanapalus, but he could never have become an Alexander. Empire, which he looked upon as his by right, he could never have looked upon as the object for which difficulty and danger were to be met, and he might have betaken himself to the difficulties of devising new pleasures, or the difficulties of surpassing his master, Aristotle, in the fields of knowledge. A man of his excessively combative nature must of necessity have sought out difficulties of some kind or other; he could never have contented himself with those which came unsought, as some of us do, perhaps as most of us do.

But if the majority of men are, as must be admitted, disposed to shirk difficulty, and to look upon ease as the highest good in life, as the synonym for happiness,

what becomes of the theory of the pleasures of difficulty? Does not that which people like best afford them the greatest pleasure? If they sigh for ease when in the midst of difficulties, does not that fact prove that pleasure is to be found only in ease, and that difficulty is a source only of pain? This argument would completely dispose of the pleasures of difficulty, but for the well-known fact that those who are born to a life of ease sigh for difficulties, and travel over the whole world in search of them. Some men become politicians, some soldiers, some sportsmen—some strive to annihilate the mystery of the Nile, and some explore the prairies, or are attracted to the Pole; but all have their hobby. Some like fiery and unbroken steeds, that occasionally run away with them, and others trot discreetly on a steady-going cob; some affect pace, and are always on a race-horse, and others affect substance, and sit sideways upon a dray-horse; some ride a sound horse to death, and others keep a broken-down screw on his legs years after he should have been sent to the knackers. But every one gets a mount somewhere. Those who have not one of their own must beg, borrow, or steal; and on they all ride, fast and slow, each with a difficulty to be surmounted, each with an object in the distance—distinct, or indistinct, flimsy or substantial—and each quite certain that his own object is preferable to his neighbor's. Each of them is looking forward to the time when his hobby will carry him safely to the winning-post; each of them pictures a sort of golden age to himself, when the difficulty is surmounted and the race won.

Ah! that golden age! How delightful in poetry, how impossible in reality! and yet the desire of most men is to attain to something like it. Does not each of us desire a competence—the means of living without working? And yet, by a singular contradiction, does not almost every one consider a competence to be a little more than he possesses. Place a man beyond all want of money, and he wants something else; he wants laurels to repose upon, as well as wealth to roll in; he only wants a certain something to make him quite content; and yet, if he had that something to-morrow, he would find that his happiness could not be complete without a certain something else, of which he never felt the need until his first object

was attained. If he wanted nothing else, he would want an object and an occupation. His golden age is a paradise in the mirage, inducing him to increase his efforts, and making him forget the desert he has to cross before his journey can be ended; and as one image melts away, another rises to replace it.

The golden age! What an age of misery would it be, if it were what the poets have represented it, and mankind were all like what mankind is! Suppose there were no rich and no poor, and all men had what they wanted; suppose the land produced all its fruits without tillage; suppose every thing came at once ready to our hands; suppose that our wants were but few, and all satisfied, and that we had every thing which the poets who sing of the golden age hold necessary to make life happy; or suppose that our wants were innumerable, as in fact they are, and that they were still all satisfied—that we had but to wish in order to become masters of every science, of every art, of wealth, of all that men ever strive for—what miserable creatures should we be in either case! We should be deprived of Pandora's last and best gift—hope: we could not hope if we had nothing to hope for, and our condition would approach very nearly to a state of despair. But in place of hope we should have content—we had content when there was a golden age, the poets tell us. If so, men must have been very differently constituted in those days; they must have been incapable of suffering from *ennui*.

But while poets sing the delights of the golden age, and philosophers preach about the vanity of human wishes—and such philosophers have in a certain one-sided way more reason with them than such poets—few wishes are worth the attainment, and many are ruinous to him who attains them. What are all our objects of ambition worth, when we know that death is ever ready to pluck off the crown which success has placed on our brows? We struggle through life for the means of enjoyment, and when we have the means of enjoyment we are too old to enjoy. All this is true enough in a certain sense. It is true, if we consider idleness to be enjoyment, and the absence of difficulty to be happiness; it is as true as the poetical notion of the golden age, and as likely to breed discontent; and it is founded upon precisely the same fallacy,

but untempered by poetical fancy. The poet says "we can not be happy as we are," but conjures up a species of happiness in his imagination. We might be happy, he declares, if we were differently organized beings, placed under different conditions, the meaning of which is, when analyzed—nothing. The philosopher who prates of the vanity of human wishes implies equally that we can not be happy as we are; but he does not allow himself to be carried away by his imagination. "Human wishes are vain," he says, "and you can't deny it; and if human wishes are vain, life is vain, and happiness a chimera."

But it does not by any means follow that, because human wishes are vain, therefore human happiness is an impossibility. The hunters who have galloped about all day after a miserable little fox, which might have been destroyed in a moment by a poisoned bait, have not performed a feat in itself very great. The fox's brush is of itself worth little; but the health and strength picked up by the way are worth much. And the majority of the objects of life are in themselves perhaps worth no more than the fox's brush; but they serve to call forth the energies and affections of men. The man may be nothing without the object; but the object is nothing without the man. The gold is nothing, the position is nothing; but the struggle for the gold and the position may prove a man's affection for those who are dear to him; they may call forth all the manhood within him. There is but one danger: that in striving to master them, he may become their slave.

And in the struggle with difficulty there is certainly a danger of excessive toil, which, by destroying the power to continue that toil, sometimes destroys the pleasures of the difficulty. Difficulty supplies us with our objects in life, and every one has felt the necessity of having an object. Unfortunately but too many have sacrificed themselves to their object; and it has but too often happened that they have both fallen short of the object sought, and missed the pleasures that are to be found in the pursuit of it. Life is no life without its object, and an object that does not present some difficulty in the attainment hardly deserves the name; but it is surely an absurdity to sacrifice health and life for an object which is, after

all, but the complement of life—unless, indeed, the object is purely unselfish, and the life is given for a great cause! But how often does “vaulting ambition o’erleap itself, and fall on the other side?” How often do the most selfish of mankind make the most complete sacrifices of self, not for the sake of religion, not for the good of their fellowmen, not for the good of their kind, not even for their own good—but simply from the love of money, or position, or fame, or some abstraction, which has in the beginning served as an object giving an impulse to their lives, and in the end as a loadstone attracting them to dissolution? We cry out that we are a hard-working age; but why do we persist in working so hard? We have not all of us great objects to sacrifice ourselves for: the majority of us are hoping for nothing higher than our so many hundreds or thousands a year, or a footing in a certain society, or to make our boys gentlemen by profession, and our girls ladies by what is called education. But is it, after all, the profession which makes the gentleman?—is it the combination of accomplishments which makes the lady? All honor be to parental affection; but even parental affection may be blind to the true interests of those it loves. Is it a good example to make our toil a task instead of a pleasure—a thing to be shunned instead of welcomed—to convert the wholesome and invigorating air of difficulty into a poison, and determined energy into feverish discontent? Is not a poor man in health better than a rich man in sickness?—nay, is not stamina quite as necessary as refinement in this pushing world of ours? Why should we pluck a crown of thorns from every hedge we pass? The roses are sweeter, and will repay us for a scratch or two incurred in the gathering. There is an asceticism in money-making no less than in monasteries, and it is an asceticism which it will be found even more difficult to justify. Surely money was made for man, and not man for money.

In dealing with difficulties, as with most matters, there is a certain golden mean, the preservation of which secures the highest amount of enjoyment. When a man rushes into enterprises which are manifestly beyond his strength, he acts like a fool; but it is an act of folly which is perpetrated every day. If a man attempts to lift two hundredweight when

he is barely able to lift one, he scarcely deserves commiseration for a broken back; and yet people are continually breaking their backs in a similar way, and that too after they have had experience that they can not make the attempt with impunity. But the glory of lifting two hundredweight, or of some other corporeal or mental feat beyond their strength, appears to them an object so infinitely preferable to an unbroken back, that they are content to risk their backs or their lives in the endeavor to attain it. The greater the difficulty to be overcome, the greater the glory when they have overcome it. In the craving for the result they forget to estimate the means, and strain themselves into a premature grave: they frequently sacrifice themselves to an object, without considering whether that object is worthy of the sacrifice, or sometimes even in ignorance that the sacrifice must be made.

But still greater would be the folly of a man who, because he knew himself to be unable to lift two hundredweight, shrank back appalled from the labor of picking up a cricket-ball. There are not such men to be found, it may be said; and yet, *mutatis mutandis*, there are. It might be somewhat difficult to find any one who would absolutely refuse to pick up a cricket-ball on the score of the excessive exertion required; and yet in the matches of life there are many to be found sitting listlessly on the ground, when they should be devoting all their care and energies to the fielding. But it is probable that both indolence and excessive exertion proceed from one and the same cause—the fallacious idea that indolence is happiness. The indolent man believes that he is making the most of the present moment, and the over-active man that he is securing for himself a store of future indolence, or, as he believes, enjoyment. “Carpe diem,” says one; “Make money when you are young, and enjoy it when you are old,” says the other. And he who says “Carpe diem” has certainly most reason on his side, if he sets the right way to work to secure the enjoyment of the present moment; but if he regards the delights of indolence as the only kind of enjoyment, he will find that monotony will very soon deprive him of his pleasures. The *far niente* can be made *dolce* only upon payment of the price, and is not in itself sweet. The

sweetness must be bought by the contest with difficulty—by toil—just as appetite, and sound sleep, and calm nerves, and strong muscles are bought. Rest after toil is indeed sweet; but to be compelled for life to do nothing—absolutely nothing—would be the last refinement of torture, infinitely worse than death in harness. The true theory seems to be, that we should enjoy the present as far as we may, without detriment to the future, and provide for the future as far as we may, without loss to the present; and to make some approximation to this is not by any means an impossibility. He who is drunk to-day will have a headache to-morrow, and has bought present gratification at the price of future inconvenience; but he who runs to-day, provided he does not run too far, may run further and faster to-morrow: he may attain a greater and greater mastery over difficulties. And this is equally true of all human occupations which do not inflict any strain upon the natural functions. Each difficulty overcome leads insensibly on to another remaining to be overcome, and one pleasure leads on insensibly to another. The goose lays her golden eggs every day; but woe to him who rips up her belly—as he does who would enjoy the pleasures of rest without waiting until the time for them has arrived. Unwise, too, is he who reserves for the future the egg which is laid to-day; for that which is a new-laid egg to-day is not a new-laid egg to-morrow, and at the end of a week is to a fastidious person scarcely eatable. We may be in a condition to-day to enjoy that which we may never be in a condition to enjoy again.

The doctrine which appears to be very commonly received, that work and difficulty are absolutely evils, and that ease and indolence are absolutely blessings—that we must endure an excess of the one in youth, in order that we may insure an excess of the other in later life—must, if seriously entertained, be destructive of all happiness—most certainly, if the popular and contradictory view that youth is the only season for enjoyment be accepted. For, can there be any reason in looking forward to enjoyment at a time when the capacity for enjoyment has passed away? But it is not true that youth is the only season for enjoyment, though it is true that youth is the only season for the enjoyments of youth; and it is not true that ease and

indolence are absolutely blessings, nor that work and difficulty are absolutely evils; each of them may be good or evil according to circumstances, and according to the relation each bears to the other. Youth is the season of hopeful energy, which can extract pleasure from the toils and difficulties that would overwhelm the aged and infirm; but it is not the season to perform impossibilities. And when youth exclaims that it is worn out with excessive labor, it admits that it is striving to perform impossibilities; the pleasure of the toil has been converted into pain, and nature rebels against the excessive strain—the pleasures of activity have become the miseries of over-activity. But the efforts of the strong and the sound are one long pleasure, so long as excess is avoided—so long as the pleasures of toil and the pleasures of rest are duly balanced.

There is perhaps no saying more common than “Duty before pleasure,” which obviously implies a general belief in the incompatibility of one with the other; and this is again the same antithesis between exertion and the absence of exertion: that, it implies, which requires exertion is painful, and that which does not require it is pleasurable. The reason of this is probably, that as by far the greater portion of mankind is, and always has been, compelled to exert itself, the chief object which presents itself as desirable is the absence of the necessity for exertion. From the extraordinary ingenuity evinced by those who have no profession in devising occupations, we are probably justified in inferring, that if the majority of mankind were born to idleness, exertion, and not the absence of it, would become the synonym for pleasure. And such a view would certainly approach more nearly to truth; for there certainly is pleasure in all exertion that is not excessive; and all the pleasures of idleness, to be enjoyed to their full, must be preceded by exertion.

Exertion—the combat with difficulty—and all exertion is a combat with difficulty in some form or other—is the true pleasure, and pleasure, in the common acceptation of the term, is no more than the shadow. But how many abandon the substance to run after the shadow! Less real pleasure perhaps falls to the lot of the professed pleasure-seeker than to the lot of any one. He goes out of his way in search of excitement, and loses the ready, healthy excitement of any broken animal

spirits. He pursues a name which fascinates him, and persists in believing, contrary to his own experience, that it is something more than a name. That which is called pleasure he thinks must be pleasure, and he tries to grasp it. But pleasure is not to be stolen. Stolen pleasures are said to be the sweetest; but stolen pleasures are really those which are bought at the highest price—where there is the greatest difficulty to be surmounted—where there is a spice of danger to give them zest; and it is in the contest with the difficulty and the victory over it that the additional sweetness of the pleasure is found.

There are, however, but few people who have not a practical belief in the pleasure of difficulty; and no one has perhaps a more hearty belief in them than the Englishman, whose prerogative it is to grumble, but who prides himself upon his pluck. He is a very ill-used man, but he "won't give in;" he has a dogged determination to win in the long-run; he will struggle, and make sacrifices for a point difficult of attainment, when he might "live comfortably, and enjoy himself." When men do this, having a free choice in the matter, it is evident that they must consider the combat with difficulty preferable to indolence. Nothing is more common than to hear men complain of the hardships they are compelled to undergo when it is in their power to live exempt from the hardships of which they complain. Pluck, which is the Englishman's boast, is but another name for the healthy spirit of opposition to difficulty. It speaks in its motto the English adage, "Never say die;" a brave old maxim, worth many volumes of philosophy—an exhortation to look on life with a kindly eye—to be patient, energetic, and hopeful.

It may be thought that too much has been said in depreciation of the objects of life—that the advantages of the struggle for them have been given an undue prominence, at the expense of the objects themselves; but the purpose of this essay is to show that it is folly to set an *undue* value upon the *ordinary* objects of life, and that even those ordinary objects are not best attained by so doing. The first requisite for every struggle is sound health, and that can be obtained—not by excessive exertion, nor by indolence, but by the amount of exertion suited to the powers of each individual. Every one who, by excessive work in the pursuit of the ordinary objects of life, impairs his powers, does a wrong to society. He contributes to the degeneration of the human race; and no success of mere ambition can compensate society for worn-out men and puny offspring; nor can any wealth, or fame, or station compensate the successful individual for the loss of health. But that there are objects for which life and, what is quite as important, health, may be nobly sacrificed, is a truth upon which it would be out of place to enlarge here. Such objects are not the ordinary objects of life, nor are the difficulties which surround them the ordinary difficulties of life: they differ in degree, if in nothing else. But even in such difficulties there is still the pleasure, and perhaps a greater pleasure in proportion to the excess of the difficulty; and for this reason it has been said that virtue is its own reward. But as there are great virtues, so there are little virtues—as there are extraordinary, so there are ordinary difficulties; and in each may be found its own reward.

L. OWEN PIKE.

DESECRATION OF CHESS.—There is a wonderful Hindoo chess-player at present in London. He plays three games blindfolded, and wins. At the same time he plays a game of cards and wins. During the game a bell is touched every one or two seconds, and he gives the number of times it has been touched. A man stands behind and throws little pebbles one by one against his back; these, too, he counts; and after the games are told he recites a poem in perfect rhyme which he has composed during the sitting.—*European Times*.

VESSELS ON THE AMERICAN LAKES.—The immense amount of capital invested in the commerce of our great lakes is hardly realized by the public outside of business circles immediately interested in the trade. The following statement of sail and steam vessels engaged in this business is compiled from the *Marine Register*, issued by the board of Lake Underwriters: Steamers, 134; propellers and tugs, 253; barks and barkentines, 191; brigs and brigantines, 78; schooners, 1080; sloops, 14; barges, 69. Total, 1769.—*New-York Paper*.

From Chambers's Journal.

S H O O T I N G - S T A R S .

SEVENTY years ago, a German philosopher, named Chladni, published a tract on meteoric astronomy, and in it ventured to propound the opinion, that masses of stone might fall upon this earth from unknown space, and that the traditions of such masses having fallen were not myths of ancient history, but credible facts. What little attention this publication obtained was not of a very complimentary nature; some laughed at it, more disregarded it, but in the hands of the few, it remained as valuable material for future investigation. Nature, however, came to Chladni's support. In July, 1794, twelve stones fell at Sienna; in the following year, a mass of meteoric matter, weighing fifty-six pounds, fell in Yorkshire; and on the 19th December, 1798, a splendid meteor was visible at Benares. At eight in the evening, in a perfectly cloudless sky, appeared a large ball of fire; a noise resembling thunder was heard, and then the sound of falling bodies. "The light from it was so great as to cast strong shadows from the bars of a window on a dark carpet, and it appeared as luminous as the brightest moonlight." It only lasted a few minutes. Search was made, and stones weighing two pounds and under were found buried in the earth to the depth of five or six inches. Specimens of these stones were forwarded to Sir Joseph Banks, who encouraged further inquiries; Howard aided with analysis and a remarkable paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*, which finally placed the subject before the scientific world. From that time, the most learned astronomers and geometers gave it their attention; and under their hands, it gradually emerged from its unknown state; though all their efforts could as yet, from the great difficulties in observation, effect but little.

Meteoric astronomy may at this time be divided into three parts, separate to a certain extent, but united by a common origin: aërolites, fire-balls, and shooting-

stars, which last are of more frequent occurrence than the rest. Aërolites are masses of stone which fall, in general, without any brilliant luminous display, though their descent is usually accompanied by a loud detonation. To this class belongs the famous stone of Ensisheim, a portion of which is preserved in the British museum; the account from which the following is extracted was drawn up at the command of the Emperor Maximilian: "In the year of the Lord, 1492, on Wednesday, which was Martinmas eve, November 7th, a singular miracle occurred; for between eleven o'clock and noon, there was a loud clap of thunder, and a prolonged confused noise, which was heard at a great distance; and a stone fell from the air, in the jurisdiction of Ensisheim, which weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and the confused noise was, moreover, exceeding loud. Then a child saw it strike on a field in the upper jurisdiction, toward the Rhine and Jura, near the district of Giscana, which was sown with wheat, and it did no harm, except that it made a hole there. . . . When they found that stone, it had entered into the earth to the depth of a man's stature, which every body explained to be the will of God that it should be found; and the noise of it was heard at Lucerne, at Vitting, and in many other places, so loud that it was believed that houses had been overturned."

Fireballs are, as the name signifies, a ball of fire which generally bursts, and scatters small stony or metallic fragments. Such was the meteor at Benares. Shooting-stars, we may conjecture, are small meteoric bodies, which, (though only visible for a moment,) if they chanced to fall on our earth, would probably attach themselves to the class of fireballs. These fall sporadically (that is, as single stars) or periodically in vast swarms. In these swarms often occur fireballs; in fact, the two classes can not be considered separately. Both phenomena are frequently

seen at the same time; occasionally the larger merges into the small. As before said, if a fireball bursts, its fragments, though they may not reach the earth, would assume the appearance of falling stars.* The annual return of these meteoric showers did not attract notice for many years, although, in numerous ancient writers, the allusions to and accounts of such showers show how steady has been their reoccurrence. The two great falls are in August, on St. Lawrence's Day, and on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November. The former, in old English calendars, received the name of "the fiery tears of St. Lawrence;" the latter, or November period, though more brilliant, is less steady in its return, being liable to intervals of some years.† Others calculated that the maximum of the November period occurred every thirty-four years, and foretold an unusually brilliant display of meteors in 1867. The August stream is unfailing in its return, as many must have noticed last year, when hundreds of falling-stars were visible on the night of the 10th. The chronological tendency of the Chinese gives us notices of many starry showers; and singularly enough, Biot found that most of those recorded corresponded with the stream of

St. Lawrentius. These Chinese records take us back more than six hundred years before Christ—to the time of the Tarquins and the second Messenian war. Livy narrates that a shower of stones fell on the Alban Mount, one of the seven hills of Rome, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, about 654 B.C.; and Plutarch mentions the gigantic stone of *Ægos-Potamos*, which fell 405 B.C., and was seen five hundred years after by the elder Pliny, who describes it as of the size of a wagon. Four hundred and seventy-two years B.C., Theophrastus of Byzantium speaks of the sky at Constantinople being, in November, "as if on fire with flying meteors;" and in 599, on Saturday night, (say the annals of Cairo,) in the last Moharrun (October 19th, 1202,) the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers, and were dispersed from left to right; this lasted till daybreak; the people were alarmed. Other writers compare them to "fiery rain falling like locusts;" but the most vigorous and suggestive simile is in the Chronicle of Rheims, where a stream of meteors, in the time of William Rufus, is described as "the stars in heaven were driven like dust before the wind." Of the later detailed accounts of these unusually brilliant starry showers, one of the first is in a Portuguese record, as follows: "In the year 1366, and twenty-two days of the month of October being past, three months before the death of the king, Don Pedro, [of Portugal,] there was in the heavens a movement of stars, such as men never before saw or heard of. At midnight, and for some time after, all the stars moved from east to west; and after being collected together, they began to move, some in one direction, and others in another. And afterward, they fell from the sky in such numbers, and so thickly together, that as they descended low in the air, they seemed large and fiery, and the sky and the air seemed to be in flames, and even the earth appeared as if ready to take fire. That portion of the sky where there were no stars seemed to be divided into many parts, and this lasted for a long time. Those who saw it were filled with such great fear and dismay, that they were astounded, imagining they were struck dead, and that the end of the world had come." Humboldt, when traveling in South America, was a

* "The remarkable meteor of August 18th, 1783, traversed the whole of Europe, from Shetland to Rome, with a velocity of about thirty miles per second, at a height of fifty miles from the surface of the earth, with a light surpassing that of the full moon, and a real diameter of fully half a mile. Yet with these vast dimensions, it changed its form visibly, and at length quietly separated into several distinct bodies, accompanying each other in parallel courses, and each followed by a tail or train."—*Herschel*.

† Our readers may probably be interested in the following extract, which we are permitted to give from a private letter of the celebrated Mary Somerville. It is dated November 22d, 1834: "We did watch for meteors on the evening of the 12th, and Dr. Somerville saw a magnificent one, like a sky-rocket, pass right across from south to north at a quarter before ten. Soon after, my maid, who had walked from town, declared that, at a quarter past nine, *un tas de comètes* had rushed along the sky. I unluckily saw neither, and have heard nothing further on the subject; but I have written to Dr. Bowditch at Baden, in America, to ask his opinion of those that appeared there in the years 1832 and 1833, and shall let you know as soon as I get an answer. Of course, any theory as to their cause is a matter of conjecture; but a recurrence of phenomena so striking, and in such multitudes, three different years, on the same day of the month, and during the same time of the night, leads to the inference of a periodic origin."

spectator of one of the most splendid displays of this kind ever known. It was on November 13th, 1799, and was visible all over the Northern and Southern continents of America. "Toward the morning of the 13th, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting-meteors. Thousands of bodies and falling-stars succeeded each other during four hours. From the beginning of the phenomenon, there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with bodies or falling-stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds."

Another account of the same phenomenon, as seen from the Gulf of Mexico, says the meteors "flew about in all possible directions, except from the earth, toward which they were all inclined, more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel in which we were, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us." But the most recent of these prodigious meteoric showers occurred on the nights of the 12th and 13th November, 1833, and, like the preceding swarm, was visible all over America. "The stars fell, on this occasion, like flakes of snow; and it was calculated that at least two hundred and forty thousand had fallen during a period of nine hours." The phenomenon commenced at midnight, only reaching its maximum at 5 A.M.; and many of the meteors were remarkable for their peculiar form and size. One hung for some time in the zenith, immediately over the Falls of Niagara, "emitting radiant streams of light." But the appearance, and effect on the mind, of this spectacle will be best understood from the account of a planter in South Carolina, who was an eye-witness. "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of the three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment, I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying: "O my God, the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say

which excited me the most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressing cries of the negroes. Upward of a hundred lay prostrate on the ground, some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth—east, west, north, and south, it was the same."

The reader will notice that the interval between these two swarms, the most prodigious on record—1799, 1833—seems to support Olber's theory of the maximum recurring every thirty-four years. Of course, it is only lengthened observation in the future, and careful examination of past accounts, which can decide the correctness of this hypothesis.

In Milner's *Gallery of Nature*, the meteors of the last-mentioned swarm were described as of three kinds: 1. Phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point. These were the most abundant; they passed along the sky with immense velocity, as numerous as the flakes of a sharp snow-storm. 2. Large fireballs, which darted forth at intervals across the sky, describing arcs in a few seconds. Luminous trains marked their path, which remained in view for a number of minutes, and in some cases for half an hour or more. The trains were commonly white; but the various prismatic colors occasionally appeared, vividly and beautifully displayed. Some of these fireballs were of enormous size; indeed, one was seen larger than the moon when full. 3. Luminosities of irregular form, which remained stationary for a considerable time. The one mentioned above as having been seen at the Falls of Niagara was of this kind.

The circumstance of prismatic light attending the train of fireballs, is well attested; also the light of the train remaining visible so long after the disappearance of the fireball itself. "Admiral Krusenstern saw, in his voyage round the world, the train of a fireball shine for an hour after the luminous body itself had disappeared, and scarcely move throughout the whole time." Sir Alexander Burnes, in his travels in Bokhara, dwells on the exquisite loveliness of variously-colored falling-stars, and says the atmosphere is there so pure, that "there is a never-ceasing display of the most brilliant meteors, which dart like rockets in the sky; ten or

twelve are sometimes seen in an hour, assuming every color—fiery red, blue, pale, and faint.”

Of sporadic stars, there is an average of from five to seven visible every hour on a clear night. These are stray visitants, in contradistinction to the prodigious swarms of November and August, which observation during twenty-five years has decided as accurately returning phenomena. Arago gives a summary of the times in each month when meteors are chiefly seen; it is as follows: January. Shooting-stars are rare, 1st to 4th, if at all. February. The ancient showers of meteors announced for this month by the chroniclers seem to have failed for the last eight or nine centuries. March. Occasionally. April. From 4th to 11th, and 17th to 25th. May. Shooting-stars are rare. June. Shooting-stars are *very* rare. July. The apparition of showers begins now to increase in number; we may expect them about July 26th to 29th. August. The well-known period of 9th to 11th. September. Rare, but possible from 18th to 25th. October. In the middle of the month. November. As usual from 11th to 13th, though less abundant. December. About 5th to 15th.

From this it will be seen that shooting-stars are much more numerous during the latter half of the year, when the earth is passing from summer to winter, or, in astronomical phraseology, from aphelion to perihelion. The same increase of number in the last six months of the year is observable in the appearance and fall of fireballs and aërolites.

Now, by what theory can we account for this accurate return of meteors in each year? In only one way: that there exists an annulus of small bodies, revolving with planetary velocity round the sun. When these bodies come within the limits of our atmosphere, they are rendered visible to us as shooting-stars or fireballs, which last perhaps “let fall more or less strongly heated stony fragments, covered with a shining black crust,” known to us as meteoric stones. This way of accounting for aërolites, as emanations from exploded fireballs, occurred to the Greeks, one of whom (Diogenes of Apollonia) says “Stars that are *invisible*, and consequently have no name, move in space together with those that visible. These invisible stars frequently fall to the earth, and are extinguished, as the stony star which

fell burning at Ægos-Potamos.” We are accustomed to the idea of invisible cosmical bodies, from more than one brilliant star having suddenly disappeared from sight; and when we think of the trifling size of even the largest known meteor, we can receive the idea of them moving by millions, silent and invisible to us, through infinite space. They can only be, when compared with the other bodies of the solar system, as motes dancing in a sunbeam.

But the scientific world was reluctant to believe that we could “touch, weigh, and chemically decompose metallic or earthy masses, which belong to the outer world, to celestial space.” To have done this, would have been simply acquiescing in the opinions of our great Newton, that all the members of the celestial world were composed of the same materials as the earth, variously concocted. Rather than accept this theory, it was thought necessary to suggest hypotheses, more flattering to the ingenuity than the judgment of the learned. First came the atmospheric theory, which supposed that minute atoms were drawn up from the surface of our planet, and being collected far above the clouds, were there consolidated into masses of the desired size, which fell, by the force of gravitation, as meteoric stones, to their common origin—the earth. Scarcely more probable was the volcanic hypothesis, which admitted the possibility of volcanos ejecting stones with such force as to carry them far into the atmosphere, whence they would descend with immense force and velocity to the earth. This returning force, however, would be as nothing compared with that which Popocatepetl must exert to impel a stone a hundred and forty miles into space! In both these cases, there was a difficulty to overcome in the oblique direction in which most meteoric stones have struck the earth. In the former case, the atmospheric currents diverted the descending aërolite from its vertical direction; in the latter, they were supposed to have been ejected at corresponding obliquities. Another volcanic source was proposed—from the volcanos of the moon. From them they were to be impelled with such force as to reach the limits of terrestrial attraction. When once under this influence, the bodies would circulate in constantly diminishing orbits round the earth until they fell upon its surface. As soon as this selenic origin was suggested, Olbers, Laplace, Poisson, and

other geometricians, began to calculate the amount of initial force requisite to bring a body from the lunar regions. This inquiry continued during ten or twelve years, and ended by proving that an original force of projection would be required equal to one hundred and fourteen thousand feet to a second. As this even did not allow for atmospheric resistance, the theory was reluctantly abandoned.

The acceptance of the planetary hypothesis as the most rational way of accounting for the systematic reëcurrence of meteoric showers, is a great testimony to the sagacity of Chladni. As he first drew attention to the subject, so his theory has proved the one generally adopted after much controversy. The periodicity and parallel divergence of all the shooting-stars from the same apex or point in the celestial sphere, could only be accounted for by the supposition of a ring, or elliptical annulus of meteors. Supposing this ellipse is crossed by the earth twice in her annual course, and that the traversing of each node occupies a day or two, we may at once account for the periodic profusion of meteors. And the parallel divergence of the stars from the same place in the heavens at each period, is exactly what would occur if the orbits of the earth and planet meteors intersected. In the November period, all the stars emerge from the region of γ Leonis; in August, from β Camelopardali; the latitude of the apex is changed, but not the geometrical fact of divergence from a common source.

But on this principle the contact of the orbits having occurred once, *must* continue each year. This is not the case; there are breaks in the return of the November period, and also great inequality in the splendor of the displays; or there are total cessations of other periods, as in the February showers, which, though recorded

for years by ancient chroniclers, have not been encountered for eight or nine centuries. Two solutions of the difficulty have been proposed. The one by Herschel suggests that it is not a ring of equally-distributed bodies; but "if the ring be broken, or if it be a succession of groups revolving in an ellipse *not* identical with that of the earth, years may pass without a rencontre; and when such happens, they may differ to any extent in their intensity of character, according as richer or poorer groups have been encountered." Or these interruptions may be caused, as suggested by Poisson, from the superior attraction of the large planets on the very small bodies. "If the group of falling-stars form an annulus round the sun, its velocity of circulation may be very different from that of our earth, and the displacements it may experience in space, in consequence of the action of the various planets, may render the phenomenon of its intersecting the plane of the ecliptic possible at some epochs, and altogether impossible at others."

But these points, and many others connected with this branch of astronomy, are still subjects of speculation, and of speculation beyond the limits of this paper. Among these is the question, where and how do these stony masses ignite and become luminous? Is it within the limits of our atmosphere, or far beyond it in unknown space? Or do they gain their light but for the moment by reflection, to lose it again in the shadow of the earth, and pass into darkness? These matters still require time to solve. If this is "a new planetary world beginning to be revealed to us," we may hope that its principles may become known to us, as have been those of the greater members of the cosmical family to which these multitudinous meteor-planets belong.

CAPTIVATING BOOKS.—That book is good in vain which the reader throws aside. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hopes of fresh pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveler casts upon departing day.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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TWENTY-FIVE tons of maple sugar have been made in Plainfield, Mass., this year, and one of the Smith family there has sold forty-two hundred pounds for twenty-two cents a pound.

PAPER is now made from sorghum stalks at mill in Wood county, Ohio. The quality resembles that of straw paper, but it is stronger.

From the English Churchman's Magazine.

THE JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.*

THE city of Jerusalem fills a place in the history of the world which is perfectly unique and unparalleled. We do not mean this merely with regard to the sanctity of her associations with the facts of our redemption, and the supernatural events of our Lord's resurrection and ascension. Apart from this she attracts the attention of the historian and the archæologist by the extraordinary length of time over which her authentic and unbroken history extends. Jerusalem was a city in the days of Abraham, and it is now nearly four thousand years since the memorable meeting between her King Melchizedek and the patriarch victorious over the Canaanitish kings. The mountain of Moriah was the scene of the offering of Isaac, and there is not wanting a certain probability to the opinion of those who hold that there also was the true scene of the mystic vision of angels which cheered the flight of the patriarch Jacob.

Then comes the only gap in this marvelous history. Pass over the interval between the days of the patriarchs and the conquest of Canaan, and from thence forward we never lose sight of Jerusalem and of her vicissitudes. Her next appearance is in the story of Joshua's campaigns in Palestine. Adonizedek (Josh. 10: 1-21) is now her king—a name whose affinity to that of Melchizedek agrees with the opinion that the Salem of the days of Abraham is one with the Jerusalem of the days of Joshua. From the distant days of Adonizedek to our own the annals of Jerusalem are absolutely continuous, and the history of the world may almost be said to be written in the massive remains of her walls, her fortifications, and her conduits. There we may yet discern the enormous stones laid by Jebusite masons in the old foundations of the defenses of Zion. There we may yet see the works of David, of Solomon, of Hezekiah, of Ma-

nasseh, of Nehemiah, of Herod, of the Romans, of the Crusaders, and of the Saracens. The cities of ancient Egypt have an antiquity perhaps even more towering, but the current of their history was intercepted in the far-off ages, and they speak to us only of a mysterious past which holds no communion with the intervening life of the world. Rome yet remains laden with the associations of her long career, but by the side of Jerusalem she is only a modern creation. The historic age of Jerusalem was already old ere the fabled Romulus and Numa came upon the scene. Even as her sacred Scriptures are interwoven with the religious life of almost every nation under heaven, so also her long annals are crossed by those of nearly every historic people of the world.

Not less remarkable have been the vicissitudes of this strange city. Regarded by the light of her actual fortunes, her name Jerusalem would seem to have been given in a sad and sarcastic irony. Jerusalem, "Inheritance of Peace," of all cities in the known world she has least answered to her title, if by peace we are to understand a peace outward, and secular, and historic. "The City of the Sieges" is the name which her actual history would rather have suggested had the name been given with any prophetic forecast of her material history. It is the one distinctive mark of Jerusalem—the number and the severity of her sieges. No city in the known world has endured so many or so destructive captures. Her continuous history opens with a siege, when we read, in Judges 1: 8, how the children of "Judah had fought against Jerusalem and had taken it, and smitten it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire." And even then we find the evidence of its peculiar strength as a place of defense; for though the "children of Judah" had thus reduced the portion of it which lay within the borders of their own tribe, that is, the "Lower City," we read further on in the same chapter

* *Jerusalem Explored.* By ERMEY PIEROTTI. 2 vols., folio. Bell & Daldy. London, 1864.

(verse 21) that "the children of *Benjamin* did *not* drive out the Jebusites that inhabited Jerusalem"—that is, who inhabited the fastness of the "Upper City," or Mount Zion. And not only so, but these Jebusites still retained their ancient stronghold until the eighth year of the reign of King David, and even he did not attempt its reduction until all the rest of the country was subdued, so that its capture marked his completed conquest of the whole territory of Palestine (2 Sam. 5: 6-9). From the first siege mentioned in the Book of Judges to the great siege under Titus—a space of fifteen centuries—the city was seventeen times besieged; it was razed to the ground twice, and twice its walls were destroyed. In A.D. 614, it was taken by Chosroes II., King of Persia; in A.D. 629 it was recovered by the Emperor Heraclius; the Khalif Omar took it in A.D. 636; and, to pass over other occasions, it was taken by the crusading army under Godfrey of Bouillon, in the year 1099.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the memorials of *ancient* Jerusalem, and the determination of the *ancient* localities, have to be sought painfully beneath the surface of the actually existing city and far below the level of the ground on which most of her modern buildings stand.* It is no wonder that her minor eminences have been leveled, her valleys and her hollows filled up; that the spade and the pickaxe are the true instruments of antiquarian discovery, and that the identification even of her ancient *physical* outlines should, in many particulars, have become matter of vehement discussion and debate. The last thirty years have been peculiarly fruitful in writers upon the topography of Jerusalem. Scholars and antiquarians and artists have not been wanting, until the present condition of the Holy City, the chief questions as to its historic sites, and the physical peculiarities of its position have become familiar to every educated man. But M. Pierotti comes before us with claims and qualifications distinct from all who have preceded him, inasmuch as he has enjoyed opportunities such as have never before fallen to the lot of any Frank explorer. He was

eight years resident in the Holy City, as architect-engineer to the Pasha of Jerusalem. During this period a large amount of building was in progress, so that his opportunities of actual excavation have been greater than those, not merely of any living man, but perhaps of any individual whatever during modern times. His own description of the sumptuous volumes now before us announces them as "the fruits of eight years of continual labor . . . in which I have been constantly occupied in excavating and removing the rubbish accumulated over the place during so many centuries, in retracing the walls, in examining the monuments and ancient remains, and in penetrating and traversing the conduits and vaults; so that I trust I am in a position to throw some fresh light upon the subject of Jewish archæology. In arranging the plan of my work, I have rested chiefly upon the Bible, the traditions of the Rabbis, and the works of Josephus, and have made but little use of any other authorities upon the ancient topography of the city; but to compensate for this I have made excavations, and watched those made by others, have formed intimacies with the inhabitants of the country, have sought for information on the spot; regardless of personal risk, have worked with my own hands under the ground, and so have obtained much knowledge of that which lies below the surface of the soil in Jerusalem; and have pursued my purpose, at one time with bribes, at another with force, and always with patience, perseverance, and courage."

It is clear, therefore, that M. Pierotti has enjoyed opportunities of investigation altogether unprecedented, and yet with all these he scarcely seems to set at rest many of the points in debate respecting the topography of Jerusalem. There are indeed some conclusions which we can hardly think will ever be again questioned. The site of the Holy Sepulcher and the identity of the Rock under the Mosque of Omar with Solomon's Altar of Burnt Sacrifice, are surely settled for ever. So also is the fact of the former existence of a deep valley, extending the whole way from the present Damascus gate to the valley on the south of the city. Yet with all the evidence of laborious research which it contains, there is nothing in the whole book which strikes us so forcibly as the extraordinary obstacles which were con-

* As an example we may refer to the well-known fact that a depth of *fifty feet of rubbish* was passed through before meeting with the rock, when the foundation of the Protestant church on Mount Zion was laid.

tinually interfering with the desired *thoroughness* of exploration. Armed as M. Pierotti was with official authority, even he was compelled to content himself with brief and stolen visits to the places of interest, to disguise his objects, and to lie in wait months or even years for favorable opportunities. On some points, as, *e. g.*, the exact course of the outer northern walls and of the valley which anciently bounded the northern side of Mount Zion, time and further observation are clearly needed to test or to confirm his views. In the mean while, we will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the very vivid picture of Jerusalem and its general features, which the careful perusal of M. Pierotti's book has brought once more before our mind.

For the purposes of a general explanation, we may describe the position of Jerusalem as follows: There is a high mountainous ridge stretching from north to south through Palestine. Its valleys are deep, sudden, and irregular. On the western side lies the maritime plain which fringes the Mediterranean; on the eastern side is the deep valley through which, in a most winding and irregular course, and with a most remarkably rapid descent, the Jordan rushes. This ridge reaches its greatest height, about 3000 feet, at the situation of Jerusalem, and the individual hill, or mountain, on which Jerusalem stands, resembles a kind of promontory of table-land, surrounded on three sides by some of those deep, sudden valleys already mentioned as frequent in the region. On the fourth or northwest side it is united by land of a high level with the general mountain system of which it forms a part. Thus Jerusalem stands on a kind of tongue-shaped mountain amid mountains. On the east, and south, and west, deep valleys cut it off from the neighboring heights, so that the plan of the high ground thus described is a kind of irregular oblong from north to south, connected by an elevated plateau on the northwest with the general table-land of the country.

This tongue or oblong is itself divided by a smaller depression or valley severing it in two also from north to south, and each portion terminates in a sharp, precipitous, rocky, pointed end, so that the tongue-form we have spoken of becomes really a *double tongue*, or one which is divided by the central valley above named, so as

to end in *two* points. Of these two divisions, the western is higher than the eastern: this western portion is the Mount Zion of David, and is the site of the old Jebusite fortress which held out against the Israelites all through the times of the Judges, through all the days of Saul, and until David's capture of it in the eighth year of his reign. The slopes of this hill to the eastward, toward the minor valley which divides it from the eastern hill, were occupied by the town which the children of Judah captured in the early days of their invasion. So much for the present for the western mountain. Eastward from the dividing valley, and exactly opposite to Zion, that is, at the southern end of the tongue of land in question, we have the not less famous mountain of Moriah. Here was the scene of Abraham's sacrifice, here was the threshing-floor of Araunah, and here subsequently was the Temple of Solomon. Here also, in later times, at the northwest angle of the Temple inclosure, was the fortress Antonia, the "Castle" mentioned in the Acts (21: 34, etc.), and in which was the Roman governor's residence, and the pretorium or hall mentioned in St. Mark 15: 16. Both these famous mountains, Zion and Moriah, are at the southern extremity of the ground-plan of Jerusalem, and they look down upon the deepest portions of the surrounding valleys. Northward from each stretches the remainder of the plateau, and this remainder was in later times built over and included within the city walls, but the Jerusalem of David included only Zion and its eastward slope, and the Jerusalem of Solomon included only Zion and Moriah. These two distinct elevations were, moreover, cut off from the rest of the plateau by an irregular cross valley running east and west, so that, to recur to our former figure, the double tongue is crossed half way by a valley running east and west. The city of David and Solomon lies to the south of this valley, while to the north of it lie the subsequent additions which grew up before its final destruction by Titus.

M. Pierotti's experience as an architect enables him to speak with confidence regarding the date and character of the workmanship of successive ages and periods. He considers that the old Jebusite fortress "covered the platform of Zion which reaches from its southern extremity to the castle still existing on the north,

and is bounded on the east by the tomb of David, the Armenian convent, and the English church. This opinion is confirmed by the remains of an old wall, which the Armenians found on building a seminary and rooms for pilgrims, and by the discovery of an ancient pool. Both these appear to be the work of a very early age, and anterior to the introduction of Phœnician art into Jerusalem."

At a subsequent period M. Pierotti made a series of excavations with the view of tracing the line of David's fortifications on the south and east of Zion, and "found the rock hewn vertical, or cut into steps, or else steep and broken; on it fragments of ancient masonry still remained, built of large, irregular blocks, fitted together without mortar; in some places other rows of stones, joined with greater skill, were laid upon these, which in turn supported others rudely rusticated in high relief, with the surface rough. I am inclined to think that the lower rows belong to the period of the Jebusites, the next to that of David, and the upper to a later date. Near the Pool of Siloam the vertical hewn rock is again plainly seen, and also inside the city, on the west side of the Tyropean valley. . . . I believe, therefore, that the wall of David can be traced on the south and west. A careful examination of the western brow of Zion, and the configuration of the ground, show that this wall must have followed its present course."

The Tyropean valley, or Valley of the Cheesemongers, mentioned in the above quotation, is the north and south valley which separates the two mountains of Moriah and Zion. The western side was, of course, the slope of the mountain of Zion and of David's city, which occupied this mountain only; it was fortified by him on the side facing Moriah, as well as on the other sides. The Pool of Siloam was outside the town at the end of this valley, and underneath the precipices of Zion and Moriah. Such, in as few words as we can describe it, was the city of David.

In the days of Solomon Mount Moriah was added. "David bought the threshing-floor of Araunah, a rich Jebusite, at which time it was evidently outside Jerusalem; but when Solomon built upon it, he joined it to the city of David." (See 1 Kings 9 : 15, 11 : 27.) Solomon's wall began on the north side of David's, and

was traced so as to include all Mount Moriah, which it encompassed on the north, east, and south, and then returning a little way up the valley so often spoken of, crossed it, and made a junction with David's fortification of Mount Zion. The magnitude of the works executed by Solomon in this building of the Temple, and still more in preparing, leveling, and even extending the mountain-top to receive the Temple, is indeed astonishing. The summit of Moriah was hardly of sufficient area for the required purpose. The valley on the east was upward of six hundred feet below the level of the mountain platform. A vast wall was therefore built to the eastward, and the interval between it and the mountain-side was filled in with earth so as to give the requisite extension to the platform above. The details of the Temple buildings are familiar to our readers and need not detain us here; but there is one point on which M. Pierotti spends much care and space, and which ought not to be unnoticed in any account of his researches and opinions. Beneath the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and occupying nearly the whole space below it, there is a rough, unhewn prominence of native rock, which all Mohammedans treat with peculiar veneration. The Mohammedans regard the Mosque of Omar as the legitimate successor of the Temple of Solomon, and M. Pierotti considers their sites to correspond exactly. In this sacred rock—too sacred to be touched or fashioned by any workmanship of man—M. Pierotti considers that we have the actual threshing-floor of Araunah, and the unaltered actual altar of burnt-offering in Solomon's Temple.

The steps of his argument are these: 1. He assumes that Solomon was extremely unlikely to have chosen any other spot for his altar than that originally indicated by the prophet Gad. Thus, then, if this prominence of rock be the threshing-floor of Araunah it must also be the site of the altar of burnt-offering, and *vice versa*. The highest portion is about six feet above the pavement. 2. Next, we know that the altar was to be of unhewn stone; so that the bronze altar of Solomon must only have been an ornamental casing for the rock, which must have remained unchanged, so as to form the actual altar. Again, the altar was to be reached by a slope, and not by steps. The shape of the present projection of rock coincides

with this condition also, for it has a regular slope on the south side, leading up to the higher portion; and this agrees with the Rabbinical tradition, that the worshippers used to approach the altar *from the south*. On the remaining sides the rock is vertical, so that it is clear that when the remaining space was leveled for building purposes there was some object in view in leaving this portion of the rock projecting and with an approach on one side only. 3. The altar was a square of twenty cubits, which agrees with the size of the present projection of rock, exclusive of the space left for the inclined ascent. So far, well.

But now we come to further questions connected with the sacrifices and sacrificial arrangements connected with the altar. The prodigious number of sacrifices required by the Jewish ritual rendered a corresponding amplitude of drainage absolutely necessary, and also an abundant water supply for washing the victims and cleansing the ground from blood. Let us take these separately. Is there any arrangement for *drainage* connected with this sacred rock? Here we come upon ground peculiar to M. Pierotti, whose special qualification it is that he has enjoyed opportunities of subterranean exploration such as no Frank before him has obtained. There are two *connected* caverns below this particular rock, and the point which strikes us as most interesting in M. Pierotti's view is, that these caverns serve equally in identifying the rock with Araunah's threshing-floor, and with Solomon's altar. On the northeast side of the rocky prominence, and at the upper part of it, there is an opening into a cistern or cavern, and beneath this cavern a *second* cistern also is found. What can this have to do with the threshing-floor of Araunah? The answer is, that an eastern "threshing-floor" is something very different from any thing which our western notions would lead us to expect. It is usually a rocky plot of ground, leveled so as to allow of the crops being spread out to the air and the sun, ready for the laborers. Within the inclosure, or very near it, are cisterns hewn in the rock, some for water, some for storing the grain. The cisterns for holding water are usually *single*; those for grain are usually *double*, having two chambers, one below the other, communicating "by a hole (about four feet wide) in the middle of the floor of the

upper, which [that is, the upper chamber] itself opens to the threshing floor by a sloping passage (about three and a half feet wide). The lower cavern is deeper and larger than the upper. I have met with very many of these cisterns during my frequent journeys in Palestine, where they are still applied to their ancient uses; they are especially common in those Arab villages which stand upon sites mentioned in the Bible, as at Beth-Shemesh; Ramah, the home of Samuel; at Gibeon, and Beth-Horon, and many other places." The *two connected* cisterns of the rock in question are sufficient, in M. Pierotti's judgment, to prove the existence of a threshing-floor at this spot in ancient times. What is there to mark it as the actual altar of Solomon's Temple? The Levites flayed the victims on the *north* side of the altar. Hence there must have been a provision for drainage on the *north* side; and what more natural than that these ancient caverns should have been used for the receptacle of the blood? From these and other corroborative circumstances, such as the connection of these and other cisterns with the complicated system of vaults and cisterns, by which the whole Temple area seems to be honeycombed, M. Pierotti concludes that we have here the unaltered site of Solomon's altar, and the actual rock on which David made his great sacrifice on "the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite."

We can not follow M. Pierotti through all the details of his long and often interrupted subterranean explorations. It must suffice to say in general that his researches beneath the surface of the Temple area bring to light a series of arrangements for the supply of water, for carrying off the blood of sacrifices, and for disposing of the ashes of the victims, which corroborate in the most striking manner all that we learn from Scripture and Jewish records of the extraordinary *number* of sacrifices prescribed in the Jewish law. If any one has felt bewildered by Dr. Colenso's arithmetical puzzles about the sacrifices in the wilderness, we would advise him to study M. Pierotti's account of the cisterns and conduits of Mount Moriah. It requires no small patience, text and plans in hand, to read and master the details which his long researches have doubtless made familiar to himself; but we have felt ourselves amply rewarded for the otherwise tedious pains, by the

unexpected confirmation of the Scripture account of the Temple sacrifices, which thus comes to light out of these clefts of the rocks. It seems to us a not altogether fortuitous coincidence that such a confirmation should have been brought prominently before the public at a moment like the present; and, however in some particulars we may be disposed to think that M. Pierotti's conclusions may have to be modified, whenever the investigations can be resumed at the point where he has left them, we can not but regard his actual tracing of the subterranean constructions of the Temple area, so far as he has carried it, as a priceless contribution to our realization of the sacred history.

The detailed account of these two cisterns is as follows: "On entering the northern one (twenty-nine and a half feet deep), I found the floor covered with wet mud to a depth of about one and a half feet. At the first glance, I saw an opening on the south side, three feet wide, and four and a half feet high, half built up with Arab masonry, and after clearing away some of the stones, earth, and mud that blocked it up, I peeped through it into another cistern in the same direction, thirty-two feet deep. These are both very ancient, and are wholly excavated in the rock; and I have no doubt that they belonged to the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite." Thus, then, Araunah's cisterns would receive the altar-drainage, but how would the cisterns themselves be cleared of accumulation? M. Pierotti finds also the passages or conduits by which the builders of the Temple carried away the drainage eastward to the boundary of the Temple rock. Not that he could trace them the *whole* way, but *partially*, and in the eastward direction, and then following that *direction*, he finds outside the eastern wall the openings of conduits which he infers to be the eastern outfalls of those he traced within. And what is also very much to the point, he finds subterranean conduits from known fountains, conveying water into this drainage system, so as to "flush the sewer," and carry off the accumulations from the sacrificial altar. "The reader may imagine my joy at this result of my labors, so long denied, and so anxiously sought, and the gratitude I felt to God for granting me this boon of ascertaining the position of the altar of burnt-offerings, and the cisterns and con-

duits for blood belonging to the ancient Temple—an ample recompense for all my toil."

Closely connected with this subject of Solomon's enlargement of the city of David by the addition and fortification of Mount Moriah, is the subject of the aqueducts. The nature of the sites, equally of Zion and of Moriah, makes it evident that their water supply must necessarily have been artificial; and the immense demand for water, both for the numerous dwellers on Mount Moriah and for the purposes of the sanctuary, is equally manifest. Moreover, as a place of defense, in a land of little rain, an adequate water supply within the control of the inhabitants was a prime requisite. Accordingly, next to the Temple itself, the most astonishing works of antiquity connected with Jerusalem are its aqueducts, its reservoirs, and its conduits. It is not a little surprising that, while the works themselves are of so great size and importance, we are almost altogether destitute of historical notices of their construction and formation, and are left in great measure to circumstantial and internal evidence with respect to their date and history. We are compelled to ascribe to them an antiquity at least equal to that of the Temple, because without them the Temple itself would have been useless. But whether Solomon was the original designer and builder of the whole system, or whether he did but extend, and perfect, and complete another series of aqueducts, is a question which, at present, we have no data to determine.

Jerusalem was, in the main, dependent for its water supply upon the pools at Etham, a place two hours and a half distant, in a southerly direction, with a slight inclination to the west, sixty stadia, or about seven miles off. Here again we come upon the traces of the magnificent Solomon. At Etham, not far from Bethlehem, was his summer palace, and we can not help feeling that to him is due the magnificent works which connect this distant valley with his mountain-temple on Moriah. Here, then, in this Etham valley, which slopes rapidly from west to east, are yet three connected reservoirs, fed partly by the rain-water which drains into them from the mountain-sides, and partly by a very copious spring. This fountain M. Pierotti carefully examined. It is now called the "*Fons Signatus*" by

the Christians, because of its proximity to Solomon's summer residence, and in allusion to his expression in the Canticles (4 : 2) : "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse, a *spring shut up*, a *fountain sealed*," which may possibly be connected with this very fountain. On descending into the cistern which contains it, M. Pierotti found "the lower part of the walls formed of the great blocks characteristic of the era of Solomon." Visiting this fountain "at the various seasons of the year," he "found the fountain flowing most copiously in winter, but there is no deficiency in summer; so that if the reservoir and conduits were properly kept up, Jerusalem would never be in want of spring water, and the health and comfort of its inhabitants would be improved by the decrease of fevers and the increase of cleanliness." In the walls of the three large reservoirs above mentioned, "and especially in their lower parts, very ancient Jewish work is seen, which may be assigned to the reign of Solomon; not the slightest trace of mortar is visible, and where the wall has been wantonly injured, pieces of iron appear with the holes in the stones for clamps." Besides this fountain, two others, one in the neighborhood of Hebron, contribute their waters to this great conduit, which conveys the water a distance of seven miles and a half from the valley of Etham to Jerusalem, arriving there on the western side opposite to Zion. Here it divides into two portions, the one for the supply of the city of David, the other a magnificent work which doubles round the southern projection of Zion, ascends the valley between Zion and Moriah, and finally entering the Temple area supplies the prodigious number of cisterns which are excavated beneath its surface. "The whole course of this aqueduct still remains, and we can observe that a large portion of it is hewn in the rock, and covered up with large slabs; while in other parts it is formed of earthenware pipes, eight inches in diameter, which are skillfully laid with strong cement between stones cut in a proper shape, and protected above with solid masonry." All this M. Pierotti ascribes to Solomon, and he quotes the Talmud as stating that the aqueduct which supplied Moriah delivered its waters at the "Brazen Sea," and started from a spring twenty-three cubits above the level of the Temple pavement. This altitude he ob-

serves to agree exactly with the elevation of the springs at Etham. Besides this, there was an aqueduct supplying Mount Zion with water from a pool called the "Upper Pool," in the hills on the western side of the city. This pool is so frequently mentioned by this title in the Old Testament, that we must not omit to mention it. It was a pool or reservoir just opposite to Mount Zion, and the aqueduct in question was most probably the work of Hezekiah about the time of the siege of Sennacherib. It was constructed with the view of draining away the waters of the pool, so as both to add to the supply of the city and reduce the supply of the besiegers. (See 2 Chron. 32 : 3-5, 30.) All this serves to explain the otherwise remarkable fact that while in every siege of Jerusalem the besiegers suffered extremely from the want of water, the defenders were always amply supplied from the distant springs of Etham and Hebron and their neighborhood. From the ancient city of Solomon we must now pass on to the Jerusalem of the days of Herod, of Pontius Pilate, and of the Crucifixion of our Lord. In spite of all its vicissitudes, the changes in its general outline are soon stated. The chief alterations, since the old days of Solomon and of Hezekiah, consist in the occupation of the hill (Bezetha) north of Moriah, as a part of the city; and in the *second* wall, originally constructed by Hezekiah before the siege of Sennacherib, from the northwest of Zion to the northwest of Moriah. At the time of our Lord, then, according to M. Pierotti, the city, roughly speaking, occupied three parts of the total oblong area which we have endeavored to describe—that is, Mount Zion and Mount Moriah on the south, and Bezetha or the "new city" on the northeast. The *northwestern* corner, that north of Zion and outside the *second* wall (that, namely, of Hezekiah's building), was still uninclosed by walls in the days of our Lord. Here, according to M. Pierotti, were gardens; here was Calvary; here the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea; and here consequently the scene of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection of Christ. It is to be observed that here is the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher, and here the church which was built by the Empress Helena to commemorate the event of the Resurrection. M. Pierotti defends at great

length and with much care the ancient opinion as to the scene of the Resurrection. The traditional Via Dolorosa he utterly rejects, but as he argues the genuineness of the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher with all his might, we think it only fair to give his opinions and their grounds at some length.

The arrest of our Lord of course took place in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the eastern side of the city. The several trials before the Sanhedrim, the Roman governor, and before Herod, would all be held in the immediate vicinity of the sanctuary. That before the Sanhedrim in a building probably on the site of the present court of justice close to the Temple; that before Pilate in the Castle of Antonia at the northeast angle of Mount Moriah, and within the Temple area; that before Herod at his palace hard by, in the new town on Bezetha, just to the north of Antonia. Now, to bear out M. Pierotti's view of the position of Calvary and the tomb, it must be remembered (as stated above) that the northwestern portion of the plateau, which the Jerusalem of later times has occupied, was still uninclosed. Two walls only defended it on this side as yet. The third was built by Herod Agrippa, and as his accession does not date before A.D. 42, this portion of the city was as yet open. From the northwest corner of Moriah, where, in the Castle of Antonia, the final sentence was given, it would be but a moderate distance to the present site of the Church of the Resurrection; and, if M. Pierotti has traced the second wall correctly, as we think in the main he has, the distance of the traditional sepulcher is sufficient to comply with the legal requirement that all tombs should be at least fifty cubits from the outside of the wall. Now, the place of our Saviour's passion, though outside of the city, is distinctly recorded to have been *near to it*. "This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was *nigh to the city*" (St. John 19: 20). Moreover, it is probable that it would not be much beyond the required "distance, as the enraged populace would be likely to place the cross where those in the city could glut their eyes with the spectacle." Now, the traditional position of the sepulcher agrees with all this, and M. Pierotti is at a loss to understand how the tradition itself should be regarded as untrustworthy unless it obviously disagrees with

manifest probability. *First*: The true sepulcher could not be forgotten during the interval between the Resurrection and the destruction of the city by Titus. *Next*: The sepulcher was not like a building which would be destroyed, but was an excavation in the living rock, and therefore would be most probably unaltered by the general destruction of the edifices of Jerusalem which accompanied and followed the Roman capture. *Thirdly*: The Christian residents in Jerusalem did not perish in the siege. Had it been so, there might have been some doubt as to the correctness of the original source of the testimony to the site. But the Christians escaped the general wreck. They retired to Pella before the siege began, carrying with them their knowledge of the sites connected with their religion; and since there was an unbroken succession of bishops of the *Holy City* from the days of James to those of Constantine, it is difficult to understand how or when a *wrong* site should have come to be accepted in lieu of the true one. It may be said that Titus forbade the rebuilding of Jerusalem, or the inhabiting of its area. But though this was carried out so far as regarded the reconstruction of a "city" and defenses, it was not carried out so as to exclude *all dwellers from its site*. This is certain, for when it *was* rebuilt by Hadrian, there were many inhabitants whom he drove away to make room for his Roman colony. Thus then, coupling these facts with the unbroken succession of bishops to the time of Hadrian, we can hardly understand how there should not have been a continuous succession of Christian residents, the descendants of the Pella refugees, who would preserve the memory of a spot so sacred as that of the tomb of Christ. In a word, it is far easier to believe than to reject the ancient tradition. It is altogether different with the *street* of the Via Dolorosa, for why should a Roman emperor *rebuild* a street exactly on the course of one destroyed seventy years before?

For these reasons M. Pierotti considers it antecedently probable that the tradition of the Holy Sepulcher would be faithfully preserved, and he regards it as encumbered by no inherent improbability. Moreover, the very form and structure of the tomb agree with the customary arrangements of tombs of that age and date. It has "two chambers; the eastern is called the Chapel of the Angel, the western is

the actual tomb in which our Lord's body was laid. . . . The upper part of the walls of the tomb is masonry, but the lower is formed by the *native rock*. I have been able to ascertain this for myself at two points, one at the small *entrance-door*, which is *entirely hewn in the rock*,* and the other . . . where I was able to see the rock at a height of *four feet* above the ground. . . . It seems, then, impossible to deny that the tomb of Christ still exists upon its traditionary site, and that in all respects it resembles one of those sepulchral chambers, hewn in the rock, which can be seen at the present day in the neighborhood of Jerusalem; in which the corpse is extended upon a shelf, under an arched niche, excavated in one of the side-walls of the tomb, some little distance above the ground. . . . A strong proof . . . is afforded by the shape of the entrance, which has every appearance of the doorway of a sepulchral chamber, and closely corresponds with that leading to the tombs of the kings, which was closed with a large elliptical stone, still to be seen on the spot."

As may be supposed, M. Pierotti has not much to say on behalf of the traditional site of Calvary itself, but we must congratulate him on what we conceive to be the very complete way in which he has handled the two great questions of the Holy Sepulcher and the Altar of Burnt-Offering; and, although we can hardly think his observations completely conclusive, we are disposed to concur, in general, with his tracing of the wall of Hezekiah, and of his limitation of the third or Herodian wall to something very nearly coincident with the present northern wall, and

* The italics throughout are ours.

with his complete rejection of the more extended line of other Jerusalem explorers.

Here we must take leave of this sumptuous and most interesting work. It is curious that it was written in Italian, that it is dedicated to the Emperor of the French, but published in an English translation made by a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and printed (admirably) at the Cambridge University Press. To Mr. George Williams, a veteran in the field of Jerusalem topography, M. Pierotti is indebted for the opportunity of publishing his great work in England, and for the manifold assistance rendered both by Mr. Williams himself and other members of the University during his long residence in Cambridge. The somewhat startling charges brought against M. Pierotti in reference to some of the illustrations which accompany his book will, we hope, meet with full and complete refutation. Should any considerable proportion of these charges prove well-founded, they may not damage the value of the actual observations of M. Pierotti, but they will considerably diminish the interest with which we regard his accounts of them where they are incapable of being tested by comparison with the observations of other explorers. Even supposing that all which can be proved against him is, that in some cases he saved himself trouble by adopting some previously existing pictorial illustrations, it will seem inconsistent with his previous lavish expenditure of pains and trouble in the prosecution of his explorations, and hardly fair toward those Cambridge friends who spared no pains in assisting him in bringing out his book in its present splendid English form and dress.

CAUSE OF THE PERIODICAL RISING OF THE NILE. We learn from Barth's *Travels* (vol. ii., p. 473) that the waters of the rivers Taro and Benuwé, in about the eighth degree of northern latitude, rise annually to a height of from forty to sixty feet above their lowest level, and preserve their highest level for forty days—namely, from about the 20th of August to the end of September. Dr. Livingstone tells us that the water of the Zambesi, at eighteen degrees south latitude, rises annually to a height of about twenty feet; so great is the

mass of the annual tropical rains. From the same cause the Nile must overflow its banks when it is fed from a large lake in the neighborhood of the equator, and is, in fact, the only outlet through which that lake rolls its superfluous waters to the Mediterranean.

THE heir of the czar is about to propose for the hand of the Princess Marie Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales, and daughter of the present King of Denmark.

From Chambers's Journal.

T H E A E R O N E F .

EVERY octogenarian can remember the excitement caused in his young days by the practical illustration of the possibility of mounting into the air and moving through it with a speed which no express-train can yet equal. Kings and princes, counselors and wise men, the man of science who vegetated in a study, and the happier man who whistled at the plow-tail, were all smitten with the balloon fever. Clergymen had grave doubts whether it was not an unlawful act for man to spurn the laws of nature, and ascend into regions which he was manifestly not adapted for; and peasants, without any ideas of this kind, very commonly adopted a more effectual method of putting a stop to its continuance by chopping the balloon into little bits whenever they had the opportunity. Those were the halcyon days of ballooning, when an *aéronaut* was thought to honor a nobleman by dining with him, and princes were proud to shake him by the hand in public. Even the majors and colonels who ascended as amateurs were regarded as lions in every drawing-room, and received flattering testimonies of public admiration at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. There is no gainsaying the courage of these early *aéronauts*. With a few score yards of linen, plastered within and without with paper, they made themselves a bag, to which they attached a wicker-basket, in the center of which they placed a fire-pan resembling that now used by wandering tinkers, and with a supply of chopped straw, wool, etc., they shot up into the clouds, to be carried wherever the wind happened to be traveling at the time. Nor were they deterred from repeating these voyages by such casualties as occasionally happened of the balloon taking fire, and dropping the basket with its occupant from mid-air. Ladies shuddered when they heard of these things; and the people who had congregated at places of amusement to witness the ascent, were tender-hearted enough to disperse without waiting for the conclusion of the entertainments, when

such an unpleasant circumstance occurred. Things have changed since then; and to attract a crowd to witness a balloon ascent, it has been found necessary for the *aéronaut* to substitute a pony for the wicker-basket, or to go up in a fancy costume, and perform feats with a pole outside the car at such a height in the air that it was difficult without a telescope to distinguish when he was standing on it upon his head and when upon his feet.

There is, however, still one way in which a crowd, including at least one emperor, may be drawn together to witness a balloon ascent in which none of these extra attractions are offered as inducements, and that is by introducing the element of bigness. M. Nadar's balloon possesses this element to an extent which well entitles it to the name of the *Giant*. Imagine an orange which would just fit into the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, with a small excrescence attached to it by a gradually-diminishing isthmus of stalk, and hanging below both a caravan with the wheels nearly resting on the ground, and you will have a pretty exact idea of the dimensions and appearance of this already famous balloon. The little balloon is intended to receive the gas forced out of the upper one by its expansion in the atmosphere, to preserve it, and not to be filled previous to the ascent. The interior diameter of the dome is one hundred feet, and the height from the pavement to the crown is two hundred and fifteen feet; and if the balloon were placed within the dome, it would fill it so completely as to leave only space enough for a mouse to run along between it and the wall, while the wheels of the car could be almost reached by a tall man standing on the pavement. Ladies may like to know that nearly twenty-two thousand yards of silk, at seven francs twenty-five centimes a yard, were used in its construction—that all the sewing was done by hand, and that it took three hundred women and men a month to complete it. The car is divided into several compart-

ments, for the convenience of the captain and passengers, their baggage, beds, and provisions, a printing-office, and a photographer's operating-room.

The object for which this huge balloon was made is to raise a fund large enough to pay for the construction of the machine which is to supersede balloons altogether—it is, in fact, to be the last of the balloons. The idea that balloons could be made to travel through the air in a certain direction at the will of the aéronaut, has been exploded long since, and its impossibility is so thoroughly established, that the Académie des Sciences, which receives communications relative to inventions for all sorts of purposes, passes these by unnoticed. But M. Nadar is as ready as any scientific man to admit that the idea of steering a balloon is absurd; he asserts that the machine to be steered must be heavier than the air. The real difficulty to be overcome is the invention of an engine light enough to be raised in the air by known means, the lifting-power of which, however, is comparatively small. For years past, there has existed a toy, made of a round piece of wood, say, for example, a pencil; round this pencil four oblong pieces of paper, slightly bent, with the convex side uppermost, bordered with wire, were fixed, not at right angles with each other, but arranged spirally, after the fashion of a corkscrew. This pencil was dropped through a handle like that of a humming-top, and a piece of string wound round it exactly the same as with the top. A brisk pull of the string gave a rapid rotary motion to the toy, which immediately started upward, and continued to mount in the air as long as this circular motion lasted; but as soon as this motion ceased, the toy fell to the ground, by reason of its weight being greater than that of the air it displaced. The principle is that of the screw-propeller, and the possibility of navigating the air by means of the screw is said to have been affirmed years before Montgolfier invented his balloon. That which can be done on a small scale, can, as a rule, be done on a greater, but there are special difficulties in its application to aerial navigation. To enable the machine to rise in the air, and maintain its position at the desired height, there must be a continuous rotation of the screw, for the instant this ceased, it would fall to the ground. This rotation can only be communicated with sufficient

rapidity by means of an engine of some kind, and the only engine known capable of effecting this is the steam-engine. Now, it is almost inconceivable that a steam-engine can be made so light, and at the same time possess sufficient power to cause a screw to make so many revolutions a minute as to render it possible for the screw to raise itself, the engine and fuel, and the engineer—to say nothing of the passengers—into the air, and maintain its position there, ascending and descending at the will of the captain, who is to direct the movements of this aerial ship by means of another screw working horizontally. M. Nadar is of a different opinion, and he is supported in his opinion by no less an authority than M. Babinet of the Institute. He says, in effect, that if an engine of one-horse power is not sufficient, he will have an engine of two-horse power; and if that is insufficient, he will go on increasing the power till he has what he requires, the dead-weight of the engine not increasing in the same proportion as the increase of power.

It is, however, frequently the case in regard to engines that the existence of a want leads to an invention capable of satisfying it; and it may possibly happen that when it is found the lifting-power of the screw is not equal to the task of raising a steam-engine and fuel, that a new motive power, or a modification of one already known, may be made available for the purpose. It is quite immaterial by what means the screw is made to rotate, provided the means can be discovered to make it rotate with sufficient rapidity. MM. d'Amécourt and De la Landelle have made a model of the *Aéronef*, which was exhibited before the Association Polytechnique. The screw was made to revolve by means of a spring; and so long as the spring retained its tension, the model worked its way up through the air to the roof of the amphitheater of the Medical School. When the machinery had run down, the model came down, too. It is not impossible, therefore, that if the invention can not be made available for aerial navigation, it may be found of great service in saving life in cases of fire and shipwreck, and in a variety of other ways.

It will naturally occur to those who have read the foregoing that he must be a bold man who would venture among

the clouds, or even within a considerable distance of them, in such a machine, considering the possibility of one of those accidents happening to it which are so frequent in the case of land-engines. But M. Nadar has provided for such a contingency by surmounting the screw with a parachute, which remains closed while the machine is winning its way upward, but opens as it descends. This parachute is connected with the car by means of cords. Every body must have noticed that birds, when they have ascended into the air by working their wings, descend toward the point they desire to reach by keeping the wings fixed and floating on the atmosphere, with only an occasional flutter to alter their course. By means of the cords connecting the parachute with the car, the aëronaut will have the power of inclining the former at any angle, or in any direction he may think fit. The parachute will therefore answer a double purpose: it will let the aëronaut down easy, in the event of an accident to the vertical screw; and will enable him, by darting to the right or left, to avoid contact with trees or other objects.

The idea of being able to traverse the air charms the imagination, in spite of its apparent danger, which accounts for the manner in which its discussion has recently filled men's mouths. The plan which M. Nadar and his friends propose to pursue for carrying out this idea is thus set forth by M. Babinet: "The plan

which MM. Nadar, D'Amécourt, De la Landelle, and myself have adopted for advancing with safety in the way of aërial navigation by means of the screw is this: A small model on an exact scale will be constructed at a moderate expense. A small high-pressure steam-engine will be formed of a thin tube and a light piston; its force will be applied to the motive-spring of the apparatus already constructed (that exhibited at the Medical School), and will constantly wind up this spring by giving back to it the force it expends by its action on the double-ascending screw. Once in possession of a machine capable of raising merely a couple of pounds, it will be easy to calculate the cost of a machine capable of lifting a man, or any given weight whatever, and of being steered by means of the aërial propeller (the lateral screw)—within certain limits of speed—in the atmosphere, when the wind is not too violent. We may remark that the screw, the sails of which are nearly horizontal, gives but little hold to the wind." And in another of his lectures, the same authority says: "I could produce infallible mathematical calculations which guarantee the success of this aërial navigation." Those who share M. Babinet's conviction, and M. Nadar's enthusiasm, have an opportunity of promoting the object these have in view by going to look at what is indisputably the greatest, and, according to the latter, is to be the last of balloons.

From Fraser's Magazine.

T O G A R I B A L D I .

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1860.

ONCE more I pass Alps' icy chains,
And feel already in my veins
The blood more light and free;
Into new life it seems to leap
As I descend thy mountains steep,
Enchanting Italy!

Here pregnant earth and nature seem
With rank exuberance to teem,
Unlike our latitudes;
The very grape upon the vine,
As if anticipating wine,
Its amber juice exudes.

Again I hear the glowing tongue
That Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, sung;
To me, its simple sound
Appears more sweet than all the sense,
Than all the wit or eloquence,
In other language found.

But hark! who does his thunders launch,
Collecting as an avalanche
Fresh force from every side?
Who, rolling onward, gathers strength
From kindred souls, aroused at length—
Their joy, their hope, their pride?

Who came, saw, conquered? nay, whose name
 Won bloodless victories ere he came?
 Whose shadow scared away
 The ruffian hordes whom tyrant power
 Had bribed with gold?—but in the hour
 Of danger, where were they?

They could not save the Bourbons' throne
 From one who bearded them alone
 And did a realm o'erthrow.
 Who won their hireling ranks, and took
 St. Elmo's fortress by a look,
 Nor struck a second blow

Like noxious vapors, which the sun
 Dispers, by simply shining on:
 So at his mere advance
 The king fled howling in dismay,
 The motley hosts dissolved away
 At Garibaldi's glance.

To thee and to thy loyal king
 The inebriate people peans sing
 From rise to set of sun;
 On Milan's dome the snowy spires
 Blaze with the light of thousand fires
 That tell of freedom won.

And soon there will be heard no more,
 From Venice to Trinacria's shore,
 The Goth's barbaric twang;
 But in its place will ring the "Si"
 Of one united Italy,
 As Dante dreamed and sang.

But though Utopian sophists wrote,
 With giant force thy right hand smote,
 And so broke through the charm.
 The poet's hope, the patriot's scheme,
 Had still remained an idle dream,
 Without thy trenchant arm.

Hence unborn ages will not fail
 Thee, Garibaldi, yet to hail
 As the most glorious son
 Of that fair land thy arm did free
 From tortures, chains, and slavery,
 Thou second Washington!

Thee we shall see, the contest o'er,
 Thy saber sheathed, retire once more
 To lone Caprera's isle;
 Despising earth's most sought-for ranks,
 Content to read thy country's thanks
 In her awakened smile.

J. KINGSTON JAMES.

From the Leisure Hour.

S P E C T R A L I L L U S I O N S .

UNDER this title, physicians and physiologists include a number of strange appearances, the causes of which are still somewhat obscure and mysterious. They are perfectly distinct from all those apparitions and "ghost scenes" produced by mere optical deceptions. They differ also from the delusions of insanity, in that the mind is so far sound as to be aware of the fallacy of its perceptions, although in individual cases, fear, credulity, or superstition may lead to such spectral illusions being believed in and acted on, just as the delusions of insane persons.

The following instances are selected chiefly from the works of medical men of the highest repute, so that there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the facts.

A gentleman of a great many endowments, more than eighty years of age, and of a spare habit, who had had unin-

terrupted health, was subject for years to almost daily spectral illusions. Heads and busts with shadowy lower members appear to have been the usual appearances. The costumes were various, and the figures sometimes in miniature and sometimes of the size of life. He saw them with almost equal distinctness in daylight and in darkness, and with closed or open eyes. He took little or no wine when these visions began to appear, and his abstemiousness was persevered in; but any increase in his usual quantity of wine caused an increase in the number and vivacity of his spectral visitors. After these visions had appeared for a considerable number of years, this gentleman had an attack which affected his mind, and from which he did not recover.

Another gentleman, who died at the age of eighty, never sat down to his meals for some years before his death

without the impression that there was a large party present dressed in the fashion of fifty years before.

Dr. Dewar, of Stirling, communicated to Dr. Abercrombie the case of a lady who was quite blind, but who never walked out without the illusion of a little red-cloaked old woman with a crutch, who appeared to go before her. In the house she was free from illusions.

A case was communicated to Dr. Abercrombie, in which a gentleman in the prime of life, of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in business, was said to have been all his life curiously affected with spectral illusions. He could not even distinguish a friend immediately from one of these figures, should he meet him in the street. He could also bring up spectral objects at will, which might be either a figure or a real or imaginary scene. But he could not dismiss the illusion thus produced. Another individual in his family had a similar affection in a lower degree.

An eminent medical gentleman who had remained up late one evening, and who was anxious about one of his children, fell asleep, and had a frightful dream. A huge baboon was a chief figure in this dream. He awoke, rose up immediately, and walked to a table in the middle of the room. Close by the wall at the end of the apartment he saw the baboon distinctly, and the specter remained for about half a minute.

Dr. Hibbert mentions the following case: A gentleman was deeply affected by the sudden death of an old and intimate friend. In the evening he went out alone to walk in a small court behind his house. As he went down stairs he was not thinking of his friend; but, when he had gone slowly about half way across the court, the figure of this friend appeared quite distinctly at the opposite corner of the court. The gentleman recovered himself, and went briskly to the spot, fixing his eyes intently on the specter. It disappeared as he drew near, appearing to dissolve into air.

In the *Christian Observer* for 1829, we read: "An intimate friend of my early years, and most happy in his domestic arrangements, lost his wife under the most painful circumstances, suddenly, just after she had apparently escaped from the dangers of an untoward confinement with her first child. A few

weeks after this melancholy event, while traveling during the night on horseback, and in all probability thinking over his sorrows, and contrasting his present cheerless prospects with the joys which so lately gilded the hours of his happy home, the form of his lost wife appeared to be presented to him, at a little distance in advance. He stopped his horse, and contemplated the vision with great trepidation, till in a few seconds it vanished away. Within a few days of this appearance, while he was sitting in his solitary parlor late at night, reading by the light of a shaded taper, the door, he thought, opened, and the form of his deceased partner entered, assured him of her complete happiness, and enjoined him to follow her footsteps." Dr. Abercrombie attributes this last appearance to a dream, and the former one to intense mental emotion.

Dr. Gregory went across the Firth of Forth to visit a near relation in an advanced consumption, and on his return he took a moderate dose of laudanum to prevent sea-sickness. As he was lying on a couch in the cabin, the figure of the lady appeared distinctly and vividly before him. He was unable to dismiss the vision. He used to mention the case of a gentleman subject to epileptic fits, which were usually preceded by the appearance of an old woman in a red cloak, who came up and struck him on the head with a crutch. At the moment of the blow he fell down in a fit.

Dr. Abercrombie attended a lady who awoke her husband one night, and begged him to rise instantly, for she had distinctly seen a man enter the room, pass the foot of her bed, and go into a closet. Even after examination, it was difficult to satisfy her that she was in error.

Another lady repeatedly saw her father during a severe illness, although he was many hundred miles distant. He would come to her bedside, withdraw the curtain, and speak to her.

A farmer, returning from a market, thought he saw a very brilliant light upon the road, which he supposed to be our Saviour. Greatly alarmed, he galloped home, was seized with fever, and died in about ten days. Fever was prevalent in the neighborhood, and he had complained of headache and languor on the morning of the day upon which he saw the vision.

A lady about fifty years of age, the near relation of an eminent medical gentleman, returned one evening from a party, and went into a dark room to put aside some part of her dress. Here she saw the figure of death, with an uplifted dart in his skeleton hand. He aimed at her, and struck her on the left side. Fever, attended with symptoms of inflammation in the chest, seized her the same night, and her illness was a severe one; but she recovered.

Dr. Abercrombie attended a highly intelligent friend, in a slight but very protracted fever, who often had an old and gray-headed spectral visitor of most benignant aspect. The same gentleman, when quite well, saw a female figure kneeling in the corner of the room in which he was sitting.

In the following case we have the advantage of the narrator—a distinguished physiologist, Dr. Bostock*—himself describing his symptoms: "I was laboring under a fever, attended with symptoms of general debility, especially of the nervous system, and with a severe pain of the head, which was confined to a small spot situated above the right temple. After having passed a sleepless night, and being reduced to a state of considerable exhaustion, I first perceived figures presenting themselves before me, which I immediately recognized as similar to those described by Nicolai; upon which, as I was free from delirium, and as they were visible for about three days and nights, with little intermission, I was able to make my observations.

"There were two circumstances which appeared to me very remarkable—first, that the spectral appearances always followed the motion of the eyes; and, secondly, that the objects which were the least defined, and remained the longest visible, were such as I had no recollection of ever having previously seen. For about twenty-four hours I had constantly before me a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as that of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, I still retain the most lively impression; yet neither at the time, nor since, have I been able to discover any person whom I had previously seen that resembled it.

"During one part of the disease, after the disappearance of this stationary phantom, I had a very singular and amusing imagery presented to me. It appeared as if a number of objects, principally human faces or figures, on a small scale, were placed before me, and gradually removed, like a succession of medallions. They were all of the same size, and appeared to be all situated at the same distance from the face. After one had been seen for a few minutes it became fainter, and then another, which was more vivid, seemed to be laid on it, or substituted in its place, which, in its turn, was superseded by a new appearance. During all this succession of scenery I do not recollect that, in a single instance, I saw any object with which I had been previously acquainted; nor, so far as I am aware, even the representatives of any of those objects with which my mind was most occupied, presented to me. They appeared to be invariably new creations, or at least new combinations, of which I could not trace the original materials.

"The circumstance, which I at the time considered to be so extraordinary, that the motion of the specters followed that of the eye, has also been observed by Sir David Brewster, and must therefore be regarded as not so anomalous a fact as I, at the time, considered it to be."

The case of Nicolai (of Berlin), referred to by Dr. Bostock, was also a personal narrative with great minuteness of detail. It is often quoted in works on physiology.

It is evident that, in all these cases of spectral illusion, there was a diseased condition of the nervous system, sometimes perhaps of the retina only, but more generally of a portion of the brain. Dr. Hibbert, in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, thinks that they are "nothing more than morbid symptoms indicative of intense excitement of the renovated feelings of the mind." But in some of the cases there was nervous depression, not excess of action; and the vision of new and unknown objects seems to prove that the part of the nervous system which is affected, is in a condition which it has never before experienced. Dr. Bostock's case, in both these points, is opposed to Dr. Hibbert's theory.

In all the cases the mind seems to have been capable of being convinced of the fallacy of the perceptions, if not at the

* *Elements of Physiology*. By JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. iii., p. 204.

time aware of their being mere illusions, thereby distinguishing this morbid state from delirium or insanity when ideas are really taken for perceptions.

These cases are also to be distinguished from "apparitions" arising from false perceptions and disordered imagination, without any disease either of the brain or the understanding, as in the following instance: Two friends of Dr. Abercrombie were traveling in the Highlands. As they were sleeping in the same room, one of them awoke, and, by the light of the moon, saw a skeleton hanging at the head of his friend's bed. He arose to examine the cause of this appearance, and found that it was produced by the moonbeams and the bed drapery. He returned to

bed and fell asleep, but awaking again, the skeleton was still there. He arose to reinvestigate the cause of the phantom, and brought down the curtain, which had been thrown back, into its usual state. This put an end to the illusion.

In the same class of natural, not morbid phenomena, must be assigned those terrible visions of material objects which sometimes haunt the mental vision of those who are burdened with guilty consciences, as when a murderer sees his ghastly victim. This is but the vivid reproduction or abiding impression of an actual perception, although the mind may be so overwrought as at length to affect the brain and induce insanity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

IN considering the merits of any work of Mr. Carlyle's, it is convenient to assume once for all that there are many persons to whom his style is unintelligible or distasteful. To a much larger number poetry is disagreeable; and if it were possible to dissociate poetry from metre, Mr. Carlyle would be preëminently a poet. A profound and peculiar humor still more inevitably isolates its possessor from ordinary sympathies. Not one man in ten, and not one woman in a thousand, enjoys the writings of Swift. Mr. Thackeray himself was frightened and irritated by the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Judgment of Jupiter*. The amiable Dean of Canterbury somewhere asks with a plaintive simplicity whether any human being was ever made better by satire. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, is neither cynical nor even savage, but he regards events and characters from a special point of view, and he always represents them as they appear in his own peculiar focus. Any change of distance or of direction alters the appearance of

the object, and puzzles the disciple who is not sufficiently imaginative or docile to adopt the position of the master. Readers of history are often inclined to resent as a paradox Mr. Carlyle's sound and fundamental doctrine that kings, and generals, and statesmen, whatever may have been their virtues or demerits, were at least living persons. For similar reasons a Greek student who had thought that fixed stars were spots of luminous ether shining through the perforated blue curtain of the sky, might be startled if he were removed to a modern observatory by finding that the heavenly bodies were contemplated as vast and solid spheres. There is perhaps a certain mannerism in the constant reference to the gunpowder complexion of Leopold of Dessau, or to the prominent eyes and small stature of George II.; but Mr. Carlyle's very oddities have a purpose in reminding his readers that men are men, and not bundles of contradictions or even of abstract qualities. He could scarcely be supposed to interest himself in the dispute of modern schoolmen, whether there is a philosophy or science of history. If his own convictions were evaporated into a formula, they

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Vol iv. London: Chapman & Hall.

would perhaps be nearly equivalent to the Platonic proposition of "power to the powerful," or "to the stronger," who is also the better—τὸ κράτος τῷ κρείττονι. Disciplined subordination under legitimate rule is always implied as the opposite of the "anarchies, the mad volcanos," and the other synonyms of chaos which provoke Mr. Carlyle's opponents, and sometimes weary his admirers. He treats with perhaps undue impatience the question of who is the Pretender and who is the rightful King; nor is he disposed to trust the solution of the problem to any kind of popular suffrage. His own judgment is fragmentarily suggested by the selection of his heroes, who are all distinguished by the common attribute of practical vigor. A great man, in addition to other and perhaps higher qualities, must in the first place know what he wants and whether his object is attainable. Frederick and Cromwell differed from one another in almost every element of their characters, but they both possessed supreme good sense. It would not be difficult to show that the despotism of even the ablest sovereign by no means represents the natural order and harmony of which Mr. Carlyle is the zealous prophet. The wise and modest are, however, thankful to learn, though the lesson may be incomplete. Critics who can find no intellectual nourishment in the *History of Frederick the Great*, waste their time while they dilate on its alleged imperfections.

Mr. Carlyle's genius is only incidentally satirical, while it is essentially objective and dramatic. Like a Greek tragedian, he intersperses the action of his personages with comments, as of a Chorus; but the story itself stands out in the boldest relief from the background of reflection or doctrine. He evidently finds that an image or picture of every person or scene is indispensable to his own satisfaction, and he reproduces his own impressions with the serious and literal fidelity of Dante. Few historians or biographers have devoted so much study to portraits and personal descriptions; and although he may sometimes have been misled, his judgment in physiognomy increases the value of his estimates of character. Notwithstanding his constant ridicule of picturesque tourists, his skill in verbal ichnography, if not in the representation of landscape, is almost un-

equaled in literature. No historian makes battles equally intelligible as far as he undertakes to describe them, although he instinctively avoids the technical details of Napier and Thiers. He appears to have examined all Frederick's battle-fields with the minutest care, and what he saw his readers may see almost as distinctly. The country between the Elbe and the Aupa, in the northwestern corner of Bohemia, in which Frederick fought the battle of Sohr, "is a triangular patch of country which has been asleep since the creation of the world; traversed only by Boii (Boheim-ers, Bohemians), Czecka, and other such populations in human history; but which Frederick has been fated to make rather notable to the moderns henceforth. Let me recommend it to the picturesque tourist, especially to the military one. Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, brawling torrents, and the unadulterated ruggedness of nature, will find scope there; and it was the scene of a distinguished passage of arms, with notable display of human dexterity and swift presence of mind. For the rest, one of the wildest, perhaps (except to the picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony upland; topmost upland, we may say, of Europe in general, or portion of such upland; for the rain-storms hereabouts run several roads: into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau; and it is the waste out-field whither you rise by long weeks' journeys from many sides. Much of it toward the angle of the Elbe and Aupa is occupied by a huge waste wood, called Kingdom Forest (Königreich Sylva or Wald, peculiar of old Czeck majesties, I fancy), may be sixty square miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A country of rocky defiles; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not wanting their brooks and quagmires; strait labyrinthian passages; shaggy with wild wood. Some poor hamlets here and there, probably the sleepest in nature, are scattered about; there may be patches plowable for rye (modern tourists say, snappishly, there are many such; whole regions now drained; reminded you of Yorkshire highlands with the western sun gilding it that fine afternoon), plowable for rye, buckwheat; boggy grass to be gathered in summer; charcoaling to do;

pigs at least are presumable among these straggling out-posts of humanity in these obscure hamlets. Poor plowing, moiling creatures, they little thought of becoming notable so soon." It is true that history is not generally written in similar detail, but the description of the country renders the subsequent account of the battle extraordinarily clear, and it fixes the event in the memory by associating it with external objects. The far-off Boii of Roman history, the scattered Czeck villages of the present day, and above all the threefold water-shed pointing to the Atlantic, the Baltic, and the Euxine, add reality to a bare topographical account which might otherwise easily be forgotten.

Mr. Carlyle's purpose is biographical rather than historical; or rather, it is in the lives and actions of great men that he finds the chief interest of history. It is fortunate that a conscientious curiosity impels him to collect the minutest facts which affect the fortunes of his hero. It was not perhaps strictly necessary for the elucidation of Frederick's character that the early annals of the House of Hohen-zollern should be traced through the darkness of the Middle Ages; but English literature contains no equally valuable contribution to the neglected history of the German empire. The detailed account of Frederick's youthful troubles has less intrinsic value, nor is the subject in itself attractive. The king's relations to his friends or companions, especially to Voltaire, are more welcome, although they have little or nothing to do with history. The failure of the experiments of *Sans Souci* was, from the first, inevitable. Frederick thought that social enjoyment was possible, in the absence of personal affection and respect. In place of friendly intercourse he obtained, as he deserved, only a transient intellectual excitement, and he exposed himself to frequent irritation and disappointment. His harsh and rude reprimands to Voltaire were by no means undeserved; but it is strange that they should have been thought incompatible with continued intimacy. Voltaire has always been, to a certain extent, a favorite with Mr. Carlyle, nor have all his exhibitions of meanness and bad feeling during his visit to Potsdam destroyed the original liking. The account of his jealousies, of his quarrels, and of his pecuniary frauds, though

it is not pleasant, is admirably life-like. The general impression remains that Voltaire would have been a far greater man if he had deserved, by dignity, by delicacy, or by self-respect, the character of a gentleman. He had little reason to love a king who had repeatedly insulted him; but the libel which effectually avenged his wrongs is even more disgraceful than witty. The episode, as it is narrated by Mr. Carlyle, is one of the most singular passages in literary history; and the subject henceforth may be said to be exhausted. The humorous treatment of the story will perhaps be tolerated even by the severest stickler for the dignity of historical composition. Voltaire, and Frederick himself, had anticipated Mr. Carlyle in levity of style, though not in the pervading irony which reduces squabbles and trickeries to their natural insignificance.

Like other great humorists, Mr. Carlyle occasionally wraps a sound doctrine in a paradoxical form of expression. He has especially scandalized timid readers by his repeated assertions that Frederick was essentially veracious. The abortive peace with Austria, which was negotiated with Lord Hyndford at Klein-Schellendorf, in October, 1741, is the most startling instance of conduct which might seem to deserve an opposite name. During his alliance and active coöperation with the French, Frederick concluded a separate peace with Austria, and he even gave advice and information as to the most effective method of injuring his own confederates. "Frederick's talk to Neipperg is how he may assault the French with advantage: 'Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in Böhmen: go right into your enemies before they can unite there. If the queen prosper, I shall—well, perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by-and-by. If her majesty fail, well—every one must look to himself.'" Under one of his own assumed personalities, Mr. Carlyle, as Smelfungus, "indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonor, a playing with loaded dice;" "which, indeed," Mr. Carlyle, in his own character, adds, "it surely was." It is no excuse that Frederick "thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wiggled mendacity it is that he has to do with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers—their dice all clogged, and he knows

it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it." There is little skill and less profit in playing with loaded dice. If there were no other objection to the practice, inevitable discovery is fatal to the future prospect of winning. Many of Frederick's later difficulties arose from the general impression which prevailed throughout Europe of his systematic perfidy. The suspicions were, perhaps, for the most part, unjust, but they were excused by a certain number of dishonorable acts. His bargain for the acquisition of a portion of Bohemia in consideration of his attack on Austria in 1744, was not in itself severely censurable; but when he publicly and solemnly denied the agreement, he destroyed all confidence in his assertions.

If Mr. Carlyle were in the habit of replying to his critics, he would perhaps admit that truth is infringed whenever a lie is told. He would add, however, that verbal adherence to fact is but one portion of the virtue which he admires and preaches as veracity. To see and know the truth is a rarer quality than to abstain from falsehood. In the sense which Mr. Carlyle attaches to the words, disregard of the laws of nature and reason is the worst and most incurable form of mendacity. The hope of gathering grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, indicates an inability to see things as they are, which proceeds from essential indifference to truth. Votaries of the coarser forms of heathenism or Popery, and comparatively educated believers in less flagrant forms of superstition, have the spirit of lying inextricably ingrained in their minds and habits of thought. Mr. Carlyle calls Frederick veracious because he was practical and sagacious, and always ready to recognize facts. The use of a peculiar phrase to describe judgment, sense, and ability, is not to be ascribed to caprice. It is difficult in some cases to distinguish moral excellence from intellectual soundness, and Mr. Carlyle desires to impress upon the world the intimacy of the relation between goodness and wisdom. A king and even a general may regard the practice of his highest duties as substantially identical with the successful prosecution of his special business. In the conduct of a campaign, a crime, as well as a folly, is committed when the known maxims of war are violated. During the second Silesian campaign, Frederick exposed

three of his garrisons to capture from unwillingness to leave a third of the number of wounded men to the mercy of the Austrian irregulars. Few commanders are equally exempt from similar infirmities of judgment or of will; but, as Mr. Carlyle says, Frederick ought to have known that war is not a school of the weak pities. Measures of aggrandizement, such as the seizure of Silesia, must be judged by their own merits, nor do they form any part of the ordinary business of kings. Good government, which is equally profitable to the ruler and the subject, is the highest exercise of virtue as well as of ability. In Mr. Carlyle's judgment, Frederick performed the task of his life with unsurpassed fidelity, while he undertook to direct and regulate all the social and economical concerns of the community. If the work was to be done at all, probably no more skillful administrator could have been found. It is also possible that the nation required to be urged and stimulated from above into the very conception of industrial enterprise. On the whole, however, the royal interference was misdirected, nor can there be any reasonable doubt that Frederick's object would have been most effectually promoted by the concession of perfect freedom of trade. Discipline is necessary for an army, and civil government requires a police, because soldiers would not march of their own accord when they are wanted, and because enlightened self-interest is not sufficient to control private violence and infidelity. The sole use of industry is to procure commodities, and the desire of gain quickens individual intelligence, and provides a sufficient motive for preferring the most profitable forms of exertion. By simply opening his ports to the colonial produce, and to the manufactures of England, Frederick might at once have doubled or more largely multiplied the value of all the timber and grain in his dominions. When he attempted to create a mercantile navy by excluding foreign vessels from the carrying trade he cheapened his own produce and increased the price of every article which his subjects more especially required. The "Dismal Science," as Mr. Carlyle nicknames political economy, is as invulnerable as the rule of three. Neither universal suffrage, nor cabinet decrees, nor contemptuous ridicule, in any manner affect the expediency of buying

in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. The petition of Bastiat's tallow-dealers and candle-makers against the free admission of sunlight, would perhaps have touched Frederick's fancy sufficiently to disturb his faith in the general theory of protection. In this instance, if in no other, he incurred the reproach of mendacity by ignorantly swimming against the stream in defiance of the principles of gravitation. His kingdom grew richer during his reign; but his own economic measures and maxims only retarded the advance of prosperity. It is perhaps a sufficient excuse that few of his cotemporaries were wiser, although in his later years he was cotemporary with Turgot, with Adam Smith, and almost with Pitt. A Frederick of the present day would have been among the most zealous disciples of the great economic teachers; but notwithstanding Bacon's well-known application of his canonical proverb, it is not a kind of glory often attained by kings, to discover a matter, if it lies below the surface.

In policy and war, which he practically understood, Frederick conformed more successfully to truth, or to the laws which determine success. It was proved by the result that, in resolving to take and keep Silesia, he was in harmony with Nature and Destiny. Mr. Carlyle has shown by a laborious deduction of his legal title, that he had also a tenable or plausible claim to the province. It may be doubted whether at the commencement of his enterprise, he relied on the conviction of his right rather than on the consciousness of his power to enforce it. When his conquest had once been formally secured to him by the treaty of Breslau, he for the rest of his life sincerely regarded the attempts of Austria to recover the lost territory as mere usurpation. It might perhaps be possible to meet the argument, which is founded on old pedigrees and compacts, with counter demonstrations. The dispute was settled by the decision of war; and the Silesians themselves, though their wishes were not consulted by either litigant, appear to have tacitly acquiesced in the verdict. Above all, German opinion has for more than a century approved with cordial gratitude the establishment, by the annexation of Silesia, of a powerful monarchy in the north. Mr. Carlyle has drawn a just and forcible contrast between the definite undertaking of Frederick and the wanton French proj-

ect of parceling out Germany into four independent kingdoms. "Frederick had business in this war, and Maria Theresa *versus* Frederick had likewise cause to appear in court, and to do her utmost, pleading against him. But if we ask what Belleisle or France and Louis XV. had to do there, the answer is rigorously—Nothing. Their own worldly vanities; ambitions, sanctioned not by fact and the almighty power, but by phantasms and the babble of Versailles; transcendent self-conceit, intrinsically insane; pretensions over their fellow-creatures, which were without basis any where in nature, except in the French brain alone; it was this that brought Belleisle and France into a German war." Belleisle, nevertheless, finds a certain amount of favor with Mr. Carlyle, as the man who has formed "the biggest projects any French head has carried since Louis XIV., with his sublime periwig, first took to stocking the stars." The indolent recklessness of Louis XV., under the inspiration of his mistresses, is sketched with more disrespectful freedom: "To raise France to its place, your majesty; the top of the universe, namely! 'Well, if it could be done, and quite without trouble,' thinks Louis. 'Bravura magnanimity, blown upon by Belleisle, prevails among these high improper females, and generally in the younger circles of the court; so that poor old Fleury has no choice but to obey it, or retire.'"

The traditional projects of France against Germany, and even the pretexts by which they are excused, have been but slightly modified by the revolution. "Belleisle, Louis XIV., Henry II., Francis I.; it is long since the French have known this state of matters, and been in the habit of breaking in upon it, fomenting internal discontents, getting up unjust wars, with or without advantage to France, but with endless disadvantage to Germany. Schmalkaldic war; thirty years' war; Louis XIV. wars, which brought Alsace and the other fine cuttings; late Polish Electoral war, and its Lorraine; Austrian succession war: many are the wars kindled in poor Teutschland by neighbor France; and large is the sum of woes to Europe and to it chargeable to that score, which appears even yet not to be completed—perhaps not even yet." Under the old monarchy France was to be raised to the top of the universe for the glory of the

king. In more recent times the French armies are supposed to carry on their bayonets certain ideas, or as they are sometimes called, the principles of 1789. The Belleisles of the present day are the popular writers of every school. Michelet, Victor Hugo, Thiers, have in turn done their utmost to stimulate a cupidity which is largely founded on national ignorance of history. There are even Englishmen who are not ashamed to encourage the seizure of the frontier of the Rhine, whenever a German State is thought to furnish a cause of complaint. If there were a Frederick the Great in modern Prussia, instead of allying himself with France against Austria, he might consolidate his power by assuming the guidance and championship of Germany. It is well for Frederick's fame that in his last and greatest struggle he was thrown, against his will, into direct antagonism with France.

The third volume of Mr. Carlyle's history brings Frederick through the first Silesian war, and to the verge of the second. The recognition of his conquests in the treaty of Breslau, or Berlin, had been extorted from the Queen of Hungary by the Prussian victories, and by the urgent remonstrances of her allies; but she never concealed her belief that she had been the victim of a lawless robbery; and Frederick was well aware that sooner or later he would have to fight once more for his new possession. The peace between Prussia and Austria was concluded in the summer of 1742; and within the two following years the French had been driven out of Bohemia, and the Bavarian emperor from his hereditary dominions. George II., after fighting the battle of Dettingen, as a mere imperial feudatory, had at last, as King of England, formally declared war against France, and Prince Charles of Lorraine was threatening the frontier of Alsace. Maria Theresa, in the confidence of recovered power, refused to acknowledge the emperor or to restore the imperial archives which had long been deposited at Vienna. The treaty of Worms, between Austria and England, while it recapitulated numerous other treaties, from Utrecht downward, omitted all mention of the treaty of Breslau, or of the more definitive treaty of Berlin. According to Mr. Carlyle, Frederick regarded the omission as an indication of coming danger, though the enumeration of previous engagements would naturally be con-

finied to treaties in which both the contracting parties had a share. On the whole, there could be little doubt that Austria would take the first opportunity of reopening the Silesian dispute; and Frederick thought that while France was still in the field, he might not only secure his acquisition, but extend his dominions beyond the Bohemian frontier. The harsh treatment of the Emperor Charles VII., by the Queen of Hungary, furnished an excuse for a new alliance with France, and for a declaration of war. The King of Prussia solemnly declared that all his rights were fully secured by the treaty of Berlin, he had nothing to demand for himself—his loyalty as a German prince and elector alone caused him to take arms, for the purpose of vindicating the freedom of the empire and the rights of its elected head. The mode by which the object was to be accomplished, consisted in the reestablishment of Charles VII., in Bavaria, and in the conquest of Bohemia on his behalf. Incidentally, the emperor's disinterested Prussian ally, was to be rewarded with the possession of three Bohemian districts or circles, although every project of territorial aggrandizement was positively disavowed. That another consequence of success would have been the reestablishment of French influence in the empire, was a consideration which failed to alarm Frederick's German patriotism. It must be admitted that the enemies of Prussia had some excuse for their charges of inconsistency and falsehood. The veracities were to a certain extent compromised, not only by the remoteness of the avowed reasons for war from the motives which produced it, but by the chimerical project of dismembering Austria for the benefit of the helpless Bavarians. The French had shown in 1742, how little they could be trusted to give effectual aid; and Frederick, notwithstanding the perfect organization of his armies, and his own military genius, must have been conscious that Prussia was inferior to Austria in power and resources.

Nevertheless, the declaration of war may have been both prudent and substantially justifiable. As the event proved, Frederick, after overrunning the north of Bohemia, and even taking Prague itself, was unable to retain his conquest; but within the mountain frontier of Silesia he once more proved himself invincible. In the midst of the

struggle, he was 'fortunately released from his supposed or pretended obligation to the emperor, by the death of the unfortunate Charles VII. After a desperate contest, which lasted for a year and a half, he remained once more, by the treaty of Dresden, in undisputed possession of Silesia; but he had proved that his tenure of the province was neither casual nor transient, and henceforth he held it by a better or a safer title. All Europe had by this time learned to esteem and to fear the Prussian army; and probably the strategic abilities of the king himself were, for the moment, even overrated. It was in the second Silesian war that he became master of his trade, under the severe tuition of the Austrian General Traun. In the succeeding years of peace he had time to revolve and digest his experience; and in the great crisis of his life, from 1756 to 1763, he proved himself the most consummate captain of the age. In estimating his merits, it is proper to remember that he was always opposed to superior adversaries, and that in all his wars he was compelled to practice the most rigorous frugality in the expenditure both of men and money. Napoleon accomplished great achievements by reckless sacrifices, with France in arms, and, during the greater part of his career, with half Europe at his back. The petty Marquis of Brandenburg, as he sometimes ironically called himself, or as he was designated by his enemies, held Austria, France, and Russia collectively at bay, with the force which he could raise in a mere corner of Germany. With the exception of Hannibal, no general or king has sustained a great war in reliance so exclusive and complete on his own genius and energy.

Historical moralists in England would perhaps be less scandalized by Mr. Carlyle's alleged paradoxes if they knew and understood the feeling with which the memory of Frederick is regarded in Germany. His countrymen are fully aware that he despised their literature, that he talked their language incorrectly, that he disliked the national religion and manners, and that in his earlier enterprises he allied himself with the traditional enemy of his race. Yet to scholars and statesmen, as in the popular imagination, he appears as the representative German hero. Charles the Great, Henry the Fowler, and Conrad, and even

Frederick Barbarossa, belong to the legendary Middle Ages. Charles V. was rather a Spaniard or a Fleming than a German, and he persecuted the dawning Reformation. The honor of the thirty years' war belongs to Gustavus of Sweden; and Louis XIV. was humbled by the English Marlborough, and the Savoyard Eugene. Frederick the Great, in spite of his French theories and dialect, inherited the traditions of his father and of the Great Elector; and though he trifled away his leisure time with Voltaire, or with d'Argens, the task of his life was wholly transacted with German materials, and for Prussian objects. The most credulous reader of Voltaire's witty libels, if he also remembers the mere outline of Frederick's history, must understand that the more serious part of his character and purposes lies far beyond the scope of the satirical memoir writer. Frederick William's character also is popular in Germany; but his greater son impersonates all the national aspirations. While the royal house of Prussia still derives power from his fame, constitutional reformers and democrats appeal to the example of the most absolute of kings, and partisans of German unity applaud the inveterate enemy of Austria. A conviction so general deserves to be understood before it is condemned, for it can scarcely be neglected as an unaccountable crotchet. It is unimportant to consider whether Frederick was personally selfish, if he identified his interests with the welfare, or at least with the greatness, of his country. The fact was, that, like many humbler men, he learned in his maturer years that merely personal objects are scarcely worth pursuing. As Mr. Carlyle often remarks, his letters during the first Silesian campaign, are full of commonplaces about glory; but after he understood the serious nature of the enterprise of his life, he never again spoke of idle rumor as a motive or reward for action. The unconscious elevation of his character as he became more thoroughly master of his craft, supplies a forcible example of the lesson which Mr. Carlyle has spent his life in teaching. Docility and good sense in the adaptation of means to ends exclude levity, caprice, and disregard of human motives and feelings. In the course of his career, Frederick committed several acts of questionable violence; but his political and mili-

tary administrations were ordinarily distinguished by regularity and justice. As Mr. Carlyle often says, success in any department of industry necessarily implies loyal conformity to the laws of nature. The creation of a powerful monarchy in the north of Germany was, as experience proved, a practicable enterprise; and it was achieved by the exertion of consummate prudence and daring. Among all the confused struggles which occupied the middle of the eighteenth century, Mr. Carlyle regards as necessary or legitimate causes of war, only Frederick's efforts to consolidate his power, and the English quarrel with France and Spain for the dominion of America, or, as he calls the dispute, after his peculiar fashion, the "Question of Jenkins's ear." Happily for the unity of his story, the two controversies became in the seven years' war almost accidentally connected. The perverse ingenuity of Kaunitz brought Austria into an unnatural alliance with France; and consequently Pitt established English supremacy in America, while Frederick fought almost single-handed against the three greatest Powers of the continent.

Mr. Carlyle is perhaps not devoid of patriotic prejudice; but he is perfectly consistent with his own principles in holding that the disputed West rightfully belonged to the nation which could most effectually cultivate the land, and most profitably trade on the sea. "Ocean highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it? The English have a real weighty errand there. English to trade and navigate, as the law of nature orders on those seas; and to ponderate or preponderate according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have. Or, English to have their ears torn off; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons, proceeding on extinct Pope's donations *gloire*, and other imaginary bases, to take command? The incalculable Yankee nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ('English' with a difference), or *Frangjee* ('French' with a difference). A question not to be closed by diplomatic patter, try it as you will." Canada was then wholly French; there was a small French colony in Louisiana, and on various pretexts the whole of the country west of the Alleghanies was claimed, so as to unite the French settlements into one, while the English colo-

nies were confined to the coast of the Atlantic. "Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humor, claims for itself the whole basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole basin of the Mississippi as well. 'Have we not stockades, castles, at the military points: fortified places in Louisiana itself?' Yes; and how many plowed fields bearing crops have you? It is to the good plower, not ultimately to the good cannonier, that these portions of creation will belong. The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, 'to restrict those aspiring English colonies,' mere plowers and traders, hardly numbering above one million, 'to the space eastward of the Alleghanies Mountains, over which they are beginning to climb, and southward of that Missiquash, or at furthest of the Penobscot and Kennebeck' (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine). That will be a very pretty parallelogram for them and their plows and trade-packs; 'we, who are fifty thousand strong, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world.' Such is the French exuberant notion; and October, 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before delivery of Cape Breton, the commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders 'to oppose peremptorily every English establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio and its tributaries; by monition first, and then by force if monition do not serve.' Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is death; 'from the Canada lakes to the Carolinas were hunting-grounds of the Six Nations, dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous squatter's "farm," to whom now the French are to say, "Home, you, instantly, and leave the desert alone."' The French have distinct orders from court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct orders from nature, and do not want energy or mind to obey them; confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual."

The disaster of Braddock, on his advance up Fort Duquesne, is an example of the force and brevity with which Mr. Carlyle always describes military movements. His pity for the defeated and dying general is still more characteristic.

Braddock, after five horses had been shot under him, was carried senseless off the field; and "the poor general ebbing homeward, he and his enterprise, hour after hour, roused himself twice only for a moment from his death-stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully: 'Who would have thought it?' And again once he was heard to say, days after, in a voice of hope: 'Another time we will do better,' which were his last words, death following in a few minutes. Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep sleep now descending on it, soft, sweet cataracts of sleep and rest, suggesting hope and triumph over sorrow, after all; 'another time we will do better;' and in a few minutes was dead." Only a great imaginative writer could interrupt a historical narrative with an episode so touching in its eloquent tenderness; yet if the purpose of literary composition is to impress the subject matter on the imagination and memory, a picture effects its object better than a page in a catalogue. Hasty censors of Mr. Carlyle's occasionally eccentric style, will do well to study the pure and simple English in which he describes Braddock's death-bed and its vague consolation. The contortions and condensations of philosophic humor, require or employ corresponding eccentricities of language; but in telling a story, whether of a domestic incident or of a battle, Mr. Carlyle is the plainest, the most lucid, and almost the most simple of writers. It is his pleasure to adopt an entirely different style, "when swift Camilla scours the plain;" when Voltaire is planning intrigues and resenting disappointments, or when "the sun-god" Belleisle and the royal mistresses are persuading Louis XV. to place France "at the top of the universe." The *History of Frederick the Great* contains much matter which would be omitted in ordinary histories, but it includes all the prosaic facts, though they are sometimes overlaid or concealed; nor has any historian investigated and sifted his materials with more laborious accuracy. It is, perhaps, owing rather to good fortune than to merit that Mr. Carlyle has happened to explode two French anecdotes, which seemed finally to have passed from legend into history; but, as occurrences which make good stories only happen to good story-tellers, lucky discoveries always fall in the way of acute and skeptical inquirers. Thirty years ago, in the sec-

ond edition of his *History of the French Revolution*, Mr. Carlyle proved beyond dispute that the captain of the Vengeur was at luncheon in an English cabin, and that his crew were eagerly climbing the sides of the same vessel, at the time when, in French popular belief, all hands were magnanimously sinking with the defiant shout of "*Vive la République*." Every French historian who has since described the battle has deliberately repeated the fiction which Barère first invented; and when a French writer again describes Fontenoy, he will probably reproduce Voltaire's pretty narrative of the exchange of civilities between the French and English guards, and of the triumph of courtesies on the part of the French interlocutors, who were "never the first to fire." Mr. Carlyle shows, from Lord Charles Hay's original letter, that as commanding officer of a regiment of guards, instead of complimenting his enemies, he requested them not to swim the Scheldt, as they had swum the Main at Dettingen. Lord Charles Hay then "speeched" his own men, who cheered. The French failed to cheer, but after all they were the first to fire. A painful doubt arises whether any of the touching and pointed sayings of history were ever uttered. Though Mr. Carlyle frequently quotes Frederick's comprehensive description of mankind, as *eine verdamnte Race*, he mournfully admits that the original denunciation was uttered in French.

The influence of Frederick's character and example had before his death become universal on the continent. In the early part of the eighteenth century, royal and noble society throughout Europe was still absorbed in admiration of Louis XIV.'s magnificence. Every prince built palaces in imitation of Versailles, and the elaborate etiquette of the French court was as far as possible mimicked at the little German residences. It was only thought unnecessary to imitate the systematic attention to business, which in some degree redeemed the selfish ostentation of the ideal French sovereign. Louis XV., at the beginning of his reign, affected to dispense, in accordance with the precedent of his great-grandfather, with the office of prime minister; and in 1745 he exhibited to his admiring subjects the familiar spectacle of a king of France who took the field with his household and mistresses, and gave his name to sieges. It was no-

torious, however, that Louis XV. governed only in the same sense in which he commanded armies; and the sovereigns with whom he was cotemporary in his youth, were for the most part luxurious idlers. French manners and tastes retained their popularity down to the eve of the revolution, and even Englishmen in the social position of Walpole and Selwyn, habitually recognized Paris as the exclusive seat of refinement and taste. Frederick himself hoped for immortal fame from the praises of Voltaire, and he wrote French doggerel and French prose in imitation of those whom he regarded as the only masters of literature. After Prince Ferdinand, of Brunswick, had become famous as a leader of German and English armies against France, he declared that his highest conception of happiness was to live in Paris and to associate with Frenchmen. Voltaire himself sometimes used an imaginary English character for satirical purposes, as a contrast to the frivolity of his countrymen; but the social superiority of France to the rest of the world was almost universally admitted. Unfortunately, the victories of the republic and the empire popularized and confirmed the belief which had long prevailed among the upper classes. The English have, however, in modern times, learned respect for their own character and history; the Germans have for nearly a century struggled to believe that they are a nation; and perhaps hereafter Spain and Italy may respect their independence in civilization and in political action.

Although Frederick unintentionally promoted German literature by the national spirit which his exploits elicited in Germany, it was impossible that the primitive provinces which he amalgamated into a kingdom, should acquire in his time an intellectual preponderance in Europe. It is true that Kant was a philosopher incomparably more profound than the lively writers of the *Encyclopædia*, and perhaps Lessing might be placed on an equality with any Frenchman of his time, with the single exception of Voltaire; but before Göthe, Germany could scarcely be said to possess a literature, and the Prussians were behind the English as well as the French in the graces and luxuries of life. Frederick, however, succeeded in making his army and himself objects of universal wonder, and in some degree models to be copied. From the close of the seven

years' war to the outbreak of the revolutionary struggle, the Prussian discipline and tactics were regarded with the respect which had attached with still stronger reason in the early part of the sixteenth century to the famous Spanish infantry. Even after the triumphs of the republic, of the consulate, and the empire, the Prussians believed, until they were undeceived at Jena and Auerstadt, that the traditions of a great name would avail them against the skill and vigor of Napoleon. They knew that in 1792 the Duke of Brunswick's advance on Paris had at first been deemed irresistible, and they suspected with reason that the subsequent retreat was to be attributed to diplomatic rather than to military causes. The reputation of his army enabled Frederick for the last twenty years of his life to enjoy almost uninterrupted peace. The unworthy seizure of Poland was scarcely a military operation, and the threatened encroachments of Joseph II. on the princes of the empire were checked without recourse to arms.

The Prussian theory of government, which Frederick inherited from his father and illustrated in his practice, was still more generally imitated by the younger generation of rulers. Utilitarian absolutism supplanted in royal imaginations the elegant license and epicurean splendor which had been admired at Versailles and Dresden. It began to be thought that kings ought to be men of business, or that at least their ministers should take some care for the greatness of the state and for the welfare of the people. A despotic instinct combined with reasons of administrative convenience to recommend the curtailment of aristocratic privileges and the suppression of the representative institutions which had survived from the Middle Ages. The accidents of Frederick's disposition and education were studied as servilely as the essential qualities of his character. It became fashionable to be exempt from religious prepossessions and prejudices; and perhaps the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Catholic States of Europe was indirectly caused by the influence of Frederick, who himself received the fugitives. In Prussia, the clergy had never been formidable; but Choiseul and Pombal acted in the spirit of Frederick when they attempted to destroy a power which was independent of the crown. Joseph II. was a professed disciple of the

King of Prussia, both in his absolute methods of government and in his genuine attachment to the public interest. In reducing the power of the pope in his dominions, and in striving to recover a part of the old imperial prerogatives, the emperor attempted, with imperfect success, to make himself the agent of beneficent reforms. Charles III. in Spain, and previously in Naples, partially followed the same pattern, until in his old age he sunk into a childish passion for shooting and for dull court ceremonials. The not dissimilar propensities of several modern sovereigns, may, perhaps, be derived rather from Napoleon than from Frederick; but the singular fancy of kings for amateur soldiery has probably a Prussian origin. Alexander and Nicholas of Russia, the present Emperor of Austria, and the present King of Prussia, have all been accustomed to maneuver regiments and to inspect brigades, as Frederick the Great reviewed his guards every morning on the parade at Potsdam. Mr. Carlyle ought to hold that when kings affect the character of drill-sergeants, they are far distant from the eternal veracity of things.

The concluding volume of the history will contain the most important part of Frederick's military career, and it is unfortunately probable that it will include an apology for the partition of Poland. The *Liberum veto*, or *Nie-poz-walam*, is especially odious to the champion of subordination and obedience; and, indeed, wherever Mr. Carlyle meets with a Slavonic population out of Russia, he summarily recommends it to Germanize itself as soon as possible. The old Polish constitution was undeniably absurd, and the anarchy which it produced invited the final spoliation; but the Poles themselves had discovered their error, and they were about

to correct it, when Frederick and Catherine forbade the only means of cure, because they were determined to profit by the death of the nation. On Frederick's part the opposition to Polish reform belonged to a political system which was also applied to the injury of Sweden. When there was a question of strengthening the Swedish government by diminishing the privileges of the nobility, the King of Prussia, who is applauded by his biographer for his contempt of the franchises of his own estates, interfered to prevent the change with remonstrances and threats, on the assumption that he had himself a vested interest in the weakness of his neighbors. It was because Posen lay between Brandenburg and the province of Prussia, and not in the interest of regular administration, that Frederick shared or originated the first partition. The undeniable superiority of German civilization has been since proved by the increasing prevalence of German habits and language in the western part of the conquered territory; but the Poles themselves are still disaffected to the Prussian crown, and they heartily sympathize with the hostility of their Warsaw neighbors to the more tyrannical government of Russia. As Poland was too large to be absorbed, it ought to have been reformed. The partition will, on the whole, not form an inviting portion of the history; and it may be hoped that a larger space will be allotted to the remainder of the seven years' war. Mr. Carlyle's discussions, his episodes, and his apostrophes, are all acceptable to those who understand and value his peculiar genius; but it is in the conduct of a continuous narrative, and especially in the description of military operations, that he becomes thoroughly interesting and attractive to all intelligent readers.

V.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. — There are now published in the United Kingdom 1250 newspapers, distributed as follows: England 919, Wales 37, Scotland 140, Ireland 140, British Isles 14; of these, there are 46 daily papers published in England, in Wales 1, Scotland 9, Ireland 14, British Isles 1. In 1854 there were published in the United Kingdom, 624 journals; of these papers, 19 were issued daily, namely, 14 in London, 1 in Liverpool (the only English provincial daily), 1 in Glasgow, and 3 in Ireland; but, in 1864, there are now es-

tablished and circulated 1250 papers, of which no less than 72 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has doubled itself in ten years, and the daily issues standing 72 against 19 in 1854. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 537, of which 196 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities. — *Publishers' Circular*.

From the Churchman's Magazine.

A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY SETTLED AT LAST.

ALL readers are doubtless well aware of the deadly nature of the bite of the celebrated cobra di capello, or hooded snake of India,* and many perhaps have heard of that active little enemy of the poisonous reptile, known to the natives of India by the name of *Mongoose*, and to naturalists by that of *Herpestes griseus*, or Indian ichneumon. That the ichneumon family of *Carnivora* are amongst the most formidable enemies of the serpent tribe has long been known. The Egyptian species (*Herpestes ichneumon*), still common in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, was one of the sacred animals of that extraordinary people. Its hostility to the huge and formidable crocodile, by destroying its eggs—a habit frequently represented on the monuments of Thebes and Beni Hassan—and its antipathy to serpents, procured for this interesting and useful animal not only scrupulous care for its protection, but even divine honors after its death. It was embalmed and deposited in sacred repositories, principally in the town of Hieracleopolis,† where it was principally honored, and perhaps yielded to the cat alone in the place it held in the affection of the Egyptians. It appears that the ichneumon sometimes accompanied the people in their fishing excursions;‡ and it is certain that it can be readily tamed. Hasselquist, who traveled in Egypt about the middle of the last century, gives the following account of the ichneumon of the Nile:§

"It is met with both in Upper and Lower Egypt, living during the inundation of the Nile in gardens and near the villages; but in the dry season it lives in the fields and near the banks of the Nile. It creeps slowly along, as if ready to seize its prey. It feeds on plants, eggs, and fowls; killing the latter in the night when it frequents the villages. In Upper Egypt

it searches for the eggs of the crocodile, which lie hid in the sand on the shore, and eats them, preventing by that means the increase of that dangerous animal. The ichneumon may easily be tamed, and frequently goes about the houses like a cat. Mr. Barton, who has been the English consul nineteen years in Egypt, has kept a tame one for several years. It makes a growling noise, and barks when it is very angry. The Arabians call it *Nema*. The French in Egypt, who give every thing they don't know names of their own making, have called this 'Rat de Pharaon,' which the Latin writers of Egypt, namely, Alpinus* and Bellonius,† have followed and called it 'Mus Pharaonis' (the mouse of Pharaoh). . . . The Egyptians were too intelligent in the time of Pharaoh to call it a mouse, having knowledge enough to give true descriptions of, and significant names to, all natural bodies; nor is it at this day called *Phar* by the Arabs, but they call it *Nema*."‡

It is this animal of which the marvelous feat of jumping down the crocodile's throat, while he sleeps with expanded jaws, and eating his intestines, is related by Strabo,§ Pliny,|| and other ancient writers. It is needless to state that this is a ridiculous fable; but it is interesting to observe that Herodotus, the earliest writer who mentions the ichneumon, records nothing that borders on the marvelous in this instance at all events.

The deadly feud that exists between the ichneumon and the cobra is often the subject of observation by ancient writers.

To some of these observations we will briefly allude, because they bear upon a very curious question in the natural history of the mongoose, to which attention has recently been turned.

* Prosper Alpinus. *Hist. Egypt. Natur.* Pt. i., p. 234.

† *Les Observations*, etc., p. 212.

‡ *Phar*, or *Pharah*, is the Arabic name for a "mouse." *Nema* is the name for "the ichneumon," and appears to be derived from the Arabic verb *Namasa*, Conj. iii., "he entered a lurking-place," in allusion to this creature's habits.

§ *Geograph.* xvii., 39. Ed. Kramer.

|| *Nat. Hist.* viii., 26.

* *Naja tripudians*. The Egyptian cobra, probably the *asp* of the ancients, is another species, the *Naja haje*.

† See Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, ii., p. 96.

‡ Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*.

§ *Travels*, p. 185. Ed. Lond., 1766.

It is a singular but undoubted fact, that poisons produce different effects upon different animals; thus strychnia, one of the most powerful poisons known, not only is not injurious to certain *acari*, but is absolutely *their food*; and Sir Emerson Tennent, in his classical work on Ceylon,* tells us that the hornbill (*Buceros*) feeds with impunity on the deadly fruit of the strychnos, or *Nux vomica* tree; so much truth has the old proverb, "What is one man's food is another man's poison."

The tsetse fly, so fatal to the cattle and horses of the African hunter and explorer, inflicts no mortal bite on man; while the milky juice of some species of euphorbia, which is harmless to oxen, is, we are told, invariably fatal to the zebra. Now, it has long been a matter of observation that the ichneumon is able to bear the bite of a venomous serpent with comparative impunity; although, as we have been informed by Mr. Blythe, who has seen these contests, the ichneumon sometimes suffers pain. Various modes of accounting for this unusual fact have been advanced as satisfactory solutions.

According to Aristotle† and the naturalists of Greece and Rome, the Egyptian ichneumon would not attack the asp before taking the precaution of rolling itself in mud as a protection against its bites. If a viper had been devoured by a tortoise, the latter took care to eat the herb origanum, and no harm happened to the testudinous stomach. The weasel does not attack a serpent without it has previously eaten rue, to which all serpents were supposed to have a very decided objection; and so we might multiply examples. Of course naturalists nowadays entirely discard these accounts as pure fiction, which they undoubtedly are; but the story of the ichneumon, in his battles with a poisonous snake, having recourse to some plant as a prophylactic, was long, and is indeed now, maintained by some persons. "The common Indian species" (*Viv: mungos*, Linn.), says Cuvier,‡ "is celebrated for its combats with the most dangerous serpents, and for having led us to a knowledge of the *Ophiorhiza mungos* as an antidote to their venom." Kæmpfer,§ who had a tame mongoose

that used to follow him about like a dog, mentions a story of this animal resorting to a plant called *Hampaddu tanah*,* as antidote for a serpent's bite; and Captain R. Percival† has left on record that, on a certain occasion, when a venomous snake and a mongoose were placed together in close quarters, the latter, instead of attacking the reptile, ran prying timidly about, seeking means of escape, and at length found shelter in its master's bosom. But on turning the enemies out on an open space, with "fair field and no favor," the mongoose attacked the serpent and destroyed it; after the deadly strife, the little creature disappeared for a time, and then returned. Captain Percival supposes that during its temporary absence it had found the necessary specific.

Of course Captain Percival's supposition is pure conjecture, and it is worthy of consideration that the natives of Ceylon at the present time attach no credit to the notion that the mongoose resorts to some antidotal herb; still it is not a little singular that Sir E. Tennent was informed by a gentleman who had been a frequent observer of the exploits of the ichneumon, that it "does sometimes retreat into the jungle to eat some vegetable," which was usually grass, but if this were not at hand, almost any other herb that was accessible. If this is the case, it is only reasonable to suppose that the animal sought some plant which, when eaten, would prove an antidote to the poison of the enraged snake. And though it is clear, from the fact of grass being the usual herb resorted to, or in default of it, any accessible herb, that this is *not* the motive, it is difficult, we own, to assign any other. However, this curious question, so long regarded by cautious naturalists as problematic, seems to have recently been solved by the following interesting experiment, a record of which appeared in the pages of *Notes and Queries* (pp. 205, 206), of the 12th of September last:

"Inclosed is a cutting from a Madras newspaper, which I am sure is worthy of a place in your columns. The point has long been a disputed one whether the

* Ceylon, i., p. 147.

† Hist. Anim. ix., 7, 8. Ed. Schneider.

‡ Animal Kingdom, p. 93. Lond., 1851.

§ Amœnitates Exoticae, p. 574.

* Some plants have been named as the ichneumon's specific, amongst which may be mentioned the *Aristolochia Indica*, the *Ophiorhizon serpentinum*, and the *Mimosa octandru*.

† An Account of the Island of Ceylon. Lond., 1805.

mongoose owes its impunity from the cobra's bite to the knowledge of an antidote, or whether the serpent's poison had no effect on the animal. This question is at last settled, and as the only carefully drawn up account of a fight between the cobra and mongoose. I have ever seen, I trust you will make a note of it.

"W. KINCAID,

"Capt. 22d Regt. M. N. I., Bangalore.

"FIGHT BETWEEN A MONGOOSE AND A COBRA.

"DEAR SIR: We think the long-vexed question, whether the mongoose on being bitten by the cobra retires into the jungle and finds some herb an antidote for the poison, or whether the venom of the serpent produces no effect on the animal, has been at last settled.

"On Saturday morning last, whilst seated in the mess-house with several officers of the regiment, a servant came and stated that a snake had been seen by one of the guard to enter a hole in the ground, close to where the guard was. We immediately sent for a mongoose (a tame one, the property of an officer), and put him to the hole. He soon began to scratch away the earth, and in half an hour a fine cobra, about a yard long, came forward, with head erect and hood distended, to attack the mongoose, who seemed to care nothing for the reptile, but merely jumped out of the way to avoid the blows which the snake struck at him. The mongoose, unfortunately, had just been fed, consequently did not show sufficient inclination to go in at him, and kill him; so we secured the snake, and carried him over to the officers' quarters, to have the contest carried out there, after the mongoose should have had some little time to get over his breakfast.

"After a couple of hours' rest, we placed the cobra in a room with closed doors (we having, in the mean time, taken up a secure position in the room, from which we could observe all the movements of the combatants). The mongoose was let in, and the fight commenced.

"*The Fight.*—The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprung back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake, that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably; this lessened his distance from the ground. The mongoose at once seizing the advantageous opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and ap-

peared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter; again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him. It would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other.

"*The Last Round.*—The fight had lasted some three quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing his position of defense for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra had now approached so close that the mongoose (who, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backward, as it had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed his fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after he had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing his teeth in the head of the cobra. This seemed to convince the cobra that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant eye, he unfolded his coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth in his brain, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the snake had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour of the infliction of the bite; showing, beyond doubt, its capability of inflicting a deadly wound.

"After the mongoose had satisfied his appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket-lens the wounds that he had received from the cobra; and on washing away the blood from one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose.* . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever.

"We beg to subscribe ourselves as witnesses to the above narrated encounter, between a mongoose and a cobra; and remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"K. MACAULAY, Major 23d Regt. L. I.

"C. J. COMBE, Captain ditto.

"H. G. SYMONS, Lieutenant ditto.

"TRICHINOPOLY, July 15th, 1863."

A paragraph appeared lately in the pages of *Galignani*, to the effect that vipers are alarmingly on the increase in certain districts of France—no less than three distinct kinds are recorded as occurring there. The French government have, accordingly, suggested the propriety of voting a sum of money for their destruction. The park of Château-Vilain (Haute-Marne) being infested with these noxious animals, the proprietor put some wild boars into it, and “in a very short time there was not a viper to be seen; but after the destruction of the reptiles, the boars turned their gastronomic talents to the investigation of the rich truffle-beds, for which the park was celebrated, and committed such havoc therein that the proprietor had all the boars hunted down. Immediately afterward vipers reappeared in such fearful numbers that wild boars had again to be introduced.” The total number of vipers destroyed in the space of six years was fifty seven thousand and forty-five in one single department! The destruction is said to be best effected by favoring the multiplication of crows and pigs. What a happy thing it is that vipers are not so fearfully abundant in the woods and heaths of England! There is, however, we think, some cause of apprehension that these and other noxious animals will, in course of time, abound more than they do now; for if gamekeepers and others will persist in the wholesale destruction of all birds of prey and other really useful animals, because they do now and then run off with “the Squire’s” pheasants and young hares, and thus destroy that beautiful balance which nature has ordained, they have only themselves to blame for the serious consequences that may not improbably ultimately ensue.

What is the reason of pigs being able to destroy vipers with impunity? Does any prophylactic exist in their constitution, or

are these pachydermatous animals possessed of so tough a skin that the poison-fangs of the serpent are unable to penetrate it? It is said that the American rattle-snakes are destroyed by pigs. The report of M. Léon Soubeiran to the French Society of Acclimatization goes far to corroborate this assertion.

Shall it be, in the course of an all-merciful Providence, that we shall one day be enabled to discover some substance that will prove a certain specific against the effects of a venomous serpent’s bite upon the human subject? We know not; but there is no reason why we should not live in hope.

The Indian ichneumon, or mongoose, the Asiatic representative of its African cousin, is a smaller animal than it, being about the size of a ferret, the Egyptian species measuring about twenty-one inches, not including the tail, which is some sixteen inches more. The color of the mongoose is a most pleasing mixture of gray and dark freckled hairs; it is an inquisitive little creature, fond of poking its sharp nose into every corner, and frequently hiding in holes. From the description of its manners the mongoose must be in this respect very like the weasel of our English lanes and hedges. The Greek name, *Ichneumon*, which signifies “the tracker,” or “hunter,” was evidently given to the animal on account of its exploring and inquisitive habits. The generic term *Herpestes* denotes “a creeper.” Although both these species are valuable on account of their destruction of poisonous and dangerous animals, yet they are too partial to the flesh of a delicate chicken to be trusted near hen-roosts. A European species was discovered not long ago in Andalusia by Captain Widdrington, and called after him *Herpestes Widdringtoni*. It closely resembles the Egyptian species.

It is questionable whether there is an instance in the history of the composition of our army to match the following, which we find in the *Portland Advertiser*: A widow in Union, Me., who has twelve children, eleven of them boys, has just sent the eleventh son into the army. On the occasion of his enlisting, some officers and friends made up a purse of \$200 and presented it to this patriotic matron, who said she was sorry her other child was not a boy, so that she might make still another offering to her country.

A STRICKEN SOCIETY.—A strange fatality seems to attend the officers of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Within a few years Captains M’Conochie and Washington, Major Charters and Col. Jackson, have passed away. Prof. Trithem and Mr. Wheeler died lunatics; Dr. Norton Shaw—a medical man—escaped only by a timely resignation; Dr. Niblett, his successor, disappeared almost as soon as appointed, and now, within a year of his election, Mr. Greenfield lies dead at the house of the Society.—*Athenaeum*, April 16th.

From the Leisure Hour.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

THREE centuries and a half ago the ancestors of many of our peers were what would be called obscure country gentlemen, of the untitled aristocracy. Of our present peers there are but seventy-five whose ancestors were landholders at the period just named. The rest are mere mushrooms compared with county squires whose ancestors held land at the same period. It is found that the Scottish peerage will stand this test better than the English. We can think of only two titled Scottish families whose ancestors did not possess land at the beginning of the sixteenth century—Primrose and Hope. The present head of the former family, the Earl of Roseberry, descends from James Primrose, the printer, who in 1616 had license to print the tract "God and the King" for twenty-eight years, in English or Latin, abroad or at home.

We have spoken of "mushrooms;" and it is manifest that if peers only reckoned their nobility from the date of their patents, they would be of the mushroom quality. But the newest peer may have a very old pedigree, and after being on the list of noble British gentry, may attain, as peer, to a higher rank in that nobility, and enjoy privileges which were previously beyond his reach. So, when a proud old squire declines to be made a modern peer, his pride blinds him to the truth that the new title would not at all affect his being an ancient gentleman.

At the close of the last century there were 9548 families in England entitled to bear arms. To the founders of those families the sovereign had at some time granted this privilege; and such a grant ennobled the recipient and his successors. It mattered nothing whether there was a title or handle to the name or not. The owner held land and wore coat-armor, as the shield of his arms was called; and therewith "John Hampden, twenty-fourth hereditary Lord of Great Hampden," the squire being Lord of the Manor, was as good a nobleman as Buckingham—better,

if it be true that Buckingham's mother, Mary Beaumont, had been a menial servant. In old times, at least, a man was not noble who could not prove his "sixteen quarters" nobility untainted in his family, on both sides, from the time of his great-great-grandmothers. Under the later Bourbons, whose subjects assumed titles with the alacrity of "the most noble Count Bassett," no one was permitted to take part in the royal hunts whose nobility did not date from before the year 1400. In France, too, which assumed to be the most polite of nations, a descent through a female branch lessened the honor of those so descended; but in England all the most ancient baronies descend through females without deterioration or disparagement. Even if the wife be of the humblest condition, she ranks with her husband. Roger de Clifford so loved his meanly born mistress, Gillian, that he would wed with no other woman. The Yelverton who married his cook did little or no harm to the blood of Avonmore. The lady Juliana Talbot, who married Bryan the strolling actor, and Lady Fox Strangways, who wedded with O'Brien of Drury Lane Theater, did neither harm nor honor to the families into which they married. Lord Mansell's son married the daughter of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who had been a shoemaker, without tainting his father's blood. There was a Dowager Countess of Winchelsea who married a wine-merchant, by which there was less harm done than might have been by the marriage of the Marchioness of Antrim, in her own right, with Mr. Phelps, a chorus singer, which marriage, however, was without issue.

The peerage, however, has suffered in other ways, its members having contributed a very large number to the untender hands of the executioner. Since the Conqueror's days some fourscore temporal and spiritual lords have tasted the bitter quality of that grim official. The long list opens with Waltheof, Earl of North-

umberland, Huntingdon, and Northampton, who was beheaded by order of King William, his wife's uncle, in 1075. The gloomy record closes with Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, who was hanged for murder in 1760. Almost midway between the Saxon earl politically beheaded by his Norman uncle, and the half-mad and entirely bad earl who went to Tyburn in his wedding suit, stands the first prince of the blood who stepped on scaffold doomed legally to death, in the person of Thomas Plantagenet, grandson of Henry III., and Earl of Lancaster and Leicester, of whom the common people made a saint. So revered was the memory of this troublesome and turbulent prince, that at one time Thomas of Lancaster threatened to supersede Thomas à Becket.

Very few indeed are the cases in which peers have been rightly executed for any but political offenses, such as high treason, whereby they were made traitors because of their lack of success. Two or three have suffered for crimes of unutterable enormity; but in the very worst of these cases there is room for suspicion that the witnesses were of a class ready to prove too much. The spiritual peers have for the most part suffered enforced death, when called upon, with great dignity. Human sympathy is always with them. We know of no exception, save in the instance of an unworthy member of the Irish prelacy, who was, however, a Somersetshire gentleman, Atherton, Bishop of Waterford. He was hanged at Dublin in 1641, to the great satisfaction of every honest and pure-minded man.

If the law was sometimes rigorously interpreted against noble offenders, its enactments were as carefully applied for the protection of the good fame of the well-deserving. These enactments still exist. According to their declaration, a man may say of a commoner what would be *scandalum magnatum* when spoken, even truly, of a peer. So Dr. Hughes discovered when he said of my Lord Townshend, "He is an unworthy man, and acts against law and reason," and found, to his cost, that the words were actionable, as being used against a peer. The recent Libel Act of Queen Victoria, however, has probably taken the sting out of the once terrible writ of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

It was not merely by the block or attainer that peers and peerages in the old

times ceased to exist. In those early days a titled nobleman often grew weary of his dignity, and, yielding it to his heir, withdrew to a monastery. The instances are not few of peers flying from their estates, stripping themselves of their dignities, and immuring themselves in some isolated retreat, because they were stricken with leprosy. We may notice as a cumulative sample, the instance of the Baron Brian Fitzcount, whose two sons, becoming incurable lepers, Brian and his wife Maude, after providing for the care of the two luckless heirs, shut themselves up in religious houses, and heard unmoved that the king, Henry I., had seized their lands, as if lepers were, as dead men, incapable of inheritance of title or estate.

Surrenders of title were, otherwise, not infrequent. We could enumerate at least a dozen peers who were thus "degraded" because of their poverty. One of the Beauforts, in Henry IV.'s reign, descended from the rank of Marquis of Dorset to that of Earl of Somerset. Indigence in a peer was probably supposed to render him dangerous to the government, and it was undoubtedly an ancient rule of the Civilians that nobility was annulled by poverty. But the rule could not hold, thus interpreted; poverty did not annul nobility—it only suppressed the title. Every cadet of a noble house, though he be a gravedigger, is as noble as the titled head of that house; but in old times, if a gravedigger could have proved himself to be the rightful heir to a peerage, the law would have recognized his nobility, but neither law nor custom nor king would have hailed him by his title. In one respect, extreme periods afford us similar illustrations. In by-gone ages disappointed hopes drove more than one peer from state and power into the deepest seclusion. In our own days there exists an Irish earl and English baron, who could not indeed resign his title, but who has made surrender to his son of all the privileges and enjoyments he derived from it. This earl resided in the most lovely spot in all Ireland, enjoying the paradise of water, wood, and mountain, with a wife who was to him dearer than the paradise which they both loved. But death suddenly took her from his side, and the stricken lord, condemning himself never again to look out upon the scene on which she could gaze no more in company with him, withdrew from the world to the refuge of

a "religious house," to live upon sweet, sad memories and heavenly aspirations.

Never was such devastation made in the ranks of our nobility, titled and untitled, as during the English Thirty Years' War of the White and Red Roses. In the thirteen battles fought between York and Lancaster, from that of St. Albans, in 1455, to that on Redmore Down, near Bosworth, in 1485—in nine of which struggles the Yorkists were the victors, yet they ultimately lost the great prize at Bosworth—there perished in fight, by murder, or under the axe, two kings, four princes, ten dukes, two marquises, one-and-twenty earls, two viscounts, and seven-and-twenty barons. To these may be added one lord-prior, one judge, one hundred and thirty-nine knights, all noble; four hundred and forty-one squires, the eldest sons of knights; and a body of gentlemen, or untitled nobility, of coat-armor and ancestry, the number of whom is variously stated, but which number, being incorporated with the death-roll of private soldiers, swelled the great total to nearly eighty-six thousand men. Such was the cost to the country of that country's best blood, shed in a quarrel which, after all, ended in a wedding by way of compromise.

By death and by attainder the ranks of the peerage were thus diminished: they do not seem to have been very rapidly replenished. In the reign of Elizabeth, in the year 1572, the order of dukes was totally extinct; and we learn from one of Ben Jonson's plays, that in James I.'s time it was a—

"received heresy
That England bears no dukes."

The title was distasteful to divers nobles, who held it ominous, on the ground that so many who had borne it had lost their heads. King James, however, revived the ducal order in 1623, by advancing George Villiers to the rank of Duke of Buckingham.

The omen was fulfilled in this case. Of the three Staffords who had been Dukes of Buckingham before him, Humphrey was slain, and Henry and Edward were beheaded. And then this George Villiers was assassinated, and his son died a beggar and childless. In the Sheffield family the dukedom passed but from one father to one son. That son died a minor, and him

and his house Pope celebrated in the Epitaph on the last of the Sheffield family:

"A race for courage famed, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute, in a saint to heaven."

Young Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, at least died in his bed. Other lines ended in other ways. Although peers be titled gentlemen, who enjoy such privileges as freedom from arrest in civil suits, and the right to wear their hats, if they choose to be rude, in courts of justice; and although they have the exercise of various judicial functions, the grandeur of the position has oftentimes suffered much abatement. There was formerly in titled life as much peril as grandeur. Take, for instance, the eighteen earls of Northumberland. The first three were slain; the fourth, Cospatrick, from whom the Dundases are descended, died in exile; the fifth was beheaded; the sixth, who was also Bishop of Durham (Walcher), was murdered; the seventh (the Norman Alberic) was deprived, and pronounced "unfit for the dignity;" the eighth died a prisoner for treason; the ninth and tenth hardly come into the account, for they were Henry and Malcolm, princes of Scotland, who were a sort of honorary Earls of Northumberland; the eleventh earl was the old Bishop Pudsey, of Durham, who bought the earldom for £11,000, but was subsequently deprived of it and thrown into prison. Then came the Percys. The first earl of that house, but the twelfth in succession, after the death of his son, Hotspur, at Shrewsbury, was himself slain in battle; the thirteenth earl fell at St. Albans, the fourteenth at Towton, the fifteenth at Barnet, the sixteenth was murdered, the seventeenth was the first to die a natural death, and the eighteenth left no children. He, indeed, left a brother; but Sir Thomas Percy was attainted, and his honors became extinct. The son of Sir Thomas was restored in blood and title after Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was beheaded; but the restored earl was himself beheaded in 1572. It was his nephew, Earl Henry, the husband of Dorothy, one of the sisters of Essex, who suffered fifteen years' imprisonment in the Tower, and was mulcted in a fine of £20,000, not so much because he failed to prove that he was not concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, as because

the Percy who *was* actively engaged in it was his kinsman and servant. He was the last earl of his line who suffered personal constraint; and in his grandson, Josceline Percy, the male line became extinct in 1670.

We could cite the lines of other noble houses, the honors of which have had as much gloom as glory, more peril than comfort, about them. We will rather complete the sketch of the Percy family by stating that the Earl Josceline's sole child and heiress, Elizabeth, married the "proud Duke of Somerset," in which title their son, Algernon Seymour, succeeded them, with that of Earl of Northumberland added thereto. This Algernon Seymour, like Josceline Percy, had but one child, Elizabeth, sole heiress now of the Somerset and Northumberland property. This Elizabeth once expressed her surprise at a lady having refused an offer of marriage made to her by the handsome baronet Sir Hugh Smithson, whose father is described by some writers as a London apothecary, but whose family, landed gentry in the north, from the time of the Conquest, was as noble as that of the Percys, and only inferior to it in the fact that the hereditary title of the one was higher in the scale of precedence than that of the other. Sir Hugh married the Percy heiress, and was subsequently created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. In the well-nigh hundred years that have since elapsed, there have been four dukes—Sir Hugh, his son, and two grandsons. In the latter, as in the earlier days, these Northumbrian nobles have had to risk their lives in battle; the present duke was in Lord Exmouth's expedition to Algiers, and his father distinguished himself in America. The latter, too, came into collision with the government of his day, as his remote predecessors had often done; but in his case with less calamitous issue. George III. had promised him the governorship of Tynemouth; but the king broke his royal word. When he was, subsequently, asked to go out to America as commissioner, with a promise of the Garter on his return, he peremptorily refused; and when asked for the grounds of his refusal, he as promptly answered—his experience of what court promises were!

It has been remarked that the cadets of noble families, however low they may have fallen, lose nothing of their nobility,

and may be the true representatives of a line whose elder branches are extinct. If this rule be exactly as we have stated, Percy, the Irish trunk-maker, who claimed to be the heir of Josceline Percy, to the detriment of the great heiress Elizabeth, may have had no grounds for his claim as next heir, and yet may have been a cadet of the family. In the last century, the old noble Scottish line of Ormiston had a cadet of the house, and probably a representative of the lords of the land near Montrose, in the person of Ormiston, the Edinburgh hangman.

To return to England: let us observe, that in an essentially hereditary peerage, peerages for life are undoubtedly an anomaly. The grant which made Sir James Parke, Baron Wensleydale for the term of his natural life was so questioned in the Upper House, that the Crown yielded to the pressure, and the title was re-granted to him and his heirs male. In the earlier case of Chief Justice Gifford, a life peerage was proposed, but declined; and the learned lord ultimately obtained his baronial coronet with the usual stipulations. He is distinguished as being the only English peer who was at the same time Master of the Rolls. In King James I.'s time, however, there was a Scottish peer, Lord Bruce, who held the same office.

It must be remembered, nevertheless, that precedents for authorizing creations of life peerages exist. Henry VI. created Richard Beauchamp (Earl of Warwick) Earl of Albemarle for life. At his death, his son Henry succeeded him in the earldom of Warwick, and he was subsequently the sole Duke of Warwick (with precedence next to Norfolk and before Buckingham) on the roll of the peerage; but the title of Albemarle expired at Richard Beauchamp's death in 1439, nor was it heard of again till 1680, when George Monck was created Baron Monck of Potheridge (his birthplace) and Beauchamp, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle.

The only other instances we can recall to mind of a peerage granted for life were in 1377, when Guiscard d'Angle, of Poitou, was created Earl of Huntingdon *totâ viâ sua durante*; and again in 1416, when Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, was created Duke of Exeter for life. On the other hand, the creation of peeresses for life has been exceedingly common. We need not only cite the Baroness Bel-

lasyze, the Countess of Buckingham, the Countess of Chesterfield, and the Duchess of Cleveland; the Duchess of Dudley, the Countess of Guilford, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Portsmouth, the Countess Rivers, the Baroness Sandys, the Countess Shepey, and the Countess Stafford, as the most familiar samples. Perhaps the most curious title ever conferred on a lady was that of *Baronetess* in her own right, which was conferred, in 1635, on Mistress (who then became Lady) Bolles. This "dame" lies buried at Ledsham.

Misalliances by way of marriage have not been so cruelly visited in England as on the continent. Even in the celebrated case of Winifred, the dairy-maid, it will be remembered that the great historian of the fact of her marriage allows that if she a little spoiled the blood of the Bickerstafes, she very much improved their constitutions. There was no such concession made in Germany in a similar and actual case. In 1436, Agnes Bernauerinn, a peasant-girl, was married by Duke Albert the Pious. The bridegroom's father, Duke Ernest of Bavaria, could not forbid the banns, but he very readily murdered the bride. She was flung from the bridge of Straubing into the Danube by his order. The poor young beauty, who had unwillingly become a duchess, rose to the surface and struck out for the shore screaming for help; but there was none to help her. The ducal executioner was there, but only to satisfy his master's pride and thirst for vengeance. As she neared the bank, he passed his long pole through her luxuriant hair, forced her under the water by it, and held her there till she was drowned.

One of the most curious errors with which we are acquainted is that in the last volume of the "*Archæologia*," in which it is said that this poor Duchess Agnes was drowned by order of her own instead of her husband's father. The latter was the murderer, by the hands of his own hangman. Perhaps the hangman was made a *Freiherr* for his manly work. In our own country, an idea has always prevailed that an executioner who beheaded a state criminal for high treason became by the fact an esquire. The mistake arose from Brooke, York Herald, having made out a coat-of-arms for "Gregory Brandon, gentleman," the hangman of Charles I.'s days. York palmed the

arms on Garter, who negligently confirmed them; but both heralds were imprisoned—one for the hoax, and the other for not finding it out. The hoax gave rise to the old popular error.

In old days in this our England, all noblemen, by whatever title they were known, were barons. The "Council de Baronage" included peers of every dignity. In the reign of Henry III., an Act of Parliament decreed that no nobleman could sit in parliament without a writ of summons. Nor was a new peer considered actually possessed of his dignity till he had undergone the rite of investiture. On this point Sir Bernard Burke has fallen into a singular error for a King of Arms to make. "In olden time," he says, "it was deemed necessary to invest with robes the newly created baron in open parliament, and so lately as the era of King James I. that monarch in person solemnly inducted the barons created by patent, in the fifteenth year of his reign, by enrobing each peer in scarlet, with a hood furred with miniver; but in the same year it was determined to discontinue those ceremonies in future, the legal advisers of the crown having declared that the delivery of the letters patent constituted a sufficient creation." Nevertheless, it is certain that investiture was in practice as late as the reign of Charles II. "In the Banqueting House," writes Pepys (20th of April, 1661), "saw the king create my lord chancellor and several others earls, and Mr. Crewe and several others barons, the first being led up by heralds and five old earls to the king, and there the patent is read, and the king puts on his vest and sword and coronet, and gives him the patent, and then he kisses the king's hand, and rises and stands covered before the king. And the same for each baron, only he is led up by three old barons, and they are girt with swords before they go to the king." Coronets were not worn by barons previous to this reign. Charles conferred this honor, as Elizabeth had done on viscounts. As connected with this matter, we may notice that a peer's robes cost about £1000: but just previous to George IV.'s coronation, Mr. Wayte offered to supply them for that occasion at £220, and to take them back at £80, which left ample profit for their use.

On the subject of the creation of peers we will here mention the exceedingly pretty custom which was once in force in

France. In the time of the old parliament a "duke and peer," on his nomination, and even if he were a prince of the blood, was obliged, in the spring next after his nomination, to present a tribute of roses to the parliament. This was called the "Ceremony of the Roses." The new duke, moreover, was accustomed to decorate the hall in which the parliament sat, and every adjacent chamber, with a profusion of flowers and foliage. Previous to his introduction, he gave a magnificent breakfast. On his introduction, pages

preceded him bearing a large silver basin filled with roses and violets, which were presented to the president. The pretty ceremony could not be avoided. In June, 1541, the parliament decreed that Louis de Bourbon Montpensier, created duke and peer in February, 1538, and François de Cleves, created "Duc de Nevers" in January of the same year, should present the flowery tribute, and that Louis de Bourbon, though the last in date of creation should bring his roses and violets first. —*Athenæum*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD.

WE all recognize more or less, that the celebrity and the success of a man during the period of his active life will not always meet with a similar estimate when he has withdrawn from it. It is not of that high and sacred thing, Fame in the large sense, and enduring through many generations —fame such as that

Semper florentis Homeri—

of which we are speaking; but of those lower species of it which throw a halo round almost every body who has been in any sphere frequently before the world's eye during his existence. Such celebrity as this—*adhuc vivo* glory we might call it—may be gained simply by honest work and fair abilities; it surrounds an efficient secretary of state or a successful merchant. Or it may be gained, as men whisper in many cases, by means less direct—by versatility and knowledge of human weakness, in politics; by beauty and a good cellar, in society; by dexterity and deference to popular commonplace, in novel-writing, or poetry, or art, or even comparative anatomy. And two points may be specially noted of such fame as this: that we, generally speaking, at once acquiesce in it while the man lives, and are conscious that it will not overlive him. The world, naturally favoring its children, plays a kind of good-natured game with them; it gives them their day in, as it

were; does not profess, except of course officially, to think that their reputation or their influence will last; but, meanwhile, allows them to reap all the advantages. In the outspoken Middle Ages the position of such Children of this World was rudely symbolized by a certain arrangement which people contracted with a certain personage. We have done away with that personage and his unpleasant parchments; the "feudal devil," as Göthe says, "is no more;" yet it is a curious, even if an unpractical thing, to inquire what possessors of present fame might, of old, have been allegorized as high contracting powers of this kind, and to ask by what means they manage to be so much wiser in their generation than the Children of Light. It is obvious that no disrespect, far less, censure, toward the Children of this World can be thus conveyed; for in so judging them we merely anticipate by a few years the estimate which, as we have said, their cotemporaries have already tacitly formed, and gently whispered. Indeed, we frankly admire the success which has raised them to high places in the public view; even if occasionally that impertinent wonder with which Pope surveyed the flies in the amber will force itself on the mind, at a period, perhaps, of digestive derangement. But this success is their invitation to us to examine and to ask how it was gained,

and how long it will continue. And in analyzing these phenomena, if we find means to answer the inquiry, we look, or seem to look, into the next page of history, and enjoy something of the pleasure which the children of Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray may have enjoyed when they read on Christmas Day the January number of *Vanity Fair* or *Pickwick*, and knew, before we could, how the rogue was shown up, or how the devil came to fetch off the wicked nobleman.

We need not, however, dwell upon that first and thoroughly honorable species of *adhuc vivo* reputation which we have noticed. It is simply the halo that a certain performance of duty, or the occupation of a certain position, throws round a, perhaps, unambitious man. Some one must fill the place, we often say—must be duke, or head of the bank, or foreign secretary in his turn; and the place is in itself so high that it imparts a glory to the wearer. Even if this be his main title to glory, yet the lofty personage in question will, pretty surely, have the chance of doing a few kind or liberal things; and such things, from such an eminence, have a grace and distinction of their own. The reputation arising from all this we take to be not only inevitable and innocent, but of considerable value in oiling the wheels of life. It is the fairly-earned honor of duty done on a pinnacle; the counterbalance to some of the uneasiness which besets a throne; at the lowest, the recognition that a man has tried to bear himself well in circumstances of a certain responsibility. It helps him to easy-chairs in life, and to peace on the death-bed. Finally, it is engraved on the monuments of a thousand peers and ministers, bishops and magistrates, writers and soldiers, where, though not quite *aere perennius*, it has a duration and an extent precisely commensurate with the marble tablet.

We remember how the *Times*, that special and singular patron of Children of the World, spoke of the late Lord Lansdowne, in its obituary notice, as the "most respected man of the day." This was an admirable instance of the kind of exaggeration we mean; conscious, indeed, yet not too conscious. But there is a noble and conspicuous member of the Lower House, happily yet living, who may better serve to illustrate the above text. We quote him solely because, when an example is introduced, it should be a brilliant

one, for in some important features Lord Palmerston's portrait will not come within the limits here sketched. A successful premier of England in the nineteenth century will, quite abstractedly from the personality of the man, always hold a distinguished place in English annals, at least until they are written on the principles of Mr. Buckle; nor will the present premier individually fail to be remembered with honor so long as the phrase *Civis Romanus* is held to be accurately construed by *British Traveler*. Lord Palmerston, though owing much to nature and more to birth, is a bright example how to make the most, if not of both worlds, yet at least of that world with which we are best familiar. Determined never to be unintelligible by the meanest capacity in speech, and in policy rarely to ascend above the vision of the average Englishman, he may have sacrificed—perhaps we might even say, he has sacrificed—to "his generation" the loftier impulses of his intellect, and, at times, the aspirations of his statesmanship. The epithets which friends apply to him are the unconscious echo of the impression which he is destined to leave—dexterous, active, versatile, vigorous, genial; pleasant epithets, doubtless, and such as any man might envy, but not exactly of the immortal order. Like the last fashionable bonnet (nor would he superciliously reject such a standard of comparison), Lord Palmerston is neat, brilliant, handy, indispensable, and constructed of the best materials that are consistent with economy; but he will not be seen on the shelf of the British Museum, a thousand years hence, like the helmet of King Pyrrhus. But then the bonnet does not wish to be the helmet of King Pyrrhus! Perhaps we sometimes laud him a little too highly, with a knowledge that, though we wish to honor him much, we wish for his services more. Even in our own sketch there may be a rose-tint or two supernumerary. It is in certain measures that he has carried, in certain bursts of eloquence where the man was deeply stirred and knew that his audience or his countrymen had risen to his level, that the future Macaulay (if an equal admirer of great whig houses) will find occasion to confer the *laudes laudati viri*. Meanwhile the poet of No. 37 High-street, St. Giles, has recently drawn a portrait which—in rough lines no doubt, but such

lines as Englishmen love — admirably sums up what we have here ventured to suggest :

"Here's jolly good luck to Palmerston,
And although near fourscore,
We hope that he may live in health
For twenty years or more ;
We could not find a better
If we hunted through the land ;
Then here's success to Palmerston,
He's a regular good old man !

"*Chorus.*

"He's a rum cove, fol de riddle I do,
Our pre-mi-er so free ;
Lord Palmerston is a funny old chap,
And they won't get over he."

The world, like the church, is a word of a singularly chameleon-like quality. The ideas of praise or of dispraise which it conveys may range almost from heaven to the—antipodes. We have hitherto taken it in the higher position of its orbit ; somewhere "above the waist," as Hamlet said, or "the middle of its favors." In this sense, to be Children of this World is something distinct from being simply and downright worldly. It means doing your duty with energy, pushing your way without philosophical scruples, and making fame and money on the road by all methods consistent (of course) with the highest principles of honor. Respectable is an epithet which, as we in England at present employ it, exactly fits this class during life ; and whatever reputation they leave—though less in amount, as we said at the beginning, than cotemporaries by a good-natured and useful fiction confer upon them—will be thoroughly respectable also. But in the great commercial school of the world there is another class of its children who—watching the career of our friends above, observing how they succeed, and that excess or extra quantity, so to speak, of fame which the world allows them—enact a kind of imitation of their parts, with certain differences on which we now propose to dwell. They too, succeed ; and we honestly admire their success, although we may plead to be excused from greatly respecting it. The distinctive quality—the *differentia*, as the logicians say—of these men seems to lie in this, that they reserve their interest, absolutely and wholly, for the range of individual life. Fame amongst those they will never

dine with, or any after-world in which a good income is not quite distinctly perceptible to the eye of faith, has simply no hold whatever on their minds, or influence on their actions. Charles Lamb humorously deprecates the heaven of theologians, as a place in which he could not confidently look for finding a shelf for his "dearly-beloved folios." Knowledge, he feared, would there come to him, "by some awkward process of intuition, in place of that familiar one of reading." Carry this idea out in all its ramifications, and the man who acts upon it rationally and consistently through his threescore years and ten (some act upon it, with admirable steadiness, from the days of open tarts and apples), will make himself what we mean by a Child of this World, in the absolute worldly sense. To succeed for his own day is his object, his aim and end. A certain amount of respectability, but not too much ; a considerable quantity of fame amongst the powerful of the world, for fame is influence ; a shrewdness which does not disdain, as they say of the steam-hammer, to crack a nut, while we all know it could punch an armor-plate—nay, which, if it sees halfpence in the gutter, will sagaciously know them to be halfpence still ; a Falstaff, in one word, though not always so humorous and entertaining—in such, or some such, elements the Child of this World will be "wise in his generation."

Such a man, it is clear, must have some considerable ability. But the ability which brings success is of two main species. The first is the ability to do well the work which you profess ; the second, the ability to get influential people or classes to think that you do it well. Of the first we have already spoken. The second is the attribute of the class we are considering. We often hear this distinction recognized. People say, if it be demonstrated to them, as clearly as such matters can be, that some politician or railway director knows nothing of statesmanship or business, that some fashionable artist can not draw—that at least they have had the knowledge how to get themselves accepted by the world. The speaker generally makes this remark with a smile ; it seems to dispose of the impertinent inquiry into the merits ; it tacitly implies, the Children of this World are wiser in their day than the other children. After their day it is quietly

felt that a different measure may be applied; but then this is no part of our hero's concern. Such fame as this is the earnest of all he aims at. It secures his success, and he may negotiate it for his immediate advantage with as philosophical a calmness as the swindler who draws bills which he knows can not be presented till he is safe across the Atlantic. Posterity has done nothing for him, and may harshly call him knave or humbug at its leisure. Not to be found out, *adhuc vivo*, limits his horizon.

If such is the quality of the reputation wanted, it will be mainly amongst two classes that it will be sought by the (male) Child of this World. He must conciliate a prominent literary organ or two, and he must succeed amongst the upper ranks (whether of wealth or of fashion) of the upper ten thousand. Whether it be in politics, in science, in art, or in literature that he wishes to be thought that which he is not, and to reap the advantages thereof, neither of these engines of fame can be safely neglected. A few powerful patrons have, it is true, occasionally done all the needful for those who aim at being thought men of genius. We sometimes see, for instance, buildings or public monuments put up by persons ignorant of the grammar of art, and, if we are innocent of the world, express our naïf wonder how men who have no popularity, and have been perhaps often exposed for incompetence, can succeed so widely. The very innocent even go so far as to use what we hope Archbishop Trench will warrant us in considering the Saxon word job. How often that word was employed in 1862, for example, in connection with our friends at South Kensington! How ignorantly, however, as was felt by all persons of well-constituted minds and a certain consideration—how improperly! These, however, are comparatively rare cases. In general, more or less adhesion from the literature of the day can not be dispensed with. It is superfluous to show why this is the case. How, for instance, should those born, by inferior luck, south of Tweed, have discovered the poetical merits of the great Professor Aytoun, had not the Scottish papers, and those English to which Scotchmen contribute the outpourings of the *ingenium perfervidum*, proved to us, with such gallant resolution against overwhelming odds, that the author of the

Lays is the Scott of his generation? To belong to a small quasi-nationality, and cultivate its vanity, is no mean element of success for those who, let us say, wish to live all their lives on credit. In politics, the importance of public verdicts is even clearer. The sagacious adventurer would not neglect the good-will of Grub-street; much more will he not fail to conciliate—although always by—the most honorable and agreeable of means—the omnipotent managers of any Great Company. This, and a duke well used, have been the making of many a reputation. Let the skeptical study with due discretion certain columns in the *Morning Post*. Who's who in 1864? is a question with which the stationers' shops have rendered us familiar. Who dined with whom during 1863 will be found of no small use in answering it.

A third method of gaining that fame which is success, is to take up some popular cry, and endeavor to obtain recognition as a representative man in certain large sections of the community. Of course there is a sense in which all men of mark, and all who wish to be widely useful, do so. The poet and the man of science must be, as has been often remarked, children of their age. Much more the chief in business or politics. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish this from the imitation of it with which we are here concerned. But we take the test to be whether the man is consistent in his adoption of popular interests. If so, popular as he may himself be at first, he will be sure some day to find himself in collision with influential persons in society or in literature. Mr. Dickens is an example of this, in those later tales which he has devoted to social questions; the polite world has long tabooed him. Mr. Ruskin is another. We do not here enter on any inquiry into the justice of the taboo; we only note its existence. But let another man attack university narrowness (let us say) when he has committed himself to liberalism, and shrink from his attack when he has received academic office, and we can not help regarding with a certain hesitation a love of popularity which is pursued by such incoherent courses. We ask, is this intrinsically a representative man, or one who wishes to be believed such?—that provoking inquiry to which Success gives an answer, deficient in no element of com-

pleteness except duration. And duration was not one of the points in the game that Children of this World play for.

Occasionally, however, it will occur, by a perverse and vexatious chance, that the wisdom of the successful fails a little before their day. What, to the well-regulated disposition which we trust that we and our friends possess, can be more lugubrious and deplorable than the occurrence of such a detection amongst any of our popular cotemporaries? It is like the failure of the Great Eastern; we all knew she could not pay, but we hoped, for the sake of national credit, that the Bankruptcy Court would not commence operations in our time. Fame which rests on the verdict of a fashionable clique, and is imperfectly buttressed by the public at large, appears especially liable to this lamentable collapse. We have noticed one which occurred but the other day. The church annals of the worldly eighteenth century supply an amusing example on a small scale. A worthy Doctor in Divinity, who had done himself some little credit in his college, was promoted to one of the Western deaneries. Before the ratification of his appointment, and while he was in the state which, in case of bishops, is named "designate," busy in forgetting old friends, and in flattering new, his acquaintances were jealous enough of

his success to report that he endeavored to give what he considered an aristocratic color to his name, by the conversion of Simpson into Simson. What was his confusion when, on taking possession of the stall, he discovered that two of the best families in the county bore the patronymic of Simpson—Simpson with a p? This was, indeed, a case which, under existing church patronage and the high tone of clerical aspirants, would now be simply impossible, from York to Canterbury. But somewhat similar miscalculations are made, even in our own day, in other lines of life. A charlatan of genius is "found out," a lord mayor is made a joke of, a professional literary bully makes a joke of himself, Mr. — puts his name to a letter, insisting that he will never abandon anonymous editorship, and the world laughs and forgets its children. *Solvuntur risu tabulae*. The philosopher meantime looking on, if he feels at all, feels a mild regret for those whose bubble has thus burst a little prematurely. It seems hard that ephemera, who asked for nothing beyond, should not have their day; or should anticipate, even by a few years, the contemptuous silence with which, as we knew whilst we listened politely to their praises, the world all along means to reward them:

Securos latites, et longa oblivia.

From the Edinburgh Review.

KIRK'S CHARLES THE BOLD.*

THE episode of history which these volumes undertake to set forth is one of the most dramatic which any age or any country has produced. The conflict of the new and the old, the antagonism of rival systems of government, of incompatible interests and ambitions, was never exhibited to the world embodied in more characteristic actors or on a more imposing stage; and from act to act of the

great drama the incidents increase in rapidity of succession and in grandeur, until the chief personage of the scene ends his impetuous and bloodstained career by a catastrophe as tragic and as terrible as poetical justice could have invented. Never, moreover, were two principles so fairly tested and arrayed against each other as feudalism and the spirit of modern government in the persons of Charles the Bold and Louis XI.; never the duality of contrast so strongly marked. Feudalism, like our daily luminary, appeared in

* *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.*
By JOHN FOSTER KIRK. Vols. I. and II. London, 1863.

grander state just before its setting—and, like some tropical plant, it seemed to have waited to produce its most luxuriant and gorgeous magnificence in the House of Burgundy, and to have perished in the production. The figure of Charles, as portrayed by the Burgundian chroniclers, with stern and warlike features, mailed in armor of steel, with jeweled helmet and lion crest, with mantle of velvet sprinkled with diamonds and rubies, seated on a steed of matchless beauty, whose very bridle and caparison blazed with gold and precious stones, imposes on the imagination; while nothing can be more mean than the appearance of his adversary, the representative of the new system which was to substitute policy for pageantry and the influence of intelligence for the lawless anarchy of force. Louis made but a sorry figure in an age noted for its splendor, with his scanty fustian raiment, his shabby hat, and the wooden beads and leaden ornaments of a pilgrim. His countenance, in its lean and withered pallor, looked, we are told, like that of a leper. His entire absence of morality, and the groveling superstition of his mind, enhanced the repulsiveness of his person; and it would appear as though nature had intended to show in the one case how vital and enduring was the principle represented, in spite of its unattractive exterior, and how utterly effete was the other as a social and national element of power, in spite of the gilded splendor with which it was clothed and surrounded.

Never was there a time when the ancient animating principles and forces of society had so utterly departed, leaving nothing behind them but empty forms, displayed with unblushing effrontery in the service of hypocrisy and intrigue. Chivalry was but a name, although its parade was more extravagant than ever. Vows for undertaking a crusade against the infidels still continued to be taken, but as a mere excuse for magnificent feasting, joustings, banquets, revelry, and voluptuous enjoyments. Feudalism was every where in open revolt against its suzerain—that is, against itself. Morals and religion had been entirely divorced, and, as in the case of Louis XI., a degrading observance of superstitious rites was considered capable of expiating all violations of the most sacred, moral, and social duties. Fraud and perjury were rules of action; treachery, assassination, and frat-

ricide were the common expedients of princes. That policy which now passes by the name of Machiavelli, was but the ordinary practice of rulers long before his time; neither was it peculiar to Italy. Alfonso of Castile, Ferdinand of Aragon, Louis XI., Warwick, *l'homme le plus subtil de son vivant*, were fully the rivals of the Sforzas and the Medici; and the moral obtuseness of Philip de Comines is not surpassed by that of the author of the *Principe*. But in Italy, from the intricate diplomatic relations of the various states, as well as from the political genius of the people, the science of politics and diplomacy in the modern sense was in a greater degree of forwardness than elsewhere; and Louis XI., who had an almost prophetic instinct of the principles of modern government, looked with eagerness to the Sforzas and the members of the Venetian council for lessons in the new statecraft. To Francesco Sforza he applied for advice at many a difficult crisis in his career, and he placed himself under the tuition of three Venetians, for whom he sent in order to be instructed in their method of government. The character of the age thus reflected in its princes is still more apparent in the character of its literature, of which the *Chronique of Jehan de Saintré*, the farce *Patelin*, the *Cent Nouvelles of Louis XI.*, were the most admired productions: cynicism, trickery, and licentiousness are always victorious, and they exhibit a dark contrast with the simple faith of the Trouvères, and the romantic grandeur of the heroes of medieval fiction. In the whole of the fifteenth century not a single character is found to interest the feelings or attract sympathy—not one figure is free from the dark obliquity of the epoch: the age opens, indeed, with the pure and poetic apparition of Joan of Arc; but her career and destiny proved how entirely incomprehensible to our countrymen was such an example of patriotism and devotion. Never hardly did the prospects of humanity seem more gloomy than in the middle of the century, when the news of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks convulsed Europe. Tyranny, corruption, and fraud seemed enthroned immutably in Church and State, the moral sense extinguished, and the intellect hopelessly sterile and degraded; just as the press commended its revivifying influence, the Reformation loosened the bands of superstition from the soul, and the new birth of arts

and letters opened fresh regions to the mind, as Columbus did to the physical energies of man.

Between the old and the new epochs, however, there is a transition period of about thirty years, commencing with the taking of Constantinople, which marks the termination of medieval history. This interregnum is occupied by the great contest of the House of Burgundy and France. At its commencement the Burgundian power was in the noon-day of its prosperity which it had attained under the peaceful sway of Philip the Good. Inheriting the rich possessions of the ancient counts of Flanders, the dukes of Burgundy surpassed in pomp and splendor all that the gorgeous taste of the emblazoned times of chivalry had invented; their etiquette and state ceremonials were of surpassing majesty, and were afterward adopted by Austria and Spain. The duke was styled the Great Duke of the "Occident," and was the founder and chief of the splendid order of the Golden Fleece, which numbered kings among its members. The chapters were held in the splendid cathedral of St. Bavon, where the duke sat beneath a canopy of gold in front of the high altar embellished by the genius of Van Eyck, like Arthur among his knights, or Charlemagne among his peers. The pope appealed to him for aid as to the fountain-head of chivalry; and an entertainment called the *vœu du faisan*, and intended to inaugurate a new crusade, which was given by Philip in consequence of such an appeal immediately after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, obtained immense celebrity. The gorgeous Flemish festival was such as none but the glowing colors and rich imagination of a Rubens could duly represent. It was held in an immense hall, surrounded by five tiers of galleries for the spectators, who were required to be masked. Three tables of immense length were ranged in the hall: on one the central ornament was a fortress of enormous size, flanked by a tower, and attacked by a besieging army; on another, a church holding within it an organ and a choir of singers; and on the third a mammoth pastry, in which were concealed twenty-eight musicians. All the arrangements were in the same monstrous and gigantic proportions. In the intervals of the banquet, the courses of which, placed in chariots of gold and azure, were rolled along by machinery,

the company was diverted with music and the exhibition of flying griffins and dragons, and such monsters as we see in a Christmas pantomime. At last an elephant entered the hall, conducted by a Saracen giant. On the back of the beast was a tower, in which sat a lady weeping, in religious and mourning attire, representing the Holy Church, and imploring the knights, in poetic strain, to swear upon the pheasant to hasten to her succor. When the pheasant (the bird of chivalry) was brought, there were no limits to the enthusiasm with which the duke and all his guests hypothetically devoted themselves to the crusade. At such festivals assembled from time to time all the chief princes and nobles of Europe, proud to share the boundless hospitality of the Duke of Burgundy, and never weary of admiring his gold and silver vessels, his rich tapestries, his paintings, his illuminated volumes, his accumulated treasures, his crucifixes, reliquaries, and chased works of gold, and his collection of jewels, which, for size, brilliancy, and number, was the most celebrated in the world. But shrewd observers, such as the Venetian or Milanese ambassadors, admired still more the wonderful country of the Netherlands, of whose prosperity this magnificence and wealth was but the symbol. The florid and exuberant Flemish nature is as visible in the extravagance of these festivals as it is in the pictures of the grandest of their artists.

For the towns of Flanders surpassed the rest of the towns of Europe in wealth and abundance as much as the dukes surpassed other princes. The Netherlands were then the mart and workshop of the whole earth. Their rich stuffs of satin and velvet, their cunning workmanship in wood, iron, copper, and gold, found a way into all lands, and the brands of the manufactures of their chief towns were as well known in Cairo and Damascus as in London or Madrid. In the mart of Bruges were heaped the products of the whole earth; the spices of the East were exchanged for the amber and product of the fisheries of the Baltic. Nor was the wealth of these great towns their only characteristic; the artificers were as well acquainted with the use of pike and sword as with the instrument of labor. The lusty and turbulent spirit of freedom had secured for them privileges and characters which they well knew how to defend

in the field; before Morgarten and before Cressy they had shown in the great rout of Courtrai what mere "*villains*" could effect on foot against the proudest and most numerous of European aristocracies: the example of their struggles for independence had a contagious influence throughout the continent, and the *chapeiron blanc* of Ghent was adopted as the badge of freedom by the citizens of Paris.

Possessing these rich and populous regions of Flanders, the dukes could afford to leave almost untaxed their ancestral dominions of the two Burgundies, which supplied them only with troops. Nevertheless, amid all their riches and power, the anomaly of their position as vassals of the crown of France grew more and more apparent with the growth of the two countries. Even while the duke sat as head of the chapter of the *Toison d'Or*, in more than the pomp and pride of a sovereign, he might receive a legal summons from a black-robed usher of the parliament of Paris. The diversity of races under his rule, which made his dominions the Austria of the Middle Ages, increased the difficulties of his position. That such difficulties might have been overcome, and the power of the House of Burgundy placed on a firm and independent basis, is fully possible, especially at a time when the characteristics of nationality were less strongly marked than they are now; but in any case great political tact and prudence, or very great military genius, could alone have accomplished it. Charles the Bold attempted to solve the problem without either of these qualities, and the history of his disastrous career we have now to consider.

The calamitous conflicts of the royalty of France with the *sires des fleurs de lys*, as her great feudatories of royal blood were called, were prepared by the providence of the first Valois, who renewed the system of granting large provinces in *apanage* to the younger sons of the royal family—a practice of which the wisest of the Capetian monarchs had seen the pernicious consequences, and which they had endeavored to abolish. The most fatal of such errors, however, was that by which the House of Burgundy was created, or rather re-created, by John, the second prince of the Valois race. The duchy of Burgundy, established by the Capetian dynasty, had become extinct in the person of Philip de Rouvres, a descendant of a

younger branch of the former royal line, on whom the duchy was first conferred. Had John followed the example of Louis le Gros, Philip Augustus, or Louis IX., he would have regarded this as a happy accident, and united the duchy for ever to the crown of France. But in a blind fit of affection for his youngest son Philip, who had fought by his side at Poitiers, he created afresh for him the feudal sovereignty of Burgundy, subject to the usual conditions of homage and reversion to the crown. Philip le Hardy, thus first duke of the new line, sought and obtained in marriage Margaret, the widow of Philip de Rouvres, the last holder of the duchy—a marriage of policy which raised his power at once to the level of any European sovereignty, since Margaret was not only the daughter and heiress of Louis van Male, Count of Flanders and Artois, but as widow of Philip de Rouvres, added to this magnificent dowry the sovereignty of Franche Comté, a fief of the empire.

During the reign of Charles V., whose surname of the Wise or the Learned rightly characterizes his superiority of intelligence among the unlettered chieftains of a feudal age, while the spirit of the weakly monarch reigned supreme in the cabinet, and the arm of Bertrand du Guesclin conquered in the field and liberated the soil of France from the feet of English invasion and the brigandage of the Great Company, Philip the Bold played no more than a subordinate part together with the other princes of the blood. But when Charles VI. succeeded to the throne, on the premature death of his father in 1380, a period arrived in which the crown remained without defense against the encroaching ambition of its vassals. During his long and disastrous reign of forty-two years, he was king only in name; for the first eight years after his accession he was in minority, and during the last thirty years of his life, he was in a state of hopeless lunacy, with brief intervals of reason. The royal power and welfare of France were at the mercy of the intrigues of the uncles of the king, among whom Philip assumed and kept the preëminence; great, however, as had been the evil which Philip the Bold had wrought upon France, it was insignificant compared with that entailed by his son John the Fearless.

The unhappy king living in confinement, unwashed, unshorn, flying into fury upon his attendants, and throwing himself upon

his food like a wolf, seemed but a type of the general disorder of the public mind. John the Fearless succeeded to his father's place in the royal council, but his somber, taciturn, and morose nature was exasperated by the rival influence of the Duke of Orleans, brother of the king—a prince endowed with all the graces of person and manners calculated to win the smiles of ladies and the favor of the court. John the Fearless, on the other hand, following in the later steps of his father, sought to ingratiate himself with the citizens of Paris, who were during this period in a normal state of revolt in defense of their rights and privileges, and to resist the incessant demands of the royal exchequer. Private jealousy, as was said, from the intimacy of Louis of Orleans with the Duchess of Burgundy, inflamed in the breast of the duke the spirit of public rivalry to deadly animosity, until urged, as he himself avowed, by the promptings of the Evil One, he causes his rival to be assassinated, with circumstances of great ferocity, shortly after a reconciliation had been effected between them, in token of which they had taken the sacrament together, and sworn to love and fraternity. From that period until the murder of John himself at the famous interview with the dauphin on the bridge of Montereau, France was a theater of horrors which have hardly their parallel in the whole course of history. The inhuman warfare of the Burgundians and Armagnacs, literally converted the most fertile tracts of France into deserts. Roads disappeared—arable land was overgrown with brambles and forests. None dared to live except within walled towns. Wolves feasted in the streets of Paris, and the desolation of the capital exceeded that denounced on the doomed cities of Holy Writ.* To such calamities were added, through the instrumentality of John the Fearless, those of the English invasion. Azincourt was the Cannæ of the nobility of France, and John the Fearless was as fatal in his death as he had been in life to his country. Through the death-wound in his skull, it was said, the English entered the gates of Paris.

That sanguinary deed of vengeance and treachery was, indeed, more advan-

tageous to the English than many victories. Philip, the new duke, in revenge of his father's murder, formed a close alliance with Henry V., and accepted without scruple the very conditions which the English monarch had been unable to impose upon John the Fearless. During the two following years till the time of the death of Henry V. in 1422, Philip was actively engaged on the English side; and one of the last injunctions of the king was to preserve the friendship of the Duke of Burgundy. It was not long, however, before causes of misunderstanding arose.

Philip was apprehensive of the establishment of a foreign power in the country, powerful enough to be independent of his support; he had endured much slighting treatment, and a great breach of the Anglo-Burgundian alliance was caused by the death of Anne of Burgundy, his sister, the wife of the great Duke of Bedford, who so worthily succeeded his royal brother in the regency of France. The enthusiasm of Joan of Arc—the purest incarnation of sanctity and heroism which it was ever given to any nation to exhibit—changed the current of English victory. To the duke himself Joan appealed in a pathetic letter *à mains jointes*, to have pity upon France, immediately after the warrior maiden had led her king triumphantly to his coronation at Reims. Philip, however, was about this time celebrating at Bruges his third marriage with Isabella of Portugal, the mother of Charles the Bold; in whose honor he gave feasts and tournaments of the noted Burgundian magnificence, and instituted the celebrated order of the *Toison d'Or*. And it was not until four years after Joan had been betrayed to martyrdom by an ungrateful king and envious favorites, that Philip, weary of the war and the immense expenditure which it entailed, concluded the treaty of Arras in 1435 with Charles VII., and dictated terms to his sovereign as a conqueror. While the arrangements were proceeding for this treaty, news was received of the death of the Duke of Bedford. Notwithstanding, however, the loss of that great support of the English power and the defection of Philip, eighteen long years ensued before the invasion came to an end in France, with the surrender of Bordeaux and the death of the brave Talbot, who for forty years had made war upon French soil.

No sooner were the English removed,

* Many of our readers will doubtless call to mind the very powerful picture of this revolting period of French history drawn by Mr. Henry Taylor in his last tragedy, *St. Clement's Eve*.

than France and royalty found themselves face to face with Burgundy and feudalism. Subjects of dispute could not long be wanting between two powers not unequally matched, whose respective positions were so ill defined, and whose relations were so inextricably intermingled. Even when the news arrived at the Burgundian court of the descent of Talbot upon Guienne, one of the duke's nearest confidants exclaimed, "Would that the English were now in Rouen and in all Normandy!" For Philip at that very time was engaged in arms against the city of Ghent, which had appealed to the king as sovereign and protector of her privileges, and had at this very time his ambassadors within her walls. During the long period, however, which intervened between the treaty of Arras and the death of Charles VII., the rivalry of the two was confined to the limits of jealous diplomacy and remonstrance. The policy of Philip was on the whole a policy of peace, and his dominions enjoyed a state of prosperity surpassing that of every other principality of Europe. In his reign of nearly fifty years, the splendor, power, and wealth of the House of Burgundy reached its apogee of grandeur, and the province of Flanders its greatest felicity.

The incongruous relations, however, of the courts of France and Burgundy became still more complicated by the refuge afforded by Duke Philip to the dauphin, who, after having taken up arms against his father at eighteen, in the faction of the *Praguerie*, remained ever afterward at variance with the king. This strange character lived, or affected to live, in constant suspicion of the designs of Charles VII. and his counselors against himself; he believed that the king entertained a project of settling the descent of the crown upon his brother, the Duc de Berri, and declared that he stood in fear of secret assassination or perpetual imprisonment—a fear which had some color of justification, inasmuch as he was himself suspected of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, his father's mistress. Louis, having obtained leave of absence from the court for four months, had, as Charles complained, staid away for ten years. Of late he had intrenched himself in his government of Dauphiny, and found vent for his ceaseless activity in the independent administration of his province. He had married the daughter of the Duke of Savoy in de-

fiance of the objections of his father, and he scouted the royal mandates when the Dauphinois appealed to the latter against the arbitrary rule of their governor; at length when the patience of Charles was exhausted, an army was sent against him. Louis then fled and sought the protection of Philip at Brussels; writing to the king, that at the request of the Holy Father, he was gone to join "his fair uncle of Burgundy, who was about to make war upon the Turks for the defense of the Catholic faith." Charles VII., on hearing of the hospitable reception of his son by his vassal, said, "He has received a fox who will eat up his chickens."

It was indeed a strange caprice of destiny which thus placed the prince, who was the incarnation of all that was anti-feudal and anti-chivalrous, at the very court which was regarded as the fountain-head of all the feudalism and chivalry of the time. It was, as Michelet observes, a new episode of the fable of Renard and Isengrin. The dauphin, humble, repentant, submissive, patient, amiable in excess, was in the house of his enemy, ingratiating himself with his ministers, playing the peace-maker in family differences, observant of court intrigues, watching quietly every thing and every body, and, above all, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of his somber and tragic cousin, the Count of Charolais, the heir of Burgundy, the great rival of his life. The dauphin was now thirty-three years of age, while the Count of Charolais was ten years younger—and this disparity of years is of itself deeply significant. Louis, whose mission it was to supplant the old rule of tumultuous violence by modern state-craft and organization, required more time for his faculties and judgment to ripen, to acquire that knowledge of things, men, and policy necessary to the accomplishment of his schemes; while his adversary, who was to represent the old reign, could best carry out his schemes with the vigor and passion of early youth. The one, moreover, was the son of adversity, the other of prosperity. The dauphin was born at the time that his father was styled with ridicule by his enemies "the monarch of Bourges," and dined with his captains as sparingly as any respectable citizen; as a youth his pension had been but ten crowns a month, and early acquaintance with hardship and misfortune had quickened his

intelligence and subdued all passions but those coincident with his policy.

The six years which Louis spent in exile in the court of Burgundy passed peacefully away. The two aged princes made war upon each other solely by embassy—both having intractable sons, against whom it gave them full occupation to be on their guard. But even in revolt against paternal authority the two heirs-apparent displayed their essentially different natures. Louis remained entirely aloof from his parent, and treated his remonstrances with a mock deference and protestations of filial affection which showed that he had no heart at all; while the Count of Charolais's disputes with his father arose from a stubborn will and a violent temper, aroused by jealousy of the Croys, the duke's favorites and ministers, and always admitted of reconciliation. Louis in these family difficulties kept friends with both parties; and generally the part he played both with princes and with courtiers was that of excessive good fellowship and condescension—riding, hunting, hawking with all; telling and hearing broad tales and jests, and even borrowing money here and there, on note of hand. But the time arrived at which it was to be seen what reality there was behind this supple and insinuating character. Charles VII. died, and the old Duke of Burgundy escorted his guest to his coronation at Reims with all the pomp and splendor of the Burgundian court. Indeed, so vast was the state of the duke, so dazzling the blaze of the diamonds and jewelry not only on his person but on the bridles and trappings of his steed, which swept the very ground, that he looked like an emperor by the side of the king in spite of his white steed and his suit of crimson and satin. All the magnificence which surrounded him, both at Reims and at Paris—the gorgeous nobles, archers, and men-at-arms, the very plate of his coronation banquet—was provided by Philip; and the king took a malicious pleasure in humoring the vanity and love of ostentation of the old prince to its very extremity. Though the heir of the throne of France was by custom a *chevalier* from his baptism, he insisted at the coronation on being knighted by his vassal, and after making a few knights himself, handed the sword to Philip, on pretence that the fatigue was too much for him. But in spite of his effusive expres-

sions of gratitude and humility, he took every opportunity of turning all this display into ridicule. At the coronation banquet he took his crown off as though too heavy for him, and placed it by his side; and instead of conversing with the great noblemen about him, talked familiarly with one Philippe Pot, who stood behind his chair, a gentleman of Burgundy, a *subtil et joyeux confrère*. Stranger still was the trick he played at the splendid tournament given by the duke during his stay at Paris. After the Count of Charolais and all the great *seigneurs* had well jousted and displayed their elaborate armor, blazing jewelry, and gorgeous plumes before the astounded populace, a champion of uncouth aspect entered the lists, himself and steed grotesquely accoutered in rough skins; this bold spearman attacked one after another the noble jousts, so that nothing stood before him.* He was, in fact, a man-at-arms, hired by the king, who enjoyed the discomfiture of this holiday chivalry from behind a window in company with certain ladies of Paris, and thus anticipated in effigy his treatment of the spurious feudalism of the age.

Before, however, the duke had withdrawn his Burgundian pomp from the Hotel d'Artois and the wondering eyes of the populace of Paris, Louis had doffed his coronation suit and put on that mean apparel to which he adhered his whole life long—a sort of pilgrim garb, of gray fustian, with a short cape of the same material, and traveling boots, a shabby hat with a leaden image of the Virgin attached to it, and a rosary of wooden beads round his neck. It seemed that he had laid out his life to be one of business and travel, and this was his working suit. No state, no gayety, was to be found in the melancholy habitations in which he fixed his residence in the various parts of France. The tradition of the gay and brilliant court of the Valois, and the contrast of the voluptuous pageantry of Brussels, made such a monotonous existence almost intolerable to his wife and sister.

Louis began, notwithstanding the value he set upon dissimulation as a method of state-craft, by showing his cards too openly. His two great faults, besides an entire lack of morality, which he probably did

* This incident, which is to be found in Chastelain, is strangely omitted by Mr. Kirk, who is usually so prolix in his narrative, and yet it is one of the most striking in the whole history of Louis XI.

not consider a fault, were impatient eagerness and a malicious love of waggery and irony, even before it was safe to indulge in them. These failings, however, he managed to correct with experience, and of experience he was destined to have no deficiency. Such, however, was the disposition of offices and such the first measures of the new reign, that the princes of the blood and the other great nobles immediately divined the object of the king's policy—the destruction of the oligarchy of princes and the concentration of all power in the hands of the sovereign: they understood from the ministers by whom he surrounded himself, as Comines says, that Louis “*étoit naturellement ami des gens de moyen état, et ennemi de tous grans qui pouvoient se passer de lui.*”

The first successful stroke of policy of the king was the recovery from the House of Burgundy of the possession of the towns of the Somme, which had been mortgaged to Philip by the treaty of Arras for four hundred thousand gold crowns, and of which he had taken possession. The story of this, the first and earliest advantage gained by Louis against the House of Burgundy, is hardly told by Mr. Kirk with sufficient clearness and prominence. The transaction is most illustrative of the insinuating craft and dexterous management of Louis in taking advantage of the discord existing between the Count of Charolais and the Croys, the rivalry between the latter and the Count of St. Pol, and the disputes of the duke with the city of Ghent. The recovery of these towns on the Somme was the object of the most eager policy of Louis from the very moment of his accession. France without them was at the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. In possession of Péronne, Amiens, and Abbeville, of Picardy and Artois, he might introduce the English through Calais in two days into the heart of France. By incessant application of every diplomatic *ruse* to wear out the resistance of the duke, and widen the breach existing between him and his son, he got the old man to consent to give up the towns on condition of the money being paid. When he signed the agreement Philip had no thought that so large a sum of money could be found within the stipulated time. But no sooner was compliance extorted than the astonished prince found two hundred thousand gold crowns in his hands, and the rest was not long in forthcoming.

The ministers of Louis also considered it impossible to find so large a sum on the instant. But their master would admit of no objections. He sent one here, another there, with such precipitation that, as they said, they had scarcely time to draw on their boots. He begged, implored, insisted, threatened on all sides. The money must be found, he said: ten thousand francs here, thirty-five thousand there, and so on, it seemed to him, were to be got *en ung pas d'âne*; and, to complete the sum, the impatient monarch made no scruple of dragging up the deposits from the crypts of Notre Dame, which were in trust of the parliament, and the property of orphans, widows, and suitors.

If the Count of Charolais, then at variance with, and separated from his father, had no suspicions before, he now fully understood that nothing but implacable hostility could exist between himself and the new king: he took his measures accordingly, and began to enter into alliance with the Duke of Brittany—a measure peculiarly calculated to excite the suspicion of Louis. The affair of Rubempré, however, brought matters to an open rupture. This adventurer, a relative of the Croys, was suspected of being employed in a scheme for kidnapping the Count of Charolais, while staying at his castle of Gorcum, on the coast of Holland, and was taken prisoner on the spot. Rumor, supported by some proof, said that he was employed by the king. An angry interchange of complaints took place between the two courts, and the result turned wholly against Louis. The count became reconciled to his father, and assumed thenceforth a larger share of the government than he had ever before been able to obtain. The Croys, who had been bought over by Louis, were dismissed, and the count sent a message to the king that he should repent of his proceedings before a year was out. Indeed, after one more scene of violence between the duke and his son, on account of the Croys, the old prince felt that his energy was exhausted, and that it was time to succumb to the influence of his son; the real reign of Charles the Bold then commenced. Philip, his father, had still sufficient love and attachment to France left in him to make him desire peace and refuse to join her enemies; but Charles, with no such associations, was eager to seize upon the first opportunity of humbling Louis XI.

The princes of the blood and the great vassals, with the Duc de Berri, the king's brother, as their nominal head, addressed a proclamation to the Duke of Burgundy, enumerating their various grievances, and announcing their resolution to take the field "*pour le bien de la chose publique*." The Duc de Berri, a poor, weak-minded young prince, seems to have been driven merely by *ennui* and the monotonous life of his brother's court, to join the coalition. And the young nobles, who had heard tales of the brilliant court-life of the Valois, or beheld the magnificent state of Burgundy, rushed to arms from similar reasons of discontent. Even the wife and sister of Louis, after a visit to Burgundy, declared that one day of the festivities of Hesdin, or Brussels, was worth a whole existence at the court of France. But in addition to the crime of keeping a dull court, Louis also commenced to utter edicts against the private right of hunting—measures which he had formerly carried out in Dauphiny, and which, if adopted in France, would have rendered the life of the noble more intolerable in the country than it already was at court.*

The king saw the gathering of the storm and endeavored to make head against it; he made what alliances he could to strengthen himself abroad, especially with Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, the object of his constant admiration, but within the boundaries of France, he stood alone against the great feudatories, the chief of whom, besides his own brother and the Count of Charolais, were the Duke of Brittany—who, alone of his order, proudly styled himself duke by the grace of God—the Duke of Bourbon, whom Louis had deprived of the government of Guienne, the Duke of Calabria, of the House of Anjou, and the heads of the House of Armagnac. The campaign was a brief one. After the indecisive battle of Monthéry, the allies blockaded Paris, and then the king, placing more faith in his talent for diplomacy than his capacity as a general, and taking the advice of Sforza, who told him to try every scheme in order to divide his enemies, determined to make peace with his foes upon their own terms, and to trust to his own ingenuity, and that inevitable discord

which must accompany the division of spoil among the victors, to be enabled to repay himself for his present sacrifices. These, however, were enormous. The king gave up the towns of the Somme to Charles for life, without demanding restitution of the four hundred thousand crowns. The Count of St. Pol, the chief vassal of Burgundy, and commander of the hostile forces, was made constable of France. The king's brother was invested with Normandy, under an hereditary title, on conditions which made him more independent even than the Duke of Burgundy, thus reviving the fatal system of *apanage* in its most dangerous form. An infinite number of lordships, immunities, and pensions were distributed among the lesser nobles. All present claims were thus satisfied, and one only point was overlooked, *le bien public*, the ostensible cause of taking arms, for which extremely slender provisions were thought necessary.

But the honor of the king, if such a term can be applied to Louis XI., received a greater attaint by his desertion of his ally, the town of Liège, than by the immense concessions which he thought himself obliged to make to his enemies. The episcopal principality of Liège, spread along the course of the Meuse, as it emerges out of the picturesque forest of Ardennes, from extraction, language, and position, had always remained strongly attached to France. While the rest of Flanders conquered the ground it stood upon, as well as its riches, from the sea and foreign commerce, Liège and her sister cities extracted their fortunes from the bowels of the earth. Their mines of iron, copper, and coal, were the sources of industrial manufacture on such a scale as the world had never yet seen. They were the Birmingham and the Sheffield not only of Flanders, but of France. The copper manufacture of Dinant was especially celebrated, so that household utensils of that description passed by the name of *Dinanderie*. The government of Liège was the most democratic among that of any of the franchised towns of the Netherlands. The state, indeed, was ecclesiastical. The chapter of the Cathedral of Saint Lambert—with the bishop as its representative head—held the sovereign power, but this power was limited by strictly constitutional checks. In no part of Europe were the privileges of the

* Mr. Kirk omits to take notice of this strange attempt of Louis XI. to interfere with the sporting privileges of the nobility, which they guarded with the most jealous care.

nobles so scanty, and their authority so small. Ecclesiastics zealous in maintaining the dignity of the order, and a people influenced with the warmest passion for freedom, had made common cause against them. Equality was carried to a length unknown in any of the other Flemish cities. Every citizen above the age of fifteen had the right of suffrage, and was eligible to office. There was not even a burgher aristocracy, as at Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels. The small guilds were on the same footing as the great—the apprentice with his master. The nobles themselves were obliged to become members of a guild, in order to be capable of election. The lesser and dependent towns—Dinant, Huy, Tongres, Saint Trond—were not kept, like those of the proud cities of Flanders, in humiliating subservience, but associated in the councils of administration and justice. The stranger was readily admitted to rights of citizenship: hence, from all parts workmen flocked to this great center of labor and enterprise. Based on such free institutions, animated by the active industry of the city, and the boisterous athletic character of its people, the public life of Liège was one of vigorous energy and joyous movement, in which the vicissitudes of the labor market, ecclesiastical state and ceremonies, civic rivalry, factions, seditions, and battles, formed the changing incidents. Since the sovereign power was vested in the bishop and his chapter, it had escaped the fate of its neighbors, of being absorbed into the possessions of the House of Burgundy: yet, the latter, by its encroaching policy, and by the annexation of Namur, Luxembourg, and Brabant, began to coil itself around this vivacious commonwealth in menacing folds. Up to the end of the thirteenth century, the bishop relied for support in the exercise of his authority on the terrors of the Papal interdict, and the suspension of all courts of justice within the city, which he could cause by simply retiring to a neighboring city, and carrying with him the staff of justice. But at the beginning of the fourteenth century the power of the dukes of Burgundy began to exercise a fatal influence on the destinies of the small and vigorous people.

In 1408, the reigning bishop "debate" with his subjects. Jealousy less came to

on the Liégeois a disastrous defeat, in which they lost twenty-six thousand slain, and concluded the first humiliating peace with the House of Burgundy. Since that period, the power of the dukes had been continually in the ascendant; and although Philip the Good was not himself able to mount the episcopal throne of Liège, he was, nevertheless, able to exercise his influence with the pope, and obtain the nomination on a vacancy of a favorite or younger member of his family. In 1456, he thus extorted, by threats, the resignation of the bishop, John of Heinsberg, an easy-tempered prelate of winning and popular manners, and procured the nomination of his nephew, Louis of Bourbon, a boy of eighteen, and still a student at Louvain. Though not yet admitted to holy orders, the youth obtained a dispensation to enable him to exercise the temporal functions of his office; and with a troop of Burgundian and Brabant cavaliers, entered and took possession of his city. The disorders and misgovernment of this youth and his companions increased so much the discontent of the Liégeois, at falling into a state of vassalage to the Duke of Burgundy, that they broke out into open revolt, and their boy-bishop left the town to lead a life of sensuality and debauch at Huy, while inflicting on the disobedient city all the terrible consequences of the Papal interdict. During the various phases of revolution the people appealed from the interdict to the Archbishop of Cologne, from the archbishop to the Papal legate, from the legate to the pope, and from the "pope ill-informed to the pope better-informed," but without effect; for the pope confirmed the interdict with the usual anathemas in case its provisions were not complied with, and invited the princes to the aid of the church, to reduce its rebellious vassals, and especially intrusted the task to the Duke of Burgundy.

At this crisis the War of the Public Weal broke out, and the politic Louis saw at once the advantage of securing an ally in Liège, in the very heart of the Burgundian dominions. The agents of Louis appeared at Liège prodigal of money and promises, and inviting the towns of the principality to enter into a league with the French monarch. A treaty was signed binding the parties to wage common war against Philip, and to make no peace with him both were not included. No

sooner was this treaty produced at the *Perron*—the column at which all solemn acts of state were read—than the alarm-bell was rung, the guilds assembled, displayed their banners, and marched out of the city. They crossed the frontiers of Brabant, and began to devastate the Burgundian territory. Indeed, the spirit of the people had become exasperated to the highest pitch of recklessness. They had for many years been cut off from the chief markets of their industry; the city and its trade had become unusually impoverished; they had been compelled to live without the security of law or the sanctity of religion, dependent upon casual and irregularly constituted authorities for the commonest offices of justice and the daily need of the rites of the church. Their first outbreak was soon repressed; but speedily upon this two knights spurred into the town with a dispatch of Louis from the field of Montherly, according to which the Burgundian army was entirely destroyed. The excitement of the people now knew no bounds, and, urged onward by the agents of Louis, they solemnly defied Philip to war. The little town of Dinant was, however, raised to still greater audacity of insult by the false report from Montherly, only the insult was not so much directed against the House of Burgundy as against its rival Bouvignes, which was Burgundian. The towns were situate but at a bow-shot's distance, one on either side the Meuse, and competition in the manufacture of copper had exasperated the animosity arising from political differences. The rivalry of the two places had lasted for centuries; and from time to time, in mutual exasperation, they cannonaded each other across the river. In such manner and by frequent sallies from either town to cut off the traders and traffickers of its antagonist, and constant skirmishing between apprentices, they kept up interminable warfare. On this occasion a rabble of idle boys and apprentices crossed the river from Dinant, and planted under the walls of Bouvignes a figure stuffed with hay, with a cow-bell round its neck, and a tattered mantle with a cross of St. Andrew painted upon it. Ringing the bell, they cried, "You rascally thieves, don't you hear your M. de Charolais calling you? There he is, the false traitor." Amid jests and jeers of a gross character, they hung the figure up; as they said his master

also had been served by the King of France, riddled it with arrows, and so left it. The people of Bouvignes returned the insult by throwing a rival figure of Louis XI. out of a bombard over into the town of Dinant. While the Liégeois were in this frenzied state of exultation, news arrived of the blockade of Paris by the princes, and, finally, the king sent them word that he was about to conclude a peace, in which they would be comprised. In the final treaty, however, no mention was made of Liège; and it is difficult to acquit Louis not only of perfidy toward his allies in thus deserting them, but of the double perfidy of not wishing to include them in the treaties, and of having incited them to the extremities of revolt by false intelligence, in order that the count might find sufficient occupation with the disorders of his own dominions, to prevent him from interfering with his own plan of immediate operations.

For close after the termination of the agreement of Conflans, ratified by the treaty of St. Maur, the scheming brain of the French king set to work to follow scrupulously the advice of Sforza, and draw off one by one the princes from the league against him. Having effected this, he proceeded, with the aid of the Duke of Bourbon, the most able among them, to recover possession of Normandy from his brother. The Duke of Burgundy, as he foresaw, was too much occupied with the affairs of Flanders to offer any opposition. Charles, with twenty-eight thousand mounted men at arms, had marched upon Liège. After some parley, Liège submitted. The deputies of Liège concluded the peace known by the name of the "Piteous Peace." The terms of the peace annihilated all the most cherished privileges of the city, imposed an enormous fine, established the duke as protector of the city, exacted public profession of repentance, and even an expiatory chapel in remembrance thereof. But the most galling condition of all was that Dinant was excepted from the advantages of the peace, and reserved for vengeance. When the treaty was read for the first time to the people of Liège, they were possessed with a fury of indignation. A cry arose of "Traitors, sellers of Christian blood!" The leader of the embassy was seized, and his head cut off; and though the treaty was formally read on

the morrow, the Liégeois declared they would have no peace in which Dinant was not included.

But the ruin of Dinant as an example had been implacably resolved on. The jeers and taunts of the apprentices had been carried by their rival of Bouvignes to the ears of the duke and duchess. The latter was roused to the highest pitch of feminine vengeance by the rude jests in which suspicion had been thrown upon the legitimacy of her son; and left the convent in which she had of late lived in seclusion to demand the punishment of Dinant. Retribution was, however, reserved for the following year. The duke himself, now seventy-three years of age, fell into such a paroxysm of anger at some delay in the preparations, that a stroke of paralysis ensued, which brought him to the verge of the grave. On his recovery, amid his shattered faculties one only idea survived—that of taking vengeance on the unfortunate city. Dinant, aware of the approaching storm, and unable to avert it by prayers and submission, looked on all sides for help. The Liégeois had indeed, immediately after the proclamation of the "Piteous Peace," repented again of the abandonment of their sister city; but from France no hope was to be expected: the king was too deeply involved in alliance with the Bourbons to attempt to atone for his late perfidy by support of the rebel subjects of the Bourbon bishop. Philip and his son Charles, and the Burgundian host, arrived before Dinant in the middle of August, 1460. The town at first attempted a brave defense: confident in the strength of its thick walls and strong towers, and the protection of the deep and rapid Meuse which runs below them. But its defenders were ignorant of the destructive force which the progress of artillery already lent to a besieging army. Moreover, the Burgundian batteries had been newly formed in imitation of those of France, the most advanced of the time. A terrible fire was opened upon the place, and continued day and night. In a few days a breach was opened; and after some debate, the town surrendered to the duke's mercy. His mercy was the destruction of the town, with the ferocity and completeness of a Mongol conqueror. The city was given up to pillage. Eight hundred of those supposed to be the most forward in the revolt were tied two and two together

and thrown into the river. After nine days of havoc, the burning of Dinant was fixed for the 30th of August. An accident advanced the fate of the place by twenty-four hours; and Charles, to make sure there should be no misconception as to the cause of its destruction, ordered the town to be set on fire on all sides. After the conflagration, the remaining walls were leveled with the ground, so that at four days from its commencement it could be said, as Charles boasted, *Ci fut Dinant*. The people of Liège, who had been on the point of marching to the assistance of Dinant, were terrified again into abject submission, and renewed the treaty of the "Piteous Peace."

The people of Flanders trembled when they beheld the fate of Dinant and Liège, for the Good Duke Philip was then on the brink of the grave, and they had sufficient experience of Charles to know what his reign was likely to be. Ever since his ascendancy had prevailed over the mind of the failing duke, pride, violence, and obstinacy had predominated in the Burgundian council—increase of taxes and increase of feudal fines had been unceasingly called for. Thus when Philip died his subjects mourned deeply for him, and looked regretfully back at the magnificent state with which he had surrounded himself at Bruges. Under his reign they had known peace and prospered; and if his habits and tastes were extravagant beyond that of any sovereign in Europe, the wealthiest district in the known world saw its own prosperity reflected in the pomp of its sovereign, while the coming reign seemed to offer a future only of interminable bloodshed and disquiet. Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy now, for the first time, stood before each other as the unshackled and pitiless champions of irreconcilable ambitions. The old Duke Philip was proud of his French descent and his traditionary associations with the state of the Valois; but his son, the inheritor of Lancastrian blood by the side of his mother, the Princess of Portugal, boasted in moments of pride and anger that he was more English or Portuguese than a Frenchman. Both parties, animated by the intense antipathy which resulted not only from opposite interests and mutual hatred, but from mutual contempt, now looked about for allies in the inevitable struggle; and Louis began again to tamper with the unhappy

inhabitants of Liège in order to keep the duke from interfering with his own projects in Normandy.

Immediately on his accession, Charles met with demonstrations from the towns of his hereditary states of Flanders which led him to fear that internal disorders might prevent him from employing the whole of his forces in schemes of aggrandizement abroad. The great manufacturing city of Ghent was the first to set the example of disaffection. Trusting to the good will which the city had shown him while he was at variance with his father, and to the inquiries which he made of the magistrates, he had made the "joyous entry" customary on a new accession without due precautions. The authorities gave him a magnificent reception; the streets were hung with tapestry, the chimes rang forth from every steeple, as he with his young princess—robed in velvet and blazing with the richest jewelry and ornaments which his father had left behind him—followed by a gorgeous suite, wended their way to the Church of St. Peter, and took the usual oaths to maintain the privileges of the country, and, in token of his assumption of sovereignty, sounded the bell of the city. But it so happened that the time of his entry coincided with the anniversary of the procession of Saint Liévin, the guardian saint of the town—one of those religious pilgrimages still observed in many Catholic countries, displaying a strange medley of superstitious observance and excessive license. After passing two nights and a day in riot at a village outside the town, the "Fools of Saint Liévin," as the procession was called, returned to the city on the day succeeding the ceremony of the duke's accession. Inflamed with drink, and reckless with the effects of an orgy of two days' continuance, the "Fools of Saint Liévin," in their passage up a narrow street, were stopped by a house in which the *cueillotte*, a tax similar to the octroi, was collected. The *cueillotte* was especially odious to the people of Ghent as a sign of their humiliation in 1453, when it was established by Duke Philip after their defeat at Gavre. The unruly mob with axes and crowbars demolished and overthrew the house of the tax-collectors. The sedition spread; the other grievances and loss of privileges, which for fifteen years had been the subject of public discontent, agitated anew men's minds, and

the whole city was in an uproar. At the news of the disturbance Charles mounted his horse in a storm of wrath and rode to the Hôtel de Ville: facing the crowd with angry exclamations, he rode at and struck with his *baton* one whom he supposed to be a ringleader; but the man placed himself in his path and dared him to repeat the blow. Charles, yielding to solicitations, withdrew and addressed the crowd from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville; and a scene ensued most characteristic of the free and turbulent, but withal generous spirit of the people. The duke, with his young daughter and the priceless treasures of jewelry which he had been rash enough to bring with him, was, in fact, at their mercy, and before he could depart in safety he was constrained to consent to the abolition of the *cueillotte*, as well as to the restoration of the privileges of the town taken away by the treaty of Gavre.

The other towns of Flanders and Brabant followed the example of Ghent and claimed restoration of their privileges; and Charles found it prudent to make concessions, reserving for himself the satisfaction of inflicting signal punishment on the incorrigible principality of Liège. The burdens of the "Piteous Peace" pressed heavily upon that city; the six hundred thousand florins of fine, imposed by the last treaty, were more than the inhabitants were able to pay, now that its trade was ruined by the isolation in which it was placed. The bishop still continued to live at Huy, and the town was given over to disorder. Pressed by the duke's agents periodically for payment of the fine, they called upon their fellow-towns to pay a portion, and on the refusal of Huy, marched against it. A force of the Duke of Burgundy, placed there to protect the bishop, was obliged to retire; and the duke, in defense of what he styled his honor, caused his herald to declare war against Liège formally by "torch and sword." The King of France, who had continued to encourage the people with promises of assistance, made some efforts by mediation to avert their fate, but ineffectually. The Duke of Brittany and his brother Charles having again joined their interests for the recovery of Normandy, and made a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, Louis was naturally anxious to preserve so powerful an ally as Liège. But in the course

of the negotiations which he set on foot for this purpose, he showed plainly how little regard for treaties, and for Liège, influenced him; he made an offer of an exchange of perfidy—to leave the duke free to act against Liège if the duke would promise not to interfere with his movements against Brittany. The duke rejected the proffer with disdain, and terminated an interview with the Comte St. Pol, the ambassador of Louis, by saying as he mounted his horse, “The Liégois are assembled, and within three days I shall have battle. If I lose it, you will will do as you like; if I win, you will leave the Bretons in peace.” Had the king been capable of a warlike interference, he would have yielded to the advice of general Dammartin, who was posted with a strong force on the frontiers, and have marched to the assistance of Liège; but he was as distrustful of fortune as of all the world, and thought the risk too great. The people of Liège thus abandoned to themselves, attempted an energetic defense with a force of about twenty thousand men armed with pikes and arquebusses; they fought and lost the battle of Brusten. The internal disorders of the town, the despair into which they fell at finding themselves abandoned by Louis, and the terror inspired by the memory of Dinant, incapacitated them from making further defense. The town was formally

surrendered by three hundred and forty citizens, kneeling in their shirts with heads and feet uncovered, to deliver up the keys with supplications for pardon. The gates of the city were thrown down, and the duke entered over them like a conqueror with drawn sword; the people, with heads uncovered, were ranged on one side of the street, and the clergy bearing tapers on the other. In less than a week afterwards the bell of the people sounded for the last time, and the people assembled before the palace to hear their sentence. The terms of his mercy, if less cruel than those of Dinant, were far harder than those of the “Piteous Peace.” Every institution of the town, its customs, laws, magistracies, even its guilds, were abolished. Charters which had cost the lives of thousands of patriots, venerable with centuries of antiquity, were annihilated. The walls of the city were to be demolished, so that it should be open as a village. All elections were forbidden; the magistrates were to be named by the bishop, and judged by the civil law. A further fine of one hundred and fifteen thousand louis d’ors was imposed, and twelve hostages demanded, of whom nine were decapitated; and, as a perpetual memorial, the *Perron*, the symbol of the liberty and autocracy of the town, was taken away and set up at Bruges.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE BLIND LOVERS OF CHAMOUNY.*

It was during a second visit to the beautiful and melancholy valley of Chamouny, that I became acquainted with the following touching and interesting story. A complete change of ideas had become absolutely necessary for me; I sought, therefore, to kindle those emotions which must ever be awakened by the sublime scenes of nature; my wearied heart required fresh excitement to divert

it from the grief which was devouring it, and the melancholy grandeur of Chamouny seemed to present a peculiar charm to my then peculiar frame of mind.

Again I wandered through the graceful forest of fir-trees, which surrounds the Village des Bois, and this time with a new kind of pleasure; once more I beheld that little plain upon which the glaciers every now and then make an inroad, above which the peaks of the Alps rise so

* From the French of Charles Nodier.

majestically, and which slopes so gently down to the picturesque source of the Arveyron. How I enjoyed myself gazing upon its portion of azure crystal, which every year wears a new aspect! On one occasion, when I reached this spot, I had not proceeded very far, when I perceived that Puck, my favorite dog, was not by my side. How could this have happened? for he would not have been induced to leave his master, even for the most dainty morsel. He did not answer to my call, and I began to feel uneasy, when suddenly the pretty fellow made his appearance, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and yet with caressing confidence in my affection. His body was slightly curved, his eyes were humid and beseeching, he carried his head very low—so low that his ears trailed upon the ground, like those of Zadig's dog. Puck, too, was a spaniel. If you had but seen Puck in that posture, you would have found it impossible to be angry with him. I did not attempt to scold him, but nevertheless he continued to leave me, and return to me again; he repeated this amusement several times, while I followed in his track till I gradually came toward the point of his attraction. It appeared as if a similar kind of sympathy drew me to the same spot.

Upon a projection of a rock sat a young man, with a most touching and pleasing countenance; he was dressed in a sort of blue blouse, in the form of a tunic, and had a long stick of *Cytisus* in his hand. His whole appearance reminded me strongly of Poussin's antique shepherds. His light hair clustered in thick curls round his uncovered throat, and fell over his shoulders. His features wore an expression of gravity, but not of austerity, and he seemed sad, though not desponding. There was a singular character about his eyes, the effect of which I could scarcely define; they were large and liquid, but their light was quenched, and they were fixed and unfathomable. The murmur of the wind had disguised the sound of my footsteps, and I soon became aware that I was not perceived. At length I felt sure that the young man was blind. Puck had closely studied the emotions which became visible in my face, but as soon as he discovered that I was kindly disposed toward his new friend, he jumped up to him. The young man stroked Puck's silky coat, and smiled good-naturedly at him.

"How is it that you appear to know me," said he, "for you do not belong to the valley? I once had a dog as full of play as you, and perhaps as pretty, but he was a French water-spaniel, with a coat of curly wool. He has left me, like many others—my last friend, my poor Puck."

"How curious! Was your dog called Puck, too?"

"Ah, pardon me, sir," exclaimed the young man, rising, and supporting himself on his stick. "My infirmity must excuse me."

"Pray sit down, my good friend; you are blind, I fear?"

"Yes, blind since my infancy."

"Have you never been able to see?"

"Ah, yes, but for so very short a time! yet I have some recollection of the sun, and when I lift up my eyes toward the point in the heavens where it should be, I can almost fancy I see a globe which reminds me of its color. I have, too, a faint remembrance of the whiteness of the snow, and the hue of our mountains."

"Was it an accident which deprived you of your sight?"

"Yes, an accident which was the least of my misfortunes. I was scarcely more than two years old, when an avalanche fell down from the heights of La Flégère, and crushed our little dwelling. My father, who was the guide among these mountains, had spent the evening at the priory; you can easily picture to yourself his despair when he found his family swallowed up by this horrible scourge. By the aid of his comrades, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and was thus able to get into our cottage, the roof of which was still supported on its frail props. The first thing which met his eyes was my cradle. He placed this at once in safety, for the danger was rapidly increasing. The work of the miners caused fresh masses of ice to crumble, and served rather to hasten the overthrow of our fragile abode. He pushed forward to save my mother, who had fainted, and he was afterward seen for a moment carrying her in his arms, by the light of the torches which burnt outside—and then all gave way. I was an orphan, and the next day it was discovered that my sight had been destroyed."

"Poor child! so you were left alone in the world, quite alone!"

"In our valley, a person visited by mis-

fortune is never quite alone. All our good Chamouniers united in endeavoring to relieve my wretchedness—Balmat gave me shelter, Simon Coutet afforded me food, Gabriel Payot clothed me, and a good widow, who had lost her children, undertook the care of me. She still performs a mother's part to me, and guides me to this spot every day in summer."

"And are these all the friends you have?"

"I have had more," said the young man, while he placed his finger on his lips in a mysterious manner, "but they are gone."

"Will they never come back again?"

"I should think not, from appearances; yet a few days ago I imagined that Puck would return, that he had only strayed, but nobody strays among our glaciers with impunity. I shall never feel him bound again at my side, or hear him bark at the approach of travelers," and he brushed away a tear.

"What is your name?"

"Gervais."

"Listen, Gervais; you must tell me about these friends whom you have lost." At the same time I prepared to seat myself by his side, but he sprang up eagerly and took possession of the vacant place.

"Not here, not here, sir; this is Eulalie's seat, and since her departure nobody has occupied it."

"Eulalie," replied I, seating myself in the place from which he had just risen; "tell me about Eulalie and yourself; your story interests me."

Gervais proceeded:

"I explained to you that my life had not been devoid of happiness, for Heaven compensates bountifully to those in misfortune, by inspiring good people with pity for their wretchedness. I lived in happy ignorance of the extent of my deprivation. Suddenly, however, a stranger came to reside in the Village des Bois, and formed the topic of conversation in our valley. He was only known by the name of M. Robert, but the general opinion was, that he was a person of distinction, who had met with great losses and much sorrow, and consequently had resolved to pass his latter years in perfect solitude. He was said to have lost a wife to whom he was tenderly attached; the result of their union, a little girl, had occasioned him much grief, for she was born blind. While the father was held up as

a model for his virtues, the goodness and charms of his daughter were equally extolled. My want of sight prevented me from judging of her beauty, but could I have beheld her she could not have left a more lovely impression on my mind. I picture her to myself sometimes as even more interesting than my mother."

"She is dead, then?" inquired I.

"Dead!" replied he, in an accent in which there was a strange mixture of terror and wild joy; "dead! who told you so?"

"Pardon me, Gervais, I did not know her; I was only endeavoring to find out the reason of your separation."

"She is alive," said he, smiling bitterly, and he remained silent for a moment. "I do not know whether I told you that she was called Eulalie. Yes, her name was Eulalie, and this was her place"—he broke off abruptly. "Eulalie," repeated he, while he stretched out his hand as if to find her by his side. Puck licked his fingers, and looked pityingly at him. I would not have parted from Puck for a million.

"Calm yourself, Gervais, and forgive me for opening a wound which is scarcely yet healed. I can guess the rest of your story. The strange similarity of Eulalie's and your misfortune awakened her father's interest in you, and you became another child to him."

"Yes, I became another child to him, and Eulalie was a sister to me. My kind adopted mother and I went to take up our abode in the new house, which is called the château. Eulalie's masters were mine; together we learned those divine strains of harmony which raise the soul to heaven, and together, by means of pages printed in relief, we read with our fingers the sublime thoughts of the philosophers, and the beautiful creations of the poets. I endeavored to imitate some of their graceful images, and to paint what I had not seen. Eulalie admired my verses, and this was all I desired. Ah! if you had heard her sing, you would have thought that an angel had descended to entrance the valley. Every day in the fine season we were conducted to this rock, which is called by the inhabitants of this part 'le Rocher des Aveugles;' here, too, the kindest of fathers guided our steps, and bestowed on us numberless fond attentions. Around us were tufts of rhododendrons, beneath

us was a carpet of violets and daisies, and when our touch had recognized, by its short stalk and its velvety disk, the last-named flower, we amused ourselves in stripping it of its petals, and repeated a hundred times this innocent diversion, which served as a kind of interpretation to our first avowal of love."

As Gervais proceeded, his face acquired a mournful expression, a cloud passed over his brow, and he became suddenly sad and silent. In his emotion he trod, unthinkingly, upon an Alpine rose, which was, however, already withered on its stalk. I gathered it without his being aware of it, for I wished to preserve it in remembrance of him. Some minutes elapsed before Gervais seemed inclined to proceed with his narrative, and I did not like to speak to him; suddenly he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away a disagreeable dream, and then turning toward me with an ingenuous smile, he continued:

"Be charitable to my weakness, for I am young, and have not yet learned to control the emotions of my heart; some day, perhaps, I shall be wiser."

"I fear, my good friend," said I, "that this conversation is too fatiguing for you; do not recall to your mind circumstances which appear so painful. I shall never forgive myself for occasioning you such an hour of grief."

"It is not you," replied Gervais, "who bring back these recollections, for these thoughts are never absent from my mind, and I would rather that it was annihilated than that they should ever cease to occupy it. My very existence is mixed up with my sorrow." I had retained Gervais's hand; he understood, therefore, that I was listening to him.

"After all, my reminiscences are not entirely made up of bitterness; sometimes I imagine that my present affliction is only a dream—that my real life is full of the happiness which I have lost. I fancy that she is still near me, only perhaps a little further off than usual—that she is silent because she is plunged in deep meditation, of which our mutual love forms a principal part. One day we were seated as usual on this rock, and were enjoying the sweetness and serenity of the air, the perfume of our violets, and the song of the birds; upon this occasion we listened with a curious kind of pleasure to the masses of ice which, being loosened

by the sun, shot hissing down from the peaks of the mountain. We could distinguish the rushing of the waters of the Arveyron. I do not know how it was, but we were both suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of the uncertainty of happiness, and at the same time with a feeling of terror and uneasiness; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and held each other tightly, as if somebody had wished to separate us, and both of us exclaimed eagerly: 'Ah, yes! let it be always thus—always thus.' I felt that Eulalie scarcely breathed, and that her overwrought state of mind required to be soothed. 'Yes, Eulalie, let us ever be thus to one another. The world believes that our misfortune renders us objects only of pity, but how can it possibly judge of the happiness that I enjoy in your tenderness, or that you find in mine? How little does the turmoil and excitement of society affect us! We may be regarded by many as imperfect beings, and this is quite natural, for they have not yet discovered that the perfection of happiness consists in loving and in being loved. It is not your beauty which has captivated me—it is something which can not be described when felt, nor forgotten when once experienced; it is a charm which belongs to you alone—which I can discover in your voice, in your mind, in every one of your actions. Oh! if I ever enjoyed sight, I would entreat God to extinguish the light of my eyes, in order that I might not gaze at other women—that my thoughts might only dwell upon you. It is you who have rendered study pleasing to me—who have inspired me with taste for art: if the beauties of Rossini and Weber impressed me strongly, it was because you sang their glorious ideas. I can well afford to dispense with the superfluous luxuries of art—I who possess the treasure from which it would derive its highest price—for surely thy heart is mine; if not, thou couldst not be happy.'

"I am happy," replied Eulalie, 'the happiest of girls.'

"My dear children," said M. Robert, while he joined our trembling hands, 'I hope you will always be equally happy, for it is my desire that you should never be separated.'

"M. Robert was never long absent from us; he was ever bestowing upon us marks of his tenderness. Upon this occasion he had reached the spot where we

were seated without our having been aware of his presence, and he had heard us without intentionally listening. I did not feel that I was in fault, and yet I was overwhelmed, embarrassed. Eulalie trembled. M. Robert placed himself between us, for we had withdrawn a little from each other.

"Why should it not be as you wish?" said he, as he threw his arms around us, and pressed us close together, and embraced us with more than usual warmth. "Why not? Am I not sufficiently rich to procure you servants and friends. You will have children who will replace your poor old father; your infirmity is not hereditary. Receive my blessing, Gervais, and you, my Eulalie. Thank God, and dream of to-morrow, for the day which will shine upon us to-morrow, will be beautiful even to the blind."

"Eulalie embraced her father, and then threw her arms around me. For the first time my lips touched hers. This happiness was too great to be called happiness. I thought that my heart would burst. I wished to die at that moment, but, alas! I did not die. I do not know how happiness affects others, but mine was imperfect, for it was without hope or calmness. I could not sleep, or rather I did not attempt to sleep, for it seemed to me a waste of time, and that eternity would not be sufficiently long to enjoy the felicity which was in store for me. I almost regretted the past, which, though it lacked the delicious intoxication of the present moment, was yet free from doubts and fears. At length I heard the household stirring; I got up, dressed myself, performed my morning devotions, and then went to my window, which looked out upon the Arve. I opened it, stretched forth my head in the morning mists to cool my burning brow. Suddenly my door opened, and I recognized a man's footstep; it was M. Robert; a hand took hold of mine—"M. Maunoir!" exclaimed I.

"It was a great many years since he had been to the valley; but the sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand, and something frank and affectionate in his manner, brought him back to my remembrance.

"It is indeed he," observed M. Maunoir, in a faltering voice, to some one near him; "it is indeed my poor Gervais. You remember what I said to you about

it at the time.' He then placed his fingers on my eyelids, and kept them up for a few seconds. 'Ah,' said he, 'God's will be done! You are happy at any rate, are you not, Gervais?'

"Yes, very happy," replied I. "M. Robert considers that I have profited by all his kindness. I assure you that I can read as well as a person that is gifted with sight. Above all, Eulalie loves me."

"She will love you, if possible, still more if she should one day be able to see you."

"If she sees me, did you say?"

"I thought he alluded to that eternal home where the eyes of the blind are opened, and darkness visits them no more.

"My mother, as was her custom, brought me here, but Eulalie had not arrived; she was later than usual. I began to wonder how this could have happened. My poor little Puck went to meet her, but he returned to me again without her. At length he began to bark violently, and to jump so impatiently up and down on the bench, that I felt sure that she must be near me, though I could not hear her myself. I stretched myself forward in the direction she would come, and presently my arms were clasped in hers. M. Robert had not accompanied her as usual, and then I began at once to feel sure that his absence, and Eulalie's delay in reaching our accustomed place of rendezvous, was to be attributed to the presence of strangers at the château. You will think it very extraordinary when I tell you that Eulalie's arrival, for which I had so ardently longed, filled me with a restless sensation, which had hitherto been unknown to me. I was not at ease with Eulalie as I had been the day before. Now that we belonged to each other, I did not dare to make any claim on her kindness; it seemed to me that her father, in bestowing her on me had imposed a thousand restrictions. I felt as if I might not indulge in a word or caress. I was conscious that she was more than ever mine, and yet I did not venture to embrace her. Perhaps she experienced the same feelings, for our conversation was at first restrained, like that of persons who are not much acquainted with each other. However, this state of things could not last long: the delicious happiness of the past day was still fresh in our minds. I drew near to Eulalie, and sought her eyes with my lips, but they met a bandage.

"'You are hurt, Eulalie?'"

"'A little hurt,' replied she, 'but very slightly, since I am going to spend the day with you, as I am in the habit of doing; and that the only difference is, that there is a green ribbon between your mouth and my eyes.'

"'Green! Green! O God! what does that mean? What is a green ribbon?'"

"'I have seen,' said she, 'I can see,' her hand trembled in mine, as if she had apprised me of some fault or misfortune.

"'You have seen,' exclaimed I, 'you will see! Oh! unfortunate creature that I am! Yes, you will see, and the glass which has hitherto been to you a cold and polished surface, will reflect your living image; its language, though mute, will be animated; it will tell you each day that you are beautiful—and when you return to me it will make you entertain only one feeling toward me, that of pity for my misfortunes. Yet what do I say? You will not return to me; for who is the beautiful girl who would bestow her affection on a blind lover? Oh! unfortunate creature that I am to be blind!' In my despair I fell to the earth. She wound her arms round me, twined her fingers in my hair, and covered me with kisses, while she sobbed like a child.

"'No, no! I will never love any one but Gervais. You were happy yesterday, in thinking we were blind, because our love would never be likely to change. I will be blind again, if my recovery of sight makes you unhappy. Shall I remove this bandage, and cause the light of my eyes to be for ever extinguished?' Horrible idea! I had actually thought of it.

"'Stop! stop!' cried I. 'Our language is that of madness, because we are both unnerved and ill—you from excess of happiness, and I from despair. Listen,' and I placed myself beside her, but my heart felt ready to break. 'Listen,' continued I: 'it is a great blessing that you are permitted to see, for now you are perfect. It matters not, if I do not see, or if I die; I shall be abandoned, for this is the destiny which God has reserved for me. But promise me that you will never see me, that you will never attempt to see me; if you see me, you will, in spite of yourself, compare me to others—to those whose soul, whose thoughts may be read in their eyes—to those who set a woman fondly dreaming with a single glance of fire. I would not let it be in your power to com-

pare me; I would be to you what I was in the mind of a blind girl, as if you saw me in a dream. I want you to promise me that you will never come here without your green bandage; that you will visit me every week, or every month, or at least once every year. Ah! promise me to come back once more, without seeing me.'

"'I promise to love you always,' said Eulalie, and she wept.

"I was so overcome that my senses left me, and I fell at her feet. M. Robert lifted me from the ground, bestowed many kind words and embraces upon me, and placed me under the care of my adopted mother. Eulalie was no longer there; she came the next day, and the day after, and several days following. Each day my lips touched the green bandage, which kept up my delusion: I fancied I should continue to be the same to her as long as she did not see me. I said to myself with an insane kind of rapture, 'My Eulalie still visits me without seeing me; she will never see me, and therefore I shall be always loved by her.' One day, a little while after this, when she came to visit me, and my lips sought her eyes as usual, they, in wandering about, encountered some long silky eye-lashes beneath her green bandage.

"'Ah!' exclaimed I, 'if you were likely to see me.'

"'I have seen you,' said she, laughingly; 'what would have been the good of sight to me, if I had not looked upon you? Ah! vain fellow, who dares set limits to a woman's curiosity, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the light?'"

"'But it is impossible, Eulalie, for you promised me.'

"'I did not promise you any thing, dearest, for when you asked me to make you this promise, I had already seen you.'

"'You had seen me, and yet continued to come to me; that is well; but whom did you see first?'"

"'M. Maunoir, my father, Julie, then this great world, with its trees and mountains, the sky and the sun.'

"'And whom have you seen since?'"

"'Gabriel Payot, old Balmat, the good Terraz, the giant Cachat and Marguerite.'

"'And nobody else?'"

"'Nobody.'

"'How balmy the air is this evening! Take off your bandage, or you may become blind again.'

"'Would that grieve me so much? I

tell you again and again, that the chief happiness I have in seeing, is to be able to look at you, and to love you through the medium of another sense. You were pictured in my soul as you now are in my eyes. This faculty, which has been restored to me, serves but as another link to bring me closer to your heart; and this is why I value the gift of sight.'

"These words I shall never forget. My days now flowed on calmly and happily, for hope so easily seduces. Our mode of life was considerably changed, and Eulalie endeavored to make me prefer excitement and variety of amusement, instead of the tranquil enjoyment which had formerly charmed us. After some little time I thought I observed that the books which she selected for reading to me were of a different character to those she used to like. She seemed now to be more pleased with those writers who painted the busy scenes of the world, she unconsciously showed great interest in the description of a fête, in the numerous details of a woman's toilet, and in the preparations for, and the pomps of a ceremony. At first I did not imagine that she had forgotten that I was blind, so that though this change chilled, it did not break my heart. I attributed the alteration in her taste, in some measure, to the new aspect things had assumed at the château; for since M. Maunoir had performed one of the miracles of his art upon Eulalie, M. Robert was naturally much more inclined to enjoy society and the luxuries which fortune had bestowed upon him; and as soon as his daughter was restored to him in all the perfection of her organization, and the height of her beauty, he sought to assemble at the château the numerous travelers that the short summer season brought to the neighborhood.

"The winter came at length, and M. Robert told me, after slightly preparing me, that he was going to leave me for a few days—for a few days at the most; he assured me that he only required time to procure and get settled in a house at Geneva, before he would send for me to join them; he told me that Eulalie was to accompany him; and, at length, that he intended to pass the winter at Geneva—the winter, which would so soon be over, which had already begun. I remained mute with grief. Eulalie wound her arms affectionately round my neck. I felt they were cold and hung heavily on me; if my

memory still serves me, she bestowed on me all kinds of endearing and touching appellations; but all this was like a dream. After some hours I was restored to my senses, and then my mother said, 'Gervais, they are gone, but we shall remain at the château.' From that time I have little or nothing to relate.

"In the month of October she sent me a ribbon with some words printed in relief—they were these: 'This ribbon is the green ribbon which I wore over my eyes—it has never left me; I send it you.' In the month of November, which was very beautiful, some servants of the house brought me several presents from her father, but I did not inquire about them. The snow sets in in December, and, O heavens! how long that winter was! January, February, March, April, were centuries of calamities and tempests. In the month of May the avalanches fell every where except on me. When the sun peeped forth a little, I was guided, by my wish, to the road which led to Bossons, for this was the way the muleteers came; at length, one arrived, but with no news for me; and then another, and after the third I gave up all hope of hearing from my absent friends. I felt that the crisis of my fate was over. Eight days after, however, a letter from Eulalie was read to me; she had spent the winter at Geneva, and was going to pass the summer at Milan. My poor mother trembled for me, but I smiled; it was exactly what I expected. And now, sir, you know my story—it is simply this: that I believed myself loved by a woman, and I have been loved by a dog. Poor Puck!" Puck jumped on the blind man.

"Ah!" said he, "you are not my Puck, but I love you because you love me."

"Poor fellow," cried I, "you will be loved by another, though not by her, and you will love in return; but listen, Gervais, I must leave Chamouny, and I shall go to Milan. I will see her. I will speak to Eulalie, I swear to you, and then I will return to you. I, too, have some sorrows which are not assuaged; some wounds which are not yet healed." Gervais sought for my hand, and pressed it fervently. Sympathy in misfortune is so quickly felt. "You will, at least, be comfortably provided for; thanks to the care of your protector, your little portion of land has become very fruitful, and the good Chamouniers rejoice in your pres-

perity. Your prepossessing appearance will soon gain you a mistress, and will enable you to find a friend."

"And a dog?" replied Gervais.

"Ah! I would not give mine for your valley or mountains if he had not loved you, but now I give him to you."

"Your dog!" exclaimed he. "Your dog! Ah! he can not be given away."

"Adieu, Gervais!"

I did not speak to Puck, or he would have followed me. As I was moving on I saw Puck looked uneasy and ashamed; he drew back a step, stretched out his paws, and bent down his head to the ground. I stroked his long silky coat, and with a slight pang at my heart, in which there was no feeling of anger, I said, Go. He flew back to Gervais like an arrow. Gervais will not be alone at any rate, thought I.

A few days afterward I found myself at Milan. I was not in spirits for enjoying society, yet I did not altogether avoid mixing in it. A crowded room is, in its way, a vast solitude, unless you are so unfortunate a person as to stumble upon one of those never-tiring tourists whom you are in the habit of meeting occasionally on the Boulevards at Tortoni's, or with whom you have gaped away an hour at Favert's—one of those dressed-up puppies with fashionable cravat and perfumed hair, who stare through an eye-glass, with the most perfect assurance imaginable, and talk at the highest pitch of their voice.

"What! are you here?" cried Roberville.

"Is it you?" replied I. He continued to chatter, but his words were unheeded by me, for my eyes suddenly fixed upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty; she was sitting alone, and leaning against a pillar in a kind of melancholy reverie.

"Ah! ah!" said Roberville, "I understand; your taste lies in that direction. Well, well, really in my opinion you show considerable judgment. I once thought of her myself, but now I have higher views."

"Indeed," replied I, as I gazed at him from head to foot, "you do not say so."

"Come, come," said Roberville, "I perceive your heart is already touched—you are occupied only with her; confess that it would have been a sad pity if those glorious black eyes had never been opened to the light."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, that she was born blind. She is the daughter of a rich merchant of Anvers, and his only child; he lost his wife very young, and was plunged in consequence in the profoundest grief."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should think so, for he quitted Anvers, gave up his mercantile pursuits, which had never been more profitable to him than at that time, and, after making magnificent presents to those persons employed in his service, and pensions to his servants, left his house and occupation."

"And what became of him afterward?" said I, somewhat impatiently, for my curiosity was gradually increasing.

"Oh! it's a romance, a perfect romance. This good man retired to Chamouny, where we have all been once in our life, for the sake of saying that we have been—though, for my part, I can never understand the charms of its melancholy grandeur—and there he remained several years. Have you never heard him mentioned? Let me see, it's a plebeian name—M. Robert; that's it."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued he, "an oculist succeeded in restoring his daughter's sight. Her father took her to Geneva, and at Geneva she fell in love with an adventurer, who carried her off because her father would not have him for a son-in-law."

"Her father felt that he was unworthy of her?" said I.

"Yes, and he had formed a correct opinion of him, for no sooner had they reached Milan than the adventurer disappeared, with all the gold and diamonds of which he had been able to possess himself. It was asserted that this gallant gentleman was already married, and that he had incurred capital punishment at Padua, so that the law punished him."

"And M. Robert?"

"Oh, M. Robert died of grief; but this affair did not create a great sensation, for he was a very singular man, who had some extraordinary ideas: one of the absurd plans he had formed was, to marry his daughter to a blind youth."

"Oh, the poor girl!"

"She is not so much to be pitied either; but look at her instead of talking of her, and confess that she has many advantages, with two hundred thousand francs a year, and such a pair of eyes!"

B E N J A M I N F R A N K L I N .

THE memory of this great man, who took so active and influential a part in the Revolutionary scenes and times of our early history, is justly held in grateful respect by an admiring posterity. We have thought it an acceptable service to our readers, as well as an embellishment to our pages, to give him a sort of artistic resurrection, that his noble face may be seen again much as it appeared long years ago.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, January 6th, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790. The name of Dr. Franklin has long been a household word in America—he was her moralist, statesman, philosopher. His discoveries in electricity have given him a permanent place in scientific history; and he deserves highest honor from all mankind, because of his services to the cause of rational liberty and the independence of nations. We must omit all details concerning Franklin's early life: however, if any one would sustain hope amid unpromising labor—discern the inestimable value of small portions of time economized and put scrupulously to uses—or learn how cheerfulness, patience, and fortitude, guided by good sense and integrity, must ever command success—he will find nowhere better instruction than in that graphic narrative of the events and struggles of his opening manhood, by which Franklin has let us into the innermost being of the journeyman printer of Philadelphia. Distinguished no less by practical benevolence, than by almost intuitive appreciation of the wants and character of American society, Franklin could not fail to rise into authority among his countrymen: accordingly we find him their favorite counselor in most of the grave difficulties belonging to that epoch of American history. Commencing public life in the struggle between the Assembly of Pennsylvania and the old proprietary governors, we again meet him proposing to the different States a project of Union, which afterward became the basis of the confederacy: then, on a mission to England regarding the

American Stamp Act: afterward—driven from his loyalty—ambassador to France on the part of his countrymen; the observed of all observers in Paris, soliciting aid in arms from the court of Versailles: finally minister to England, signing the treaty by which the mother country, in due humiliation, bowed her head before the independence of her former colonies. It has been said that Franklin represented the practical genius, the moral and political spirit of the eighteenth century, as Voltaire represented its metaphysical and religious skepticism. This, at least, is certain—no man saw more clearly, or felt more profoundly in his own person, the political and moral ideas which necessarily bear sway in a strictly industrial community like the one emerging from infancy in the New World. Unconnected with England by birth or close association, he looked only with astonishment on those pretensions to prerogative, which certainly could find no natural soil where all men were socially equal: and his system of morals included every sanction and precept likely to recommend themselves to a people, who could never reach prosperity unless through patient industry and the exercise of the prudential virtues. His code was *The Way to Wealth*: and the wisdom of *Poor Richard* instructed every man how, by the strength of his arm, and dominion over his passions, wealth might be attained and made secure. Since Franklin's time a new element has arisen in America; powerful tendencies are developing with higher aims than mere wealth, and which demand a larger code than the utilitarian. Franklin did not recognize, or rather had not foreseen, the necessary advent of that speculative habit now very rapidly becoming dominant over American thought; but in his treatment of the equally powerful tendency of which he saw the influence, and whereof he himself so largely partook, his *Poor Richard* is complete—he threw off all prerogative and tradition, and looked at things as they are. Temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, activity, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness,

tranquillity, chastity, humility—these are his virtues; and Franklin teaches how to acquire them, by precepts, which in earlier times, would have ranked as *golden verses*; they are as valuable as any thing that has descended from Pythagoras. It is rare that a single mind establishes claims so various as those of Franklin—he ranks also among the foremost as a physical inquirer and discoverer. Attracted by the opening subject of electricity, he was the first who reduced it to order: and that grand step is owing to him which identified the attraction and repulsion of rubbed glass and amber, with the energy that produces lightning, and causes the most imposing of meteorological phenom-

ena. His memoirs on electricity and other physical subjects, still astonish one by their clearness and chastity, and the precision and elegance of their method; their style and manner are as worthy of admiration as their doctrines. They gained for the author immediate admission to the highest scientific societies in Europe. In his personal bearing Franklin was ~~se~~-date and weighty. He had no striking eloquence; he spoke sententiously; but men instinctively felt his worth, and submitted themselves to his wisdom. Except Washington, whom in many qualities he much resembled, the New World ranks among her dead, nowhere so great a man.

From The Leisure Hour.

CINCHONA TREES ON THEIR TRAVELS.*

CONTRARY to every *a priori* assumption, vegetables—that is to say trees, shrubs, and herbs—are far more particular as to the places they choose to live in and circumstances they choose to live under, than animals. In proof of the latter statement, take man at the head of all the animals. The organization of man is very delicate; his bodily strength is not preëminent; and his perceptive qualities impart degrees of pleasure and of pain, the consequences of which are immediately to the mind, and through the latter to the body, most trying. Nevertheless, the facility possessed by mankind of adapting themselves to variations of climate is not merely surprising of itself, but is, for the most part, greater than that possessed by other animals. There really does not seem to be any particular spot on *terra firma* where human beings can not support life, provided that the means of eating and drinking be present, and that there be no bar to the adoption of certain artificial

conditions of clothing and temperature. Transport a human individual of normal health to the arctic or antarctic regions; give him enough food and drink, especially the greasy food which physiologists tell us burns in the system after the manner of fuel; supply him with the grosser fuel to warm from without, and let his clothing be abundant; then your experimental man—aye, your delicate, fair-skinned Caucasian man—shall manage to subsist in health and strength amid chilling snows and sparkling icebergs for years together. He shall thrive as if to the climate born. The temperature of home might be more agreeable, its society more gratifying than that of Esquimaux and Polar bears; but these are matters of mental discomfort, not causes of bodily ailment. Invert the conditions: send your model experimental man to the torrid zone, and the result is that he can still live. Disease may have to be endured, or it may not. Extreme of heat is confessedly more trying to the human constitution than extreme of cold; and when moisture is associated with elevation of temperature, then conditions prejudicial to human life attain their maximum.

* This article suggests the inquiry if there may not be some region in the varied and extended climates of the United States where this valuable vegetable product may not be cultivated with advantage and profit. Will not some of our medical friends investigate the subject?—ED. ECLECTIC.

Far different is it with some members

of the vegetable world. For the most part, certain vegetable species attach themselves to some special locality, or condition of locality, the precise characteristics of which are in many cases so little known that they do not admit of being supplied artificially. The cocoa-nut palm furnishes a remarkable instance. For some reason or other this magnificent palm refuses to grow very far away from the sea; hence there are no cocoa-nuts palms in Central Africa. Even if there be complete identity between the compositions of any two respective soils—if the temperature and degree of moisture of any two regions brought into comparison be identical—still the blighting of vegetables transported from one place to the other often gives the philosopher to understand that there exist secrets in nature beyond the ken of his philosophy.

One of the remote conditions that influence the growth of vegetables has, however, received elucidation of late—the condition, namely, of atmospheric pressure. If vegetables (trees, plants, and shrubs) grown at the sea-surface level are pressed upon with a weight of atmosphere amounting to some fourteen and a half pounds for every square inch of surface, then does it follow that on ascending higher the pressure will decrease. For example, a tree, shrub, or plant growing at the base of a mountain-range—the Andes, we may assume—would be pressed upon more, surface for surface, than another tree of equal superficial extent grown higher up. In what precise way this variation of pressure should influence the growth of any particular vegetable, is a matter not apparent. The fact, nevertheless, is undoubted, and no members of the vegetable kingdom more convincingly illustrate it than cinchona trees. These valuable trees are not merely restricted naturally to the Andes range of mountains, but to certain limits of elevation upon that range—limits corresponding to a very diminished atmospheric pressure.

Is it necessary here, and at this time, to write a single word in praise of the cinchona or Peruvian bark? This valuable remedy encountered much opposition when first brought under the notice of European physicians, but the cures effected by it supplied a mass of evidence that could not be gainsayed. At present, the testimony in favor of the febrifuge efficacy of Peruvian bark may be pronounced

universal, with one small exception—the latter only to be reconciled and accounted for on the principle that a general is never a hero to his own valet, and a prophet acquires no honor in his own land. In many districts of the Andes range, the home of cinchona trees, ague is prevalent, especially amongst the native Indian tribes. Now, the best, the most certain cure for the ague ever yet discovered, is unquestionably Peruvian bark, or the chemical principles therefrom extracted; nevertheless, the natives will but rarely consent to use the remedy so beneficently given to them. Practice, experience, should be every thing in physic; and as ague is prevalent enough in Bolivia and Peru, as cinchona trees are common enough there, and as experience of many years has demonstrated the efficiency of Peruvian bark in this disease, Bolivian and Peruvian Indians, were they reasonable, should have long ago thrown aside their prejudice, for they can not be ignorant of the virtues ascribed to this plant.

From the time when the Spanish Countess of Chinchon furnished under a modified form the distinctive name to Peruvian bark, henceforth to be called "cinchona," the naturally grown trees of Bolivia and Peru have alone supplied the ever-increasing foreign demand. Had the South American republics been provident in their generation, they would have regulated the growth of cinchona trees—planting a supply of new trees, in number commensurate with the destruction of others. Unfortunately, the bark-producing republics were not so wise; and thus it happened that between the productive force of nature and the destructive energy of cascarilleros, or bark-gatherers, a perpetual contest went on. Year after year, the productive region for cinchona trees fell more into the background, nearer tracts having become exhausted, until at length the fear began to dawn upon the Bolivian mind, that an important source of national revenue was likely to come to an end. Thereupon followed a measure of precaution; but it was not very happily devised, consisting not in a systematized plantation, but in a restriction of export. This latter measure was the cause of much deprivation to foreign countries, whilst at the same time it was attended with only partial success in preventing the destruction of cinchona trees. In point of fact, an illicit trade

sprang up to some extent, as usually happens when any article of great utility and small bulk is laid under fiscal interdict.

Very soon after the suppression of the late Sepoy rebellion in India, not only the government, but several enterprising private individuals, began to reflect seriously on the best available means for turning to account the immense climatic resources of India. We are all mostly too prone to associate with Hindostan the idea of a seething, furnace-like climate—a land scorched with drought at one season, deluged with torrents of rain at another—prejudicial to human life, and overrun with wild beasts; not heeding the fact that large expanses of mountain-range and table-land exist in the Indian Peninsula, where climatic conditions may be found in almost endless variety. Up to the period of rebellion, the Neilgherry Hills had been turned to little further account than that of a convenient sanatorium for the repair of constitutions disordered by long residence in the hot, unhealthy plains; since then, however, increased attention has been given to the agricultural and horticultural resources of that interesting region, and in no respect more satisfactory than in the cultivation of cinchona trees. The Neilgherry Hills not only furnish regions similar in respect of temperature to cinchona-growing tracts of the Andes, but identical as to the amount of atmospheric pressure. Here, under the auspices of Sir W. Denison, Governor of Madras, Mr. McIvor, and other enterprising Britons, cinchona plantations have been established, and are thriving in full luxuriance. The task was more arduous than may occur to some readers, tranquilly perusing the account of it at home. Firstly, the South American governments manifested no excess of good-will to the undertaking. If the transplantations be successful—they mentally reasoned with themselves—an important source of native revenue would dry up. Then there was the difficulty of conveying the young trees from forest to shipboard; next, the risk and difficulty attendant upon a long sea-passage. Arrived in India, conveyed to their destination on the Neilgherry Hills, fears were rationally enough entertained that some evil might accrue to the precious charge, owing to ignorance of special conditions of growth peculiar to cinchona trees. At home, that is to say, in South America, it

had been remarked that these trees never occupied large tracts exclusively, but sprang up in forest glades, patch-like, shaded and sheltered by other growths, as if needing protection. This condition, were it proved an absolute necessity, would of course be somewhat inimical to the regular plantation system. East Indian growers, with Mr. McIvor at their head, have dissipated every fear that may have been entertained on this score. Near Ootamocund, on the Neilgherry Hills, cinchona trees of different species are growing luxuriantly, with all the regularity of apple trees in an orchard. Notwithstanding the healthy appearance of these trees, a fear, or more properly speaking, a doubt remained—the doubt whether the resulting bark would, under the climate and conditions of India, reproduce, in full percentage, the valuable febrifuge substances elaborated by the trees in South America. In order to settle that doubt, it was very properly resolved that specimen cinchona plants should be barked at different respective periods of growth; that the bark thus collected should be analyzed, and the results of analyses chronicled for general guidance. So far as experiment has hitherto gone, the results have been most satisfactory. Mr. Howard, of Stratford, the celebrated English quinine manufacturer, reports that the Neilgherry specimens submitted to him, are, in chemical constitution, equal to specimens of native South American growth.

Tame and unromantic though the occupation of a cascarillero, or cinchona bark-collector, may seem, there are in reality few callings that make a greater demand on the exercise of self-resource; or the courage and endurance of those who follow it. The tracts to be explored are mostly of the wildest. Scarped rocks, up which a goat would not travel by choice, have to be ascended by the cascarilleros, pack and baggage on shoulder. Torrents have to be crossed on rudely extemporized bridges, and for months together the forest shared with jaguars, and other beasts of prey, having only little personal respect for cascarilleros and no compunction. Nor let it be imagined that Peruvian bark alone makes up the burden of the cascarilleros. In those desolate wastes, hundreds of miles from home or habitation, every ounce of rations needed for the whole time of absence

must be borne by the bark-collectors, whole parties of whom have not unfrequently been starved to death through the accident of having deposited their provender and forgotten its whereabouts, or through the misfortune of having erred in calculation as to the length of absence.

Even to unprofessional people, the fact is tolerably well known that the virtues of Peruvian bark, in all its several varieties, which are numerous, reside in certain alkaline bodies sometimes called alkaloids. Quinine, or quina, is the chief of these Peruvian bark alkalis; cinchonine, another, has less medicinal importance; and there are several others which need not be enumerated here. The chemical bodies known as alkaloids or alkalis, of the new class, are extremely common in vegetables. Some, indeed, have been made artificially, and certain chemists rather favor the belief that one and all may eventually be produced independently of vegetable organism. Not only have chemists failed hitherto in their attempts to produce cinchona alkaloids artificially, but no very efficient substitute for them has been found in any of the alkaloids furnished by other vegetables. Perhaps amongst all the substitutes, *ilicine*, an al-

kali contained in the holly, has been demonstrated to possess qualities of highest febrifuge character next after quinine and cinchonine—next indeed, but a very long way off.

Now, that the chincona culture has been systematically entered upon, it is important to ascertain whether the absolute tree-destruction hitherto practiced, be indispensable. In many continental states, where the burning of wood fuel is practiced, the constant demand for wood is amply met by judicious pruning of side branches. If this be possible in the instance of cinchona trees, then evidently the cost of production will be materially lessened. Altogether, the best hopes may be entertained as to the success of the new scheme of Indian cinchona production. In a few years' time we may reasonably hope to have a certain and systematized supply of a precious material which has become indispensable to the doctor, which was at the best of times precarious, and which seemed doomed to utter destruction at some period not very remote. If man would only give effect to the means God has beneficently placed at his disposal, how great would be the measure of benefits he could confer on his species!

By the Editor of The Eclectic.

AN EPIC OF THE OLDEN MOORISH TIME.*

THERE is a historic charm and romance, as well as a tragic interest, in the heroic annals of the Moors of Spain. They were a wonderful people. Their achievements adorn their heroic age of centuries. They fill up vast chapters of history in the Middle Ages. They invaded and conquered Spain almost in a day, and by the decisive results of a single battle, they held possession of the country, or large portions of it, for eight hundred years. Literature,

learning, and the arts had their principal home among the Moors during the Middle Ages. Scholars of the highest rank and attainments filled the chairs in the University of Cordova. In its palmy days that beautiful city presented scenes of magnificence and grandeur almost surpassing fable. The decline, however, of the Moorish power in Spain at length began; but her bright and brilliant sun was long years in its descent from meridian splendor till its final setting at the memorable siege of Granada, the last home of the Moors in Spain. Their last battle was fought under the walls of their famed and favorite Alhambra. From that strong

* *Pelayo: An Epic Poem of the Olden Moorish Time.* By MRS. ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 445 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 424. With illustrations.

and beautiful fortress and imperial palace, their last king, the unfortunate Boabdil, descended by a private stairway in the walls (still to be seen) with the keys in his hands, a sad and disconsolate captive, and delivered them to his queenly conqueror, Queen Isabella, in the Spanish camp, in full view from the walls. The gradual recovery of Spain from the dominion of the Moors, during this long period of eight hundred years, abounds in heroic incident.

The author of this charming epic poem, *Pelayo*, with admirable skill and talent has drawn her materials from the early annals of this heroic age, and combined and woven them into an epic poem of great beauty of arrangement, grace of diction, and felicity of rhythm.

We took occasion to record a brief notice of this volume when it was laid upon our table some time since; but it seemed not enough, or very imperfect justice to the gifted authoress to pass it by with an ordinary editorial notice. We now recur to the book for more extended mention; for the sake also of enriching our pages with a few of the beautiful thoughts which gem the work. The idea that a lady, especially an American lady, could be found able to write an epic poem worthy the name, seems to have been held in unbelief. So competent a judge as Edwin Croswell, Esq., for many years editor of the *Albany Argus*, says: "I confess that when first told that a lady friend had written an epic poem, I was not altogether free from a vague doubt, not as to the person, but the sex." And to show what became of his unbelief, that his lady friend could write an epic poem, we quote the language of Mr. Croswell:

"The striking and romantic historical interest of the era of the tale and the incidents of the narrative are skillfully combined, and wrought up with much felicity of thought and diction, and its scenes, rites, and adventures with high descriptive talent. The action of the poem is rapid, and its incidents hold the attention of the reader, while its glowing enthusiasm and heroic ardor charm the imagination. Perhaps no feature is more remarkable than its fidelity to the age and country in which the scene is laid. It is Spain in all its beauty and chivalry; its national and devotional feeling; its natural scenery, and its characteristics of mien and manner. All its thoughts are ennobling; and it may be truly said that, while it arrests and holds the imagination, it expands and elevates the heart."

Having visited many of the historic

homes of the Moors, in Southern Spain, we can almost recognize the localities so graphically described in the poem, and fully indorse the opinions of Mr. Croswell and others more competent to judge of its merits than we are. The conception and plan of the poem are bold and venturesome, and indicate poetic genius of a high order. The success of the eagle-flight fully justifies the confidence of the authoress in her own native powers, with which she seems to have been richly endowed from childhood. Like the young eaglet, she often indulged in poetic flights for her own gratification, the effusions of which only met the public eye anonymously until the outburst of the present rebellion, which called forth rich and eloquent strains of patriotic sentiment to grace the columns of one of our evening journals, the editor of which is one of our leading poets. This fine epic poem, worthy any poetic pen of the age, seems to have taken the literary admirers of talent and genius, with gratified surprise. A just meed of commendation seems due to this new and fair candidate for poetic fame. We beg to travel a little out of our ordinary course to unite with others in bringing this admirable epic before the public literary eye. We venture the belief that if the name on the title page of *Pelayo* had read Elizabeth Barrett Browning, instead of Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, the admirers of English poets and poetry would have kindled with fresh admiration of the talents of that gifted and much-lamented lady, for this new proof of her poetic powers. It is rare, we believe, that a new poem, and that poem an epic, so difficult of achievement even by a gentleman, much more so by a lady unknown to fame, should call forth from gentlemen of the press, and some of them poets of high renown, expressions of praise so gratifying to an author. We take pleasure in quoting the opinion, so beautifully expressed, of William Cullen Bryant—a poet himself of wide and deserved renown. He says in the *Evening Post*:

"The beautiful edition of Mrs. Elizabeth T. Porter Beach's poem, entitled *Pelayo: An Epic of the Olden Moorish Time*, published by the Appletons, is, we learn, exhausted, and the authoress meditates the publication of a second edition carefully revised. She is to be congratulated on this success, which, in her modest appreciation of her literary merits, has, we learn, much exceeded her expectations.

"At the close of the volume the author refers to an event in her own personal history. The composition of this work was undertaken as a means of diverting her mind from the contemplation of an overwhelming sorrow.* She calls her poem

"'Sad-woven rhymes, in days of gloom,
Strung but to stay the tear.'

"A severe and sudden calamity held her for a long time in a state of melancholy bordering upon despair, until, by some accident, her mind became turned to poetic composition, and she was so fortunate as to obtain a respite from her grief in the task of putting in order romantic incidents of love and war—

"'Fierce wars and faithful loves'—

and giving a rhythmical form to the expression of the thoughts and imagery they suggested. The composition of verse seems to have had upon her mind an effect similar to that of music upon some persons who find themselves calmed and made to forget their griefs by the 'concord of sweet sounds.'

"The work has almost the air of an improvisation—as if it was written at once in a moment of excitement. The author delights in the description of beautiful and grand aspects of nature, the freshness of spring, the splendors of summer, the glories of autumn, the tempests of winter, the pomp of morning and evening, situations in which the domestic affections are interested, magnificent preparations of war, hard-fought battles, deeds of heroism, the exultation of victory, the dejection and shame of defeat, alternations of hope and fear, of confidence and despair. Through scenes in which these are made to pass before the reader, the thread of the metrical narrative runs rapidly on, as if the author were pouring out of her mind

"'Easy, the unpremeditated verse,'

so little are the traces of the part performed by the file perceived in the pages of this work.

"There is one quality which will be readily conceded to this work, that of not being, in any sense or in any respect, an imitation of any other author. We have not met with a single passage which, either in its modulation or in its phraseology, has reminded us of what has been written before. The combination of terms, their collocation and construction, are quite the author's own. Dr. Johnson says of the great Thomson that his blank verse is not the blank verse of any other poet, and in

like manner we may say of this poem, that its versification and style are not that of any author. In some instances not unfrequent, the author's use of terms will strike the reader as so adventurous, on account of the independent manner in which they are employed, that he may be in some apprehension whether she can sustain herself successfully in the freedoms she uses; but in proceeding he will find that the purpose of the author is fully answered. It is somewhat like what happens in the descent of the Saut Sainte Marie when, in shooting the rapids in an Indian canoe, a rock appears in front of the voyager with the stream rushing against it and roaring around it. A single stroke of the paddle sends the canoe safely by the rock, and it is heard roaring at a distance behind.

"To conclude, the poem is written by one whose mind has been filled with the splendid themes of the great struggle between the Moors and Christians in Spain, in which the heathen yoke was thrown off. The incidents are related and the subjects they present described with warmth and enthusiasm. The great inspiration of the work is a decided love of the subject and a strong delight in the occupation of placing it in poetic lights, and giving to the narrative the harmonious cadences of metrical composition."

George Ripley, Esq., the accomplished literary critic and editor of the *New-York Tribune*, says of *Pelayo*, in a generous and gratifying review, of four columns:

"Amid the numerous echoes of favorite poets which compose so large a portion of the popular poetry of the day, the reader of *Pelayo* will be impressed with its *freedom from imitation*, and its *strongly marked individuality of composition*. It shows no traces of the influence of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, or the Brownings. Except now and then an apparently unconscious reminiscence of Scott and Moore, the poem appears no less spontaneous than the song of birds. It is the free expression of a fancy abounding in images of tender beauty, and an ear attuned to the sweetest melody of words. The poem is remarkable for its objective character. It contains no wail of personal sorrow, no dark brooding over the mysteries of life and the universe, no gush of private ecstasy or joy. The writer is absorbed in the experience of the persons whose history she paints; she has no thought, no emotion, no word but for them. With the exception of the modest and touching lines which close the volume, there is no allusion which brings herself upon the scene. This gives an air of vivid reality to the poem, throwing a fresh and brilliant light over the fading colors of the past. Her diction is uniformly graceful and appropriate, preserving a singular harmony with the scene by its rapid

* The sad bereavement to which Mr. Bryant refers was the sudden death of her husband, a lawyer of high talent, and a legal partner of Hon. William H. Seward, now Secretary of State, by the explosion of the steamer *Empire State*, soon after leaving Newport, off Point Judith, on her passage to New-York, some years since.—ED. ECLECTIC.

and skillful change. The tone and spirit of the poem justly challenge admiration. An epic from an American woman in these days of strife and turmoil, is an unexpected gift. Let it be received with a grateful and generous welcome.

"The authoress of *Pelayo* is a niece of ex-Governor Throop of this State, and is favorably known to the public by her recent patriotic poems on some of the striking incidents of the war."

N. P. Willis says of it :

"A poem which commends itself deliciously to the ear. It is exquisite in rhythm, and perfect in rhyme, is this Epic of the Olden Moorish Time—the romantic story of *Pelayo*. If we are not mistaken, *Pelayo* is a poem of most uncommon melody."

The editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* says of *Pelayo* :

"A heroic poem, and by a woman! The author is a native, and we believe, at present a resident of New-York, and is the niece of a late distinguished ex-governor of our state. She has selected for her theme one of the most romantic incidents in history—the conflict between the Goths and Moors, consequent upon the apostasy of Count Julian. The salient point of the bloody conflict is seized by the gifted authoress, and wrought into a singularly pathetic and effective story. She has caught with surprising felicity the spirit of the times. We see the waving of the banners and hear the clash of contending arms. The poem breathes throughout the aroma of the old legends. It shows a profound study of, and an intimate acquaintance with, the history of the age in which the scene is laid. The artistic structure is equally admirable. The style is pure and oftentimes impassioned; the verses are cast in most rhythmic mould. We advise every lover of poetry to purchase and read this poem; we are sure the discriminating reader will agree with us in pronouncing it a work of rare and varied power. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated by various superb engravings."

The *Independent* says :

"It was a dangerous experiment to touch upon the beautiful Moorish traditions of Spain, but Mrs. Beach has been successful to a degree that justifies her boldness."

William Wirt Sikes, of the *Chicago Journal*, says :

"I have been spending an evening with two poets." (Mrs. Beach and Longfellow.) "The first that came to my side brought me *Pelayo*, an epic poem, and told me her name was Elizabeth T.

Porter Beach. She bore a note of introduction in the well-known handwriting of the poet-editor Bryant, and it said this of *Pelayo* :

"I have been charmed to perceive how skillfully the author of this poem has availed herself of the materials for poetic embellishment furnished by the history of that romantic period."

"And as *Pelayo* unfolded its beauties to me, my thought was an echo of the above words; I was charmed."

"*Pelayo* is based on the history of Spain during its invasion by the Moors, when the Spanish Christians made almost superhuman exertions in their struggles to repel the invaders; and into its sweet and varied rhyme is woven the ever new tale of true and deathless love."

"To pick out segregated beauties from *Pelayo* is analogous to taking out the solo strains of the viol or the bassoon from the '*Meditations Poétiques*;' beautiful as they may be standing alone, they utterly fail to tell the tale of that wondrous work, which flows along through hours with its magnificent burden of harmony, exalting the hearer into an almost trance-like state of delight."

"A rich golden ray of sunshine, however beautiful in itself, would not convey to you the glories of an Italian sunset spreading the sky all over with one grand mantle of gold and crimson and blue."

"The grand tale of this poem is so impressive, and it flows onward from such simple beginnings to such thrilling and exquisitely beautiful heights, that I despair of giving you any idea of it unless you will let me read you the book through. Yet that I can not do: so I will string you a few gems as I may."

"Bright gleam the lights from tower and hall,
And brighter still from maidens' eyes,
While light as snow-flakes' gentle fall,
Fair feet keep time to melodies."

"The lover of this poem adopts, in his address to his mistress, that sweetest of tender thoughts, the likening of his darling to a bird. Throughout the whole poem, this likeness occurs repeatedly :

"Oh, gently will I guard my dove,
And though in wildwood be her nest,
I'll weave it close with flowers of love,
For ever blooming in my breast."

"The love-scenes in the book, indeed, are such as would enrapture the heart of any enamored one; though they are by no means its chief merit. Here is one, apropos in these war-times, when so many soldier-lovers are parting from their ladies. Zillah, however, is averse to parting with her warrior; and she 'says her heart' thus melodiously :

"Closer unto his breast she clung,
While anguished sobs her bosom wrung;
Needling yet nearer to his heart,
As fain, with him, would life depart."

““ Oh, bear me with thee to the strife!
E'en as thy page, to yield my life,
If thou shouldst fall by Moslem-spear—
And I—O God! and I not near!

Oh! joy upon thy breast to lie!
Oh! joy e'en thus—and here to die!”

“But we must leave the love-scenes, for I wish to give you one of the grand pictures of battle this lady paints; and I wish I could also give you a specimen of her landscape painting too, which is exquisite, as in the scene where

—“ the Moon, their pure queen, in her silvery light,
Her smiles mellow ray, over cliff, vale and bower,
O'er the waterfall sparkling in diamond shower.”

“But to the battle:

“They come! the Moslems come! the cry;
And as fierce lightnings, glistening fly
From out the sheath each glittering sword—
Flashing as one at a given word!

“They come! they come! our mountain-men!
Forth how they issue through the glen!
With glittering lance and warrior-tread,
By brave Pelayo nobly led!

“While following close, with glist'ning flash
From shields of steel, his warriors dash!
Hark! the shout and battle-cry
Ringing up the chasm high!

“God! Santiago! Vengeance! now!
Spaniards! by your Faith and Vow!
For Vengeance and our Country's right!
By our Faith and Symbol bright,
Dash the brazen crescent low!
Death unto the impious foe!”

“The ‘situations’ of the poem are sometimes intensely dramatic and thrilling; and it is glorified all over with the old-time *richesse*.”

Another critic says:

“The scene of the poem is laid in the seventh century, after the Moorish invasion of Spain, and its incidents are drawn from the history of the struggle between the Christians and Moors. It presents the pure, enthusiastic faith of the Christians of that early period, and gives with the ardor of the times, a truthful picture of the age and country. Its thoughts breathe, however, the noble sentiments of all ages.

“We find it difficult to cut out parts that shall fitly represent the whole; but we love best its descriptions of nature, and the passages that tell of the devoted love of Pelayo and Zillah.

“Is it not natural to set to mental music the following?”

“Bright gleams the lights from tower and hall,
And brighter still from maidens' eyes,
While light as snow-flakes' gentle fall,
Fair feet keep time to melodies.

Now flash Pelayo's dark orbs deep,
As merry strains fall on his ear;
“Why faileth she her tryst to keep?
Why comes she not my heart to cheer?
Thou mockest me, O bird of night!
With notes of joy, so blithe and free!
How can ye beam, fair stars, so bright,
While she forgets her love and me?”

““ Light of my soul! wilt fly with me
Far from thy gorgeous palace-home,
Content in forest wild to be,
Or with thine own true knight to roam?”

““ Wilt fly with thee! And wouldst thou ask
Yon bird in gilded cage so fine,
If it in freedom's light would bask
With loving mate, or fettered pine?”

“The miraculous appearances of the day are truthfully portrayed. The angel-mother appears in spiritual form by the side of her child, and prophesies the final triumph of right:

“Scarce breathed the brief but ardent prayer,
When, by that pure earth-child,
Her angel mother standeth there,
In heavenly radiance mild.

“That angel-mother, that pure child,
Still from the cross look down:
While Zillah cries in terror wild,
“Great God! avert thy frown!”

“God smileth on thee, daughter mine!”

The angel sweetly spake;
His blessings round thy pathway shine!
My blessing, daughter, take!”

Laying upon her upraised brow
One white, transparent hand—

“A mother's blessing on thee now!—
God will protect thy band!”

Then, as fair morning mists arise,
She floateth from the sight,
While Zillah's earnest, azure eyes,
Pursue through clouds of light;
With outstretched arms and piercing cry—
“O Mother! stay with me!

Sweet Mother, leave me not to die!
Take, take me hence with thee!”

“One of the chief metrical charms of the poem is the smooth change from one measure to another, so that the ear is rested, while the melody is uninterrupted:

“Bright blushes the dawning o'er glen and o'er dale,
Bright sparkles the dew-drop in blossoming vale,
Bright smileth the Orient's gray breaking skies,
Precursor of splendor and glory to rise.
Alive in the convent, and merry, and gay,
Astir are they all, and must soon hie away,
And hurry, and bustle, and speed all around,
Ere first matin-bell doth her summons resound.”

“We are told at the close of the volume that these were

" 'Sad-woven rhymes, in days of gloom
Strung but to stay the tear !—
In dream-life to illumine my tomb
Of buried joys—so drear !'

"Thus is it ever: that which we do for our own inspiration and life becomes the inspiration and blessing of others. We rejoice that another testimony is given to us of the power of noble action in time of sorrow. So many of our poems, or rather so much of our rhyming, is but a dull complaining—a nursing of grief without the lesson of its effect—that we rejoice that one heart has been able to strike the clear, ringing notes of an inspiring melody, even though the harp had been untuned and its melody broken for a time. We prophesy the life of this poem, and that it will be translated into the Spanish tongue, to delight those who now dwell in the midst of the scenes it portrays. That which has life in it, needs no trumpeted praise, for within itself it becomes a part of the time.

"We hope that the next effort of our talented country-woman may be made from amid the rich and varied scenes and history of our own nation or country, and that she will weave our own beautiful legends into songs that shall become household words."

We beg to refer the reader to the book itself for the many beautiful poetic gems which adorn its pages, having no room to subjoin them to this imperfect *résumé*. We

only add a rare imperial testimony, which, from its high source, could hardly fail to be particularly gratifying to any author, however famed. The Empress of the French, Eugénie, born at Granada, amid the scenes so graphically described in this poem, (see her portrait and biographical sketch in March number, 1859, of *THE ECLECTIC*,) having read *Pelayo*, expressed her gratification, as we have been informed, by sending to the authoress a massive and magnificent gold medal, bearing her majesty's likeness on one side, in fine relief, and on the reverse side, engraved the name of Mistress Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, encircled in a beautiful wreath of bay-leaves, roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter expressing the pleasure of the empress upon reading *Pelayo*, in which her native land and people are so flatteringly portrayed. The package, we believe, was intrusted to a French baron to deliver, whose name we do not recollect. It is, doubtless, worthy of a brief record as a testimony to an American authoress, who holds high promise of future and enduring fame as a writer of epic and other poems, which we hope will be justified by the fruits of her gifted pen.

THE · LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE life of the military Nelson of England has at length been written, and, on the whole, well written, by Mr. Robert Wright, who has successfully carried through the task commenced only to relinquish it by Gleig, and subsequently by Southey. Mr. Wright has not only possessed the advantage of access to the entire family correspondence of his hero, but has also been enabled to introduce a considerable number of letters written by Wolfe to various private friends, whose descendants have consented to thus aid the undertaking. It is now for more than a century that Wolfe's correspondence has been kept back from the world, and it turns out to be so complete and so minute that the biographer's task is in reality reduced to that of furnishing a running

commentary explanatory of allusions and descriptive of contemporaneous events. This duty has been performed by Mr. Wright most efficiently. The circumstances to which we are indebted for this long wished-for biography, and the curious vicissitudes which have led to the preservation of the principal portion of the correspondence, are recorded by Mr. Wright in his preface. The letters addressed by Wolfe to his father and mother were carefully preserved by them, and after the death of the latter, by her executor, General Warde, and his son, also General Warde. After having been placed for some time in the hands of Mr. Gleig for use in his *Lives of Military Commanders*, they were borrowed by Mr. Turner on behalf of Southey. Southey, on aban-

doning his project, returned the letters to Mr. Turner; but they never reached their real owner, for at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, the whole of the materials thus obtained were offered for sale, but were ultimately withdrawn, and after a friendly investigation of his claim made over to Admiral Warde, grandson of the executor of Mrs. Wolfe's will. Mr. Wright, who during a residence in Canada had become thoroughly acquainted with the scene of Wolfe's crowning triumph, collected by degrees all the information within his reach relating to Wolfe's career, and ultimately conceived the idea of compiling a memoir of him which should at once be more complete and more accurate than the numerous crude and fugitive sketches of his life which had previously appeared. Besides, the fortunate recovery of Wolfe's home correspondence, the still more remarkable discovery only fifteen years ago of a packet of letters addressed by Wolfe to his intimate friend, Colonel Rickson, has materially contributed to the completeness of Mr. Wright's work. Hitherto, owing to the inaccessibility of Wolfe's correspondence, even the leading events of his career have been but little understood.

The Wolfes were an English family, who seem to have settled "beyond the pale" at a period not exactly determined. In 1651 Captain George Woulfe was one of twenty of the defenders of Limerick who were specially excluded by Ireton from the privileges of capitulation. He ultimately escaped, however, came to England, and married. His grandson, General Edward Wolfe, had served with distinction in the Low Countries under Marlborough, and in Scotland under Wade, before his marriage and settlement at Westerham, in Kent, where in 1727 the future hero of Quebec was born. The first characteristic step of his life was his volunteering at the age of thirteen to accompany his father in the expedition to the West Indies under Lord Cathcart. But ardent as the boy's determination to see service was even at that age, he had to yield to the weakness of constitution against which his whole life was a struggle, and violent illness prevented him from joining an expedition of which the ignominious failure was the natural result of the two great vices of English military and naval administration at that time—the

utter disregard of the officers for the health, comfort, and consequent efficiency of their men, and a jealousy between the two services which frequently brought affairs to a dead-lock at a most important crisis. In the following year, however, the longed-for commission was obtained, and Wolfe commenced active life at the age of fifteen as a second lieutenant in the marines, exchanging a few months later into the Twelfth, or Colonel Durooure's, regiment of foot.

After a couple of years' inaction in the Low Countries, we find Wolfe first shadowing forth all the elements of his future character. He acted as adjutant throughout the battle of Dettigen with great credit, and a few days later wrote to his father a masterly report of the military bearings of the engagement, as well as a graphic description of its general features. After serving through the disastrous campaign of the ensuing year, though not present at Fontenoy, Wolfe joined the forces under Wade at Newcastle, and subsequently fought at Falkirk and Culloden. Mr. Wright quotes, in order to discredit, the story from the *Anti-Jacobin*, of Wolfe having forfeited his favor with the Duke of Cumberland by refusing to shoot a wounded Highlander at Culloden, whose defiant glance irritated the latter to fury. It is difficult to believe that the popular idol of the day could have been the monster of this story. There was plenty of fighting going on in those days, and after a short stay in London, Wolfe was again in Flanders, and taking a share in the battle of Laffeldt, for which he was publicly thanked by the commander-in-chief. During a couple of years spent in Scotland, the development of his character from a daring but raw youth to a man of the world, mixing freely in the society of men of rank, and writing with ease and force on all passing subjects, may be distinctly traced in his letters, still as numerous as ever.

The next phase in his life is his short residence at Paris under the patronage of our ambassador, Lord Albemarle, in the years 1752-3. It was a strange time then, even for Paris, and Wolfe had full opportunities of mixing in society. Madame de Pompadour was in the zenith of her power, and Paris, regardless of wars and rumors of wars, was a prolonged carnival of gayety. Lord Chesterfield was writing letters to his degenerate son, an attaché

at the British embassy, in which he prophesied that before the end of the century "the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been." Wolfe saw Philip Stanhope, and though he "could not give any judgment on the offspring of so great a man," he "fancies, not without some grounds, that he is infinitely inferior to his father." He seems to have entered fully into French gayety, though he is not a little severe in his remarks on French love for it occasionally, and was much struck with their attention to external matters, such as manner and dress, and among other things by the affected custom of carrying umbrellas, then coming into vogue.

During the next four years Wolfe was quartered in different parts of England, devoting his time and energies to the improvement of the condition of all troops within his influence. Notwithstanding the popular impression as to his awkwardness and shyness in society, it is clear from the number of men of station who were now rapidly becoming his firm friends that he must have possessed no ordinary powers of fascination for those who really knew him. It is difficult to realize in these days the chronic fear of invasion which then kept the southern counties in a perpetual state of panic, and the anxiety and excitement among our scattered and scanty garrisons, of which Wolfe's letters during this period give striking illustrations. In 1756 a desperate effort was at length made by England to restore her military *prestige*, in face of the daily fear of an invasion, the loss of Minorca, losses in Canada, and the tragedy of the Black Hole in Calcutta. Additional battalions were raised every where, and Highlanders enlisted for service in America. In the following year General Wolfe acted as quartermaster-general to the expedition against Rochefort, and gave advice amid the feeble and divided counsels of the commanders, which, if accepted, would most probably have ended in the capture of Rochefort—a blow which, according to Louis XV., would have cost him thirty million francs to repair. In the mean time affairs were even worse in America. Our forces were under Lord Loudoun, who,

"like St. George, was always on horseback, but never rode on," and General Hopwood, whom, according to Walpole, "a child might outwit or terrify with a pop-gun," while a fleet of nineteen sail of the line, under Holborne, was shattered by a storm without dealing a stroke. In 1758, however, a different era commenced. The siege of Louisbourg was commenced under General Amherst, Wolfe chiefly directing the siege operations by land, and Boscawen by sea—two worthy companions in arms. Lord Chatham once said to Boscawen, "When other officers always raise difficulties you always find expedients." After a short interval of rest in England, Wolfe started in the following year for the glorious last scene of his life, practically as commander-in-chief of the expedition, but according to theory only as major-general, and only receiving pay as such—it was with difficulty that he even obtained a warrant for £500 for his immediate expenses. This period of his life is a household word among us, and welcome as all the correspondence connected with it is both to military men and Englishmen in general, it can not heighten the colors of the picture of heroism, genius, and duty familiar to every Englishman. But every Englishman will read with the deepest interest the details of the weary months that preceded the triumph, the discouragements, the struggling against physical weakness and illness, and the difficulties which only the genius of a Wolfe could have overcome.

Wolfe's memory would never have been forgotten, but this collection of his correspondence was alike due to him and his country. With his private character, as far as it appears in these letters, we have little to do. It seems to have been far from agreeable, and not faultless. But as illustrating the public character of the hero of the Heights of Abraham, the only military genius England possessed at a time of great difficulties, and one who took an elevated view of his profession in all its relations, in an age when that profession had in England too generally reached an inconceivable state of degradation, this publication is a national acquisition.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

STUMBLING BLOCKS. By GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 435.

THE contents of this book are extremely varied in their topics, amounting in number to fifteen chapters or Stumbling Blocks, which are handled as if the author knew well, practically and philosophically, the meaning of the words Stumbling Blocks, in their varied aspects. Gail Hamilton is no dull or stupid writer. She knows the meaning of words, and uses them to clothe her thoughts in a drapery which admits of no doubt. She makes her thoughts stand out in bold, basso-relievo, like a carved image, whose features and lineaments express the inward character. A Boston paper, some time since, taking exception to some of her sharp criticisms, remarked, that Gail Hamilton wrote too much. Not, however, in our judgment, if she writes with her present power and strength. The Outs and the Ins. 11. The Fitness of Things. 8. Controversies. 9. Amusements. 15. Words without Knowledge, are some of the topics which comprise her book.

THE MAINE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, author of various works. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 328.

THIS book, got up in the neat and tasteful style of the Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, describes, as its title purports, a ramble in the great woods of Maine, where the excursionist may indulge his roaming proclivities to his heart's content for months, or all the summer, and commune with nature in her wildest moods and tenses. It is just the book for the season for him who wants to get away from the haunts of men.

FROM CAPE COD TO DIXIE AND THE TROPICS. By J. MILTON MACKIE, author of "Cosas De Espana," etc. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 441 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 422.

THIS is a very readable and an attractive book. The public will thank Mr. Mackie for writing it, and Mr. Putnam for publishing it. It was written it seems, before the war began; when much that was bright and beautiful is now marred, destroyed, desolate, and in ruins. It is much like preserving valued paintings from the destructive elements for the gaze of posterity. It is sad to think how many fair fields and once attractive spots in the South are now laid waste by the terrible tramp of the war-horse. It may be a melancholy pleasure to look on the beautiful reminiscences of the past; but it is instructive and useful. We commend the volume to the perusal of the public.

THE CEDAR CHRISTIAN, and other Practical Papers and Personal Sketches. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, Pastor of the Lafayette-avenue Church,

Brooklyn. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 215.

THIS is seemingly a quaint title to a book, and suggests, at once, the query, What kind of a Christian is a Cedar Christian? But the title is taken from a Cedar of Lebanon, which the author saw growing in Chatsworth Park, England, and uses it for graphic and striking illustrations. A number of the articles have appeared in the columns of the *Evangelist* and *Independent*. The volume is worthy the pen of Dr. Cuyler. It is rich in thought, and graceful in diction. It breathes a spirit of warm-hearted and devoted piety—a book which every one, young and old, may read with profit. Open it on any page, and at once some striking thought looks up into the eye and finds it a ready entrance to the heart. It is a good book—a useful book—a book which will bear to be read for a long time to come, and not grow old. We hope Dr. Cuyler will give many more volumes to the public from his gifted pen.

NEPENTHE: A Novel. By the author of "Olie." New-York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 323.

THIS book comprises forty-four chapters, in which the author tells her story in the numerous phases and changes which occur in human life. Various personages appear and disappear as the story moves on, which develops much of the philosophy and fact of life in its lights and shades, which make up the picture drawn by the author. The language is easy and graceful, and the story well told. Interwoven with the narrative of the varied incidents are many fine thoughts and sentiments, with a high moral tone, which commends the story to the heart. It will please many readers, both young and old.

A STATUARY ARTIST.—Some little time since we went, by invitation, to the Art Rooms of Richard H. Park, No. 1155 Broadway. The specimens of marble sculpture shown us were of a high order, and worthy the talent and genius of any artist in this country or Italy. It was a gratified surprise to gaze at the works of art exhibited by a native artist of modest demeanor and unassuming manners, as is often the case with true genius. A marble bust of a precocious child of William Curtis Noyes, Esq., of this city, sculptured to order, is a marvel of statuary beauty. A very expressive bust of the late Archbishop Hughes, modeled by Mr. Park, is full and ample proof of his artistic power. We have visited many galleries of statuary in Italy and elsewhere, and we must beg to commend Mr. Park to the liberal patronage of gentlemen of wealth and taste.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—He was a man of rare and fine genius, and held a very high rank among the writers of his age. We have never personally

known a man who more fully realized our conceptions of a man of genius, in contradistinction to a man of talents, a man of learning, a clever man. His mind grew from within without, and in obedience to a self-contained, inevitable law of growth. Of learning he had very little, and was wholly independent of books. We doubt if he ever owned a library large enough to fill a wheelbarrow. His intellectual creations were original, unborrowed, of spontaneous growth. His novels and tales are full of imagination, beauty, rare insight, purity and depth of feeling, and penetrated with a strange, weird charm, made up of the supernatural and the melancholy, possessing an irresistible attraction to minds of a certain class.

As a master of English style he stands unsurpassed among the living, and rarely equaled among the dead. His periods are exquisite for their combination of perfect finish and easy grace.

His temperament was sensitive and shy, his manners gentle and retired. He had no taste for general society, but he was warmly beloved by his friends, and for qualities irrespective of his genius. His nature was generous, manly, truthful, and sweet. Of conversational power he had very little, and rarely spoke where more than one or two were present. His personal appearance was commanding and striking. He was tall and strong, with a noble brow and head, black hair, and large dark eyes, full of expression. His face was generally grave, but easily lighted up with a smile of irresistible sweetness.—*Boston Courier*.

THE Spanish Cortes have passed a law empowering the government to make arrangements with the municipality of Madrid for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Christopher Columbus in one of the public places of the city. It is proposed to inscribe on the pedestal the device of the Dukes de Varaguas, the great discoverer's descendants, of which the following is a translation: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave the New World."

ANOTHER "PAPAL CONSPIRACY."—A Naples correspondent writes that there has been much talk in that city concerning a great Bourbonic conspiracy said to have been discovered at Rome. Papers were found in the house of a certain Baron Cosenza, showing that an organized insurrection had been plotted by a committee, of which the ex-King of Naples is president, a rendezvous being appointed in certain towns in the course of the present month, when there was to be a general rising. The plot, it is said, was found out by accident, and from information obtained from the papers found in Baron Cosenza's possession, steps were immediately taken to arrest all the chief conspirators, who for the most part belonged to the province of Terra di Lavoro, and were ex-officers and employés under the late government.—*English paper*.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.—"They pity me," he would say of such prosperous artists as Lawrence, when they came to visit and patronize him, "but 'tis they are the just objects of pity. I possess my visions and peace; they have bartered their birthright for a mess of pottage." A young lady of rank was once introduced to him. "He looked at her very kindly for a long while without speaking, and then, stroking her head and long ring-

lets, said: 'May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me!' She thought it strange at the time that such a poor old man, dressed in shabby clothes, could imagine that the world had ever been so beautiful to him as it had been to her, nursed in all the elegancies and luxuries of wealth. But in after years she understood plainly enough what he meant." How could he help being happy? "I live in a hole here," he used to say, "but God has a beautiful mansion for me elsewhere." And thither he went at the appointed time. He died in August, 1827, not quite seventy. "I have been at the death," exclaimed the humble female neighbor who was Mrs. Blake's sole helper at the time, "not of a man, but of a blessed angel!"—*Review of Life of W. Blake*.

THE masonic body of Paris was informed at its last meeting that the emperor restored to it the traditional right of electing its Grand Master. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Marshal Magnan, who held his nomination by imperial decree, was unanimously re-elected by the delegates of all the lodges present.

PATENT PENDULUM BOATS.—On Wednesday we witnessed three of these boats plying on the Humber, for the purpose of testing in one of them an improved eccentric paddle. We are informed that the apparatus in the boats is not half so laborious as the oar, and can be worked by any novice in five minutes. The large boat, with the eccentric paddles, seemed to combine the swiftness of the race-boat with the stability of the pleasure-boat. The eccentrics worked admirably, and we can vouch for the good style in which the boat left the pier. We are informed that the distance from Paull to Hull, with four passengers, was accomplished in twenty-four minutes and a half. The inventor will run any oared boat in the kingdom for fifteen or twenty miles; capacity of boats to be the same, and each boat to have an equal number of hands.—*Hull News*.

A little more precise information would have been acceptable.

MARSHAL VAILLANT has laid a report of M. Victor Place's excavations in Nineveh before the emperor, asking at the same time for a grant of ten thousand francs for the purpose of publishing a description of these archaeological discoveries. M. Place's investigations seem to have yielded unexpectedly happy results. He has fixed the exact circumference, the different buildings, and partly, even, the inner arrangements of the ancient Khorsabad Palace. The wall around it, to the extent of two hours, was seven feet thick, and had a hundred and fifty towers. M. Place has further laid bare the seven enormous gates which led from the castle into the town. Three of these gates formed triumphal arches adorned with sculptures and polychrome tiles. By the aid of these gates M. Place has also been able to determine the site of the streets, etc.

THE professional classes in England are thus arranged and marked by the census of 1861, showing the increase in two years. The department of the post-office increased its numbers from 8881, in 1851, to 14,131 in 1861; the police from 16,392 to 21,938; and the whole governmental body advanced

from 66,724 to 87,350. The military increased from 85,818 to 131,944. This does not include the volunteers. The learned, literary, and aristocratic professions increased from 204,093 in 1851, to 262,663 in 1861. The clergy were returned at 17,320 in 1851, and 19,195 in 1861; Protestant ministers, 6405 and 7840; Roman Catholic priests, 966 and 1216. Barristers advanced from 2816 to 3071, but the number of attorneys was stationary. The physicians increased from 1771 to 2385, but the surgeons and apothecaries decreased in numbers. Schoolmasters, schoolmistresses and teachers increased from 94,878 in 1851, to 110,364 in 1861; this last number includes 24,770 governesses. Authors and literary persons are stated at 3395 men and 185 women in 1861.

THE French preserve grapes the year round by coating the clusters with lime. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipped in lime-water of the consistency of thin cream. They are then hung up to remain. The lime-coating keeps out the air, and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table, dip the clusters into warm water to remove the lime.

TRouble in Northern Africa.—The French have for some years flattered themselves that Algeria was thoroughly subdued. The Arabs seemed completely tamed, and sanguine statesmen believed that they were being reconciled to a foreign yoke. This dream has been rudely dissipated within the last few days. It is not in India alone that a ruling caste may remain in ignorant security while a spirit of rebellion is fermenting among the subject race. There is reason to believe that the native population have been for some time looking forward to a rising in 1864, which a popular prophecy had fixed as the term of the infidel domination. But none of the French officers seem to have been aware of this; and it is at all events admitted that the Duke of Malakoff was taken completely by surprise. The precise extent of the insurrection is not known, nor is it likely to be, considering the careful supervision which is certain to be exercised over all the accounts that are given to the world. But the large number of troops dispatched from France shows that the revolt is one of serious dimensions, and, so far as we can gather, it is not by any means confined to one district. We are assured that the cotemporaneous movement in Tunis, where 20,000 Arabs are said to be in arms, will not produce any effect in Algeria. But such assurances are not worth much. The probability is that there is a common excitement spreading throughout the whole of the wild and savage Mussulman tribes of both provinces. And while there can be no doubt of the ultimate result, tranquillity is not likely to be restored without a considerable expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of France.—*London paper, May 5th.*

ACCORDING to letters from Zambesi, Dr. Livingstone is in good health, and will probably soon return to England.

THE young King of Greece, in a late interview with Admiral Kanaris, to whom he presented his portrait set in diamonds, was in return kissed three times by Mrs. Admiral Kanaris. Thereupon his youthful majesty shed a profusion of tears.

THE GORILLA MAN.—A letter from M. Du Chaillu to Mr. Buckland has appeared in print, dated Fernando-Vaz River, January 14th. He says: "I shall shortly send two live chimpanzee, a male and a female. The male is in a splendid state of health, and should not the vessel reach England in winter I should almost feel sure that he would reach London safely. The female is much younger, and I have had her only a few days. Master Thomas (the name of male) is a most funny fellow, and a great rogue. He is exceedingly fond of tea and coffee, and lately has taken a great fancy to cheese; but the worst of all, he will not eat cold food. Unlike the former one I had, and the description of which I gave in my work, *Equatorial Africa*, he can not bear spirits, nor even the smell. I find him also less intelligent. The first day the female came in, he did not care for her in the least, but now he is very fond of her, and they are the greatest part of the day in each other's arms; and he is getting wicked, and has bitten several people, but he is very tame with me.

"Since my arrival here I have not hunted gorillas: the fact is, that I have been too busy with other things to go shooting, but in a few days I will start for a country where a very large kind of ant-eater exists. I have seen a scale and a claw. I should be very happy to kill one; it would be a great curiosity. I will try my best to get one. I will not start for the interior before the end of May, and should I hunt some animals unknown to us, I shall apprise you of it. I only wish you were with me to enjoy the fun. Of course one must have good health in order to do something, and I hope that Providence will grant me this great blessing. I shall be very happy to hear from you before my departure for the interior. Try to write me a few lines by mail to Fernando Po, my letter to be forwarded to Gaboon."

KING WILLIAM of Prussia has lately been "inaugurating" with military ceremonies the new bridge across the Rhine, from Coblenz to Ehrenbreitstein, where hitherto there was only the bridge of boats which all Rhine tourists will remember.

THE Court of Prussia expects to entertain this summer at Kissengen the Czar and Czarina of Russia.

GARIBALDI AND VICTOR HUGO.—The following correspondence between Garibaldi and Victor Hugo is published:

"PRINCE'S GATE, London, 22d April, 1864.

"DEAR VICTOR HUGO: To visit you in your exile was with me more than a desire—it was a duty; but many circumstances prevent me. I hope you will understand that, distant or near, I am never separated from you, and the noble cause you represent. Always yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, 24th April, 1864.

"DEAR GARIBALDI: I have not written to you to come, because you would have come, and whatever might have been my delight to take you by the hand—you the true hero—whatever joy I might have had to receive you in my house, I knew that you were better occupied; you were in the arms of a nation, and one man has not the right to

take you away from a people. Guernsey salutes Caprera, and perhaps one day may visit it. In the mean time let us love one another. The people of England at the present moment present a noble spectacle. Be the guest of England after having been the Liberator of Italy. This is beautiful and grand. He that is applauded is followed. Your triumph in England is a victory for Liberty. The old Europe of the Holy Alliance trembles at it. The reason is, that there is no great distance from these acclamations to deliverance.

"Your friend, VICTOR HUGO."

A DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE.—By the kindness of Mr. Elmes, surgeon of the ship *Gloriana*, I have been enabled to examine a very fine specimen of the "double-headed snake" of India. I am pleased to find that my theory is confirmed, that this double-headed snake is really the *amphisbæna*, the name signifying that he can proceed either head or tail foremost at will. Mr. Elmes tells me that the natives of India believe that when it changes its skin it changes its head, and that one year it uses one extremity as a head and the other as a tail, and *vice versa*—an idea that the snake himself would seem to keep up, as he often moves about tail foremost. The natives of India, Mr. Elmes informs me, know it only by the name of the "double-headed snake," and, regarding it as a sort of sacred animal, never kill it willfully. When I took the snake out of its box (which was beautifully packed with Indian cotton) I found that it measured no less than thirty-five inches in length and four inches in circumference; and it really seems difficult for a person, not accustomed to observe, to decide at the first glance which was his head and which was his tail, both extremities being as near alike as they possibly could be. The specimen now before me was caught at a place called Bycula, near Bombay. In general appearance he is like a huge slow-worm, having a very small eye, and being covered with slippery and glass-smooth scales. The poor brute is very thin, and has not evidently fed for some time. I opened his mouth, and finding his teeth to be insectivorous, placed therein a nice lively fresh-caught black-beetle, which he swallowed down with a decided smack of the lips and a waggle of his head-like tail.—*F. Buckland.*

THE Dublin Exhibition building is so far advanced as to make it probable that it will be opened on the 25th inst. by the Earl of Carlisle.

LETTER FROM JOHN BRIGHT.—The Denver City (Colorado) *Commonwealth* publishes the following:

"ROCKDALE, March 21st, 1864.

"Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 10th February has reached me, conveying to me a copy of the resolutions passed by Denver Council of the Union League:

"May I ask you to convey my warm thanks to the gentlemen who, 'from under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains,' have expressed their satisfaction at the course I have taken in connection with your great struggle for freedom and national integrity. From the first I have regarded your great conflict as one in which all living men, and all generations of men yet to live, have a deep interest—for I have felt that a failure of your free institutions, and of your government, would tend to perpetuate all that is evil in the governments of

Europe, and to shut out the hope of freedom to mankind.

"The English people will rejoice when your war is over, with slavery swept from your continent, and the integrity of your great country restored.

"Our governing class and our rich people have had little sympathy with you; but the great body of the nation has been sound, and wishes to live in perpetual amity with their countrymen on your continent.

"I thank you for your kind letter, and heartily I thank all the gentlemen associated with you in the resolutions you have sent me. We are far separated by mountains and by ocean, but we think the same thought for the freedom of men.

"I am, with great respect, yours truly,

"JOHN BRIGHT.

"Simeon Whitely, Esq., Denver, Colorado, U. S. A."

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.—They may truly be termed pigmies or dwarfs, being on an average, when fully grown, only four feet five inches in height, and weighing about 76 lbs. They are certainly a most ugly race, jet black; and though not covered entirely with red hair, as stated by Sinbad, they paint themselves all over with a mixture made of oil and red ochre. Their agility and nimbleness are incredible—their swiftness of foot surpassing belief; whilst their hostility to strangers is affirmed by all who have ventured on their shores (in the Bay of Bengal). "As the cutters neared the part of the shore where they had stationed themselves," says Dr. Mouat, "and they clearly perceived that we were making preparations to land, their excitement was such that they appeared as if they had suddenly become frantic. Their manner was that of men determined and formidable in the midst of all their excitement. They brandished their bows in our direction, they menaced us with their arrows, said by common report—so often a liar—to be poisoned, exhibiting by yells and every possible contortion of savage pantomime their hostile determination. To use a common vulgar expression of some of the seamen, they seemed to have made their minds up to 'chaw us all up.' One man, who stood prominently out from the others, and who seemed to direct their movements, was, to the best of our judgment, their chief. The spear which he flourished incessantly was terminated by a bright, flat, pointed head, which gleamed with flashes of light, as, circling rapidly in the air, it reflected the rays of the sun. Sometimes he would hold it aloft, poising it in his uplifted hand, as if with the intention of hurling it with unerring and deadly aim at the first who dared to approach the shore of his native island. At length in a paroxysm of well-acted fury, he dashed boldly into the water, boiling and seething around him as it broke in great billows on the beach, and on the rocks by which it was defended, and fixing an arrow in his bow he shot it off in the direction of the steamer, as if that were the arch-enemy that had provoked his bellicose fury."

—*Dr. Mouat's "Andaman Islanders."*

CURIOUS CASE OF EXPERIMENTAL POISONING.—The upas tree, a native of Java, is so well known in that island for its deleterious qualities that it is generally called the poison tree. The *Abeille Medicale* states that a short time ago a scientific gentleman at Berlin received a small quantity of the condensed juice of the upas, and resolved to try the effects of it upon himself. One afternoon he accordingly took three grains of this drug, which he found very bitter and rather saltish. Immediately afterward he felt extremely gay, and a bad headache which he had at the time disappeared; but after awhile he experienced a sensation of oppression in the stomach. Nevertheless he had the imprudence to go out; on turning a corner he became aware of a considerable stiffness along the spine; this was about half an hour after having taken the poison. An hour later, while taking a cup of coffee, he felt a violent shock throughout his body and stiffness at the extremities; at the same time his head was thrown backward, he lost all power of speech, but his mental faculties remained unimpaired. There was a slight remission of these symptoms for a few minutes, and then a fresh attack came on, and this continued until the patient at length succeeded in expressing a wish to be taken to the hospital of La Charité. As he was being helped down stairs to get into a carriage a new attack impeded his progress, but during the drive he had none, although the slightest shake seemed sufficient to bring it on. These attacks were attended with but little pain; deglutition was very difficult, and the patient felt very weak. After every attack the muscular system relapsed into inertness. At the hospital, emetics were immediately administered to expel the poison if any remained; the vomiting was attended with sudden starts, spasms in the glottis, and difficulty of breathing; the latter symptom, however, soon subsided. The pulse was at 72. Thirty drops of laudanum were administered at the rate of 10 for every quarter of an hour, and then 30 more, in three parts, at intervals of half an hour. The patient fell asleep, but was often awakened by the contraction of the muscles of the back and neck. Laudanum was again administered, and sleep returned. On the following morning the patient felt very weak, but only complained of stiffness in the left muscles of the neck; the pulse was at 66. Wine and light food were now given instead of medicine, and on the sixth day the patient left the hospital perfectly recovered.

QUEEN VICTORIA, it appears, has literary tastes. In 1834, when she was but sixteen years old, a small volume of her poems was published in pamphlet form, for distribution exclusively in the royal family circle. The *Coburg Gazette* now announces that Queen Victoria is engaged in writing the Memoirs of her Life and Times; and that this work accounts for her prolonged seclusion since Prince Albert's death.

THE WEALTH OF CRESUS.—In our jottings of millionaires, it would seem as though those pages were incomplete without some data concerning him whose name has for centuries and generations—fresh down to the present day—furnished the standard representative of vast wealth. Cæsus flourished about the middle of the sixth century, B.C. The prodigious wealth which he had inherited had been increased by the tribute of conquered nations, by the confiscation of great es-

tates, and by the golden sands of Pactolus. Perhaps some idea of the extent of his wealth may be formed from the rich votive offerings which he is known to have deposited in the temples of the gods. Herodotus himself saw the ingots of solid gold, six palms long, three broad, and one deep, which to the number of one hundred and seventeen were laid up in the treasury at Delphi. He also saw in various parts of Greece, the following offerings, all in gold, which had been deposited in the temples by the same opulent man: A figure of a lion, probably of the natural size; a wine bowl of about the same weight as the lion; a lustral vase; a statue of a female, said to be Croesus's baking woman, four and one half feet high; a shield and a spear; a tripod, some figures of cows, and a number of pillars; a second shield in a different place from the first, and of greater size.—*Cyclopædia of Commercial Anecdotes.*

INFIDEL WRITERS.—We have had writers of that description who made some noise in their day. At present they repose in lasting oblivion. Who born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins, and Toland, and Chubb, and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves Freethinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what has become of all these lights of the world. In as few years their few successors will go to the family vault of "all the capulets." Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and roublesome, insects of the hour.—*Edmund Burke, 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.'*

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—Every body is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjab; but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful numbers of human creatures, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In two recent years no less than 999 children were killed, principally by wolves. The government pays a considerable sum for the destruction of wild animals. In 1860 there were killed 85 tigers, 163 leopards, 350 bears, and 2080 wolves; total, 2628.

DIARY OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.—The Japanese Ambassadors who visited this country last year have published their diary through the bookseller Fou-yah, at Yedo. Among other things it is therein said that the people of the west are very little different from each other; the dresses are the same as well as the weapons, though one nation manages them better than another; the French, above all, appear to excel therein. Ceremonies and honors are very easy, and the honors to be paid to a sovereign are very nearly the same as to a person of inferior rank—one takes his hat off, makes a small reverence, and therewith the thing is finished. At our audiences with the princes they were not separated from us by a curtain; even the princess was not veiled, and sits as high as the prince. The lords were very civil,

even too civil, for they allowed us to eat and drink more than was in accordance with our ceremonies. The lower classes were less civil, and equivocally demonstrated that they found us ugly. Among the women there are many handsome ones—among others, the Empress of the French. They run like a man. In order to appear taller, they wear a high bonnet. Even fashionable women dance very much; they hang on the arm of the men, and one sees the men frequently run along the street in the arms of women. We believe them to be their own wives. Women in general enjoy too much liberty, and the fashionable ones wear the same dresses as those of the lower class. The dress of the women, especially at night, is not always decent. Excepting the Dutch women, all other European women stand below the French. The men are stiff, rough, and a little proud; they wear no weapons, and very seldom the distinctions of their rank. It appears that every body, and even the fashionable people, frequent the "Cafés." High officers even frequent the theaters. We were sorry we could not understand every thing there. Almost every body had a spying-glass, which, perhaps from distraction, was always directed at us. The merchants are proud, and the shopkeepers do not like one to turn their articles too much about. It annoyed us very much to see raw meat exhibited in the towns. Eating meat is often very healthy; but why exhibit it to every one? In Paris and London they run (walk) very fast, just as they do in our country when there is a fire. The houses are so high that they must be destroyed at the first earthquake. They appear, however, to stand against fire.—*English paper.*

Two millions worth of diamonds were imported into the United States the last year. So says a foreign writer who has been reading on the subject.

EMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE.—The diversion to the Federal army of such a vast amount of labor from its legitimate channels would produce serious results, were it not for the assurances of a large increase in European immigration. There is reason to believe that there will be such a heavy influx of the bone and sinew of the Old World to our shores during the current year as to compensate, in a great measure, for the exhaustion of our population by the circumstances of war. It is confidently predicted by sanguine calculators that the number of immigrants to arrive in 1864 will reach nearly half a million. It is estimated that nearly one-seventh of the industrial population of the North and West have been drawn off from their usual vocations by the war. In this condition of our affairs, therefore, we ought to encourage and welcome the accessions to our laboring population from the Old World.—*New-York Shipping List.*

SIR J. D. PAUL IN "PENAL SERVITUDE."—The *Madras Times* gives some curious information respecting the notorious fraudulent banker, Sir John Dean Paul. Immediately after he was sentenced to penal servitude, Lady Paul realized all the property settled upon her, and proceeded without delay to Sydney, where she purchased a beautiful seat in the suburbs. Her husband having arrived at a penal settlement in another part of Australia

as one of a gang of convicts, the wife of the convicted baronet applied to the government for his services, and was permitted to employ him as her "assigned servant." We need scarcely add that, having thus released him from unpleasant restraint, she placed all the newly purchased property in his hands, and has since led a very quiet life in his company.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—A letter from Copenhagen of the 27th March, in the *Siøde*, says: "Two days ago the Austrian army suddenly quitted the positions they had occupied round Fredericia, without the most skillful strategists being able to divine the cause of that inexplicable movement. The motive has just been discovered, but the public in this city are as yet ignorant of it, as the journals have not appeared here either yesterday or to-day. The following are the facts: All the Hungarians, both officers and soldiers, belonging to the Austrian army, had concerted together to go over to the Danes, in order to combat with them against the common enemy of their nationality. In a few hours more the conspiracy, the news of which could not have failed to excite the greatest emotion in Europe, would have been carried into execution. As soon as General de Gablenz became aware of the plot, he thought it necessary to immediately retire from Fredericia. An investigation was afterward instituted, the result of which has been the condemnation to death of a certain number of Hungarian officers and soldiers. According to a letter received this evening from a Danish officer, and which I have now before me, the number does not amount to less than *three hundred*! What is certain is, that last night and the night before platoon firing was heard which could only have been caused by the sentences being carried into execution. The Hungarians have comprehended the shameful part which they are made to perform. The Italians enrolled in the Austrian army will soon be actuated by similar feelings, and next will come the turn of the Poles of the grand duchy of Posen."

THE MUSICAL SIGNS.—The seven musical signs—ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sa—invented by the Benedictine monk, Guido Aretino, are the first syllables of some words contained in the first stanza of a Latin hymn, composed in honor of St. John the Baptist, which runs thus:

*Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti
Labbii reatum,
Sancte Ioannes.*

The gold medal presented to General Washington by Congress on the evacuation of Boston by the British, and the only gold one ever presented to him, has been purchased by a few gentlemen of Delaware, and will be presented to Lieutenant-General Grant.

The sum paid for the medal is over five thousand dollars.

In the districts of China ravaged by the rebels, the surviving population feed on the emaciated bodies of the dead for want of other food.

or his opinions formed, as we conceive, on insufficient data, that we demur; and we do not hesitate to assert that on many of these points we shall have to differ very materially.

Before, however, proceeding to the consideration of these matters we will, with a view to render the subject generally intelligible to our readers, first take a general survey of the Nile and its head-streams, as they were known to us before Captain Speke's return from his last journey; for which purpose we shall avail ourselves chiefly of Dr. Beke's lecture, which stands likewise at the head of the present article.

The Nile is in every respect a most remarkable river. For a distance of more than thirteen hundred geographical miles from the Mediterranean, into which it discharges its waters by several mouths, this mighty river, the largest of the African continent, and probably unsurpassed in length by any in the world, is a single stream. Fed by the copious rains of the tropics, collected by its innumerable head-streams and its immense lakes in the south, it is thus able to contend with the burning sun and the scarcely less burning sands of Nubia and Egypt, throughout this extent of country, without the aid of a single tributary—a phenomenon presented by no other river.

Another peculiarity of the Nile scarcely less singular is, that for upwards of six hundred geographical miles above the point just indicated, or in all full two thousand miles from its mouth, the river receives no affluent whatever on its left or western side. On its eastern side, however, within the same limits, it receives three large tributaries—the Atbara or Bahr-el-Aswad (Black river), the Bahr-el-Azrek (Blue river), and the Sobat or Telfi; all having their origin in the elevated table-land of Abyssinia.

The Atbara (the *Astoboras* of Ptolemy) is called the Black river, from the quantity of black mud brought down by it during the rains, which is so great as to affect the color of the main stream. This branch of the Nile is most important, because it contributes the largest portion of the slime which manures and fertilizes Egypt. It is not less important, perhaps, for the reason that by means of a "branch of the *Astoboras*," its waters, with their fertilizing mud, might be directed from the Nile, and poured down into the Red sea near Sawakin; in which case "the whole of

Egypt and Syria, whose subsistence depends on that river, would perish with hunger." Such are the words of a Greek writer of the fifteenth century. At the present day, we may add, such a calamity (which Theodore, the present King of Abyssinia, actually threatens to inflict) would prove scarcely less fatal to *our* manufacturers, by depriving them of the timely supply of cotton, which has begun to be received from Egypt.

The Bahr-el-Azrek or Blue river (the *Astapus* of Ptolemy), known in Abyssinia as the Abai, is that branch of the Nile with which we are best acquainted, from its having been supposed to be the main stream, first by the Portuguese missionaries in Abyssinia in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and after them by our countryman Bruce. Whatever reasons there may have been at that time for imagining the Blue river to be the Nile, they have now become invalid; since the diminutive size of this stream, as compared with the immense masses of water from the regions lying hundreds, nay, thousands of miles to the south, which are carried down past it by the main stream, proves it to be only a tributary, like the Atbara.

The main stream or true Nile (the *Nilus* of Ptolemy), usually called the Bahr-el-Abyad or White river, was a quarter of a century ago unknown above the junction of the Blue river at Khartum, with the exception of a small portion of its course explored by M. Linant in 1827. Between the years 1839 and 1842, however, three expeditions were fitted out by the late Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and dispatched from Khartum up the White river, with the object of exploring the Nile to its uttermost sources. The results of these expeditions, especially the second of them, were most important. In the ninth parallel of north latitude they reached and passed through the lakes or marshes, at which, eighteen centuries before them, the two centurions of the Emperor Nero had turned back; and after discovering three large streams flowing through extensive plains, where geographers had taught them to look for the river's sources in the Mountains of the Moon—a chain supposed to traverse the continent of Africa from east to west—they proceeded up the middle stream of the three, and succeeded in penetrating southwards to within five degrees of the equator; and though nothing positive was determined

on any of these expeditions with respect to the position of the sources of the Nile or the Mountains of the Moon, it clearly resulted that both of these had been entirely misplaced in our maps.

As far as the ninth parallel of north latitude, there can be no doubt that the Bahr-el-Abyad, or White river, is the Nile. Above that parallel, where the three great arms of the river meet, it yet remains to be decided which of those three arms is the upper course of the Nile.

The middle one, which was selected by the Egyptian exploratory expeditions, is generally regarded as the main stream. But it may be questioned whether the western arm, called Bahr-el-Ghazal, is not in reality the Nile of Herodotus and all other writers of antiquity before the time of Claudius Ptolemy of Pelusium, the renowned astronomer and mathematician, who flourished in the second century of the Christian era; and also whether the Sobat, which joins the Bahr-el-Abyad from the southeast by means of three streams forming a delta of considerable size, may not be one of the two arms of which Ptolemy made the Nile to consist, the other being the Bahr-el-Abyad itself; the sources of both arms being placed by that geographer in the Mountains of the Moon. In the existing state of our knowledge of the upper Nile, we may, however, be content to follow the example of the officers of the Egyptian expeditions, and regard the river which they denominated the Bahr-el-Abyad, or White river, as the Nile. This river was ascended by the second of those expeditions to the neighborhood of Gondokoro, in 4 deg. 54 min. north latitude, and numerous Egyptians and Europeans have since then penetrated about one degree further to the south.

Before quitting this part of our subject, we may suggest to our geographers and map-makers that they would do well to discontinue the terms "Blue Nile" and "White Nile," as only tending to mislead. So long as the White river was but partially explored, and there remained room for contending that Bruce's "Nile" was the true Nile, a compromise was not unreasonably effected between the two rivals by regarding them *ex æquo* as the White and Blue "Niles." But now that Bruce's river is demonstrated to be no Nile at all, but merely the *Astapus* of Ptolemy (as the learned D'Anville contended a century ago), it would be ab-

surd to continue to apply to it the name of "Nile" in any shape.

We will briefly recapitulate the conclusions come to by Dr. Beke. The Atbara, Black river, or Takkazie, is the *Ataboras* of Ptolemy; the Blue river, or Abai (now called the Blue "Nile" for the last time), is the *Astapus* of Ptolemy; and the White river, as far as 9 deg. north latitude, is the *Nilus* of ancient history; whilst to the south of that parallel the Sobat and the upper course of the White river are apparently the eastern and western arms of the Nile of Ptolemy—the Nile of Herodotus and all historians and geographers anterior to Ptolemy, being the Bahr-el-Ghazal, of which the upper course has been but partially explored, but of which a large branch, named Djour, running parallel to the Bahr-el-Abyad, has been traced as far as about the parallel of Gondokoro. Trusting that we have thus cleared the ground, or we might rather say the water, sufficiently to see our way, we now proceed to the consideration of the alleged discovery by Captain Speke of the source of the Bahr-el-Abyad or White river, declared by him, without any qualification, to be *the Nile*.

The expedition of which the results are given in this traveler's *Journal*, was undertaken by him and Captain Grant in the year 1860, with a view to complete what had been left undone on the previous expedition of 1856, on which the former officer accompanied Captain Burton.

The main object of the first expedition had been to visit and explore an immense lake, named Nyassa, or the "Lake of Unyamwezi," said to extend from the equator to the twelfth parallel of south latitude, and so laid down in a map—known as the "Mombas Mission Map"—published by the Royal Geographical Society in the first volume of their *Proceedings*; for which purpose Captain Burton was directed by the society to proceed to Kilwa (Quilwa) on the east coast of Africa, in about 11 deg. south latitude; and after surveying the lake and completing his labors in that quarter, he was instructed "to proceed toward the range of mountains marked upon our maps as containing the probable sources of the Bahr-el-Abyad, which (it was stated) it will be your next great object to discover."

As that portion of Africa in about 8 deg. north latitude, where this "range of mountains" is "marked upon our maps,"

had been traversed by the Egyptian expeditions fourteen or fifteen years previously, without a trace of any mountains having been met with; and as this imaginary range of mountains had long previously been expunged from all continental maps of Africa, as well as from such English maps as made any pretensions to tolerable accuracy; it certainly does not say much for the knowledge of the interior of Africa possessed by the Royal Geographical Society, that they should have given such antiquated instructions to Captain Burton.

But, if behind the age as regards the sources of the Nile, they were not less so with respect to the enormous lake Nyassa; for Captain Burton, on his arrival at Zanzibar, soon "heard sufficient to convince him that the Nyassa or Kilwa Lake is of unimportant dimensions, and altogether distinct from the Sea of Ujiji"—now best known as Lake Tanganyika; adding the significant remark that "though these two waters had been run into one by European geographers, no Arab of Zanzibar ever yet confounded them;" and he further stated that "this consideration mainly determined his entrance into Africa by the great western line of road leading through Unyamwezi," instead of entering at Kilwa, in accordance with the instructions of the Royal Geographical Society.

It is certainly surprising that Captain Burton should have received such instructions, when the existence of two lakes (at the least), instead of one, had been long known; and only a few months before he and his companion, Captain Speke, left England, Dr. Beke, who was then in Mauritius, published in the *Athenæum** some very precise information respecting these lakes, which were not only asserted to be distinct and separate, but "the roads to them were likewise quite distinct and in different directions—that to the Nyassa Lake starting from Kilwa and proceeding to the southward of west, whilst that to the Nyamwezi Lake leads either from Buromayi or from the mouth of the river Pangani in a direction to the north of west;" the former of these roads being the one Captain Burton was directed to take, and the latter that which he eventually adopted.

The particulars of the expedition of

Burton and Speke have been long before the public; so that it is unnecessary to dwell on them here, further than to state that, at a distance of nearly six hundred geographical miles from the coast, they reached the main object of their journey, Lake Tanganyika, which they navigated and partly explored. The elevation of this lake is 1844 feet above the ocean, and its waters are fresh; which leads to the inference that it must have an outlet either to the north or to the south. Unfortunately the travelers did not visit either extremity, so that they were unable to decide any thing positive on the subject. In the opinion of both Burton and Speke, the outlet is toward the south; in accordance with the suggestion of Earl de Grey and Ripon, when President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1859, that it may yet be found to be connected with Lake Nyassa. The evidence collected by Dr. Beke tends, on the contrary, to show that the outlet is toward the north, in which case Tanganyika would be connected with the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and would, in fact, be the upper course of the Nile. Upon this point it would be premature to express any decided opinion; but the following recorded evidence is certainly deserving of consideration:

"Many years ago Mr. Meequeen received from a native of U-Nyamwezi, named Lief-bin-Said, some valuable information. . . . After describing the lake with remarkable accuracy, he added: 'It is well known by all the people there, that the river which goes through Egypt takes its source and origin from the lake.' In confirmation of this assertion of Lief-bin-Said, Captain Speke himself, on his return from his first journey, recorded the following statement made by Sheikh Hamed, a respectable Arab merchant: 'A large river called Marungu supplies the lake at its southern extremity; but, except that and the Malagarazi river on the eastern shore, none of any considerable size pour their waters into the lake. But on a visit to the northern end, I saw one which was very much larger than either of them, and which I am certain flowed out of the lake; for, although I did not venture on it, . . . I went so near its outlet that I could see and feel the outward drift of the water.' And in his present *Journal* (p. 90), the same traveler thus expresses himself: 'Ever perplexed about the Tanganyika being a still lake, I inquired of Mohinna and other old friends, what they thought about the Marungu river [at its southern extremity]: did it run into or out of the lake? And they all adhered to its running into the lake.'"—*Lecture*, p. 80.

* Of July 12th, 1856.

Captain Burton being laid up by severe illness, the travelers were prevented from carrying out the instructions given them to proceed home northward; but on their return from Tanganyika to the coast, Captain Speke made an excursion from Kaze, the chief trading station of U-Nyamwezi—the “Country of the Moon,” as it has been fancifully rendered—to the northern lake, Nyanza, respecting which Burton had obtained intelligence, and which Speke considered to be larger than Tanganyika and to be connected with the Nile.

On his return to England in 1859, Captain Speke lost no time in making arrangements for a second expedition, being that which he undertook in 1860, accompanied by Captain Grant, and from which they both returned to England last year by descending the Nile to Egypt. Notwithstanding the time employed on this adventurous journey through the heart of Eastern-Intertropical Africa—a journey which must always occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of African discovery—its main points may be soon related. Proceeding from Zanzibar to Kaze in U-Nyamwezi, the central point of the former expedition, the travelers thence turn northward; but instead of directing their steps toward the southern extremity of Lake Nyanza, as Captain Speke had done on the former occasion, they took a course to the westward of north, passing between Nyanza and the northern portion of Tanganyika, and traversing the countries of U-Zinza, and Karague; after which they entered the kingdom of U-Ganda, and, skirting the western end of Nyanza, arrived at the residence of the king, Mtesa, on the shores of the lake, which they here reached for the first time.

Here they were detained several months by the arbitrary and capricious monarch; and when at length they obtained leave to depart, instead of being allowed (as they had desired) to navigate the lake and proceed down the river issuing from it, “the fleet admiral put a veto on this,” and ruled that—

“The better plan would be to deposit our property at the Urondogani Station, and walk by land up the river, if a sight of the falls at the mouth of the lake was of such material consequence to us.”—p. 449.

Accordingly, the travelers left the shore

of the lake and proceeded northward on their way to Urondogani; but on reaching Kari, about twenty miles from that place, Captain Speke states that—

“As it appeared all-important to communicate quickly with Petherick, and as Grant’s leg was considered too weak for traveling fast, we took counsel together, and altered our plans. I arranged that Grant should go to Kamrasi’s direct with the property, cattle, and women, taking my letters and a map for immediate dispatch to Petherick at Gani, whilst I should go up the river to its source or exit from the lake, and come down again navigating as far as practicable.”—p. 458.

This one-sided argument resembles that of the “two pretty men” of the nursery rhyme:

“You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I’ll follow after on little jack-nag.”

Its effect was to deprive Captain Grant of the gratification of participating in what was manifestly the realization of the grand object of their long and perilous journey. Captain Speke reached the “Nile” alone, and he thus describes the impression which the scene made on him:

“Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile: most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen’s huts, the latter by sterna and crocodiles basking in the sun—flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnû and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet.”—p. 459.

From this point Captain Speke, still alone, ascended the left bank of the river, till he—

“arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the furthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel as King Mtésa’s place, and just forty miles east of it. We [?] were well rewarded; for the ‘stones,’ as the Wa-Huma call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. . . . Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of the hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and four hundred to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours.”—p. 446.

The author adds :

"The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief."—p. 467.

If there be any thing to console Captain Grant for not having formed part of "the expedition" on this memorable occasion, it must be the knowledge that Captain Speke is mistaken in his idea that he saw here the source of the holy river. The poet's words,

"Arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre,"

have not yet lost their force. All that Captain Speke has really done is to see the river *Kivira*, which he assumes to be the Nile, issue from Nyanza, which he incorrectly calls its source; or hardly this, since, when he was at the Ripon Falls, he says he did *not* see the river's exit from the lake.

Captain Speke now descended the river Kivira again to Urondogani, and thence proceeded to Chaguzi, the residence of Kamrasi, the King of U-Nyoro—having on the road fallen in with Captain Grant, who, in spite of his "weak leg," had walked back a considerable distance to meet him.

On his way both to and from the Ripon Falls, Captain Speke crossed two large water-courses, or "rush-drains" as he calls them, named Luajerri and Kafu, both of which are described as conveying the waters of Nyanza into the Kivira, thus making the lake to have three outlets.

This phenomenon has given rise to much discussion, based, of course, on the assumption that there is but one great lake—the "Victoria Nyanza," as it is styled, to which these three outlets belong. It may, however, be worthy of consideration whether it is not possible for Captain Speke to be mistaken in his assumption; whether, in fact, his "Victoria Nyanza" may not be a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the "Lake of Unyamwezi" of the Mombas Mission map.

Let us see what evidence there is to prove that this expanse of water—of which the area is at least twenty-five thousand square geographical miles—is a single lake. On his first journey, in 1858, Captain Speke merely visited

the southern extremity of the lake in about 2 deg. 30 min. south latitude. On his second journey, he and Captain Grant, though they skirted the north-eastern side of the lake, did not reach it except at the Murchison creek, in 0 deg. 21 min. 19 sec. north latitude, and 32 deg. 43 min. 30 sec. east longitude. When the travelers quitted the lake at this place, they went northwards to Kari, whence (as already related) Captain Speke proceeded alone to the Ripon falls, in about the same latitude as the Murchison creek, but forty-five geographical miles further to the east, though here he did not succeed in again seeing "the broad surface of the lake" (p. 466); so that, in point of fact, the Nyanza was actually visited at only two points, the one at the north and the other at the south end. And it must be remarked that the colored route-line, shown on Captain Speke's map, as extending along the northern end of the lake from the Murchison creek to the Ripon falls, is wrongly inserted; for such a route was never taken by either of the travelers. Every thing then, beyond what has been stated above, was derived by Captain Speke from native oral information. How easy it is at all times for such information, even if correct, to be misunderstood, is well known, and in this particular instance it is proved by the admissions of the author himself.

When at Mtésa's capital on the Murchison creek, he heard that the king was going "with his women on a pilgrimage to the Nyanza," and on his wishing to be of the party, he was told this might not be, as no one was ever permitted to see the women.

"Well, said I, if I can not go to the Nyanza with him (thinking only of the great lake, whereas they probably meant a pond in the palace inclosures where Mtésa constantly frolics with his women), I wish to go to Usoga and Amara, as far as the Masai; for I have no companions here but crows and vultures."—p. 324.

From this it is manifest that the author was already at cross-purposes with respect to Nyanza. Indeed it could not be otherwise, when he himself is under the necessity of explaining, with reference to another occasion, when the king "had started for the Nyanza, and wished him to follow without delay," that—

"Nyanzi, as I have mentioned, *merely means a piece of water*, whether a pond, river, or lake; and as no one knew which Nyanza he meant, or what project was on foot, I started off in a hurry," etc.—p. 389.

Such being the indiscriminate use of the term by the natives, we can not be surprised at the author's employing it as indefinitely. In page 279, when speaking of the Mwerango river, "a broad rush-drain of three hundred yards' span," which lower down its course is called by him the Kafu, he, on not very certain or conclusive evidence, declares it to be "one of the branches of the Nile's exit from the Nyanza;" whilst at the top of the next page he describes this river as going "to Kamrasi's palace in U-Nyoro, where it joined the Nyanza, *meaning the Nile*."

On such insufficient and inconclusive evidence, what certainty have we then as to this great "Victoria Nyanza?" As far as we can see, it may be a single lake, or it may be two separate lakes, or indeed even a larger number. It will doubtless be urged that the author surely must have possessed the means of obtaining correct information of what he was so near to. But the same, or even more, might be said in favor of the missionaries Erhardt and Rebmann; and yet, notwithstanding their many years' residence at Mombas, and their intercourse with the natives and knowledge of their language, they fell into the error of confounding the lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Nyanza, and blending them all three into the slug-shaped "Lake of Unyamwezi," which is shown in the margin of Captain Speke's map; and if (as it would appear) the author was mostly "thinking only of the great lake," the existence of which was with him a foregone conclusion, his error would be far less inconceivable than that of the missionaries, who had no preconceived ideas on the subject.

After a considerable detention at Chaguzi, the travelers proceeded on the last stage of their journey, following the course of the river downwards for about fifty miles, as far as the Karuma falls, in 2 deg. 15 min. north latitude. Here the Kivira, running to the west, was quitted a second time; and Captain Speke and Grant continued their journey northward, as far as Faloro, in 3 deg. 10 min. 33 sec. north latitude, where they fell in with the persons who had been engaged to meet

them by Consul Petherick. After leaving the river at the Karuma falls, they appeared to have quite lost all traces of it; and as the people whom Captain Speke met "would or could not tell him where the stream had gone to," the heads of the villages were called together—

"to give me (he says) all the information I sought for, and went with me to the top of a high rock, from which we could see the hills I first viewed at Chopi, sweeping round from south by east to north, which demarked the line of the Asua river. The Nile at that moment was, I believed, not very far off; yet, do or say what I would, every body said it was fifteen marches off, and could not be visited under a month."—p. 585.

On this Captain Speke coolly remarks: "*I knew in my mind* all these reports were false," which they most undoubtedly must have been, if he himself is not wrong in his assumption as to the "Nile;" for the very first march from Faloro brought him to "Paira, a collection of villages *within sight of the Nile*!" "It was truly ridiculous," he exclaims:

"Here had we been at Faloro so long, and yet could not make out what had become of the Nile. In appearance it was a noble stream, flowing on a flat bed from west to east, and immediately beyond it was the Jbl Kùkù, rising up to a height of two thousand feet above the river."—p. 581.

A short way below this they reached Apuddo, in 3 deg. 34 min. 33 sec. north latitude, where they were shown the tree said to have been marked by Signor Miani two years previously as his "furthest." Here they remained several days, occupying themselves with sporting, and seemingly quite indifferent as to the Nile; but on the sixth day, when following a herd of buffaloes, Captain Speke relates that—

"After walking up a long, sloping hill for three miles toward the east, I found myself at once in view of the Nile on the one hand, and the long-heard-of Asua river on the other, backed by hills even higher than the Jbl Kùkù. The bed of the Asua seemed very large, but being far off, was not very distinct, nor did I care to go and see it then; for at that moment, straight in front of me, five buffaloes, five giraffes, two eland, and sundry other antelopes, were too strong a temptation."—p. 598.

Nothing more is said of the "Nile" till

several days afterwards, when they "went ahead again," and—

"In a little while we struck on the Nile where it was running *like a fine Highland stream* between the gniess and mica-schist hills of Kükü, and followed it down to near where the Asua river joined it. For awhile we sat here watching the water, which was greatly discolored, and floating down rushes. The river was not as full as it was when we crossed it at the Karuma falls, yet, according to Dr. Knobloch's account, it ought to have been flooding just at this time: *If so, we had beaten the stream.* Here we left it again, as it arched round by the west, and forded the Asua river, a stiff, rocky, stream, deep enough to reach the breast when waded, but not very broad. It did not appear to me as if connected with the Victoria Nyanza, as the waters were falling, and not much discolored; whereas, judging from the Nile's condition, it ought to have been rising. No vessel ever could have gone up it, and it bore no comparison to the Nile itself."—p. 598.

This is all we are told about the "Nile," and certainly it does not leave a satisfactory impression on our minds, as we shall proceed to show.

But before doing so, we may remark that the difficult and disagreeable part of the journey was here at an end; for the descent of the Nile to Egypt can only be regarded as a pleasure excursion, on account of the upper portion of the river—we speak not of the lower, which is now almost as common as the Rhine—having of late years been visited by so many Europeans.

However positively Captain Speke may express himself as to the identity of the Kivira with the Tubiri—that is to say, the river he quitted above, with the one he fell in with below—he evidently had misgivings on the subject; for he says:

"Since returning to England, Dr. Murie, who was with me at Gondokoro, has also come home; and he, judging from my account of the way in which we got ahead of the flooding of the Nile between the Karuma falls and Gondokoro, is of opinion that the Little Lûta Nzigé must be a great backwater to the Nile, which the waters of the Nile must have been occupied in filling during my residence in Madi; and then about the same time that I set out from Madi, the Little Lûta Nzigé having been surcharged with water, the surplus began its march northward just about the time when we started in the same direction. For myself, I believe in this opinion, as he no sooner asked me how I could account for the phenomenon I have already mentioned of the river appearing to decrease in bulk as we descended it, than I

instinctively advanced his own theory. Moreover, the same hypothesis will answer for the sluggish flooding of the Nile down to Egypt"—p. 611.

To this conclusion a ready assent can not be given. The distance along the assumed course of the river between the Karuma falls and Madi is about one hundred and sixty geographical miles, and the time that elapsed between their arrival at the junction of the Kafu with the Kivira—(p. 560)—on the 10th November, 1861, and their departure from Madi on the 6th February, 1862, was eighty-eight days; so that the river must have flooded at the rate of about two miles in twenty-four hours. With a fall of upward of one thousand feet known to exist between the two extremes, the current would surely have been more rapid. A far more likely supposition is, that instead of having beaten the river, Captain Speke missed it. For it is hardly conceivable that what he compares to "a fine Highland stream" should be the channel of the waters from a lake larger than the whole of Scotland; and we should rather be disposed to regard it as a separate river, having its sources in the Jebel Kükü, apparently a considerable range, possessing an elevation of two thousand feet. That there is ample room for such a stream is unquestionable, when we take into account the author's description, in page 283, of the Moga (or river) Myanza, which, though rising in "the hills to the southward" of his route along the north-west end of the lake—"not in the lake, as the Mwérango did"—and consequently having its entire basin limited to the narrow strip between that river and the lake itself, "was of much greater width even than the Mwérango, and so deep" that to cross it, the author "had to take off his trowsers, and tuck his clothes under his arms."

When we reflect, then, on Captain Speke's own misgivings, which prompted him to consult Dr. Murie, who was not an eye-witness, and adopt his solution of the difficulty, it certainly is most strange that he did not, when on the spot, take the natural and simple course of examining the river himself. Though he may have been unable to descend the stream which he left at the Karuma falls, there was surely nothing to prevent his ascending the one which he saw at Paira. Often when persons fear the worst, they not un-

naturally prefer remaining in a state of suspense, and we can not but suspect this to have been Captain Speke's case. He had *assumed* that the "Nile" was close at hand; he was assured by all the natives that it was not so; but he "*knew in his mind* all those reports were false;" and so, when he saw the "fine Highland stream," he decided "in his mind" that it must be and should be the mighty Nile. Further investigation could not make it more than he wished and believed it to be. Why, then, run the risk of finding himself to have been deceived?

If we are right in our conjecture, the river which Capt. Speke left at the Karuma Falls flowing toward the west, will, in fact, the upper course be of the Djour or some other river joining the Bahr-el-Ghazal to the west of the Tubiri or White river; this latter stream being restricted to the lower course of the Asúa. Should this prove to be the case, then the Asúa issuing from Lake Baringo, and the Kivira from Lake Nyanza (and not the Sobat and Tubiri, as Dr. Beke conjectured) would be Ptolemy's two arms of the Nile, and Capt. Speke may yet be right, though not in the way that he intended, in making Lake Nyanza to be the "top-head of the Nile."

But the "top-head" of a river is not necessarily its source, as Captain Speke insists on its being. As was first pointed out by Dr. Petermann in the *Cologne Gazette*, and as is shown in the instructive comparative map in his "Mittheilungen," the Lake of Geneva is the top-head of the Rhone, that is to say, the portion furthest distant in a *direct line* from its mouth; yet it is not, and never was imagined to be, the source of that river. What we have to look for, are the sources of the principal feeders of the lake, which will consequently be the sources of the river which the lake feeds in its turn; and having discovered these sources we shall then be able to decide which among them is entitled to be regarded as the principal source of the main stream. The choice may even be arbitrary; but, in whatever manner it may be made, it is unquestionable that the source of one of the principal feeders of the lake will eventually acquire the proud title of *the Source of the Nile*—with this proviso always, that the Nyanza is really the "top-head" of the Nile. This, however, is, for the present, merely an assumption; for the extensive

country of the Massai and other tribes situate to the east and southeast of Nyanza and larger than the whole of England and Wales, is still unexplored; besides which it is not yet proved that Tanganyika is not connected with the Nile; and lastly, we do not at all know what there may be to the west of Tanganyika. Such are the difficulties with which the problem of the discovery of the Source of the Nile is still surrounded!

If the hydrographical system of the regions visited by Captain Speke remains so unsettled, their orography, as assumed by him, is yet more unsatisfactory. "The continent of Africa," he asserts,

"is something like a dish turned upside down, having a high and flat central plateau, with a higher rim of hills surrounding it; from below which, exteriorly, it suddenly slopes down to the flat strip of land bordering on the sea. A dish, however, is generally uniform in shape—Africa is not. For instance, we find in its center a high group of hills surrounding the head of the Tanganyika lake, composed chiefly of argillaceous sandstones, which I suppose to be the *Luna Montes* of Ptolemy, or the *Soma Giri* of the ancient Hindus. Further, instead of a rim at the northern end, the country shelves down from the equator to the Mediterranean Sea; and on the general surface of the interior plateau there are basins full of water (lakes), from which, when rains overflow them, rivers are formed, that, cutting through the flanking rim of hills, find their way to the sea."—pp. xiv., xv.

Now, this is simply a series of assumptions so perfectly unfounded, that it would really not be worth while to show their fallacy, were it not that Captain Speke, as the explorer of an extensive tract of the African continent, and the author of a goodly volume describing his travels, has a *prima facie* claim to the confidence of the general reader, who can only look to persons in his position for instruction on subjects with which he himself can not be expected to have more than a superficial acquaintance.

Capt. Speke has traveled from the east coast near Zanzibar as far as Tanganyika, over rather more than one third of the width of the continent on that parallel, and a section of the country traversed by him is given in the map accompanying his work. From that section it will be seen that from the Robeho Pass, in about thirty-six degrees east longitude, at an elevation of five thousand one hundred and forty-eight feet, the land slopes generally toward the

interior as far as it has been explored, Lake Tanganyika being no more than eighteen hundred and forty-four feet above the ocean. Further, the elevation of Lake Lûta Nzigé (though not marked in his present map) was reported by Capt. Speke to be estimated at twenty-two hundred feet; and we know that between the Karuma falls and Madi there is a fall of more than one thousand feet; so that it is demonstrated that the fall of the land throughout the valley of the Nile (including therein Lake Tanganyika) is altogether toward the west. So far, then, as we may generalize from the facts already before us, we are warranted in entertaining the opinion that the eastern side of the continent of Africa from thirty degrees north latitude as far as eight degrees or nine degrees south latitude—being about three fifths of the whole length of the continent from north to south—consists of a mountain-range running in a general direction parallel to the sea-coast, and falling westwards to about the thirtieth meridian of east longitude, where the greatest depression of this portion of the continent exists; and that this depression forms the bed of the Nile, of which river the fall from south to north is so very small that its course appears to be almost stagnant except during the rains, and as Dr. Beke described it in 1846,* to “consist in the dry season of a succession of lakes and swamps rather than to be the channel of a running stream”—or as Capt. Speke himself now expresses it (p. 623) to be “more like a long pond than a river.”

What the country on the western side of this depression may be there are no data for enabling us to do more than cautiously speculate; but most probably it does not possess the same strongly marked features as the eastern side, where we find a massive and elevated mountain-range, with summits rising to ten, fifteen, and even twenty thousand feet, towering above the limits of perpetual snow.

The alleged “high group of hills surrounding the head of the Tanganyika lake, . . . supposed to be the *Lunæ Montes* of Ptolemy or the *Soma Giri* of the ancient Hindus,” is an unfortunate affair altogether. On the map published by Capt. Speke in *Blackwood's Magazine*

for 1849, shortly after his return from the first expedition with Capt. Burton, these mountains were introduced, their elevation being marked as “six thousand to eight thousand feet” above the ocean. Capt. Burton, however, in his *Lake Regions of Central Africa* (pp. 90, 91), unequivocally denied the existence of any such range, which he stigmatized as “wholly hypothetical, or rather, inventive,” and in the original map of Capt. Speke himself, sent from Egypt to the Royal Geographical Society, after his return from his second journey—which map contains a note signed “J. H. Speke, Captain, Feb. 26, 1863,” declaring that “nothing remains to perfect the map, but to shift the longitudinal lines, if required”—this moon-shaped range of mountains is not laid down, but the name is transferred to two parallel ranges, represented as flanking the northern portion of Tanganyika, at least two degrees to the south of the position attributed to the “Mountains of the Moon” in the author's present map.* And his own “view of Mount Mfumbiro and drainage system of the *Lunæ Montes*,” given in page 214 of his work, though it may be regarded as a fair representation of what the mountains marked in his original map of Feb. 26th, 1863, may be supposed to be, is certainly quite inapplicable to the immense and distant range laid down in the map accompanying that work. It is for Mr. Keith Johnston, who constructed the latter map, to satisfy the scientific world as to the authority upon which he has introduced these mountains into it, in lieu of those laid down in Capt. Speke's original manuscript map.

According to the recent observations of Baron Carl von der Decken, the line of perpetual snow at or near the equator is at the height of about seventeen thousand feet above the sea; consequently, as Dr. Barth justly remarks, “the assumption that the mountains at the northern end of Tanganyika, the loftiest of which, Mount Mfumbiro, is no more than ten thousand feet high, are the representatives of Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, of which the exclusive characteristic is their snowy summits, is opposed to every principle of true criticism (widerspricht jeder richtigen Kritik).”

Before discussing the subject of the true position of the Mountains of the

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xvii. p. 80.

* See Dr. Beke in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 2d, 1864.

Moon, we must first dispose of the "*Soma Giri* of the ancient Hindus." These mountains are shown in a map accompanying a paper by Lieut. (afterward Colonel) Wilford, published in the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*; the authority of which paper is so implicitly relied on by Capt. Speke, that, besides giving in his work a *fac-simile* of this map, he does not scruple to express himself in the following terms:

"I came, at the same time, to the conclusion that all our previous information concerning the hydrography of these regions, as well as the Mountains of the Moon, originated with the ancient Hindus, who told it to the priests of the Nile: and that all those busy Egyptian geographers, who disseminated *their* knowledge with a view to be famous for *their* long-sightedness in solving the deep-seated mystery which enshrouded the source of their holy river, were so many hypothetical humbugs."—p. 264.

The most fitting rebuke to such unsuitable language is the fact pointed out in the *Athenæum** by Mr. Cooley, that Lieut. Wilford's paper (as he himself subsequently acknowledged in a communication to the Asiatic Society, printed in the eighth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*), was based on false information furnished to him by his Brahmin pundit, by whom the names of "Egypt" and "the Nile," among others, were fraudulently introduced to meet the inquiries of his employer, who fancied to himself an early connection between India and Egypt, and who, not being able to read the Puranas himself, sought the assistance of a clever but unscrupulous native, who took advantage of his foible. As full particulars of this imposition are given under the head "Wilford" in works of such general reference as the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and the *English Cyclopædia* (Biographical Division), it certainly is surprising, not perhaps that Capt. Speke himself, but that those about him who might have known better, should have fallen into the trap.

We come now to the consideration of the true position of the Mountains of the Moon, on which subject we may again follow Dr. Beke, who remarks that—

"The Mountains of the Moon are an established feature of African geography. All writers, whether Arabian or European, mention them; all travelers in Central Africa hear of

them; and yet so indefinite, so varied, so contradictory are the statements respecting these mountains, that no satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at as to their magnitude, extent, or even their locality."

It may, however, be confidently asserted, that all that has been written and said on the subject of the Mountains of the Moon, and of their containing the Sources of the Nile, is founded on the well-known passage in the *Geography* of Claudius Ptolemy,* on the exposition of which Dr. Beke has occupied himself during so many years. This passage is to the following effect:

"Around the Barbarian Gulf (in which is the Island of Menuthius, or Zanzibar) dwell the man-eating Ethiopians, from the west of whom extend the Mountains of the Moon, from which the lakes of the Nile receive the snows."

It has been argued by Mr. Cooley, with no little ingenuity,† that this passage is an interpolation of as late a date as the thirteenth or fourteenth century; but this notion is now completely disproved by Dr. Beke's reference to a passage in the *Meadows of Gold and Mines of Gems* of El Masudi, the earliest of the Arabian historians, who flourished about the middle of the tenth century, and who, after quoting largely from Ptolemy's work, makes this explicit declaration:

"I saw in the *Jighrafla*, a drawing of the Nile, as it comes forth from the Jebel-el-Kamar, rising from twelve sources."

This statement, besides establishing the authenticity of the corresponding passage in [the body of] Ptolemy's work already cited, likewise conclusively proves the Arabic name *Jebel-el-Kamar* to have been derived from the Greek; though the later Arabian geographers, in their ignorance of Greek, sought to make the name significant in their own language.

Ptolemy plainly intimates that his knowledge of the sources of the Nile was derived from the reports of persons who had visited the east coast of Africa, and there obtained information respecting the interior, much in the same way as the Portuguese did in the fifteenth and subsequent centuries, and as other Europeans have done within the last few years; and in constructing his map from such insuf-

* Book iv. ch. 9.

† *Claudius Ptolemy and the Nile*. London, 1856.

ficient information, the great geographer fell into the fundamental error with respect to the position and direction of the Mountains of the Moon, which Dr. Beke corrects by making those mountains to be a meridional, instead of an equatorial range—to run along the east coast of Africa to the west of the Barbarian Gulf, instead of crossing the continent from east to west. This theory, that the principal mountain system of the continent of Africa extends from north to south, on the eastern side adjacent to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, resembling in its rough parallelism to the coast and principal meridional direction the Andes of South America, and the western ghauts of India, is further corroborated by the similar meridional extension of the mountain system of the eastern portion of Arabia, which has been pointed out by Mr. Palgrave in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, on the 23d of February last.

The difficulty of mapping general and vague information respecting countries otherwise unknown, is well understood by geographers; and that nothing could be more natural than that Ptolemy should have regarded the Mountains of the Moon as an equatorial range, is proved by the fact that the idea of such a range, running from east to west across the continent, has always prevailed among geographers, as the ordinary maps of Africa plainly show. In that of the Irish Education Commissioners, used in all the National Schools, the Mountains of the Moon are prominently marked in the position thus indicated; and as this direction of the principal mountain-range of Africa is dogmatically maintained by the Royal Geographical Society, it is only natural that it should be adopted without question by most travelers in remote parts of Africa. Accordingly we find Captain Burton stating that "from the fifth parallel of south latitude to the equator an elevated mass of granite and sandstone formation crosses from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the center of Tropical Africa," and probably extends even to the west side of the continent, there to "inoscuate with the ridge which is . . . popularly known, according to Denham and Clapperton, as el Gibel Gumhr—Jebel Kamar—or "Mons Lunæ;"* and M. Du

Chaillu, from the other side of the continent, expresses himself in his work on *Equatorial Africa* as follows:

"Judging, therefore, from my own examination and from the most careful inquiries among people of the far interior, I think there is good reason to believe that an important mountain-range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting from the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the country south of the mountains of Abyssinia, or perhaps terminating to the north of the lake Tanganyika of Captains Burton and Speke."—*Preface*, p. vii.

Geographers in Germany and France, and some also in England, are, however, not of the same mind. When Sir Roderick Murchison, in his anniversary address on the 25th May, 1863, communicated to the Royal Geographical Society the first report received from Captain Speke, he explicitly announced that that traveler had established the fact that "the hypothetical chain of mountains which had been called the Mountains of the Moon, and which Ptolemy spoke of as traversing the equatorial regions of Africa from east to west, have no such range as theoretically inferred by Dr. Beke;" meaning, of course, that their having no such range had been theoretically inferred (as it had been repeatedly asserted) by that geographer; and that Captain Speke had from actual observation confirmed Dr. Beke's inference. This announcement made Dr. Barth, in his address at Berlin, on the 6th of June following, exclaim: "I was quite right, then, in rejecting as untrue the equatorial mountain-range which has been smuggled (ingeschwärzt) back again into African geography by Du Chaillu."

Nevertheless, Captain Speke, since his arrival in England, appears to have been unable to withstand home influence. In his published work he makes no allusion whatever to his vaunted discovery of the non-existence of this equatorial range of mountains, but, on the contrary, he reproduces "the high group of hills surrounding the head of the Tanganyika lake," which he had abandoned in his manuscript map of February 26th, 1863; and he makes "these highly saturated Mountains of the Moon to give birth to the Congo, as well as to the Nile, and also to the Shiré branch of the Zambese"—(p. 264)—in which he merely adopts the speco-

* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa*, pp. 40-1.

ulative views expressed by Earl de Grey in his anniversary address of 1859.

On the other hand, Sir Roderick Murchison, in a letter inserted in the *Times* of the 11th June, 1863, authoritatively declares that "All the waters occupying the position [from 4 deg. to 11 deg. south latitude], including the lake Tanganyika of Burton and Speke, are known to flow southwards; the watershed between north and south Africa in that meridian having been happily defined."

We are, however, bound to assert, with all due respect for the accomplished president of the Royal Geographical Society, that for the statement just cited there is no real authority; for who can possibly have "defined" the physical character of a region which no European has ever yet visited?

There is far more reason for the belief that Lake Tanganyika is within the hydrographical system of the Nile, and that its deep-sunk bed is the termination of the great meridional depression of Eastern Africa. If so, it will not be till after we have passed its southernmost extremity, that we shall come to "the watershed between north and south Africa"—the parting between the head-streams of the Nile and those of the two great rivers of Southern Africa, the Congo and the Zambezi. Where this central point of division between the waters flowing to the Mediterranean, to the Atlantic, and to the Indian Ocean—the great *hydrophy-lacium* of Africa, as it is styled by the recondite Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher*—actually exists, our still insufficient knowledge of the interior of the continent does not enable us to determine. But Dr. Beke suggests that "if it were not allowable to attempt to be definite in a matter which is necessarily indefinite, it might be placed in 9 deg. south latitude and 27 deg. east longitude."

But a subject of infinitely greater interest than the discovery of the sources of the Nile, is the history of the races of mankind inhabiting the upper basin of that river, or the determination of any question of physical geography. This subject is dilated on by Captain Speke in the course of his work, but instead of being elucidated, it is only rendered more confused and unintelligible.

A fact recognized by all ethnologists is, that, throughout the whole of the southern portion of the continent of Africa, the languages spoken among the native races belong to what is denominated the Caffre or Kafir family or class. Without entering into any critical examination of these languages, which have all a close affinity with one another, we will content ourselves with citing some remarks made by Mr. Edwin Norris, in his valuable edition of Dr. Prichard's *Natural History of Man*, as sufficient to give our readers a comprehensive idea of the languages, and at the same time to render intelligible certain compound terms employed by Captain Speke throughout his work, which to the ordinary reader must be not a little perplexing. Mr. Norris says:

"The fact is, that all the Kafir tongues have certain particles distinguishing singulars from plurals (and sometimes duals), adjectives from substantives, and one kind of substantive from another. Dr. Krapf, in the narrative of his journeys into Sambara in 1852, speaks of the Kisambara language, spoken by the Wasambara, who live in Usambara; and now and then mentions a Masambara, one of a Kisambara family. Different dialects have different particles: in the language which the editor would wish to call Chuana, a native of the country is a Mochuana, two are Buchuana, the people generally are the Bichuana, and the language is Sichuana; and the latter words have become current in England, to the puzzlement of readers of African intelligence. Wherever the Kafir prefix has not become part and parcel of the English appellation, the editor omits it."

Captain Speke remarks to the like effect:

"There is one peculiarity, however, to which I would direct the attention of the reader most particularly, which is, that *Wa* prefixed to the essential word of a country, means men or people; *M* prefixed, means man or individual; *U*, in the same way, means place or locality; and a *Ki* prefixed, indicates the language. Example: Wagogo, is the people of Gogo; Mgogo, is a Gogo man; Ugogo, is the country of Gogo; and Kigogo, the language of Gogo."—p. xxxi.

Leaving these minor points, we return to the consideration of the general subject of the South African family of languages, respecting which we have to remark, that while the limits within which these languages are spoken have been ascertained to extend from the mouths of the Congo in the Atlantic to those of the Zambezi in the Indian Ocean, and southward to the

* See *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xvii. p. 82.

Hottentots, their limits toward the north remain undetermined; though Dr. Krapf states in his *Vocabularies of East African Languages*, that on the eastern side of the continent, they extend northward to the equator, or thereabouts. In Captain Speke's original map the northern limit of these languages, between the 30th and 35th meridians of east longitude, is marked as being in about 2 deg. north latitude; and though this limit is not indicated in the map accompanying his present work, we may take it to be substantially correct; for in speaking of a native of Amara, a country marked on the map as situated at the northeastern extremity of Nyanza, the author says:

"I took down many words of his language, and found they corresponded with the North African dialects, as spoken by the people of Kidi, Gani, and Madi [all beyond 2 deg. north latitude]. The southerners, speaking of these, would call them Wa-Kidi, Wa-Gani, and Wa-Madi; but among themselves the syllable *Wa* is not prefixed, as in the southern dialects, to signify people."—p. 234.

Unfortunately no vocabularies of these "North African dialects" are given; so that we are left in the dark as to what class the languages of Kidi, Gani, and Madi belong. The numerous languages and dialects collected in Dr. Koelle's *Polyglotta Africana*, show what a mass of distinct tongues—many of which appear to be radically distinct—exist in Africa; and in the vocabularies of East African languages collected by Dr. Beke and printed in the second volume of the *Proceedings of the Philological Society* there are several which are not included in Dr. Koelle's collection nor in that of Dr. Krapf, and which, from their being spoken in the countries lying to the south of Abyssinia, in the direction of those visited by Captain Speke, are not unlikely to have some affinity to the latter's "North African dialects." From Captain Speke's silence, we are not only unable to class these languages of Kidi, Madi, and Gani, but we can not even decide whether they are in any way allied to that of the Wa-Huma, the most remarkable people met with by Captain Speke, and respecting whom he furnishes some most interesting information.

In passing out of U-Nyamwezi in about 3 deg. south latitude, Captain Speke came into U-Zinza; which country, he says,

"is ruled by two Wa-Huma chieftains of foreign blood, descended from the Abyssinian stock, of whom we saw specimens scattered all over U-Nyamwezi, and who extended even down south as far as Fipa."—p. 124.

In order to keep pace with our author and to render his meaning intelligible, we have to explain, that precisely in the same way that he starts with the *assumption* that the river Kivira, which he saw at the Ripon falls, is the Nile, the whole Nile, and nothing but the Nile, so he broadly *assumes* that these strangers, the Wa-Huma, are the descendants of the Abyssinians. His system of ethnology is of the simplest and at the same time most comprehensive character. In the introduction to his work, under the head "Fauna," he thus expresses himself:

"In treating of this branch of natural history, we will first take man—the true curly-headed, flat-nosed, pouch-mouthed negro—not the Wa-Huma."—p. 17.

He then enters into a lengthened description of the manners and customs of these "negroes," but says not a word more respecting their physical characters, except that "the hair of the negro will not grow." From this we might have been led to infer that in this peculiarity the "South Africans" were distinct from the Wa-Huma, were it not for the description given of the great King Kamrasi, the despot of the U-Nyora, who (we are told) looked,

"enshrouded in his mbügü dress, for all the world like a pope in state—calm and actionless. One bracelet of fine-twisted brass wire adorned his left wrist, and his hair, half an inch long, was worked up into small peppercorn-like knobs, by rubbing the hands circularly over the crown of the head. His eyes were long, face narrow, and nose prominent, after the true fashion of his breed; and though a finely-made man, considerably above six feet high, he was not so large as Rumanika."—p. 511.

Rumanika himself and his brother Nnanaji had been previously described as "men of noble appearance and size," and as being

"as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia."—p. 203.

He further describes a M-Huma woman in the following terms:

"She was a beautiful woman, with gazelle eyes, oval face, high thin nose, and fine lips, and would have made a good match for Saim, who had a good deal of Arab blood in him, and was, therefore, in my opinion, much of the same mixed Shem-Hamitic breed."—p. 161.

The fact appears to be, that in the construction of his extraordinary theory respecting these Wa-Huma, the author was led entirely by the nose. This theory is summed up by him in these words:

"I propose to state my theory of the ethnology of that part of Africa inhabited by the people collectively styled Wa-Huma—otherwise Gallas or Abyssinians. My theory is founded on the traditions of the several nations, as checked by my own observation of what I saw when passing through them. It appears impossible to believe, judging from the physical appearance of the Wa-Huma, that they can be of any other race than the semi-Shem-Hamitic of Ethiopia. The traditions of the imperial government of Abyssinia go as far back as the Scriptural age of King David, from whom the late reigning king of Abyssinia, Sahéla Selassié, traced his descent.

"Most people appear to regard the Abyssinians as a different race from the Gallas, but, I believe, without foundation. Both alike are Christians of the greatest antiquity. It is true that, while the aboriginal Abyssinians in Abyssinia proper are more commonly agriculturists, the Gallas are chiefly a pastoral people; but I conceive that the two may have had the same relations with each other, which I found the Wa-Huma kings and Wa-Huma herdsmen holding with the agricultural Wa-Zinza in U-Zinza, the Wa-Nyambo in Karagûé, the Wa-Ganda in U-Ganda, and the Wa-Nyoro in U-Nyoro.

"In these countries the government is in the hands of foreigners, who had invaded and taken possession of them, leaving the agricultural aborigines to till the ground, while the junior members of the usurping clans herded cattle—just as in Abyssinia, or wherever the Abyssinians or Gallas have shown themselves. There is a pastoral clan from the Asiatic side took the government of Abyssinia from its people, and have ruled over them ever since, changing, by intermarriage with the Africans, the texture of their hair and color to a certain extent, but still maintaining a high stamp of Asiatic feature, of which a marked characteristic is a bridged instead of a bridgeless nose.

"It may be presumed that there once existed a foreign but compact government in Abyssinia, which, becoming great and powerful, sent out armies on all sides of it, especially to the south, southeast, and west, slave-hunting and devastating wherever they went, and in process of time becoming too great for one ruler to control. Junior members of the royal family then, pushing their fortunes, dismembered themselves from the parent stock, created separate govern-

ments, and, for reasons which can not be traced, changed their names. In this manner we may suppose that the Gallas separated from the Abyssinians, and located themselves to the south of their native land."—p. 247.

Notwithstanding the author's unqualified assertion that this theory is "founded on the traditions of the several nations, as checked by his own observations of what he saw when passing through them," we do not find in his work a trace of any tradition among the Wa-Huma, that they came from Abyssinia; and as to the traditions of the Gallas, and the written history of the Abyssinians themselves, they are directly opposed to the author's theory; for which, as far as we can see, the only foundation is that the Wa-Huma are a foreign race, whose characteristic distinction from the native races is (in the author's eyes) "a bridged instead of a bridgeless nose," in which, however, they resemble not only the Gallas and the Abyssinians, but also the natives of many other countries, with whom it would be simply absurd to connect them.

So engrossed, however, does Captain Speke seem to have been with his own "theory," that instead of caring to acquire information from the natives, as to what they really knew or believed respecting their extraction, his grand endeavor was to instil his own notions into their minds. Thus he began by saying to King Rumanika:

"If he would give me one or two of his children, I would have them instructed in England; for I admired his race, and *believed them to have sprung from our old friends the Abyssinians*, whose king, Sahéla Selassié, had received rich presents from our queen. They were Christians like ourselves, and had the Wa-Huma not lost their knowledge of God, they would be so also."—p. 208.

This last assertion would apply to many other people besides the Wa-Huma; but it does not make them to be of the same stock as the Abyssinians; of whom, by the by, Sahéla Selassié never was, and never pretended to be the king. His title in the treaty which he entered into with Major Harris as the representative of her Britannic majesty, was "King of Shoa, Efat, and the Gallas;" and though he ruled as an independent sovereign, he never absolutely repudiated the supremacy of the "King of the Kings of Ethiopia," who since Sahéla Selassié's

death has hurled his son from the throne of Shoa, and appointed an ordinary provincial governor in his stead.

But Captain Speke is determined that the Wa-Huma shall be not only Abyssinians, but Christians. For he relates that

"Rumanika, on hearing that it was our custom to celebrate the birth of our Saviour with a good feast of beef, sent us an ox. I immediately paid him a visit to offer the compliments of the season, and at the same time regretted, much to his amusement, that *he, as one of the old stock of Abyssinians, who are the oldest Christians on record, should have forgotten this rite*; but I hoped the time would come when, by making it known that his tribe had lapsed into a state of heathenism, white teachers would be induced to set it all to rights again."—p. 238.

If it be assumed that the end justifies the means, it was no doubt quite proper to tell the king that he was a descendant of the Abyssinians, and that these latter were the oldest Christians on record, the one assertion being just as true as the other. But let us see how it operated:

"Ever proud of his history *since I had traced his descent from Abyssinia and King David, whose hair was as straight as my own*, Rumanika dwelt on my theological disclosures with the greatest delight, and wished to know what difference existed between the Arabs and ourselves; to which Baraka replied, as the best means of making him understand, that while the Arabs had only one book we had two; to which I added, 'Yes, that is true in a sense; but the real merits lie in the fact that we have got the better *book*, as may be inferred from the obvious fact that we are more prosperous, and their superiors in all things.'

—p. 240.

This is all very lamentable. The only hope is that the fables which Captain Speke and his spokesman, Baraka, palmed on the ignorant Africans were forgotten as soon as they were heard.

King Kamrasi, to whom the same childish stories were told, was, however, a match for Captain Speke in ethnological knowledge, as the following conversation will prove. Being summoned to the Kafu palace, the latter says:

"After arriving there, and going through the usual salutations, Kamrasi asked us from what stock of people we came, explaining his meaning by saying, 'As we, Rumanika, Mtésa, and the rest of us (enumerating the kings) are Wa-witu (or princes), U-Witu (or the country of princes) being to the east.' This interesting announcement made me quite forget to answer

his question, and induced me to say, 'Omwita, indeed, was the ancient name for Mombas: *if you came from that place, I know all about your race for two thousand years or more*. Omwita, you mean, was the last country you resided in before you came here; but originally you came from Abyssinia, the sultan of which, our great friend, is Sahéla Selassié.'

"He pronounced this name laughing, and said, 'Formerly our stock was half-white and half-black, with one side of our heads covered with straight hair, and the other side frizzly: *you certainly do know every thing*.'"—p. 536.

If Kamrasi believed what Speke told him about his descent, it is manifest that the latter was convinced he had derived some valuable information from the former; for, a few days afterwards, he says:

"Taking a Bible to explain *all I fancied I knew* of the origin and present condition of the Wa-Huma branch of the Ethiopians, *beginning with Adam, to show how it was that the king had heard by tradition that at one time the people of his race were half-white and half-black*. Then, proceeding with the Flood, I pointed out that the Europeans remained white, retaining Japhet's blood; whilst the Arabs are tawny, after Shem, and the Africans black, after Ham."—p. 546.

Finally, to prove the greatness of Kamrasi's "half-white and half-black" ancestors, the learned expounder of the Bible "read the fourteenth chapter of 2d Chronicles, in which it is written how Zerah, the Ethiopian, with a host of a thousand thousand, met the Jew Asa;" and finished his lecture with the statement that "at a much later date, we find the Ethiopians battling with the Arabs in the Somali country, and with the Arabs and Portuguese at Omwita (Mombas)"—the whole of this farrago having been ground out of the casual resemblance between the two words "Omwita" and "U-Witu."

That in this exposition of Bible history, the seed fell on stony ground, may be inferred from what is related of the termination of the interview.

"Kamrasi then began counting the leaves of the Bible, an amusement that every negro that gets hold of a book indulges in; and concluding in his mind that each page or leaf represented one year of time since the beginning of creation, continued his labor till one quarter of the way through the book, and then only shut it up on being told, if he desired to ascertain the number more closely, he had better count the words."—p. 457.

Captain Speke would make but a bad teacher if he were thus to snub his poor childish scholars for counting the leaves of their books instead of studying their contents—a practice which we fear is not peculiar to Africans alone. But why call Kamrasi a “nigger?” His “nose, prominent after the true fashion of his breed,” ought to have saved him from this indignity.

At a later period, the author was told by the Governor of Madi that

“Tradition recorded that the Wa-Huma were once half-black and half-white, with half the hair straight and other half curly; and how was this to be accounted for, unless the country formerly belonged to white men with straight hair, but was subsequently taken by black men?”—p. 569.

Instead of seeking into the origin of this curious tradition, Captain Speke imposes on the poor ignorant man his own crudities, saying:

“We relieved his apprehensions by telling him his ancestors were formerly all white, with straight hair, and lived in a country beyond the salt sea, till they crossed that sea, took possession of Abyssinia, and are now generally known by the name of Hubshies and Gallas; but neither of these names were known to him.”—p. 570.

We should think not, were it for no other reason than that those names are, neither of them, native names, but are attributed by strangers to people of very different races, possessing only a general resemblance of complexion and physiognomy.

These designations are, in fact, as indefinite as the Oriental term “Frank” as applied to Europeans generally, or our own term “Indian” as applied indiscriminately to the various races of the Indian peninsula, however widely distinct in origin and even in appearance. We learn from Dr. Beke, whose opinions on African ethnology are certainly somewhat different from those of Captain Speke, that

“The slaves of Kaffa and the neighboring countries of Southern Abyssinia, when taken to the market of Baso in Godjam, are by the Galla slave-dealers called Sidamas, this being the general denomination for Christians, which many of those poor creatures are; but, in the transit across Abyssinia, they become ‘Gallas;’ and when carried from the latter country into Arabia, Egypt, or Persia, they are known as ‘Hubshees’ or Abyssinians.”—*The Sources of the Nile*, p. 65.

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The Gallas themselves proudly declare that they are *Im’ Orma*—“the sons of men”—and their language *Afn’ Orma*—“the tongue of men;” and they no more recognize the appellation of Galla than the Abyssinians do that of “Hubshee,” which is the Arabic designation of all East Africans who are not negroes.

Had Captain Speke taken pains to record, without admixture, the traditions of these Wa-Huma, to collect vocabularies of their language and particulars of their manners and customs, as contradistinguished from those of the negro nations whom they have subjugated, he might have supplied us with most desirable and valuable information respecting this really remarkable and interesting people. But so far was he from thinking of doing this, that, even when an opportunity fell in his way, he thrust it aside to make room for his own fancies. Among his band of servants was one Saidi, “formerly a slave captured in Walamo, on the borders of Abyssinia,” whom he introduced to King Rumanika, in order

“to show him, by his similarity to the Wa-Huma, how it was I had come to the conclusion that he was of the same race. Saidi told him his tribe kept cattle with the same stupendous horns as those of the Wa-Huma; and also that, in the same manner, they all mixed blood with milk for their dinners, which, to his mind, confirmed my statement.”—p. 243.

Had Captain Speke been acquainted with Dr. Beke’s vocabularies, to which we have already alluded, he would have seen that the language of Saidi’s country, Walamo, Wolamo, or Wolaitza, is cognate with those of the neighboring countries of Kaffa, Waratta, and Yangaro, forming a class to which, in the *Report on the Languages of Africa*, made by Dr. Latham in 1847 to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is attributed the distinguishing appellation of “Gonga;” such being the name of a people formerly widely spread over the countries lying to the south of Abyssinia, which countries were overrun, and their inhabitants in great part destroyed, by Galla tribes, who advanced into them from the south, before penetrating into Abyssinia proper, about the middle of the sixteenth century, as is recorded by many travelers in Abyssinia. It would be unnecessary to repeat—were it not for

the purpose of warning the general reader against adopting the notion that these people have any thing in common, beyond the general outward physical condition resulting from their being the inhabitants of countries possessing the same climate and other physical characters—that the Gonga class of languages (to which that of Walamo belongs) is as distinct from the Galla, as this latter is from the Abyssinian, whether it be the primitive native Agau or Falasha tongue, or the Ethiopic, to which latter alone an Arabian origin may reasonably be attributed.

As regards the true origin of these rude invaders of Abyssinia, there can in truth be no question. Nearly a century ago it was observed by Bruce that

"The Galla are a very numerous nation of shepherds, who probably lived under or beyond the line. What the cause of their emigration was we do not pretend to say with certainty; but *they have, for many years, been in an uniform progress northward.* They were at first all infantry, and said that the country they came from would not permit horses to breed in it, as is the case in 13 deg. north of the line round Sennaar. Upon coming northward, and conquering the Abyssinian provinces, and the small Mohammedan districts bordering on them, they have acquired a breed of horses, which they have multiplied so industriously that they are become a nation of cavalry, and now hold their infantry in little esteem."—*Travels*, vol. ii. p. 216.

From these historical facts, which are beyond measure more authoritative than any mere tradition delivered down orally from one generation to another, it is undeniable that the Galla invaders of Abyssinia came from regions far to the south of that kingdom. The position of their original country is lost to them; but some very curious traditions respecting it have been collected by Dr. Beke in the paper "On the Origin of the Gallas," which stands at the head of the present article; one of which has been specially referred to by Dr. Barth, in his "Address to the Geographical Society of Berlin," and is deserving of being reproduced here. It is as follows:

"According to several individuals with whom I spoke on the subject, their forefathers came from *Tulu* (Tullo) *Wólál*, which, as *Tulu* signifies 'mountain,' I at first understood to mean some particular mountain called 'Mount Wólál.'"—p. 6.

Dr. Beke then gives the statements of

various persons respecting the position of this mountain, all disagreeing, more or less, with one another; and remarks:

"When, however, the signification of the term *Wólál* comes to be investigated, it will be seen that no dependence can be placed on these attempts to fix the position of the locality which this expression is intended to designate. For the verb *wólala* or *wólala* in the Galla language signifies 'to lose one's way,' 'to forget,' 'to know no more.' So that *Tulu Wólál*, instead of being a proper name, resolves itself into 'Mount *Unknown*,' that is to say, some mountain or mountainous country whose situation is lost, forgotten, and no longer known.

"From the name thus given by the Gallas to the country of their ancestors, and from the various directions in which it is said to lie, it may be concluded that they are, in fact, ignorant of its real position. Still, this very name *Tulu Wólál*, or the unknown mountains, may seemingly be regarded as a proof that the primitive Gallas were the inhabitants, not of the low plain country bordering on the Indian Ocean, where they are known to have been settled for upward of two centuries, but rather of some high and mountainous one. And this conclusion is corroborated by the fact that as a people, their complexion is fairer than that even of the Abyssinians, whose color as a *red* race results from their country generally being of much greater elevation than that of the negroes inhabiting the valleys of the Nile and its tributaries toward the west, or than that of the dark but not negro nomadic tribes skirting Abyssinia to the east."—p. 7.

Dr. Beke further records the following curious particulars:

"On the table-land of Eastern Africa, and bordering on the country of Mono-Moesi [U-Nyamwesi] to the north, dwells the nation of the Meremongáo, whose country, according to information obtained by Mr. Cooley, is about two months' journey inland from Mombas, behind the Wanyika. The Meremongáo are known to the merchants on the coast as the great smiths and cutlers of Eastern Africa, and as the principal consumers of brass wire, which they wear twisted tightly round their arms. These customs of the Meremongáo, coupled with the position of their country, lead to the opinion that they are Gallas. For, in Southern Abyssinia, it is the Gallas who are noted as the most skillful cutlers and workers in iron; and in Shoa, the inhabitants of which kingdom are essentially of Galla extraction, the custom prevails of wearing a number of brass rings, sometimes covering almost the entire fore-arm from the wrist to the elbow, which rings or bracelets are not removable at pleasure, but, like the 'brass wire' of the Meremongáo, are tightly and permanently fixed on the arm by a smith."—p. 7.

And he sums up the whole in the following words:

"So far, then, as our information will allow us to offer an opinion, the country of the Meremongáo, as a mountainous region, situate far to the south of Abyssinia, and lying in the vicinity of a large river (the Nile), presents strong claims to be considered as the place whence the Galla tribes of Eastern Africa issued eastward to the shores of the Indian Ocean, and northward into the countries intervening between them and Abyssinia, and subsequently into Abyssinia itself. Nevertheless, in the present insufficient state of our knowledge on the subject, it would be wrong to regard this as any thing more than a first approximation."
—*Ibid.*

The publication of Captain Speke's *Journal* has imparted to the foregoing interesting particulars a significance which they could not be imagined to possess at the time when they were recorded; and it now enables us to add that these "Meremongáo" likewise issued from their mountains westward into the regions beyond Lake Nyanza, where they are known as Wa-Huma.

Dr. Barth, in adopting the general conclusions of the author we have just cited, expresses his decided opinion that the Galla, Orma, or Wa-Huma tribes met with by Captain Speke, did not emigrate from the north or northeast, but from the east or southeast, and in fact from the mountainous country surrounding the snowy summits of Kenia and Kilimandjaro, where at the present day we find the warlike tribes of the Wa-Kuaki and Masai. For, he remarks—

"That these tribes are the aborigines of the regions they inhabit, and not an exotic race, is incontrovertibly proved by the fact of their religious veneration of one at least of those two mountains, namely, Kenia, which appears to be the more considerable of the two, and to which, even at the present day, they undertake pilgrimages and bring offerings."—p. 445.

With the knowledge of these facts, we may now also attach a meaning to some particulars of information picked up and recorded by Captain Speke, quite unconsciously of their real value.

While in Karague, he had some conversation with one of King Kamrasi's servants, a man of Amara, which he cites as throwing "some light upon certain statements made by Mr. Leon"—meaning Father Leon des Avranches—"of the people of Amara being Christians." This

conversation we value, not for the futile attempt made to prove a set of wild pagans to be Christians, but for the fact asserted by this man that—

"Associated with the countries Masau or Masai and U-Sambürü, which he knew, *there was a large mountain, the exact position of which he could not describe.*"—p. 284.

Which mountain is evidently Kenia, to the natives of Amara as much as a *Tulu Woldi*, or "unknown mountain," as it is to the Gallas of Guderu. In addition to this we have the tradition repeated by King Kamrasi, that U-Witu, "the country of princes," lay to the east; as likewise the assertion of the Governor of Madi, that—

"On the east, beyond Kidi, he only knew of one clan of Wa-Huma, a people who subsist entirely on meat and milk."—p. 570.

This peculiarity of living entirely on meat and milk, is especially noticed by Father Jerome Lobo, as being that of the Gallas, who, in the sixteenth century, invaded Abyssinia from the south.

"Ils ne sement ni ne cultivent les terres qu'ils occupent; ils vivent de chair et de lait; ils n'ont aucune demeure fixe, et campent comme font les Arabes."—*Voyage d'Abissinie*, p. 66.

The feeding on milk appears to be carried to an extraordinary extent among the Wa-Huma; and Captain Speke gives us some amusing examples of the custom and its consequences.

When in Karague, having heard that "the wives of the kings and princes were fattened to such an extent that they could not stand upright," he paid a visit to the king's eldest brother, "with the hope of being able to see for himself the truth of the story;" and he relates that—

"On entering the hut I found the old man and his chief wife sitting side by side, on a bench of earth, strewn over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments, whilst in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk. . . . I was struck with no small surprise at the way he received me, as well as with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife. She could not rise; and so large were her arms that, between the joints, the flesh hung down like large loose-stuffed puddings."—p. 209.

On his inquiring what they did with so many milk-pots, the prince—

"pointing to his wife, said: 'This is all the product of those pots: from early youth upward we keep those pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives.'"—p. 210.

The effects of this "high feeding" are thus more minutely—though not very delicately—recorded:

"After a long and amusing conversation with Rumanika in the morning, I called on one of his sisters-in-law, married to an elder brother who was born before Dagara ascended the throne. She was another of those wonders of obesity, unable to stand excepting on all fours. I was desirous to obtain a good view of her, and actually to measure her, and induced her to give me facilities for doing so, by offering in return to show her a bit of my naked legs and arms. The bait took as I wished it, and after getting her to sidle and wriggle into the middle of the hut, I did as I promised, and then took her dimensions, as noted below.* All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have had her laid on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again, fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat stark naked before us, sucking at a milk-pot, at which the father kept her at work, by holding a rod in his hand, for as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced, by the rod, if necessary. I got up a bit of flirtation with missy, and induced her to rise and shake hands with me. Her features were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball."—p. 231.

We are not aware that this custom of increasing the *embonpoint* of the ladies prevails among the Gallas of Abyssinia; but they are still extensive herdsmen, and the Galla *sanga*, or cattle with enormous horns, which are figured by Mr. Salt, have been introduced by them into that country from the south.

And this fact leads us to remark, that, if it were necessary to adduce further evidence to prove the total groundlessness of Captain Speke's notion that the Wa-Huma of U-Zinza, Karague, U-Ganda, and other countries visited by him, are descended from the native Abyssinians, or even from the Galla invaders of Abyssinia, we should find it in the fact

* Round arm, 1 ft. 11 in.; chest, 4 ft. 4 in.; thigh, 2 ft. 7 in.; calf, 1 ft. 8 in.; height, 5 ft. 8 in.

that the latter people, at the time of their advance from the south, were essentially a pastoral nation, possessing large herds, on whose milk and flesh they subsisted, but not having among them any horses; whereas, after their invasion of Abyssinia—a country which from time immemorial has possessed horses—procured originally from Arabia, on the opposite coast of the Red Sea, the Gallas became a nation of horsemen. When the same pastoral people, under the name of Wa-Huma, advanced from the east into the countries situate to the west and north of Nyanza, they in like manner had no horses; and those animals are to this day as unknown in these latter regions as they are in the native country of the Wa-Huma. But had it been as Captain Speke assumes, the Gallas of Abyssinia who invaded these southern negro countries, they would have come as horsemen, and horses would consequently have been found in these countries, which is not the case.

We have an impression of having read somewhere that the Gallas, when they first entered into Abyssinia, rode on cows, but we are unable, just now, to refer to any authority. We find, however, in Bruce's description of the visit paid by Guangoul, the savage chief of the Gallas of Angot, to the King of Abyssinia, the following statement:

"In his country it seems, when he appears in state, *the beast he rides upon is a cow*. He was then in full dress and ceremony, and mounted upon one not of the largest sort, but which had monstrous horns. He had no saddle on his cow."—*Travels*, iv. p. 99.

Be this as it may, there is manifestly a great resemblance between the habits of the Wa-Huma princes and those of Sahéla Selassié, King of Shoa, as recorded in the works of travelers who have visited the latter country. The treatment which Captain Speke received from the chief Kasora, when he went to visit the Ripon falls (p. 469), is just like that to which Europeans were subjected in Shoa, where they were under constant surveillance, and not allowed to move about without the king's permission. On his expressing the wish to go where he might obtain a magnificent view of the lake, he was told "there were orders given only to see the stones." He next asked for boats to shoot the hippopotami, "but boasting had

never been ordered." Then bring fish. "No, that had not been ordered." The statement of his complaints made by King Kamrasi to Captain Speke (p. 251), is, in like manner, almost similar to those of King Sahéla Selassié to Major Harris; whilst in the practice of "conducting all business himself, awarding punishments, and seeing them carried out," the resemblance between the two princes is most striking.

In their disregard of human life, the Wa-Huma appear, however, to go far beyond the Gallas of the north, who, though a warlike and even ferocious race, are, like the native Abyssinians generally, not coolly bloodthirsty (the reigning king, Theodore, who is a native of Kwara, being a singular exception); and we can not but think that the brutal acts recorded by Captain Speke, arise from the fact that the pure blood of the Wa-Huma race has been sadly mixed with that of the negroes whom they have conquered. We will cite a few instances of their barbarism:

"No one dare stand before the king whilst he is either standing still or sitting, but must approach him with downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch the king's throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death."—p. 256.

"An officer observed to salute informally is ordered for execution, when every body near him rises in an instant, the drums beat, drowning his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Another man, perhaps, exposes an inch of naked leg whilst squatting, or has his mbügü tied contrary to regulations, and is condemned to the same fate."—p. 258.

These "court customs," which are equaled only by those of Dahomey, are described by the author in the coolest manner imaginable. Thus he says:

"Nearly every day since I changed my residence, incredible as it may appear to be, I have seen one, two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand, and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out as she went to premature death: 'Hai Minangé!' (O my Lord!) 'Kbak-ka!' (My King!) 'Hai N'yawo!' (My mother!) at the top of her voice, in the utmost despair and lamentation; and yet there was not a soul who dared lift a hand to save any of them, though many might be heard privately commenting on their beauty."—p. 359.

And at a later date he relates that—

"During this one day we heard the sad voices of no less than four women dragged from the palace to the slaughter-house."—p. 365.

These wretched women appear to have been made away with in the most heartless manner. Here is another instance:

"On the way home, one of the king's favorite women overtook us, walking with her hands clasped at the back of her head, to execution, crying, 'N'yawo!' in the most pitiful manner. A man was preceding her, but did not touch her; for she loved to obey the orders of her king voluntarily, and in consequence of previous attachment, was permitted, as a mark of distinction, to walk free. Wondrous world! It was not ten minutes since we parted from the king, yet he had found time to transact this bloody piece of business."—p. 450.

On one occasion, after Captain Speke had been shooting some cows for Mtéssa's amusement, he relates that:

"The king now loaded one of the carbines I had given him with my own hands, and gave it full cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court; which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, 'And did you do it well?' 'Oh, yes, capitally.' He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of his life."—p. 298.

Another time he says:

"I found the king dressed in red, with his Wakungu in front, and women behind, traveling along in the confused manner of a pack of hounds, occasionally firing his rifle that I might know his whereabouts. He had just, it seems, mingled a little business with pleasure; for noticing, as he passed, a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offense, the nature of which I did not learn, he took the executioner's duty on himself, fired at her, and killed her outright."—p. 389.

On one occasion the author boldly interfered, and by so doing, saved the life of one of Mtéssa's wretched wives. One day, it appears, they went on an excursion on the lake, when, after landing and picnicking,

"The whole party took a walk, winding through the trees, and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky

chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering passion, said it was the first time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him any thing, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution.

"These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy-queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying, in the names of the Kamraviona and Mzungu (myself), for help and protection, whilst Lübüga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last, he took a heavy stick, and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand, and as I heard my name, Mzungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."—p. 395.

That Captain Speke did not more frequently interfere arose not, most unquestionably, from any want of courage; for on very many occasions his conduct was such as to have endangered his personal safety. Indeed we really do not understand how any educated European could go into a foreign country and behave in the reckless way he did, according to his own showing; and it is highly to the credit of his hosts that he should have acted as he did with impunity.

King Kamrasi, like Sahéla Selassié and all other African potentates, was most eager for presents; and on one occasion, having paid Captain Speke a visit, and not having received a parting gift as he had looked for, and as would seem to be the custom of the country, he said, "I never visited any big man's house without taking home some trifle to show my wife and children." To which Speke insultingly replied:

"Indeed, great king! then you did not come to visit us, but to beg, eh? You shall have nothing, positively nothing; for we will not have it said the king did not come to see us, but to beg." Kamrasi's face changed color; he angrily said, 'Irokh togend' (let us rise and go), and forthwith walked straight out of the hut."—p. 522.

Not satisfied with thus insulting the king to his face, the author exultingly relates how he followed up this most unbecoming conduct:

"To save us from this kind of incessant annoyance, I now thought it would be our best policy to mount the high horse, and bully him. Accordingly, we tied up a bag of the commonest mixed beads, added the king's chronometer, and sent them to Kamrasi, with a violent message that we were thoroughly disgusted with all that had happened; the beads were for the poor beggar who came to our house yesterday, not to see us, but to beg; and as we did not desire the acquaintance of beggars, we had made up our minds never to call again, nor receive any more bread or wine from the king.

"This appeared to be a hit. Kamrasi, evidently taken aback, said if he thought he should have offended us by begging, he would not have begged. He was not a poor man, for he had many cows, but he was a beggar, of course, when beads were in the question; and, having unwittingly offended, as he desired our friendship, he trusted his offense would be forgiven."—p. 524.

And on another occasion when Speke "sent a threatening message to see what effect that would have,"

"Kamrasi, in answer, begged I would not be afraid; there was no occasion for alarm; Bombay would be here shortly. *I had promised to wait patiently for his return, and as soon as he did return, I would be sent off without one day's delay, for I was not his slave, that he should use violence upon me.*"—p. 527.

There can be no doubt that Kamrasi showed himself to be the better gentleman of the two.

This overbearing manner of treating the "natives" of East Africa would seem to have been copied from that of Major Harris on his mission to the court of Shoa, where he was often induced to "mount the high horse, and bully" our "old friend Sahéla Selassié." The latter, like Kamrasi, did not forget the laws of hospitality so far as to subject his guest to personal injury or indignity, but he adopted the most effectual means of preventing the recurrence of such treatment; for as soon as he had got rid of his troublesome visitor, who

took with him a "Treaty of Amity and Commerce," which stipulated for the free ingress, egress, and regress of British subjects, he shut the door upon them for the future, and forbade the Dankali merchants to allow any more Englishmen to accompany their caravans to Shoa. We should not be the least surprised if future travelers in the countries of these Wa-Huma sovereigns were made to suffer for Captain Speke's ill-judged, and (as far as we can see) uncalled-for conduct toward them. The principle of *Civis Romanus sum* may be carried out too far.

We do not believe, however, that Captain Speke's behavior to those African potentates arose so much from a desire to maintain the superiority of his nation, as from personal vanity. In fact, the besetting sin of his entire narrative is vanity and self-glorification. "I" and "me" are oftener repeated perhaps than any other words; and any one who does not please the author or agree with him in opinion is set down as a "humbug." The "hypothetical humbug," Claudius Ptolemy, has already been adverted to. We may now notice (among many others) Maula, the queen's favorite, who is described as "a clever humbug and exceeding rogue" (p. 333); King Kamrasi "humbugged" them (p. 497); the Kidi visitors gave the king a "lot of humbug and affectation" (p. 504); and Mahamed, Debono's wakil, is called a "humbugging scoundrel" (p. 583), just after Captain Speke had been complimenting—we would not for the world say "humbugging"—him, on the efficiency of his "ragamuffin" corps.

Some of the instances of this failing are most characteristic. On the author's arrival at the court of U-Ganda, "on being shown into a lot of dirty huts, which they said were built expressly for all the king's visitors," he was highly indignant, saying:

"At first I stuck out on my claims as a foreign prince, whose royal blood could not stand such an indignity. The palace was my sphere, and unless I could get a hut there, I would return without seeing the king."—p. 284.

He then proceeds to describe how Nyamgundu, an old friend of Usui, in a terrible fright at his blustering, fell at his feet and implored him not to be hasty; and how at length he "gave way to this good man's appeal." The manner in which

this good man had managed to obtain such influence is thus naively explained:

"Nyamgundu delighted me much; *treating me as a king*, he always fell down on his knees to address me, and made all his 'children' look after my comfort in camp."—p. 272.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Nyamgundu is nowhere called a "humbug."

At their first audience of the King of U-Nyoro, that monarch—

"asked Bombay, 'Who governs England?' 'A woman.' 'Has she any children?' 'Yes,' said Bombay, with ready impudence, '*these are two of them* (pointing to Grant and myself). That settled, Kamrasi wished to know if we had any speckled cows, or any cows of peculiar color, and would we like to change four large cows for four small ones, as he coveted some of ours. This was a staggerer. *We had totally failed, then, in conveying to this stupid king, the impression that we were not mere traders, ready to bargain with him.*"—p. 513.

So King Kamrasi is called stupid for not believing the assertion made by Bombay "with ready impudence," and "settled"—that is to say, adopted—by Captain Speke, that he and Captain Grant were two of Queen Victoria's own children.

Such being the author's assumed character, it certainly was out of keeping—to say nothing else of it—that when the "foreign prince" met Mr. Baker at Gondokoro, and from him first heard of the death of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, the intelligence should have made him "reflect"—not on the loss of the bereaved queen or of the British nation—not even on the instability of human life—but, as he complacently records it, the news of the prince's decease—

"made me reflect on the inspiring words he made use of, *in compliment to myself*, when I was introduced to him by Sir Roderick Murchison, a short while before leaving England."—p. 602.

Self being, then, the engrossing object of Captain Speke's thoughts, we can not be astonished at his want of consideration for every one but himself. We have already commented on the fact that Captain Grant, though sharing in all the dangers and privations of the journey, was not allowed to accompany Captain Speke on his visit to the "Nile" and the Ripon falls; so that his first sight of the grand

object of the expedition was obtained at Chaguzi, the residence of King Kamrasi, more than a hundred miles away from Lake Nyanza. Indeed the manner in which Grant is placed altogether in the background, is the subject of general animadversion. Captain Speke himself was not treated in this ungenerous manner by Captain Burton on the first expedition, as he takes care to boast in page two of his work, when turning the former's words against himself. But Grant will have little to regret and Burton will be more than avenged, should Tanganyika, and not Nyanza, eventually prove to be the head of the Nile.

The author's language respecting Consul Petherick is likewise any thing but proper. That he was disappointed in not being met by him is quite natural; but we have yet to learn from Mr. Petherick the reason for this apparent breach of his engagement. And it has at the same time to be seen whether Captain Speke, on his side, duly performed his part of the agreement. If Petherick was not at his post when Speke came down the Tubiri, had he been there at the time appointed? And should it happen to turn out that the Kivira is not the upper course of the Tubiri, but of a more westerly arm of the Nile, then the fact so bitterly complained of that he was "actually trading at Nyambara, seventy miles due west" of Gondokoro, might, perhaps, after all, be only a proof that Petherick was in the right and Speke in the wrong; for had the latter followed down the course of the river, instead of quitting it at the Karuma falls, and cutting across the desert between the Kivira and the Asua, he would probably have fallen in with Petherick instead of Baker. Whatever may be the facts of the case, an explanation is unquestionably due from Mr. Petherick, not so much to Captain Speke as to the Royal Geographical Society and the friends, from whom the latter states a subscription of one thousand pounds was raised, and to whom his work is dedicated.

But let the result be what it may, it is indisputable that the steps taken by Mr. Petherick (whatever may have been his shortcomings) were of essential service to Captain Speke. Throughout his work we have evidence of the moral support afforded to him at the courts of the several native princes by the knowledge that a party of Europeans were expected from

the north to meet him. Nothing can be more certain than this. As early as the beginning of 1862, when he was in Karague, he says:

"The new year was ushered in by the most exciting intelligence, which drove us half wild with delight; for we fully believed Mr. Petherick was indeed on his road up the Nile, endeavoring to meet us. . . . Rumanika enjoyed this news as much as myself, especially when I told him of Petherick's promise to meet us, just as these men said he was trying to do; and more especially so, when I told him that if he would assist me in trying to communicate with Petherick, the latter would either come here himself, or send one of his men, conveying a suitable present while I was away in U-Ganda; and then in the end we would all go off to Kamrasi's together."—p. 242.

Indeed Kamrasi appears to have been in actual communication with Petherick; for Captain Speke relates that when, to avoid the king's importunities, he advised his using ivory as money, and purchasing what he wanted at Gani, the suggestion brought out—

"the interesting fact, the truth of which we had never reached before, that when Petherick's servant brought him one necklace of beads, and asked after us, he gave in return fourteen ivories, thirteen women, and seven mbūgh cloths. One of his men accompanied the visitors back to the boats, and saw Petherick, who took the ivory and rejected the women."—p. 537.

There can likewise be no doubt that the return of Bombay from his visit to Petherick's outpost (see page 549) was not without its effect in accelerating Speke's departure from King Kamrasi's court.

Into the question between the author and Dr. Beke we need not enter further than to express our regret that the former should have made so great a mistake as to arrogate to himself a merit which a mere reference to recorded facts and dates could not but prove not to belong to him.

Passing now to the general consideration of Captain Speke's work, we should have been glad, differing from him as we do on so many points, had it been in our power to say that he had written an entertaining and instructive, even if not a learned work; but this satisfaction is denied to us.

As regards the extent of the unknown regions traversed for the first time, the journey is inferior to those of Denham

and Clapperton, of Barth, and of Livingstone, and even to the former expedition in which Speke accompanied Burton; for from Kaze, the point of departure from the line of the first journey, to where Speke and Grant met Petherick's party, is a distance of little more than eight degrees of latitude, or about five hundred geographical miles. Still, had the new ground been even less, the special object of the expedition and the peculiar character of the countries visited and of their inhabitants, afforded the richest materials for a work of the highest order. The author tells us in page two of his *Journal* that, "in addition to the journey to the source of the river, he also proposed spending three years in the country, looking up tributaries, inspecting watersheds,

navigating the lake, and making collections in all branches of natural history." These splendid promises have not been fulfilled beyond the spending of three years in the interior of Africa, and by Captain Grant's making a tolerably large and interesting botanical collection, and also contributing the far larger portion of the illustrations with which the pages of the work are profusely studded, and without which it would hardly have been more attractive than a "Blue Book" to the general reader. We lament this the more, because an admirable work might have been written, if not by the author himself, at all events by some good book-maker for him, out of the almost endless materials of his really important and interesting journey.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE BASQUE COUNTRY.*

THE mountains which divide the Spanish peninsula from France have preserved to us some strange memorials of ages that have left behind them few traces elsewhere. The faded glories of Saracenic dominion were extinguished in Spain by the fall of Boabdil: the great monarchy of Ferdinand and Isabella passed into a state of lethargy and degradation which it is now slowly shaking off: France has twice accepted the splendid yoke of imperialism in place of its ancient dynasties and its modern liberties, while the tiny republic of Andorre, chartered by the son of Charles the Great, still maintains its old freedom, and exhibits in the nineteenth century the independence it acquired in the ninth. But if singularity of position has preserved in Andorre the independence of a scanty people speaking the same language with the inhabitants of the surrounding districts, the more western valleys of the Pyrenees disclose a mystery which histo-

rians and philologists have not yet succeeded in solving. The Andorrians speak a dialect not differing substantially from that of Catalonia: the people of the Basque country retain a language which has no affinity whatever with any language of the nations by which they are surrounded. While the former are without a literature, and, indeed, without much learning beyond the power of reading a few Latin manuscripts inherited from the age of "Ludovic the Pious," the Basque tribes have preserved, by a tradition which down to a comparatively recent age was entirely oral, a poetical literature which certainly can not be despised for its poverty. If, unlike the Andorrians, they have failed to maintain their political independence, the influence of their rulers has not as yet succeeded in rooting out either their peculiar customs or a language which is separated by a vast geographical barrier from any kindred form of speech. In this tongue, which in its framework so resembles the languages of the Turanian race, while in its material elements it differs widely from them all, they have preserved a collection of prov-

* *Le Pays Basque, sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature et sa Musique.* Par FRANCISQUE MICHEL, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, etc. Paris, London, and Edinburgh. 1859. *Le Romancero du Pays Basque.* Paris. 1859.

erbs and songs which at once exhibit the special characteristics of the people, and go far toward explaining the general course of their history. With a legitimate pride in this ancient speech, and a passionate love of their native valleys, they exhibit every feature that has marked races destined to pass away before others of keener intellect and stronger will. Their philosophy has been embodied in pithy maxims, some showing a common element with the popular sayings of European nations—others furnishing a curious comment on distinguishing marks of Basque thought and society. Their ballads are full of quiet pathos, and not without a certain tranquil humor which sometimes passes into wit; their historical songs express chiefly the patient resignation of a brave people who submit to inevitable evils; their traditional tales recount the exploits of heroes by whom the career of the contrabandist has been accepted as a necessary substitute for that of the patriot. If during the middle ages they were willing to espouse any cause for an adequate recompense in money,* they are now content to prove their strategic powers by conflicts with custom-house officers who are tacitly assumed to lie beyond the pale of human sympathy. It may be therefore a subject for regret, but scarcely a cause for wonder, that a people, whose traditions dwell on struggles between kings of Navarre and caliphs of the West, should be confined to a constantly narrowing area, and that in the space of a single generation their very language should have been utterly lost through districts extending over many leagues.

A narrow tract on either side of the Pyrenees is all that remains to the representatives of the old Iberians. The provinces of Guipuzcoa, Alava, and Biscay are the remnants of their inheritance in Spain. From the western crests of the French Pyrenees four valleys run northward, each watered by its own river. The westernmost stream, known as the Nivelet, or lesser Nive, flows into the sea near St. Jean de Luz; the Cesson sinks near Sauveterre into the gave of Oloron,

while between these two the Nive and the Bidassoa join the Adour, the former near Bayonne, the latter a little below Guiche. These valleys, divided into three cantons, Labourd, Soule, and Basse Navarre, formed in the old geography the Basque country, which in the modern style comprises the *arrondissement* of Mauleon, with the greater part of that of Bayonne. No subdivisions exist in Labourd or Soule, the former of which has about sixty thousand, the latter about thirty thousand inhabitants, while Basse Navarre, with a population of forty-five thousand, is divided among three distinct communities, known as Cize, Ostabaret, and Mixe. This province has long served as a borderland for the Basques of France and Spain. The tradition is that the people of Labourd and Soule yielded up the territory now called Basse Navarre to the Basques of Alava, when, hard pressed by the Visigoths, they resolved to abandon their homes rather than yield up their freedom. Thus, scarcely severed from their old country (for a road leads directly from the one into the other by the hill of Roncesvalles), the Basques of the Northern Navarre have from that time maintained a friendly intercourse with the inhabitants of Navarre in Spain, although they have never swerved from their allegiance to the crown of France.

In truth the fidelity with which the Basques of both countries have discharged their duty to their sovereigns, is a characteristic scarcely less marked than the manly dignity with which they have maintained the *fueros* or privileges guaranteed to them by solemn compact. Unable, from the same cause which has made the Celt give way before the Teuton, to maintain their old possessions against more powerful races, the Spanish Basques clung to their laws and freedom with a resolution which called forth the enthusiastic praise of the late Lord Carnarvon.* That praise was not undeserved, although there may be only a partial truth in the statement that "there is no great principle of

* In his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans* (iv., p. 122), Thierry, insisting more particularly on the mercenary spirit of the Basques (whose name he identified with that of Vascons and Gascons alike), has drawn an admirable sketch of their general character.

* *Portugal and Galicia: with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces.* Lord Carnarvon's zeal for the cause of Don Carlos was, perhaps insensibly, affected by his admiration of the Basque character; and undoubtedly the Carlist war became a lengthened struggle, chiefly from the skillful way in which a question of succession was mixed up with the subject of the Basque *fueros*.

law and liberty engrafted upon our own constitution in later times, which may not be 'found embodied in their early code.' Their freedom, like that of the Greek autonomous city, clearly lacked the power of expansion and comprehension, which has marked the national growth of Rome in ancient and of Great Britain in more modern times. Yet the city life of old Hellas was, possibly, more graceful than the national life of our own country; and there is no slight beauty in the character of the Basque people, "trained," as Lord Carnarvon describes them, "to habits of self-reliance by centuries of self government; freemen in spirit, not in name alone; drinking in with their mother's milk a love of justice and a reverence for the law; in thought sober yet independent, and wholly without fear, except the honest fear of doing wrong; models of ancient manners, and not unfrequently of manly beauty; faithful friends, generous hosts, simple yet inflexible observers of their word." Lord Carnarvon denounced, with an indignation which can scarcely be termed excessive, the invasion of their privileges and the curtailment of their freedom. But there is no mystery in the antagonism between the spirit of French imperialism or of Spanish monarchy and a form of personal liberty, of which one of the strongest bulwarks is a language utterly alien to that of any among the surrounding nations. To confine this language within narrower limits was manifestly a sure means of weakening the strength of Basque independence; and the efforts of Frenchmen and Spaniards have during the present century been crowned with a singular success. From the popular traditions which speak of Basque blood lavished in behalf of Iberian freedom against Carthage, the Romans, and the Goths, and of a struggle between the caliphs of the West maintained through more than six centuries, we turn to the significant fact that forty years ago their language was spoken at Olite, while it is now cooped up within a district (seven or eight leagues narrower) scarcely extending beyond the immediate neighborhood of Pampeluna.

The mere fact that in the secluded nooks which form the borderland between two large centralized states, a people still exists speaking a language without the slightest likeness to any Aryan dialect whatever, and only in grammatical

form resembling the languages of the Turanian race, must of itself impart to their character and fortunes a peculiar and indelible interest. If this language has only within comparatively recent times been reduced to writing, and if, as it would seem, it is, in spite of the pathetic attachment of the people, rapidly dying out, their most trivial songs, their poorest romances, their most stupid superstitions, become memorials of bygone times, with which we would not willingly part. The evidence of inscriptions on coins or monuments, the names of cities, rivers, or mountains, may prove that the Escuara (or Basque), now spoken only by the insignificant tribes who style themselves Esculdunao, was once the language of a race spread over the whole Spanish peninsula; but the language itself carries us back to times compared with which the days of Carthaginian or Roman ascendancy fall within the period of modern history. It seems to point, in geological phrase, to strata of which almost every vestige has been obliterated by later floods, or as the philologists might say, to a time when the only languages spoken throughout Europe (so far as it was inhabited) belonged to the class of which specimens are still seen in the Basque and Finnic dialects.

Of the grammatical system of this singular and deeply interesting language, M. Michel has given a clear and satisfactory account. But we feel bound to say that he has not increased its value by indulging in speculations on its origin and affinity with other tongues. No benefit can be expected from researches into such a language as the Escuara, unless they are carried on with systematic precision; nor can we, from the present condition of the people, throw much light on the origin and history of their speech or their civilization, unless all points of difference between them and surrounding nations are brought out at the least as prominently as the features which they exhibit in common with them. If we smile at the haste with which Dr. Arnold concluded that in the Basque *gu* and *ni* or *neu* we have respectively the lost plural and singular of the Latin *ego* and *nos*, the ingenuity with which M. Michel draws from a few Basque words the evidence of Biblical traditions will excite the astonishment of philologists. It is hard to believe that M. Michel is speaking seriously, when he affirms that in the word for Thursday,

"*orzeguna*," (from *orzu*, behold, and *eguna*, day, a compound from *egi*, the sun,) we have a distinct reference to the work of the fourth day of creation, as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, and that an analysis of *ereba*, sister, gives us *ar-eba*, the Eve of the male. If the Basque tradition is so surprisingly in accordance with the Biblical account as to reserve for the fourth day of the week a name which expresses the first sight of the sun, why should not the fifth day have a name signifying the creation of fish and fowl, and the sixth a name indicating the creation of man? Such speculations are, in truth, mere guess-work, and only hinder the progress of the science which they are intended to support; and it is greatly to be regretted that M. Michel should have followed a method much like that of older critics who derived all languages from the Hebrew.

M. Michel remarks that in the Basque language the names of mountains, rivers, districts, and villages commonly tell their own tale. This transparent character is not peculiar to Basque names. If *Mugerre*, near Bayonne, means the burnt country, it is simply the land of the Phlegyes; *Etchegorri*, the red house, is *Erythræ*; while *Artetche* would answer to *Glaphyræ*, and *Larrart* to *Trachis*. It is, however, a noteworthy characteristic of the Basque people that the names of houses are used by them in the place of patronymics. The redoubtable *Pierre de l'Ancre*, the terror of all reputed sorcerers in the Basque country, writing in the early part of the seventeenth century, remarks that, "In Labourd the poorest inhabitants in the villages called themselves lords or mistresses of such or such a house—these houses being their dwellings, although perhaps not much better than a pigsty" (p. 17). The contemptuous expression of the French judge betrays his utter inability to understand the reason for a habit which appeared to him so singular. The Biscayan's house was his castle, in a sense far stronger than that which the phrase bears in England. No officer of justice could enter it, nor could any warrant be issued against the owner, until he had first been summoned to the tree of *Guernica*, there to answer to the charges brought against him. Lord Carnarvon has rightly described this privilege as "a custom more determinately in favor of the subject than

even our own cherished *Habeas Corpus*," but it must not be forgotten that it could be exercised only under the special conditions of Basque society.

No such marked peculiarity can be found in their popular superstitions. The Basques do not stand alone in their dislike of sitting down thirteen in number at a dinner-table, or in their dread of a fit of sneezing, the up-setting of a salt-cellar, the crossing of knives and forks, or of beginning a voyage on a Friday. They are not singular in looking on haggard and wrinkled old men and women as wizards or sorcerers, or in their belief in lycanthropy; but in his elaborate and instructive chapter on Basque superstitions, M. Michel seeks to prove that they cling to such fancies, not because they are, but because because they are not credulous.

"The famous criterion, *magister dixit*, is nowhere for principles of practice less popular than among the Basques. Tell them of some true fact, which to them may appear improbable, they will listen politely, and perhaps even applaud your statements; but you must not suppose that they believe what you say. Groups of mountaineers may be seen shaking their heads incredulously at the bare mention of railroads or electric telegraphs, with which but a few years later they may have grown familiar. To believe in such things every one must see them with his eyes, and touch them with his hands. I lay stress on this point, which I regard as fundamental and necessary, if we wish seriously to account for the superstitions of our rural districts."—p. 156.

But when M. Michel speaks of them as "more rationalistic than the rationalists themselves," his anxiety to parry the charge of credulity has led him to impute to them the very essence of all credulity. The wildest superstition is grounded on some congenial authority, and there are laws of superstitious as of mythological credibility. The charge of credulity can be repelled only by showing that the belief of a people rests directly on the method of searching into the truth of facts; and M. Michel makes a strong effort so to save the credit of the Basques, when he expresses his belief that the source and foundation of their superstitions is to be looked for "in certain truths which it may be useful to establish." This can only mean, if the plea is to be worth anything, that they rest on certain facts which are in themselves true. M. Michel's in-

stances scarcely prove his conclusion. In July, 1854, a peasant was convicted at Romorantin, and severely punished, for breaking open a grave, because he wished to mingle filings from a human skull in an infusion for epilepsy. M. Michel can scarcely think that medical prescriptions of the seventeenth century, which gravely enjoin the use of this ingredient together with parings from the nails of executed felons, establish the efficacy of the injunction. The superstitious use of mineral waters is more easily accounted for; but M. Michel, perhaps unconsciously, modifies his position, when he says that the custom rests on "a basis sufficiently reasonable for the age in which it took its rise." His position is still further changed, when he traces the prevalent belief that the pressure of the hangman's hands can cure the goitre, to a phrase which spoke of his hempen cord as a panacea for all evils. The explanation is a good one; but there is no truth of facts to be established either here or in the atrocious cases in which reputed sorcerers, on a charge of producing epileptic affections, were sometimes placed over blazing furnaces; nor is any thing gained by a reference to the language of Arnold of Villeneuve (a physician of the thirteenth century), who draws a distinction between mere charms or amulets and the remedies which, however fanciful or absurd, he recommends as operating by the intrinsic virtues of their material. His language shows the feeble influence of a science yet in its infancy; but as the efficacy of raspings from human skulls was not established experimentally as a fact, there is so far no truth underlying the physician's prescription or the superstition of the Basque people.

But, if we can not admit a philosophical basis for their popular belief, the proverbs and poetry of the nation explain in some degree the general course of their history. Their whole original* literature belongs clearly to a people destitute of the power of political combination, and

unable, therefore, to impress their will on others or to keep their own ground against them. Like most races, whose lot it has been to be continually worsted, they have fought bravely in defense of their ancient country; and their songs have preserved some memory of a few of these contests, in which, with a true instinct, they attribute victory, when gained, rather to their rugged mountain-passes than to their own military skill. Alike in their popular sayings and their popular songs, there is much true and tender feeling, with a tone of pathos which in many a poem sounds like the dirge of a fallen people. It is the patient utterance of a nation which accepts the gradual decay of its power as its allotted portion. M. Michel has drawn a perfectly true picture, when he says that

"The exhaustion and weariness caused by so many wars, the useless shedding of so much blood, followed only by further weakening of their nationality, made war appear to the Basque as a scourge, and deeds of heroism as the natural expression of courage roused by unjust aggressions. It became thenceforth difficult for him to indulge in romance, or to listen with delight to tales and descriptions agreeable only to those who have not experienced their terrible realities, or rather perhaps to those who, having been tried in the furnace of peril and disaster, can still trace to past dangers some solid gains for the present or the future. In short, there may be feelings of pleasure in the idea of dangers to which there is a brighter side; but there was nothing of this sort to quicken the imagination of the Basque—sufferings without end, pillage and horrors of every kind, formed the sequel to all their battles and all their struggles."—p. 226.

There is, however, no real warrant for believing that the general character of their poetry was ever different from what it is now, or that any great epic poems have, as M. Michel fears, been lost. The popular songs, of which writers in the fourteenth and the two following centuries speak, were probably songs of much the same kind as those which are most widely circulated now. In these M. Michel asserts that—

"Among commonplace or even trivial thoughts, we meet not unfrequently with happy inspirations and outbursts of true poetry, which, for boldness, strength, richness, or grace,

* In his chapter on Basque Bibliography, M. Michel gives a list of works printed in the language. With the exception of the national songs and romances, they consist almost wholly of translations, and these mostly of devotional works, as the *Spiritual Combat*, the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Exercises of Ignacius*, and *Devotions to the Sacred Heart*. There are also some translations of Cicero and the Fables of La Fontaine, and many more of sermons and narratives from the Bible. To this

habit of translating, the *History of Guipuzcoa*, by Don Juan de Iztueta, and the *History of the Basques* (in verse), by M. Hiribarren, furnish almost the only exceptions.

may bear a comparison with the most perfect productions of a like nature left to us in Greek or Latin literature. May we not fairly say with Nodier, 'The Basque and the Bas-Breton wait only for poets. All the instruments of poetry are ready for them, as they were in England on the coming of Chaucer, and in France on that of Villon?'—p. 221.

Yet, unless an exception is to be made in favor of some of their tragedies, the poets have not come: and to indifferent judges the character of the people sufficiently explains their absence. But a further difficulty with regard to Basque proverbs and poems arises from the fact that they have only in comparatively recent times been committed to writing. Hence it is not always easy to determine how much may be consciously borrowed from those of other nations, where a marked resemblance may be discovered between them. The proverb, "Erroma ecen horen batez acabatu" (Rome was not built in an hour), is a mere translation. But when the Basque colonist far away in Montevideo says plaintively,

"Churiguriac oro
Ez dire, Ez irin,"

("All that looks white is not corn-flour")—
p. 345,

he may not have been conscious that the same bitter experience found expression in the saying, "All that glitters is not gold."

But M. Michel is mistaken in thinking that the earliest trace of the almost universal proverb,

"Gois gorriac laklarke uri,
Arrats gorriac egur aldi,"

("A ruddy morning betokens rain, a red evening promises fair weather,")

is to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew. The maxim is modified to suit the climate of each country, and the same observation of phenomena led Virgil to remark,

"Vento semper rubet aurea Phoebe,"

and to caution the farmer against rain,

"Sol ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum,"

The proverb

"Othrizen estaquiena Jaincoiri
Berraio itsasoari,"

("The man who knows not how to pray to God should go to the sea to learn,")

bears a resemblance, the more remarkable if undesigned, to the saying of the Hebrew Psalmist, "They that go down to the sea know the works of the Lord."

Of the dramatic representations among the Basques M. Michel has given a valuable account, which would have been still more interesting if he had been somewhat less lavish of unnecessary detail. Of these dramas, whether religious, tragic, or comic, the people are passionately fond. The subjects of their pastorals (of which M. Michel has himself collected thirty-four) are taken from the Bible history, from Christian hagiology and the *chansons de geste*, or even from the mythology of heathen Rome. The day of representation is necessarily a general holiday, for the whole community must be present, whether as actors or spectators. The former are selected from among the young men of the district, for, by a custom unlike that of the Tyrolese, girls rarely appear on the stage, while an *etche-co-alhaba*, or maiden of good family, never takes part in these performances. For the moderate sum of about forty francs, the schoolmaster of the place generally undertakes the duties of copyist, manager, and prompter. A few rehearsals in a private house prepare the actors for their public appearance on a stage which much resembles that of Thespis. At one end of the scaffold may be seen commonly a monstrous puppet, to which motion is imparted by ropes, and which among the Basques passes for the Mohammedan Allah. The gymnastic dances which, during the accidental interruptions of the drama, represent the struggle of good and evil spirits for the possession of man, make it more probable that the real meaning of this curious custom is to be sought in the personification of the evil power, which in every system of mythology counteracts the beneficent principle. On the stage with the actors are to be seen the chief persons of the district, the dressmakers, who also are charged with the scenic decorations, the prompter, and two minstrels, who, with violin and flute, aided by a tambourine, accompany the songs which, in the form of prayers or hymns, are chanted in critical parts of the drama by the actors, or by a chorus of children. Thus the angels comfort Geneviève in her agony with the vision of the glories of heaven, which like a brilliant star shall shed their splendor on her when she

stands, in Paradise, before the throne of God. It is not surprising that the enthusiasm of the moment should sometimes upset the reason of maidens who have acted the martyr's part, or that even in old age their eyes should flash and their breast heave at the mere remembrance of the scene enacted before the enraptured crowd. The Christian king and his nobles, the Mohammedan caliph and his servants, the *Satans** who appear in the gymnastic dances, have, each, a conventional costume, and these dresses are procured by a general levy on the goods of the inhabitants, which it would be dangerous to resist. Jewels and ribbons are especially laid under contribution for the crowns of kings and the coronets of princes and nobles. On the day of performance, the actors ride in procession through the streets, and having passed before the houses of the mayor and chief inhabitants, dismount at the theater. The evil archangel is the first to mount the steps, followed by his ministers, and the rest of the actors in an order of precedence determined by the importance of the part which each sustains. At the end of a prologue which sketches the incidents of the drama as carefully as a prologue of Euripides, the pastoral begins.

"It is impossible to do justice to the attention and stillness of the audience, in spite of the vast throng of people of every age and condition. They remain crowded and suffocated in a wearisome posture during the four or five hours of the performance. On the faces turned eagerly toward the stage not a sign of impatience is to be seen; although they can scarcely breathe, not a sigh is to be heard, except when innocence and virtue are persecuted, and then their sympathy shows itself in tears. All the dialogues and maxims are received with avidity, and furnish afterward material for conversation, or lessons for the education of children."—p. 51.

No charge is made for seats at these performances, and there is therefore no need, as at Athens, for a Theoric fund to enable the poorer citizens to be present at them. But there are two sources of rev-

enue for defraying costs. The spectators pay voluntarily a price far exceeding their value for the refreshments which are distributed to them in the name of the actors, while the pastoral is followed by a series of dances, of which the first three are a costly amusement for the dancers. To take part in the first, a sum varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred francs must be paid, while a place in the second can be obtained from twenty to fifty francs, and in the third from fifteen to thirty francs. If any profits remain after paying all costs, they are expended in discharging the account for wine drunk during the rehearsals, and for a dinner and ball given about a week after the performance. The actors and spectators carry with them on their way home some little of the enthusiasm with which they witnessed or took part in the pastoral; and if the people of villages between which there is any rivalry chance to take the same road, the encounter not unfrequently leads to hard knocks, "and the drama, which was supposed to be ended, is sometimes renewed at the assizes."

If the frequent adoption of sacred subjects furnishes some reason for thinking that these pastorals came into fashion among the Basques during the centuries in which mysteries such as those of the Ammergau were most in vogue, the many plays founded on the death of Roland, or other events in the age of Charlemagne, served, in M. Michel's opinion, to prove that they spring from the original genius of the people. Whatever may be their origin, M. Michel notices as remarkable, the fact that these pastorals, with the satirical dramas and masquerades of the carnival, are to be found only in Soule, the country of the best-known Basque poets. In Labourd the change which has led to this difference appears to be a recent one. There are, or were not long since, living at St. Jean de Luz women who have taken part in tragedies. The possibility that what has happened in Labourd may happen also in Soule, is a strong argument for collecting the text of all existing pastorals, "before the wind which blows from France or Spain shall have scattered them away for ever."

Their comedies (*Tobera-munstrac*), far from serving as a vehicle of satire against abstract human vices, treat simply of scandals which may arise in their own society. Conjugal infidelity, or the infrac-

* While in the Basque country a few years ago, we were pointed to a lofty peak in the Pyrenees called the Pic du Midi, having two prongs, concerning which the Basque people have a curious legend. They say, the devil, desiring to learn the Basque language—which is extremely difficult—climbed up and sat six months on that mountain, listening to the sounds of the language, in order to learn it; but in his convulsive efforts to pronounce the words, he split the mountain.—*Ed. EOLLETT.*

tion of Salic law by a wife who usurps sway over her husband, furnished in times past the subject of a stinging comedy, and the offending wife or husband was paraded before the public in the *asto-laster-cac*, or ignominious procession, in which the culprit, as in Eastern lands, rode facing the tail of an ass. The houses of widowers or widows who ventured on a second marriage were visited down to the very night of the wedding (for in Soule no widow could be married during the daytime) by noisy crowds, whose words were neither soft nor courteous. The original motive of these disagreeable attentions may have been to put a check on second nuptials; but the ceremony may now be avoided by the payment of money, and the gift of a barrel of wine will secure impunity for the nuptials of the oldest widow in the community.

Among their historical tragedies are some which, as specimens of oral traditions, are at least as remarkable as their earlier songs, while they certainly exhibit the highest form of Basque poetry. M. Michel may fairly speak of one scene in the tragedy of *Mary of Navarre* as "really sublime." The true Basque spirit is shown in the bearing of the captive King Sancho Abarca, as well as in that of his daughter. "What answer shall I take back to the caliph?" says the slave of Abdalrahman: "am I to tell him that thou spurnest his love? I must fulfill his behest; what shall I say for thee?" "Tell him that I will die—die a thousand times —" "I can never take him such a message as this," is the answer of Osman: "thou knowest not how fearful is his anger." "A creature of dust can make thee tremble," replies the captive maiden, "how much more ought I to fear the King of Angels! I fear not men: but thou mayest fall down before them if it pleases thee." Without exaggerating the merits of Basque poetry, we may say with M. Davoisin, "Si, après quelques siècles, quand ce petit peuple aura perdu, avec sa nationalité phénomenale, la langue qu'il parle aujourd'hui, si, dis-je, on retrouve encore ses pièces dramatiques, on sera tenté de croire qu'elles ne sont pas l'œuvre de pauvres gens qui n'ont eu aucune teinture des lettres: alors encore un rayon de gloire brillera sur eux."

One of these tragedies, on the life and death of Clovis, adheres with very tolerable faithfulness to the history and charac-

ter of the age. At however late a time the play may have been composed or reduced to writing, the materials must, it would seem, have been handed down by word of mouth without substantial change during a period which might fairly excite the wonder of Sir Cornewall Lewis. It is, at the least, strange that a tragedy, professing to relate events of the sixth century, should contain more of real history than a play designed to illustrate the life of the first Napoleon in the nineteenth. Possibly the Basques may have felt a deeper interest in the fortunes of the earlier than those of the later conqueror, and the drama of Napoleon may be the work merely of "some village philosopher who looked contemptuously on popular tales with corporals and quartermasters for their heroes." But the tragedy of Clovis would at once yield in value to the song of the Cantabri, if we could only believe that the latter was composed not long after the victories of Octavianus, of which it professes to speak. But, as M. Michel justly remarks, it is not easy to think that a nation, "which forgets so quickly" has thus retained the memory of a siege which took place nearly two thousand years ago; and the account that the song was found by Juan Ibañez de Ibarguen about the year 1590, on an old worm-eaten piece of parchment, is open to grave suspicion. It presents, in short, "marks of antiquity, which, if they fail to prove that of the poem, create from their mere number a distrust of its authenticity."—p. 231.

The song of Attabiscar is, on every ground, of greater importance. Fully admitting the difficulties connected with oral transmission, and the lateness of the time in which the Basque poems were reduced to writing, M. Michel is still inclined to believe that this song belongs to the age of which it speaks, both from its general character and more particularly because the Frank king mentioned in it is called Carloman. "There is every reason," he remarks, "for concluding that this during his lifetime was the name of Charlemagne, who received the title of Carolus Magnus merely by Latinizing the sound of his real name. This, it is true, has been fully shown by J. Grimm and M. Michelet before the publication of the song: but it is unlikely that their works should have suggested the idea of giving an air of antiquity to this poem by assigning to the great emperor another name than that by

which he is generally known." (P. 235.)* The following version may give some idea of a song which the student of Basque may read in the original language in M. Michel's pages. It is a song of triumph over Roland the Brave who fell in the disastrous fight of Roncesvalles :

"A cry is heard
In the Basque mountains.
Every *etche-co-jauna* [master of a house], standing
before his door,
Listens and cries, Who is there, and what seek
they ?
The hound which was sleeping at his master's
feet,
Rises ; and his deep baying resounds through
Attabiscar.

"There is a noise on the hill of Iba-
neta ;
It echoes, as it draws near, between the rocks.
It is the dull murmur of a coming host.
Our men have answered it on the mountain-
tops,
The warning of their horns has been heard,
And the *etche-co-jauna* sharpens his weapons
for the fight.

"They come, they come! What a hedge of
spears!
Banners of all hues float in the midst,
And a dazzling light flashes from their arms.
How many are they? Comrade, count them
well.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
nine, ten, eleven, twelve,
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen,
eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

"Twenty! aye, and thousands more.
It would be a waste of time to count them.
Let hand join with hand, to uproot the rocks,
And hurl them down from the mountain-sum-
mits
On their heads,
Till they lie crushed and dead.

"What would they with our hills, these men of
the North?
Wherefore have they come to vex our peace?
When God made these mountains, it was that
men should not pass them.

* The argument is, seemingly, of no great force. The mark of Charles the King (signum Caroli regis) is attached to existing charters ; and Charlemagne had a brother named Carloman, who survived his father Pepin three years, and so left an undivided sovereignty to Karl or Charles, afterward called the Great. The Basque poet may possibly have confused the names of the two brothers, although Carloman died seven years before the fight of Roncesvalles ; but if the occurrence of the name Carloman does not tend to establish the authenticity of the poem, it is of little weight against it.

But the rocks fall, and smite down their
hosts.
The blood flows in streams, the mangled
limbs quiver.
Ha! for the crushing of bones! Ha! for the
sea of blood!

"Fly, ye who have strength ; fly, ye who have
horses!
Fly, King Carloman, with thy sable plumes
and scarlet mantle?
Roland the Brave, thy loved nephew, lies
dead ;
Thy bravery hath been of no avail for him.
Now, ye Basques, leave these rocks,
And shoot down your enemies in their flight
with your arrows.

"They fly, they fly! Where is the hedge of
spears?
Where are the banners of all hues that floated
above them?
No dazzling light flashes from their blood-
soiled armor.
How many are they? Comrade, count them
with care.
Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, six-
teen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen,
Twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six,
five, four, three, two, one.

"One! there is not even one remaining.
All is over. *Etche-co-jauna*, thou mayest go
back with thy hound,
Embrace thy wife and thy children,
Furbish thy weapons, hang them up with the
horn, and then lie down to sleep be-
neath them.
The eagles will come in the night to feed on
mangled flesh,
And the bones shall bleach on the ground
for evermore."

With these songs and the tragedies which relate the fortunes of Clovis and Sancho Abarca close, if genuine, the Basque traditions of ancient times. Their other songs belong, by comparison, to the present generation. Some of the most interesting of these, weak and prosaic as they may be, relate to Basque colonization in America—the sequel, if we are to believe Cleirac, of explorations which anticipated those of Columbus and his successors. There are few more conspicuous instances of the folly of trusting oral tradition as a means for establishing the truth of facts. If Basque sailors had for generations fished in American waters, there is a bathos in the idea of Columbus as a discoverer; and the absurdity is heightened by the Basque legend that he was guided by one of their own seamen who knew all about it. But Basque ex-

ploits, like all others, must pay the penalty imposed on defective evidence. In the judgment of some modern writers, the American continent was discovered by Phœnicians;* and the explorations of the Basque fishermen must be classed with those of the Venetian Nicolo Zeno, who saw marvelous things in Estotiland and Drogeo.

The Basque, indeed, have reaped little glory or profit from their settlements in America. The songs, which embody the experience of the colonists, contain, unlike their superstitions, a doctrine, wholesome for these times, and instil a wise suspicion of emigration agents.

"From all quarters and every point" (says the song) "hurry the dupers of men. Little good do they bring, and much cost. Assuredly they would not be ill placed if thrown into a dungeon. . . . Too late I see the truth, too late I mourn my folly. Let all take warning from me, and let no one in his senses think of coming to these countries."

His grief borrows the language of the Hebrew dirge: "If ever I forget my mother, whose tears fall as she thinks that she may never see me more—if I forget my father, my friends, my country, may my tongue remain motionless in my mouth" (p. 348). The same love for their mountains and valleys, the same home-sickness during absence, the same sensibility to tender emotions and the softer sights and sounds of nature, with deep religious and moral convictions and a spirit of manliness equal to every thing but the work of aggression, mark their recent poetry as a whole, and exhibit the mind of a people who, seeing their fate in the future, are determined that the period of their decay shall lack neither dignity nor consolation. The song of the Tree of Guernica, beneath whose ancient branches meet the Guizon-onac, or good men, of the land,† expresses the assurance that the true foundations of a state are laid in righteousness.

"The tree of Guernica is blessed,
And loved by all among the Basque people.
Flourish, and spread thy fruit through all the
world;
We cherish thee, O sacred tree.

* Sir G. C. Lewis, *On the Astronomy of the Ancients*, p. 448.

† Lord Carnarvon, *Portugal and Galicia*, p. 322.

"It is now a thousand years
Since God planted the tree of Guernica.
Remain, then, standing, for if in our day thou
fallest,
Utter ruin is our portion.

"But thou wilt not fall, O loved tree,
If the senate of Biscay bears itself well.
In thee we have a surety
That the Basque people may dwell in peace.

"Mayest thou flourish always!
To beg this gift we fall on our knees in
prayer.
And, when we have sought this with our
whole heart,
The tree shall live now, and in all the time
to come."

In their love-songs, all of which have at least some prettiness, stars, doves, and roses furnish the favorite imagery. They are commonly thrown into the form of dialogues. The lover is ready with his comparisons.

"The morning star rises first on the horizon;
They say that of all stars it is the fairest.
But on the earth I see one fairer still,
Which hath not its equal in the heaven.

"Fair star, thou art full of charms:
I can not live without thy presence.
Open the gate in the name of love,
For thy parents doubtless are asleep."

The maiden answers cautiously:

"In the name of love I will open the door,
Yet I fear that thou mayest deceive me.
Of all who have trusted in young men
I have seen but few who have not been de-
ceived."

The song closes with a protest against so disagreeable an insinuation.

"Why speak to me thus?
Knowest thou not that I am a man of
honor?
Knowest thou not, that I have no will to
hurt thee,
That no thought of trickery has passed across
my mind?"

The Basque humor lies chiefly in quiet innuendo. A poem on a shipwreck, in which the captain and most of the passengers were lost, begins with the complacent declaration, "In the year 1842, on the 16th day of July, I composed these fine new verses, having found the finest possible subject." The poet avers that

some laid the blame of the disaster on the captain. "But I do not know," he carefully adds, "on which side the truth may lie. There is no further remedy, since all have perished. The captain of the ship had been put to severe tests, and he would never have received the appointment if he had not been a fit man; but death was his portion, as it is also ours, and for all who died with him, the hour in which they died was destined to be their last." Indeed he had known the captain, and had not much envied his office. "He was a touter for passengers—a wretched employment, so far as I can judge of it—but, perhaps, like the rest of the passengers, he is now in heaven" (p. 351). The song entitled "L'Eau et le Vin" is a sharp strife of words, in which the water finally conquers by asserting its preëminence as the medium for all sea-traffic, while at the same time it has its place in two sacraments. The wine urges its presence at the sacrifice of the Mass, but is rebuked by the charge,

"Thy sprightliness soon passes away,
Thou leavest no peace in families,
Often thou makest thy favorite prevail in
tavern controversies;
Hence arise quarrels and, frequently, murders."

To this there is no reply, and the water winds up the argument in a way which would have gladdened the heart of Father Matthew. "Men will be better for hating thee, and loving me. Enjoying a tranquil calm, and good health, which is sweeter still, they will have a long life" (p. 359). Another song, which bids all give "honor to the laborer," may be commended to the consideration of the mean-whites in the Confederate States, as laying down the only course by which they may hope always "to have a full pot on the hearth."

The Basque smugglers are a formidable body, their work being carried on in wholesale by associations regularly organized, and in retail by scattered parties of men, women, and even children, on the mountains. Some of their chiefs attain a high reputation for bravery and generalship, and any idea of disgrace attaching to the calling is indignantly repudiated by a logic firmly opposed to all doctrines of protection. "After all, are we not men and Frenchmen, like them? They have fabrics and staples, we have the frontiers. Let each take his profit from what he has"

(p. 119). Their appreciation of the smuggler's life varies naturally with the measure of their success. On the mountains the contrabandist boasts that he could drown his cares in wine, but that of the latter he has plenty, of the former none. In prison he confesses that the occupation is but a doleful one, but that the virtues of his comrades are by no means estimated at their true value. They do no harm to any one, and they deserve to be remembered by all in their devotions. "Mention not our names without a prayer, for no life can be more sad than ours" (p. 363).* Yet a picture far more wretched is disclosed in the life of the Bohemians, or gypsies, who haunt the remotest glens of the Basque mountains. Except at St. Jean de Luz, where some of these outcasts have become fishermen and intermarried with the Basque inhabitants, not much to the improvement of the latter, they lead a life more miserable than that of their kinsfolk in other lands. Hunted down in some cantons like noxious beasts, the remnants of this race, who escaped the wholesale arrest of 1802, live during the winter in trunks of trees or in huts abandoned by shepherds, and in summer under the open sky, feeding on vegetable matter, fresh or decayed, or on the flesh of cattle which have died from poison or by a natural death—in short, on any thing that they can find; and nothing, M. Michel remarks, either disgusts or hurts them. Like the gypsies of England and other countries, they look on baptism as a spell, of which the power is strengthened by repetition. Many of their children are educated in the communal school, but after their first

* Some of the most interesting among the pleasant tales collected in the *Romancero du Pays Basque*, the authorship of which we are tempted to attribute to M. Michel himself, relate the exploits and lives of Basque smugglers and gypsies; but their value is certainly not increased by the free treatment which they have undergone. In the volume on the Basque country (p. 122) Ganis, one of the most noted contrabandists, carries the princess of Beira, the affianced bride of Don Carlos, across the Spanish frontier—the only sufferer being a geologist named Collegno, who was hurried off to prison under the idea that he was the Count of Montemolin, the son of Don Carlos. In the *Romancero* the princess becomes the Queen of Spain, and Ganis is represented as falling in love with her, while he strives to rescue her from the officers on the frontier. Such variations make the narrative a pretty tale, and nothing more, when a different handling might have given it a historical value.

communion they return invariably to the savage life of their fathers. "He who is born in the wood must go back to it;" and some striking legends in the *Roman-cero* illustrate the truth of their favorite proverb. In death these wanderers are as mysterious as in their life they are wretched; their graves are never to be seen, and M. Michel conjectures that, like Attila, they may be buried under the bed of a stream, which for a few hours has been diverted from its course.

The identity of customs and legends in countries utterly cut off from all communication with each other is, perhaps, a greater mystery than any with which the science of language has to deal. The latter admits that tribes and nations may even change their speech from contact with their immediate neighbors: their legends and customs, if they differ from those of the nations round about, they must have brought with them; and if these are found in other lands with which no intercourse has been possible during historical ages, we are confronted with a problem which we can not thrust aside, but on which it would be rash to pronounce judgment without the most ample evidence. Of all customs, few are more singular and apparently more unintelligible than the Basque practice of the

Couvade (or hatching) at child-birth. "En Biscaye, dans des vallées, dont la population rappelle, par ses usages, l'enfance de la société, les femmes se lèvent immédiatement après leurs couches et vaquent aux soins de ménage, pendant que leur mari se met au lit, prend la tendre créature avec lui, et reçoit ainsi les compliments des voisins" (p. 201). Yet this custom (without laying stress on the statement of Marco Polo that he found it in Tartary) existed in Béarn and still exists among certain African and American tribes. As M. Michel remarks, nothing is gained by referring the practice to the Basque legend of Aitor; but his own conclusion, that in this custom we have an "expression of the barbarism, in which man the warrior is every thing and the woman nothing," scarcely amounts to an explanation. M. Michel cites Diodorus, who speaks of the practice as existing down to his own day in Corsica: but the whole stress of his account is laid on the fact that the man feigns to be sick—a pretence scarcely consistent with the boasted strength of the warrior. The coexistence of such practices in the most distant parts of the world points the way to inquiries which may lead us to some strange conclusions; but the path is one which must be trodden with the utmost wariness.

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE LAST NEW EMPIRE.

THE treaty has just been signed in Paris by which the last difficulties were removed that opposed the establishment of a Mexican imperial throne for the Archduke Maximilian. This prince, who is just two-and-thirty years of age, has consequently resigned the delicious solitudes of his castle of Miramar, in order to wear in the land of the Aztecs a crown which foreign arms have gained for him. It is a strange game thus played by destiny! The French family of the Bourbons lost the kingdom which the Hapsburg Charles V. founded, and the French family of the

Bonapartes regains this same kingdom for the Hapsburg Maximilian. He is the first emperor since Montezuma, who takes up his residence in this country, or the second we might say, if we counted Iturbide, that emperor of a single day.

Historical reminiscences will not attract the sympathies of any Mexican to his new ruler. The creole of Mexico has no feeling for the romance that floats round old ruins and old names. He allows the monuments of his country to dissolve into dust, and detests the glorious conquistadors. But the new emperor will

find a more powerful support than any romantic associations could afford him in the longing for rest, which is equally felt by all classes. At last the Mexican desires for once to throw off the Nessus garment of revolution; once in a way to cease hearing the "gritos," which rang in his ears nearly every day in the year, and which regularly presented themselves as appeals for liberty, but so disgraced that name that every honest friend of his country had grown to detest the sinister sound.

To afford protection to life, property, and industry, is a task whose success will secure firmness for the young throne. The French have been working after their fashion summarily and energetically. They have hanged or shot the robbers who wished to carry on business under a political mask. With the greatest impartiality they have behaved with as little ceremony to the bandits who joined them as allies, as to those who hoisted Juarez's flag. Although every thing has not been carried out, a good deal has been done. The excellent police of the French has acquired them sympathies, on which they could not calculate as foreign conquerors. Only for this reason has the expedition to Mexico—which all the world condemned as adventurous—proved a success. With this experience before him, the Emperor Maximilian can not be in doubt as to what he has to do. He retains a foreign legion as the prototype of a national army, and has a well-filled treasury. When the latter is empty, the unbounded resources of the country must be so opened up, in peace and order, as to keep them regularly flowing. This is the more necessary, because the money which the emperor takes with him is borrowed. Material interests are, consequently, the field on which the new government has to plow and sow.

The country is admirably adapted for this by nature. Mexico lies between two oceans, and is one enormous plateau, with narrow strips of seaboard on either side. If we compare this table-land with the nearest South American one, we learn to value its advantages. The former republic of Columbia, now divided into three states, has the character of a territory situated between the tropics, and descending in terraces to two seas. The elevation of the Columbian table-land, however, is much greater than that of the Mexican, and, in fact, too great. The

town of Santa Fé de Bogota, is situated 7800 feet above the sea, and the great plain of Antisana 12,300 feet. Even at an elevation like that of Santa Fé, the atmosphere becomes so cold and thin as to prevent the growth of plants, and consequently the fertility of the soil. The elevation of the Mexican plateau varies between 3000 and 6800 feet, and the latter elevation allows of the most profitable cultivation—for instance, that of the agave. A second advantage in Mexico is the facility of communication in the lofty interior. The South American plateaux are intersected by ravines, and resemble chess-boards, between whose squares deep abysses yawn. The existence of the latter admits of no transport of goods, except on horses, or the backs of Indians, who live by acting as beasts of burden. In Mexico, on the other hand, where there is certainly a deficiency of roads, carts can travel by a grand natural road from Mexico to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, or a distance of nearly two thousand miles. Lastly, the volcanic activity is less than in South America. None of the Mexican cities have as yet suffered from the fearful earthquakes by which Guatemala, Lima, Caracas, and other towns are at times visited. Under some—for instance, Mexico itself—the earth trembles now and then, but not so violently as to alarm the inhabitants. Houses are built several stories in height, and it is only found necessary to have a solid foundation, and avoid elegant outlines. The beautiful building of the Minería, in Mexico, which it was attempted to render elegant by light pillars, soon threatened to fall in.

The greatest defect of the country, is its want of water. Rivers, which in the rainy season resemble torrents, are dry in the drought. The Rio Bravo del Norte, which formerly flowed through the center of Mexico, is now a frontier stream against the United States. The Guasacualco, in the south, is a navigable river, whose embouchure might be converted into a fine port, but it is of no advantage to the populated provinces. The sole favorable exception is found in the Rio Santiago, which runs out in the vicinity of San Blas, which passes cities, and waters large cultivated districts. Fortunately, for four months in the year it rains abundantly every afternoon, so that not only are the fields watered, but the nat-

ural and artificial reservoirs are filled. Streams and springs, however, are scarce on the plateau, as the rain-water generally sinks into the ground through imperceptible crevices. Among the lakes, that of Chapala is the most important, and is twice as large as the lake of Constanx. It is situated at the most populous part of the plateau, not far from the important city of Guadalajara. The five lakes in the vicinity of Mexico, occupy a space of one hundred and ten thousand acres. In the majority, the water is so impregnated with sulphate of soda, that it can not be drank, or even employed for irrigation. In the valley of Mexico, and in a portion of the plains round Puebla, the same salt effloresces on the surface, and through its white color is visible for a long distance.

The creole calls the three zones of climate into which the varying elevation of the soil divides his country, very correctly, the *tierra caliente*, *templada*, and *fria*, or the hot, temperate, and cool land. The hot zone comprises the seaboard, and goes up the mountains to a certain height. The vegetable kingdom develops here a luxurious wealth, under the influence of heat and moisture. Every thing grows more richly on the eastern slope, because the trade-winds prevail, and bring with them all the moisture they have collected in their long journey over the surface of the ocean. In this zone, what are called the tropical productions, are cultivated. Unfortunately, this zone has two scourges: the fellow fever—which rages principally in the vicinity of the Atlantic ports, being favored by extensive swamps, which science, however, could easily drain—and myriads of troublesome or poisonous insects, which are a torture to man. Half-way up the table-land, and above this coast range, is the temperate zone, in which the thermometer varies but slightly through the year, and an eternal spring prevails. This delicious region is the finest at Xalapa, and in the neighborhood of the town of Chimpalcingo, where the first congress assembled during the War of Independence. Here none of the plagues of the hot zone are known, and the pure air of the plateau is inhaled without being exposed to the sudden changes of temperature and the sharp winds, which are dangerous to people with weak chests. The temperate zone is a terrestrial paradise, so long as there is sufficient

water, as is the case at Xalapa, and other spots, where the eternal ice of such mountains as the Peak of Orizaba, the Cofre de Perote, etc., feed the springs throughout the year.

Above the temperate zone lies the cool one, the most extensive of the three. It derived its name from the first settlers, men from Andalusia, who were reminded by it of the rather rough climate of Castile. An Englishman who settled there would be enchanted by the mild climate. In the capital, and on a great portion of the plateau, the annual average is seventeen degrees C., or a little less than Naples and Sicily, and precisely the same as the average temperature of the three summer months in Paris. The variations between the warmth of the seasons are much slighter than in the most favored European countries. In the season which may be called winter, the quicksilver does not fall below fourteen degrees, and in the greatest heat it does not rise above twenty-six degrees.

Owing to the terrace formation of the soil and the varieties of temperature produced by it, Mexico combines the most heterogeneous productions, not alone in its different provinces, but in the neighborhood of the same town. Four valleys at different elevations lie around Mexico. In that of Istla the sugar-cane is cultivated, in that of Actopan cotton, in that of Tenochtitlan corn, in that of Toluca the agave, or Mexican aloe, the vine of the ancient Aztecs, whose fermented juice is still preferred by the Indians to all other beverages. If Mexico possessed railways, only so many as are found in the smallest States of the Union, it would be possible to see within a few hours the most varied climatic phenomena. On a route no longer than from London to Brighton, the traveler would pass from corn to sugar-cane, from the poplar and ash to the palm-tree, from the giant cypress to the numerous trees with evergreen leaves, which are peculiar to the hottest countries in the world. In riding from Mexico to Cuernavaca, a distance of forty miles, the route would commence with a vegetation resembling that of Paris, and terminate with plants that flourish in Cuba or Domingo. Even at present a journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz is a source of extraordinary pleasure. The road runs first through pine forests, which look to the traveler like Europe, through olive gardens, vineyards, corn and

maize fields, alternating, however, with patches on which cactuses flourish and agaves are tended. Further on are some orange-trees, planted by the Spaniards, and whose fruit forms mounds in the market-place of the capital: cotton bushes, which are indigenous, and of whose pods the Indians wove their clothes, and even made breastplates through which no arrow passed; the cactus on which the cochineal insect lives, bananas, coffee-trees, sugar-cane, and indigo, which have all been imported, and flourish magnificently; lianas which supply vanilla, cocoa-trees from whose nuts the finest chocolate in the world is prepared, and, lastly, a great number of trees with sweet and fragrant fruits.

If the surface of the ground so amply repays human industry, its interior is no less rich. Up to 1848 Mexico, among all the countries of the world, produced the largest amount of the precious metals, but since then it has been surpassed by California and Australia, where silver is found in addition to gold. Still, it is the fault of man and not of nature that Mexico has lost its former rank. Permanent disturbances and revolutions injure no trade more than that which is connected with the finding of the precious metals, for it is most profitable to tax and plunder it.

Immediately after the discovery, the Mexican mines did not enjoy the reputation of the Peruvian. In Peru, a few years after the bold enterprise of Almagro and Pizarro, a silver vein was discovered, whose wealth had become proverbial. The wonderful mine, whose name of Hatun Potocchi the Spaniards converted into Potosi, has supplied silver of a value exceeding one hundred and fifty millions. Under Montezuma and his predecessors the Aztecs certainly worked a few silver veins, but only those in which pure silver was met with. Cortez found among them more gold than silver, because the former metal is found in a solid state, while silver forms so intimate a connection with sulphur, antimony, and arsenic, that it requires the practiced eye of a metallurgist to detect it.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the production of the Mexican gold and silver mines did not amount to more than one million of our money. Fifty years later it had risen to nearly three millions, and in the first years of our cen-

tury it exceeded five millions, of which nine tenths were silver. This amount has been once more nearly reached, after the prevailing disorders had impeded mining operations for a long time.

The number of silver veins in Mexico is extraordinary, the majority being found on the western slope. The entire side of the cordillera which slopes down to the Gulf of California consists of stone, through which silver is spread. Large quartz strata rise above the surface, and in these silver is obtained. The veins are less rich than extensive. The Beta Madre near Guanaxuato, is, on the average, five-and-twenty feet thick, at some places one hundred and fifty, and it runs for a distance of ten miles. But here not more than from four to six pounds of silver are obtained from two thousand pounds of ore. Still, the mass of ore is so enormous, that a very fair profit is derived from the operation.

As regards position, the Mexican mines are far superior to the Peruvian. The latter are surrounded by ice. A height of twelve thousand feet above sea is considered a trifle in that country, and at Potosi the works are at an elevation equal to the peak of Mont Blanc. Every thing around is mournfully desolate, and great expense and fatigue are connected with the transport. The Mexican mines rarely lie higher than six thousand feet. Those of Valenciana and Rayas, in the vicinity of Guanaxuato, have an exquisite climate, and border a country where every thing is produced for the nourishment of the miners and the very numerous mules employed in transport.

A Mexican miner, Bartholomeo Medina, who is still awaiting his monument, invented, in 1557, the method, which is employed up to the present day, of separating silver. It is what is called cold amalgamation, based on the employment of quicksilver and other less expensive stuffs. As the metal can thus be procured from poor veins without smelting, this process is a perfect blessing for regions poor in wood. It admits, at the same time, of silver works on a large scale, in which, however, a great deal of quicksilver is consumed. One pound of quicksilver is expended in obtaining two pounds of silver. Hence it results that plenty of cheap quicksilver is a condition for working a mine to a profit. In the Spanish age the Mexican mine-owners

continually urged the government of Madrid to supply them with quicksilver at a moderate price. Spain derived the most of that metal from the Almaden mines, and large masses were annually exported to Mexico. In 1777 so much was effected by the continued petitioning, that quicksilver was sold at two shillings a pound. When Spain, after the Mexican declaration of independence, let the Almaden mine, a pound of quicksilver cost in Mexico from five shillings to six shillings, according to the situation of the silver mine. Under these circumstances, the discovery of rich quicksilver mines in California was greeted with the liveliest joy by the Mexicans. These mines of New Almaden are situated in one of the finest and most fertile valleys, no great distance from San Francisco, and are worked with North American energy. They already yield more quicksilver than all the European mines together, and their owners declare that they can supply as much quicksilver as may be ordered. It is hoped that the price of a pound of quicksilver will soon be reduced to fourteen pence in San Francisco, and nothing more is required to give a mighty impulse to the Mexican silver works.

At the beginning of the present century the great Humboldt wrote: "In the Andes chain there is so much silver that, on thinking of the number of veins which have not been touched as yet, one inclines to the belief that the Europeans have as yet scarce enjoyed the inexhaustible source of wealth which the New World contains. Europe would be flooded with silver if all the resources of the mining art were employed in working simultaneously the mines of Bolanos, Batopilas, Sombretete, Rosario, Pachuca, Moran, Zultepec, Chihuahua, and many others which formerly had a well-merited reputation." Another well-informed observer, Dupont, who traveled forty years after, says: "The veins which have been in work for the last three centuries are as nothing when compared with those still left to work. Sooner or later the time will come when the production of silver will know no other bounds but those entailed by the sinking value of the metal."

The most gold is found in Sonora. The North Americans are aware of this fact, and on several occasions filibusters from California (Walker, Count Raousset Boulbon, etc.) have undertaken unsuccessful

expeditions into that province. In 1862 the Federal government was tempted to buy this region for eleven millions of dollars, and the bargain was not carried out solely through the unfavorable state of the times. Corwin, the American ambassador in Mexico, had already arranged that Mexico should pledge to the Union, in return for this sum, the still unsold estates of the clergy, and all lands belonging to the republic not yet disposed of. This universal mortgage was to be employed in getting hold of Sonora. As regards gold, this province is a continuation of California.

To all these natural advantages must be added that of geographical position. Mexico is situated between Europe and Asia, and can attract a considerable share of the ever-increasing intercourse between the two hemispheres. Chemin Dupontes, one of the first French statisticians, asserts that the imports and exports of Europe with the lands on the great ocean amounted at the beginning of this century to four hundred and ten million francs, but in 1860 to two thousand five hundred millions. The trade of France with these Asiatic regions has risen from fifty to ninety-two; that of the United States from fifty-nine to two hundred and thirty-nine; that of England from a hundred and ninety-five millions to one thousand nine hundred and sixty millions of francs. In Mexico the two oceans come very near each other. On the Isthmus of Tehuantepec the breadth of the continent is only one hundred and sixty miles. From Vera Cruz, *via* Mexico, to Acapulco is only about the same distance as from Paris to Bordeaux. Further north, toward Durango, the distance increases to seven hundred and fifty miles. Of all the inter-oceanic points of junction which are under consideration, that of Tehuantepec is most northern, and consequently the best adapted for the United States and Europe. A railway could be made here without any excessive difficulty. As the Guazacoalco, as soon as its bar has been reduced, can be navigated by all vessels, the twenty-five miles from the mouth to Minatitlan will be saved. In 1842 the concession for a railway was granted by the President, Santa Anna, to Don Jose Garay. The faithlessness of the Mexican government, as the Americans say, or the jealousy between the traders of New-York and New-Orleans, as the Mexicans declare,

caused the failure of a plan whose originators were North Americans. Careful measurements and calculations have been made, however, and it is hence known that the greatest elevation to be surmounted (on the plateau of Tarifa) is six hundred feet, and the entire expense of the line will not greatly exceed eight and a half million dollars. The North Americans have made a road from sea to sea, for they still hoped that Mexico would

accept their offer of fifteen million dollars for the sovereignty of the isthmus.

We wished to prove what an enormous field lay open for the energy of the new emperor. Whether he will find in Mexico the men who will follow his appeal to useful and pacific action, we do not purpose to examine. The past offers no hopes, but it might happen that Mexico, like its Spanish mother country, wearied of civil wars, may accept a regular government.

From the National Review.

THE RACES OF THE OLD WORLD.

[Continued from page 193.]

THE Indo-European family of nations, although far more widely dispersed than any of the other sections of mankind, presents little difficulty to the ethnographer who forms his conclusions from philology. All the nations which compose it are now highly civilized; and in the Old World at least each of them exhibits a distinct unity. The family extends from India through Persia into Europe; and prior to the dislocation produced by the irruption of the Turks southward into Asia Minor and Turkey, it formed a zone of population separating the Mongolian race in the north from the Semitic and Hamitic races to the south. In the earliest times of which we have cognizance, the greater part of Asia Minor, if not the whole of it, had an Aryan or Indo-European population, of which the Pelasgic and Hellenic tribes were an offshoot. None of the other families of mankind present such wide diversities as the Indo-Europeans; and this despite of the fact that they are called civilized, and do not present the antagonisms arising from settled and savage life. All the existing religions of the world—Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity (the Confucianism of China, be it noted is not a religion)—are, or have been, represented by one or other of its nations. And in language the diversity is equally remarkable. The Indo-European race is in the Old World not so numerous as the Mon-

golian—the latter, exclusive of the Turkish nations, being upward of four hundred millions in number, and the former about three hundred and fifty millions.* But whereas the Mongolians (with the exception of the barbarous tribes) have massed themselves together in one great civilized state, the picture of unity, the Indo-Europeans are scattered over the earth, in comparatively small communities, each with a distinct language, government, and sometimes a religion and entire civilization, of its own.

Europe, unquestionably, of all the continents is the one whose physical configuration and climatic conditions most tend to produce activity and variety in its population. Far inferior to Asia in extent, and traversed by no such immense and impassable mountain-chains, Europe has no room for nations to grow up utterly apart from one another, as the Chinese and Hindoos have done in the East. It can not exhibit such strong contrasts as we find in Asia; but it presents far more of them in proportion to its size and population. The immense region of monotonous plains and steppes which extends across Asia, from the Ural Mountains to the North Pacific, and which, with its intersecting mountain-chains, constitutes the whole interior of

* The Semitic race probably never numbered more than twenty millions, and the Hamitic about half that number.

the continent, projects also into Europe, forming a triangular space extending from the Black and White Seas up into the center of Europe at Berlin. But this region of monotony, which is seen to be overpowering in Asia, in Europe only serves to balance, and harmoniously supplement, the more extensive maritime region, which is marked by infinite variety. With the exception of the great Sarmatian plain and the eastern steppes of Russia, Europe is broken up into a number of small countries, each the seat of a separate State. Its mountain-chains, at the same time, while sufficiently grand to form natural boundaries to most of the states, are none of them so lofty as to be impassable, and present no serious obstruction to the intercommunication of the nations. The nations of Europe accordingly have grown up side by side, in long-continued conflict of arms and interchange of ideas, each benefiting by the discoveries and profiting by the experience of the others: the result being a ceaseless process of interaction and improvement, while each of the states preserves its own individuality. Nor must we overlook the influence exerted upon the ideas and habits of the population by the peculiar bay-intended configuration of Europe—a hymen of land and sea—presenting every where to the peoples the grand spectacle and mystery of the ocean, and inciting them to enter upon a double career. No spot in Europe west of Moscow is more than five hundred miles distant from the sea; while the heart of Asia is four times as distant from the surrounding seas, and an enormous belt of mountains separates the maritime countries from the interior. The mere spectacle of the ocean acts on man like the presence of a new world—it gives rise to new thoughts, new feelings, new aspirations; while it opens to mankind a new career, an additional sphere of activity, another means of exploration and intercommunication. These advantages have been possessed by the nations of Europe to a much greater extent than by the population of any other quarter of the globe. Nearly all Europe, too, has a temperate climate, and is reached by the sea winds, carrying a sufficiency of moisture to all parts of the continent; whereas the freshening and fertilizing air-currents from the sea reach only a comparatively small portion of Asia, and large areas of that continent, like the desert of Colis, are so

shut in from the rain-bearing winds by high mountain-chains, that they are condemned to perpetual aridity and sterility. It is also to be observed that the zone of moderate temperature (that is, of from forty to fifty degrees of mean annual temperature), is a very broad one in western Europe, extending from Drontheim in Norway to the south of Spain and Italy, whereas it contracts to only a fourth of that breadth as it passes through the center of Asia. Indeed, even when the average temperature of a district of Asia indicates a moderate climate (as in North China), the actual climate is different, being very hot in summer and very cold in winter; whereas Europe, owing to the intermingling of land and sea, has an insular climate, with a comparatively steady temperature throughout the year—a mild winter and a cool summer. In this respect also the race which has peopled Europe has had a great advantage over the other races, or branches of its own stock, which settled in Asia, and which became subjected to a climate which is either tropical (as in India and Southern China) or characterized by injurious extremes.

The origin of the various peoples of Europe has been discussed by many writers, and very elaborately by Dr. Latham in his recent work on the subject. But a large portion of the field of inquiry is still involved in obscurity. We know that the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic nationalities, who now constitute nearly the whole population of Europe, were not the first occupants of our continent. We know that they were preceded by an earlier wave, or more probably by several waves of population, which ethnologists term Finnic and Iberian—some authorities regarding these as belonging to one stock, others to two different families of mankind. We are disposed to regard the Fins and Iberians as distinct races; and it is not improbable also that other nationalities, cotemporaneous with these, disappeared altogether under the irruptions of the Celts, Teutons, and Slavonians. Anyhow, it is proved that these latter races were preceded by another population, and it is reasonable to suppose that that earlier population was not the same as that which occupied our continent in the extremely remote period to which belong the human remains found in "the drift."

At the time when the light of history begins to dawn on central and western Europe, we find the Celtic peoples located in the most westerly region of the continent—in the British Isles, Belgium, and France, in northern Italy, and partly in Spain, in which latter country they intermingled with the Iberians. We know also that the Slavonians in early times extended much further to the west than they do now, occupying, in fact, the greater part of what is now the German Fatherland. Judging by the names of places, and some other indirect means of proof, the Slavonians at one time occupied central Europe as far westward as the longitude of Hamburg, and did not then spread as far to the northeast as they do now. But it is in regard to the Teutonic tribes that the greatest difficulty arises. We think it is doubtful whether the Teutons originally existed at all as an intermediate population between the Slavonians and Celts. There was little room for them to do so; and moreover we know that so late as the fourth century after Christ, the Goths, Longobards, and some other Teutonic peoples, were still advancing westward through eastern Europe. There is therefore some ground for believing that the Teutonic peoples did not arrive in Europe until after the Slavonians were settled there; and that they clove their way through the sparse Slavonic population, or probably simply passed over it, to the region lying between the upper Danube and Jutland, crossing over also into the southern half of the Scandinavian peninsula. The Slavonians, when driven eastward by the gradual encroachments of the Teutons, encroached in turn upon the Finnish and semi-Asiatic tribes then occupying a large area of north-eastern Russia, and who have left traces of their blood in the present population of part of that region.

Within the historic period the Teutons have certainly been the most aggressive and successful of the three leading races of Europe. Dr. Latham observes, that the Slavonians in early times were a highly aggressive and enterprising race. Unquestionably the bold and successful Vandals were Slavonians, and probably Slavonian tribes formed part of many of the hordes who assailed the western Roman empire. Nevertheless, in the main, the Slavonians have shown themselves a peaceful race, inclined to agricultural pur-

suits, and more remarkable for the tenacity with which they hold their ground, even when submerged by the waves of conquest, than a spirit of enterprise and aggression. Mr. Brace eulogizes them as the only European race among whom slavery was unknown: but the truth is, in ancient times the settled Slavonians appear always as a conquered, not a conquering race, and therefore had little opportunity for enslaving others. Of the restlessness, enterprise, and military spirit of the Celts in early times, we have abundant evidence. In the fourth century before Christ (390 B.C.) they invaded southern Italy, and sacked Rome; in the following century (279 B.C.) they made an irruption into Greece, and plundered Delphi; thereafter crossing into Asia Minor, where they settled under the name of Galatians. But after the subjugation of Gaul by Cæsar, we never hear of the race save as standing on the defensive; indeed we almost lose sight of it for centuries, under the successive supremacy of the Romans and the Teutonic tribes; until, under the foreign dynasty of Charlemagne, France began to be a kingdom and the French a nation. The Teutons first appear in history about a century before Christ (102 B.C.) in their formidable irruption into the Roman empire, which was at length repulsed by Marius. At the same time they took possession of Belgium, and began to press upon the Gauls in the valley of the Rhine; and in the succeeding centuries, although opposed by the whole power of the Roman empire, they appeared as conquerors alike in Greece and Italy, and founded kingdoms alike in Spain and France. In the east they crossed the Black Sea and made descents upon Asia Minor; in the west they invaded and became the dominant power in England. They became the ruling race in France, where they established kingdoms, and left a Teutonic dynasty and nobility which endured till the close of last century. The worst blows they ever received were from a monarch of their own race, Charlemagne, who found in the Saxons his most obstinate and redoubtable antagonists. Slowly also, partly by arms and partly by colonization, they gained ground upon the Slavonians, driving them eastward; and the various districts of Germany which still bear the name of Mark (that is, march or borderland) show the successive stages of their advance to

the eastern limits of their present territory. Even in the nineteenth century we see this process of Teutonic encroachment and absorption going on. One half of the population of the originally Slavonian province of Posen is now Teutonic; and in Hungary, Transylvania, and the valley of the Lower Danube is sprinkled a German population which is steadily gaining ground.

In many cases it is difficult to determine the nationality of the rude hordes of central Europe mentioned by the classic writers. Frequently these invading hordes were composed, not of one, but of several nationalities. The Cymbri, who must have been in the main a Celtic people, are found coöperating with the Teutons; and, in the armies of Attila, Teutons and Vandals are found in alliance with Huns and Alans and other Asiatic peoples. In some cases, different nationalities acted together voluntarily, impelled by a common necessity; or animated by a similar spirit of adventure and thirst for plunder. At other times the rise of a great leader attracted other peoples to join his standard; or a warlike nation, after vanquishing the population which lay in its path, drew them after it in its career of conquest. From the latter half of the fourth century after Christ, which witnessed the irruption of the savage Huns into Europe, until the closing years of the ninth century, which beheld a similar irruption of the Hungarians, central Europe presents a picture of almost inextricable confusion. The valley of the Danube was the great natural highway which the intruding peoples followed in their advance. The Goths—who are said to have emigrated from Scandinavia, and who, passing through western Russia, settled in the Ukraine, and on the northern shores of the Black Sea—formed the first flood of invasion, which, after the Christian era, poured up the Danubian valley. But it was the arrival of the Huns, more than a century afterward (376 A.D.), which commenced the period of general commotion and confusion. Having conquered the Alans, then settled on the plains to the west of the Caspian, between the Volga and the Caucasus, and incorporating them with their host, the Huns burst upon the kingdom of the Goths, conquering one portion of them, and driving another portion across the Danube, to find refuge within the Roman

dominions. Seventy years afterward, under Attila, the power of the Huns attained a memorable expansion, and the terror of their arms was spread all over Europe, from the Euxine to the Bay of Biscay. It is this period which is represented in the first plate of Dr. Karl von Spruner's *Historico-Geographical Atlas*, and in it we see one nationality heaped upon another, or scattered into many parts, in extraordinary confusion. The kingdom of Attila extends from the Euxine to the Rhine: and within it the Gothic tribes spread over southern Russia, from the Oder to the Crimea, with another portion occupying the southern bank of the Danube, from Buda to the sea. Between those branches of the Gothic race—in Upper Hungary and Transylvania—lie the Lepidæ, destined to disappear in another century, under the attacks of the Longobards and Avars. In Gallicia lie the Longobards and a portion of the Heruli; and the Wends and Vandals are in modern Prussia. The Saxons, Franks, Thuringians, Alemanni, and Burgundians form a wedge of Teutonic population extending from Jutland to Marseilles. Italy, ruled by Odoacer, and his barbarian army, will, in a few years' time, come under the dominion of Theodoric and his Ostrogoths; Spain and southern France are already under the kings of the Visigoths; and northern Africa is in the possession of Genseric and the Vandals. Meanwhile, approaching, or settled near the eastern frontiers of Europe, are seen the Avars, Bulgarians, Hungarians, and Magyars, who in due time will cause fresh commotion, and add new elements of confusion to the population of our continent. Of these, the Avars, fleeing before the rising power of the Turks in central Asia, first entered Europe (A.D. 560), subjecting the Bulgarians in their way, and, passing up the Danubian valley, established the center of their power in Hungary. A century afterward (A.D. 670), the Bulgarians, followed by several Slavonic tribes, Servians, Bosnians, and Croatians, crossed the Danube, and founded their kingdom between that river and the Balkan. Two centuries more elapsed before the Hungarians made their terrible irruption (A.D. 890), pouring up the valley of the Danube, invading France and Italy, overthrowing the Bulgarians, and carrying their arms up to the gates of Constantinople. The Mongols came next;

and while one grandson of the great Zingis (Kublai) completed the conquest of China and threatened Japan, and another (Holagon) overran Persia, Mesopotamia, and Asia Minor, a third (Batou) invaded Europe (A.D. 1235), conquered Russia, penetrated through Poland into Silesia, and thereafter devastated Hungary and all the countries in the valley of the Danube. Although the dynasty of Zingis Khan was Mongolian, the greater part of the immense armies who followed his standard consisted of Turkish and other tribes; and no sooner did the empire of the Mongols decline than the Ottoman Turks began to rise to power. They first entered Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century, as allies of the Greek emperor, and transported in his ships; in a few years afterward Adrianople became the seat of their government; and at length, in 1453, the capture of Constantinople consolidated the empire of the Turks, and introduced one alien element more into the population of Europe.

These successive irruptions and comminglings of peoples constitute a sore puzzle for ethnologists. They affected the population of every country in Europe, and in many cases must have left substantial consequences of their operation. The Teutonic race in Germany and Scandinavia has doubtless preserved its purity better than any other. The Celtic population of France has been largely intermingled with Teutonic blood—first, by the establishment of the Visigothic kingdom in southern France, and still more by the subsequent irruption of the Frankish tribes, who became the ruling power and upper class in the whole country. The great Slavonian race appears to have been similarly affected by the intrusion of foreign elements, and the only representatives which it has in the courts of Europe are the Princes of Servia, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. Rurik and his companions, who laid the foundations of the Russian empire, and who, as dukes, grand dukes, and territorial magnates, became the ruling class of the country, are said to have been Norman Teutons, who come from Sweden. Dr. Latham, indeed, suggests that Rurik may not have come from Sweden, and also, that as the eastern part of Sweden may have been originally inhabited by Slavonians, Rurik may not have been of Teutonic extraction, but a kinsman of the race over which he and

his companions established their rule. This, however, is a mere conjecture, which Dr. Latham does not offer to support by any evidence. And if it be true that the Goths who established themselves in southeastern Russia soon after the Christian era came from Scandinavia, the minor migration of Rurik and his companions may easily be credited. But did the Goths come from the Scandinavian peninsula? That Teutonic tribes inhabited Scandinavia (in juxtaposition to ruder Finnic tribes) at the earliest epoch of which we have any record, is indisputable; but it may be questioned whether the Goths in southeastern Russia were an offshoot of that stock. Dr. Latham is disposed to derive the name *Russi* from the Roxolani, a people mentioned by Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus as inhabiting a district adjoining the banks of the Volga; and it is possible that these Roxolans were Teutons, and that the Goths who established the kingdom of Hermanric in the Ukraine and adjoining provinces were their descendants. In this case we should regard the Scandinavian Goths as an offshoot from this stock, instead of the Goths of Hermanric being an offshoot from Scandinavia. If this hypothesis can be established, it will render more simple and intelligible the early movements of Teutonic population. We can easily conceive the Gothic tribes passing from the Ukraine, over the low-lying plains to the north of the Carpathians, to the shores of the Baltic, and settling in Jutland, the Scandinavian peninsula, and northern Germany, where we find them at the opening of the historic period. We observe too, in corroboration of this hypothesis, that Dr. Spruner, in his Atlas represents Kiev as "Asgard," the original seat of Odin and his comrades, the leaders of the Teutonic migration into Scandinavia. We can not attach much importance to Dr. Latham's conjecture that the name *Russi* was a later form of the word *Roxolani*. Luitprand, in the ninth century, states that the Greeks called these men from the north *Russi* from their physical appearance—a more probable derivation; and it is also probable that the name was not a native one, but adopted by the people in consequence of their being so called by other nations. The Swedes are still called *Russ* by the Esthonians; and Dr. Latham points out that the *Russian* names of the cataracts of the Dneiper, preserved by a

Byzantine writer, are unquestionably German, and especially Swedish. As the same Byzantine writer also gives the names of the same places in Slavonian, it is obvious that two distinct nationalities were then settled in southeastern Russia. The valley of the Dniester was so German that it was called *Vallio Grutingorum*. On the whole, there is good reason to believe that the Teutonic settlement, which developed itself into the empire of Hermanric, preceded the Slavonian settlements in southeastern Russia. King Hermanric was killed by a chief of the old Roxolani, and it is not improbable that the Goths and Roxolans were not only neighbors, but also of the same race. If the preceding conjectures as to the original seat of the Gothic tribes can be established, we repeat, it will clear up a very vague chapter of early history; and it will also tend to show that the Teutonic tribes made their way through central Europe over a previously settled Slavonian population, whom they by-and-by drove eastward, and who ultimately supplanted them (obliterating almost all traces of their existence) in their original settlements in southeastern Russia. But whatever views be held on these points, it is at least indisputable that the *Russi* of Byzantine writers were descendants of the Goths of Hermanric, who submitted to the Huns rather than leave their native seats; and the existence of this Teutonic element can hardly be unconnected with the establishment of Rurik as ruler of the Slavonians at Novogorod. "When Moscow was an Ugrian village," says Dr. Latham, "Kiev and Novogorod were famous cities;" and both at Kiev and Novogorod the ruling class was then *Russ*—that is, Teutonic, not Slavonian.*

The Slavonians are manifestly late-comers in eastern and northern Russia. In the fourth century the Finnic or Ugrian population appears to have occupied the northern half of the present territory of Russia, as far south as Smolensko and the River Dwina; a Tartar population

occupied the plains of the Lower Volga, between the Ural mountains and the Caspian; and in the southeast the Goths held the Ukraine and the region between the Lower Dnieper and the Don. On this account, and owing also to the subsequent irruptions of Asiatic tribes into eastern Russia, it appears to us almost indisputable that the Slavonian race will now be found in greatest purity in what is the central portion of its present dominions—equi-distant from the intermingling wave of German aggression on the west, and from the alien nationalities which the Slavonians absorbed on the east. This brings us to Lithuania; and on the Slavonians of this province Dr. Latham makes some curious and interesting remarks. He says:

"With the single exception of the Esthonians,* the Lithuanians are the most pagan of all the nations of civilized Europe: in other words, their superstitions are not only the most numerous, but they are the most redolent of heathendom. Of the thousand and one songs which illustrate the simple modes of thought of the flax-dressers and foresters of their rude regions, scarcely one is founded upon either a saintly legend or a Christian sentiment. The Virgin is nowhere; the miracle is nowhere; the saint nowhere. There are holy wells and mysterious groves; but the tales connected with them are not of a holy character. There is superstition, and there is religion; but it is the superstition which in Italy would invoke Neptune in a storm, and the religion which sees in the Sun and Morning Star a God of Light and a Messenger of the Dawn, rather than mere heavenly bodies.

"As little do the ballads savor of heroes, warriors, and robbers. For all that they tell us, there is no heroic, no predatory age in Lithuania. Of border-feuds, and of bold moss-troopers, there is scarcely a word; and scarcely a word about any ancient king or captain. Of the songs that show even the soldier sentiment, there are but few, and the antiquity of these is but low; they date back to the times of Frederick the Great, or of Charles XII. at most. In this the Lithuanian songs stand in strong contrast to those of the Servians, the Spaniards,

* Although Dr. Latham does not give his views on this portion of history in a settled form, we consider the suggestions which he makes and the difficulties which he starts very valuable. The view which we offer in the preceding paragraph is entirely deduced from a consideration of his suggestions: except the hypothesis that the quasi-original seat of the Goths was in southeastern Russia rather than in Scandinavia—an hypothesis which does not seem to have occurred to him.

* Of the Esthonians Dr. Latham says: "The purity of the Esthonian's blood is an inference from the general history of the country; though upon this point we argue rather from our ignorance than from our knowledge. He seems to be aboriginal to the soil. In other words, we know of no population that has any pretension to having settled on it before him; and we know of no land, beyond the limits of Esthonia, from which he has ever been derived. . . . He seems to be what we call *in situ*. . . . The stock seems indigenous. Grafts there are few or none" (vol. i. p. 131).

the Scotch, and the Germans; in all of which the personal element and the adventure are prominent. But of the simple sentiment of rural life they are full, and the imagery corresponds. Here and there, too, there is an approach to the apologue.

"The generality of the poems is of the same sort as those of Esthonia; and, to some extent (allowing for a difference of imagery), of the Swiss and Tyrolese. But it is with those of Esthonia that the imagery most agrees. The horse, which is always called by its poetic name, *zirgus*, rather than by its ordinary name, *arklys*, appears in almost all of them. It carries the lover to his sweetheart, who is in a garden of rue and peonies, plucking lilies and preparing wreaths; or she is helping at the mowing; or pulling at the flax; or it may be, spinning in her mother's hut. The love-making, though an air of simple sentiment is flung around it, is of an ordinary kind, with a *modicum* of reserve, and but little refinement; allowing, however, for the practice of what the Germans call 'love between the blankets,' to which the Welsh give a grosser name, and it is innocent withal. It is done prettily, to say the least—perhaps poetically."

That there are no heroic traditions among the Lithuanians is perhaps owing to the circumstance than none of their songs are older than the sixteenth century. In earlier times they fought well, though on the whole unsuccessfully, both against the Germans and the Poles. Yet their wars appear to have been mainly defensive; and in common with the Slavonian race generally, they do not appear to have been much animated by the spirit of warlike aggression. It is true that the Russians, under the leadership of their czars and nobles, have extended their dominion greatly by military conquest; but it is equally true that the Russian people, though capable of making great sacrifices in defense of their country, are averse to military life; and the conscripts show greater reluctance to leave their homes than is the case with any other people in Europe. Their native form of organization appears to be their peculiar system of village communities, the people not being spread over the soil as cottars, but living in villages, from whence they go forth to till the adjoining lands, to which all have an equal right, and which are periodically re-distributed among the villagers according to their requirements—heads of families obtaining a larger portion of land than single men. This village system, although greatly broken down after the nobility acquired their

despotic powers, appears to be the native form of Slavonian organization: it presents a striking parallel to the similar system which prevails in many parts of India. It is a curious fact also, in connection with this parallel between Slavonian and Indian society, that the language of the Lithuanians (whom we are disposed to regard as the purest type of Slavonians) has recently been found to bear a closer resemblance than any other European tongue to the Sanskrit, the ancient literary language of India. This fact is now universally admitted by philologists. Dr. Latham adds that the Lithuanian language "is more ancient than modern: at any rate, it is more like the Latin than the Italian, more like the Greek than the Romaic, in its development."

The Teutons, including both Germans and Scandinavians, are unquestionably the predominant race in Europe. They have received no dynasties or ruling class, but have supplied these abundantly to the other races. They gave an upper class (with the "blue blood" of the Goths) to Spain, still more to the Celts of France (besides almost wholly supplanting the same race in England and Scotland), and also to the Slavonians of Russia. The Slavonians although the most numerous race in Europe, have the most readily accepted or submitted to the intrusion and leadership of foreigners. In Russia, we have seen, the ancestors of the territorial nobility were Goths or Northmen; in Turkey, the Slavonians have been long ruled by the Ottomans; in Hungary, by the Magyars. But what of the Slavonians of Poland? We believe the case has been the same with them. Although, by so saying, we run counter to the received opinion, and advance an hypothesis of which Dr. Latham in his elaborate work does not even make mention, we are strongly impressed with the conviction that the upper class in Poland are not of Slavonic extraction. In the first place, making every allowance for the effect of the very different form of government which has prevailed in the two nations, we can not regard this influence as adequate to account for the remarkable diversity of national character between the Poles and Russians. In truth, if once a *prima facie* case be established for regarding the true Poles as a distinct people from the Russians, it is obvious that this difference of political institutions

which has prevailed from the beginning of their history will of itself constitute a strong argument in support of our views. We do not doubt that the substratum of Polish society, constituting a majority of the population, has been from the first Slavonian; but to what is called the "class of nobles" we are disposed to attribute a different origin. This class are not nobles in our sense of the word: they are nobles rather in the sense which the Aryans gave to the term—that is, "noble" in contrast to the peoples with whom they came in contact, and over whom they ruled as an upper caste. The so-called class of nobles in Poland until lately (for the barrier of exclusion was partly thrown down in the last days of the monarchy) comprised not only the magnates and all the land-owners, but also all the freemen—each of whom possessed an equality of power in political matters with the greatest magnate; and every member of the class traced his descent from Lekh and his companions, who at a remote period—probably about the fifth century—founded the Polish kingdom. "Poles," indeed, is not the native name of the people, it simply means "the people of the Plain;" and their own name for themselves was Lekhi.

The traditions regarding Lekh and his followers, and the earliest times of the monarchy, doubtless contain much that is mythical; but even the mythical portion seems to furnish some corroboration of our views. For example, one of the earliest kings, Cracus, who founded or gave his name to Cracow, is said to have had a beautiful daughter, Wenda (obviously the Wends, or western Slavonians), whom a German prince tried to obtain possession of by conquest; he was foiled in the attempt; but Wenda ultimately, after making a sacrifice, threw herself into the Vistula. Does it not seem probable that in this myth we have the Wends of the Vistula represented as the adopted children of the royal race of Lekh, who defend them successfully against their aggressive neighbors the Germans; and that the death of Wenda typifies the ultimate and voluntary extinction of the Wendic nationality, as it became merged in that of the ruling race? This is all the more probable, seeing that this Cracus, who became king, was the leader of a popular rebellion against the tyranny of one of the immediate descendants of Lekh, and as

such doubtless in greater sympathy with the subject Wend population. The condition of the country at the present day shows that the population originally consisted of two different peoples, between whom there was an impassable barrier. There is the *Sliachta*, or caste of nobles (the descendants of Lekh), on the one hand, and the serfs or peasantry, who constitute the bulk of the population, on the other. It seems strange to us to hear of a Polish noble possessing thirty or forty villages; we understand no such rights of property or tenure: nevertheless this mode of tenure is common, if not universal, in cases where foreign settlers have established themselves over a subject population. The possession of so many villages by a Polish noble means that these village-communities are compelled to pay a certain revenue to him as their lord-paramount. In process of time, as the descendants of Lekh multiplied and the power of the nobles increased, the right to receive revenue from the inhabitants of a district was converted into a claim of actual ownership of the district, and ultimately of the villages also, who were reduced to the condition of serfs. At first, as might be expected, the *Sliachta*, or caste of nobles, paid considerable respect to the rights of the original population; and the Polish kings wisely (and doubtless with a view to preserve a counter-power to that of the nobles) regarded themselves as the representative rulers of both classes in the nation, and upheld the rights of the subject classes against the encroachments of the *Sliachta*. But when, on the lapse of the Jagellon dynasty, the sovereignty became elective, the dominant caste of the *Sliachta*, who of course monopolized the right of election, availed themselves of their new power to obtain the consent of the kings to the abrogation of the legal guarantees which protected the lower classes against the tyranny of the nobles. In 1545 King Sigismund was compelled to promise that he would not issue an *lettres de garde* against members of the *Sliachta*; and in less than a century afterward the statute of 1633 completed the slavery of the other classes, by proclaiming the principle that "the air enslaves the man," in virtue of which every peasant who had lived for a year upon the estate of a noble was held to be his property.

Nowhere in history—nowhere in the

world—do we ever see a homogeneous nation organize itself in a form like that which has prevailed from the earliest times in Poland. But where there has been an intrusion of a dominant people or settlers, who have not fused into the original population, there we find an exact counterpart of Polish society: the dominant settlers establishing themselves as an upper caste, all politically equal among themselves, and holding the lands (or, more frequently, simply drawing the rents) of the country. A curious example of this, and an exact parallel to the case of Poland, is to be found in the *Meerassee* village system of southern India, by which a certain class draw and share the rents of the land, equals among themselves, and regarding the rest of the community as their servants—a system which to this day indicates the presence of immigrant tribes from Upper India, Brahmins and Rajpoots, here settled as oligarchs amongst an inferior population. A recent writer on this subject remarks:

“All races, however republican in practice at home, tend to develop this *Meerassee* system of tenure—this aristocracy of equality—when they settle as conquerors among another race. It is especially characteristic of the Indo-Teutonic peoples, into whatever country they have entered as conquerors. The so-called democracy of Athens was in reality a republican aristocracy resting upon a basis of slavery. In a more diffused and consequently less intense form, so also were the Franks in Gaul—a fact expressed for centuries by the distinction between *noble* and *roturier*, and which was only terminated by the French revolution; when the expulsion of the noblesse was in reality a throwing-off of the stable Teutonic governing caste, leaving the government thereafter to the mobile impulses of a Celtic people.”

Moreover, speaking of the Brahmanical migrations, the same writer says:

“Although the conquering and dominant immigrants keep themselves very much apart from the general population, alike by social and religious distinctions, the result of these migrations was an infusion of Aryan blood, and still more of Aryan civilization, amongst the pre-Aryan people of southern India.”*

These remarks exactly express the view which we entertain in regard to the population of Poland. There we find an aristocracy of equals resting upon a basis of

serfage, an upper caste drawing the rents of the land, monopolizing the government, and composing the army of the country, and who, in the course of long centuries, have imparted much of their own spirit and ideas, and, with the license of a gay aristocracy, not a little of their blood also, to the subordinate population. In all cases, the way in which an amalgamation between a band of conquerors and a conquered people takes place, is such as to give a great advantage to the former. The sons of the conquerors may wed the daughters of the conquered for the sake of their lands; but it is comparatively seldom that the daughters of the invaders condescend to tarnish their escutcheon by becoming wedded to, and merged in, the class of the vanquished. And thus an originally small number of conquerors may for long perpetuate their line, and increase its numbers in comparative purity, even though surrounded by myriads of a different race. Each one of the invaders becomes a noble, or upper-caste man; and when they make exceptions to the practice of intermarrying among themselves, it is only that they may more widely diffuse their lineaments by forming unions with the female portion of the native race. Indeed, it is not improbable that the old feudal law, which placed the person of a female vassal at the disposal of the seigneur on her wedding night, had its origin in political motives as well as in tyrannous lust. In Poland, the line of demarkation between the dominant and subject races appears to have been very rigidly maintained, and doubtless among the peasantry and inferior classes the blood of the *Slachta* or true *Lekhs* is only to be found in such proportion as may have been produced by the numerous informal unions formed by a gay and licentious nobility with the women on their estates. To what extent this may have affected the blood and lineaments of the people during a dozen centuries is not sufficiently determined; but it would seem that the general population has become so imbued with the ideas and customs, and so associated with the history and fortunes of the dominant class, that the original distinction between the two has virtually disappeared, except in so far as it is maintained by the diversity or antagonism of interests arising from their different social positions. Nevertheless we regard the Polish nobility, or

* Patterson's *Essays in History and Art*, article “India: its Castes and Creeds,” p. 461.

freemen, as Slavonians only in language, and from the influence exerted upon them by the race among whom they settled; and their adoption of the Slavonian language is what was to be expected, seeing that at first they were but a handful compared to the native population of the Sarmatian plain. As it seems to us, the ancestors of the ruling class in Poland were a handful of gay, warlike, and high-spirited immigrants, who settled among the Slavonians in Poland somewhat in the same manner as the Hungarians did among the same race on the banks of the Danube—only the Hungarians came as a nation, and the Lekhs as a small band of adventurers, who rose into notice slowly and unseen. We may add, that there is no small resemblance of national character between the Poles and Hungarians—the same haughty spirit, the same gallantry, love of freedom, and aptitude for war; only the Poles are cast in a more mobile mould than the stately Hungarian.

One of the most striking aspects of the Polish race, or rather of the Polish upper caste, is its wide and influential diffusion compared with the smallness of its numbers. There is a strong Polish element in Lithuania, Galicia, Volhynia, and to some extent also in the Ukraine, the influence of which is making itself felt in the present rebellion. The explanation is that the Poles (by which term we again mean the *Sliachta*, or upper caste, who did all the fighting and governing) made themselves supreme in these adjoining countries, establishing members of their class as territorial magnates or petty suzerains in the provinces thus added to their kingdom. In truth, the interest or necessity which they had to provide for the increasing numbers of their class, must have had a great influence in producing those wars of aggression which mark the career of the Polish nobility. Poland had been parceled out among them so that no new estates could be made save by dividing those already in existence; nor was it customary for a member of the *Sliachta* to be any thing else than a land-owner, a soldier, or an *homme-d'état*. The fact that during war the serfs remained at home to till the ground, while the armies were composed of the class of "nobles"—or, as we should prefer to call them, the freemen of the nation—must have tended greatly to keep down the numbers of the

dominant class; nevertheless the pauperized class of the privileged race would have unquestionably arisen in course of time, if the conquest of new provinces had not afforded a means of providing for them new estates. And thus the Poles are spread sporadically over a very wide region compared with the limits of the present "kingdom;" and both by their position as territorial magnates, and by the influence of a higher organization and superior culture, they have in no small degree associated with themselves the sympathies of the non Polish population, among whom they have long dwelt.

The Slavonians, who are the most numerous race in Europe, also present greater diversities of physical appearance than any other. The northern Russians are fair, with light hair; the Croats and Servians of the south are dark, with black eyes and hair; the Slovaks of Hungary, living almost in the same latitude with the Croats and Servians, have flaxen hair, with strong, coarse features; and the Poles, for the most part, have dark eyes and hair, with tall, well-made figures. The Celts, however, present an almost equal amount of physical diversity, but rather sporadically than as marking distinct sections of their race. And if, turning from the minor divisions of mankind, we look at the great families of nations—the Indo-European, the Semitic, and the Turanian—the internal diversities, alike of character and appearance, become so important as to show that ethnographic classification, which at present is based only on philology, is a very inadequate exponent of the characteristics of mankind. The Turk and the Chinese are really the antipodes of one another; and the English and Dutch present greater resemblances of character to the Chinese than to the Hindoos, who are rightly classed with them as members of the Indo-European family. There is a question at present as regards Race—one school of thoughtful writers exalting it as the prime influence which determines national character, while another school ignores it altogether. The latter school, which appears to be gaining ground, regards climate and civilization as the only great influences which affect the races of mankind. We have no doubt that the character of the countries in which they settled, and the circumstances which environed them, were the sole influences which originally produced the diversities

of mankind which we now behold. But it is equally certain that the effect of these influences upon nations is not evanescent, and that the national character and features acquired under those influences will long continue prevalent among offshoots of a nation who have migrated to another country and become subjected to other circumstances. Many striking instances attest the permanency of racial character after it has once been thoroughly formed. The red Indians of America are an example of this on a great scale; and the gypsies, if possible still more remarkably, illustrate the same truth in the case of a

people who are scattered in little bands all over the world. Climate and the physical features of a country may be most powerful, if not all-powerful, in determining the character of a people in its earliest stage of existence; but unfortunately for writers like Mr. Buckle, who extol these influences as supreme, we rarely catch sight of any nation at such a stage; and in those cases where a nation has grown up from its cradle beneath the eye of history, we find that its career has been influenced by a variety of other causes much more powerful.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TELEGRAPH LINE ROUND THE WORLD.

MR. CHANDLER TO MR. SEWARD.

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, April 14th, 1864. }

Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State:

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a printed copy of the memorial of Perry McD. Collins, representing that he has obtained from the government of Russia a grant of the privilege to construct a telegraph from the mouth of the Amoor river to the Russian possessions in America, and a similar grant from the British government in British Columbia, and praying the coöperation of the government of the United States to enable him to complete his enterprise.

The Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate, to whom this memorial has been referred, will be glad to receive from you such information upon the subject as may be in the possession of the department, together with your views upon the expediency of granting the prayer of the memorialist.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

Z. CHANDLER,

Chairman of Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate.

MEMORIAL OF MR. COLLINS.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

The memorial of P. McD. Collins, a citizen of the United States of America,

and a resident of the State of California, most respectfully represents: That he has obtained from the imperial government of Russia privilege to construct a line of telegraph from the mouth of the Amoor river, in Asiatic Russia, to the frontiers of the Russian possessions in America, adjoining the possessions of Great Britain.

In connection with the grant from Russia, the Russian government stipulate, upon certain conditions, to construct a continuous line of telegraph connecting the European system with the Pacific Ocean, about eight thousand five hundred miles east of London, and on the route of a line which may be projected to Pekin and the great commercial cities of China. Your memorialist also represents, that after having obtained the Russian grant, and upon the representation of the state of the case and the facts to the government of her majesty, that he has been authorized by the British government to construct a line of telegraph across the intervening territory of British Columbia. Thus the grants from Russia and England authorize the construction of a continuous line of telegraph, which is to connect Europe with the United States across the whole of Asia and the northwest coast of the Pacific.

The whole country, except a portion of the route in British Columbia, over which this proposed line must pass, is sparsely

inhabited, and presents no local inducement for the construction of a telegraph.

The sole inducement to the construction of a telegraph over this great extent of country is the union of Asia and Europe with the American system of telegraph lines, and by as nearly as physically possible an overland route.

The great progress of telegraphs both in Asia and America, since the proposition was originally made, to induce a trial of this northern overland route, in order to unite Europe and America, has cleared away from the path of this enterprise many apparent difficulties suggested in the early stages of the undertaking.

Russia has extended her telegraph from St. Petersburg to Irkoutsk, a distance of four thousand miles to the east, and now a line is being constructed along the Amoor river, which is to connect with the line in course of construction from Irkoutsk to the east. Thus it will be seen that Russia is rapidly approaching with a continuous line the Pacific Ocean.

On our side of the world we have already reached the Pacific, and up toward the British possessions, and as far as Portland, Oregon.

From our northern frontier, adjoining British Columbia, to the mouth of the Amoor river, in Asiatic Russia, the distance may be stated in round numbers at some five thousand miles.

Previous to granting the right of way for the construction of a telegraph, the Russian government authorized your petitioner to survey a route over all that portion of the Russian dominions east of the Amoor, on to British Columbia.

On two previous occasions your petitioner presented to Congress the facts of the case, and reports were made thereon, copies of which are hereunto annexed, marked A and B.

The reasons which then existed not only hold good now, but are greatly enhanced by the absolute grant of right of way then withheld.

There is much in the North Pacific valuable to us as a nation in a commercial point of view, aside from the special interest particularly involved.

Our Pacific whaling fleet resort in considerable force to the seas, bays, and sounds, not only of the Pacific, but of the Arctic; in one year more than seventy American vessels have passed through Behring's Straits, and largely over one

hundred have visited the waters adjacent and the Skhotsk Sea.

The commerce of Japan and of the Amoor region, increasing from year to year, makes it requisite that we should have a more perfect knowledge of these interesting regions of the North Pacific.

PERRY McD. COLLINS.

SECRETARY SEWARD TO HON. Z. CHANDLER.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 14th, 1864. }

To the Honorable Zachary Chandler, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, in the Senate of the United States :

SIR : I have the honor to reply to your letter of the 14th of April last, upon the subject of the memorial which has been submitted to Congress by Mr. Perry McDonough Collins.

Mr. Collins is an American citizen, residing in California. He has been since 1856 commercial agent of this government for the Amoor river. The public archives, as well as the records of Congress, furnish satisfactory evidence that the country could not have a more enlightened, assiduous, and faithful representative.

The project which he submits for the consideration of Congress is the construction of a line of telegraph from some point on the Pacific telegraph line, or the northern extension thereof, in one of the northwestern States or Territories, across the border of the United States, and through British Columbia and Russian America to Cape Prince of Wales; thence by an inland route around the Sea of Okhotsk to the mouth of the Amoor river.

The telegraph line thus proposed is intended, primarily, to connect at the last-named place with a line to be extended from thence to Irkoutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia.

At that important town a line of telegraph begins, which stretches through Tomsk and Omsk, in Western Siberia, Katherinburg on the Asiatic-European frontier, Pirm, Kasam, Nijni-Novogorod, and Moscow to St. Petersburg, the capital of the Russian empire.

The line projected by Mr. Collins, from the Pacific telegraph to Amoor river, with its anticipated extension by the Russian government to Irkoutsk, would be the one link now wanted to supply direct and unbroken telegraph communication

from Cape Race, in Newfoundland, on the eastern coast of America, across the Eastern and Western continents and the Pacific Ocean to Cape Clear, in Ireland, the westernmost projection of Europe.

When a submarine telegraph shall be successfully laid between Cape Clear and Cape Race, it will, together with the link I have last before described, complete a telegraphic circuit around the earth between the parallels of forty-two degrees and sixty-five degrees of north latitude.

These questions arise from Mr. Collins' memorial, namely :

First—Is the enterprise feasible?

Secondly—Would it be useful?

Thirdly—Has it a just claim on the government to the patronage which he solicits?

I shall examine these points in their order :

First : The feasibility of the enterprise. The difficulties to be surmounted may be classified—physical, political, social, and financial.

The most prominent physical difficulty is the extent of territory to be traversed. The starting-point must be chosen in either Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, or Washington. Thence the distance to be traversed through British America to the line of Russian America, about six hundred miles; the distance through Russian America to Cape Prince of Wales, about one thousand nine hundred miles; the length of a submarine cable across Behring's Straits would be forty miles, and the distance from East Cape, by an inland passage around the Sea of Okhotsk, and through the settlements of Okhotsk, Ayau, and Shanter's Bay, which are well known stations of the whale fishery, to the mouth of the Amoor river, would be about two thousand five hundred miles. The entire length of the line would be about six thousand and forty miles. Operative telegraph wires have already been stretched on this continent of the aggregate length of fifty thousand miles, and similar wires have been stretched on the Eastern continent of the aggregate length of two hundred thousand miles. Operative submarine telegraph wires have been laid of the lengths, respectively, of three hundred miles and five hundred miles, from Dover to Heligoland, and from Malta to Tripoli.

Thus it will be seen that the *mere extent*

of the route to be traversed in the present case does not constitute an insurmountable, nor even a serious difficulty.

The physical obstacle which next presents itself is the surface formation of the regions to be traversed.

That portion of the route which lies within our own territory is chiefly mountainous, and the projected telegraph line must at least come along the declivities of the mountain, even if it should not be found necessary, in one case, to surmount them. British Columbia presents a similar topography. But there the mountains are divided into three ranges, whose courses are from north to south, while intervening valleys invite the introduction of telegraphs and roads. The Pacific coast of Russian America is chiefly level. The portion of Siberia which lies between East Cape and the head of the Sea of Okhotsk is, for a large extent, a steppe or plain, with gentle elevations, occasionally rising into mountainous ridges.

At the head of the Sea of Okhotsk a range of mountains must be crossed, and the region lying between that range and the mouth of the Amoor river is of the same character as that before mentioned, which extends from the same range northward to East Cape. The highest elevation to be overcome on the whole line would be found in the Rocky Mountains, within the United States, and this elevation may be estimated at eight thousand to ten thousand feet.

Operative telegraph lines have already been stretched over steppes, in both continents, similar to those thus described.

The Pacific telegraph line, in crossing the Sierra Nevada, rises to an elevation greater than that which is to be surmounted on the line now under examination.

With the exception of timber, all the materials of a telegraph line are light and portable. Metallic wire sufficient for a mile of telegraph, together with the materials for insulation, weighs not more than four hundred pounds. Sufficient timber awaits the building along the route through the United States and British Columbia. Timber is also found on those portions of the projected line which lie within the Russian domains on each continent, with the exception of a timberless steppe five hundred miles wide on each side of Behring's Straits. There the needful timber can be brought near to the line,

either by sea or from the forest-covered shores of navigable rivers.

The temperature of the region through which the northern part of the line would pass, is very low. Nevertheless, winter is less severe than it is between the same parallels of latitude on the Atlantic coast. The telegraphic line which connects St. Petersburg with Archangel on the White Sea, and also the telegraphic line which passes around the Gulf of Bothnia and connects St. Petersburg with Tornea, are maintained in operation, without difficulty, although they cross as high parallels of latitude as those which lie in the way of Mr. Collins' line.

The waters of Behring's Straits are about one hundred and eighty feet deep, and they are frozen through one half of the year; but the congealed mass, when broken, generally takes the form of anchor-ice, and not that of icebergs. Thus, climate seems to offer no serious obstacle to the enterprise, while it is not entirely unworthy of consideration that in cold latitudes timber used in any necessary structure is less perishable than timber used in warm latitudes, while less of insulating material is demanded in high latitudes than is required in more genial climates.

The only political difficulty in the way of the enterprise is the fact that it requires concerted aid from three several States, namely, the United States, Great Britain, and Russia. The two last-named Powers have already, with enlightened and fraternal liberality toward the United States, made all the concessions which were demanded. Therefore, if Congress shall grant the application of Mr. Collins, no political obstacle will remain.

That portion of our own country in which the enterprise is to be carried on is so well known as hardly to require a description more minute than I have already given. It is newly and, as yet, thinly settled. The case is the same in British Columbia. Indian tribes are found along the American part of the route, but they have been so well subjected to the influences of society and government, through the operations of the fur trade, that no serious resistance from them need be apprehended.

The inhabitants of Asiatic Russia, who dwell inland, are nomadic Tartars, affecting much independence. They are, nevertheless, not savage, like the American

natives. After centuries of internal war, they have now settled into a state of semi-civilization, in which they are accustomed to barter with whalers, with exploring parties, and with the government agents of Russia, and they are hospitably inclined by that intercourse.

The result of the survey of facts thus far made is, that there are no insuperable obstacles, either physical, political, or social, by the way of the projected line of telegraph.

In regard to the expense which it requires, I must be content to refer the committee of the Senate to the estimates which have been submitted by Mr. Collins. They have been made with a view to secure from private sources an advance of the moneys to be expended, and at the same time to obtain from the governments of Great Britain, Russia, and the United States, the necessary political aid. It may be assumed, therefore, that they were prepared honestly and cautiously, and with as near approach to accuracy as is possible in regard to a design in which so much that is to be done must be done under conditions never before tried. Mr. Collins estimates the whole cost at five millions of dollars. A just legislative caution would probably induce Congress to double that estimate.

I understand that an association is already formed, with a capital of ten millions, to be devoted to the enterprise. I am, therefore of the opinion that it is entirely feasible.

I proceed, in the next place, to consider the probable usefulness of the enterprise. It is needful here to assume that the line of telegraph proposed will be extended immediately from Amoor river to Irkoutsk, so as to complete the telegraphic chain over the two continents. The agreement with Russia leaves no room for doubt on this point.

Setting aside the temporary disturbance of war, the merchant, or the manufacturer, the miller, the farmer, the miner, or the fisherman of Halifax, Quebec, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, Galveston, Montreal, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, St. Paul's, Little Rock, Denver, Salt Lake City, Carson City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, Portland, with the aid of an

inter-continental telegraph, would be in daily, and, in case of need, in hourly correspondence with producers and consumers on the Amoor, where the fur trade of Asia is gathered up; with Sovinsk, the depot for the overland traffic between Russia and Japan and the mineral treasures of Nerchinsk; with Kiakhta, the center of the international commerce of Russia and China; with Irkoutsk, Moscow, St. Petersburg; with all the cities of western Europe, including Constantinople; with the cities of Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez; and with every other town, city, or hamlet, on either continent, now in telegraphic connection with the several marts of trade which have been enumerated.

Every one knows, however, that neither the American nor the European system has yet attained to its ultimate development. Transient wars now delay the establishment of wires in Pensacola, Havana, San Juan, Panama, Quito, Lima, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rio Janiero, Surinam, Caracas, and Mexico, and the incorporating of them, with all their local ramifications, into one American telegraph system. On the Eastern continent, neither the domestic disturbances, nor the rivalries of states, nor their occasional collision, prevent a continual expansion of the telegraphic system. The telegraph construction of Russia at this day, like her system of railroads, presents the framework of an imposing structure, the dimensions of which are boldly outlined, while the connections and extensions yet remain imperfect and unfinished.

It has been already mentioned that the emperor has bound himself to extend the main eastern and western line from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor river. This extension is now rapidly advancing. But this is only a single, and not very prominent, part of the work which the emperor has begun. His design embraces nothing less than the following stupendous works, namely: A telegraph wire, with the necessary submarine cables, from the mouth of the Amoor river across the Straits of Tartary, over the Island of Sakhalin, across the Straits of La Perouse, over the Island of Jerro, through Hakodadi, and across the Straits of Sangar to Jeddo, the capital of Japan.

Secondly: A telegraph wire from the confluence of the Usuri with the Amoor,

which confluence is seven hundred miles above the mouth of the latter; thence southward, on the bank of the Usuri, to Lake Kingka; and thence to the port of Vladi Vostok, on the coast of Tartary, opposite to that part of Hakodadi, on the eastern coast of the Japanese Sea. Vladi Vostok is selected by the emperor for his naval station on the Pacific coast.

Thirdly: A telegraph wire from Irkoutsk, before described as the capital of Eastern Siberia, through Kiakhta, now the entrepôt of European and Chinese overland commerce, through the vast territory of the Mongols to Megate in the Chinese Wall at Yehol, and thence to Peking, the capital of the Chinese empire. American citizens temporarily residing in that country, are now soliciting, with good prospect of success, permission from the Chinese government to extend this last-mentioned line overland through China, to terminate with the needful branches at the ports of Nankin, Shanghai, Amoy, and Canton, on the Pacific coast, opposite to California.

There are already in operation twelve thousand miles of telegraph wire on the continent of Australia. This Australian telegraph system, which now is so purely local and isolated, is, nevertheless, expected to be brought into combination by alternating submarine and island wires with the Chinese and Russian wires last described.

Fourthly: A telegraph wire from a station on the main continental-Russian line at Omsk, near the southern boundary of Asiatic Russia; thence passing through Mongolia and entering China at Hirk, sometimes called Illy; thence, crossing Turkestan, Bokhara, and Balk, to Cabool, in Afghanistan; thence to capital points in the Punjaub, where it will meet the telegraphic system of India, and thus become a medium of communication between London and the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, the Netherlands, Spain, and Portugal, on the shores and islands of the great Indian Ocean.

Fifthly: A telegraph wire from Kazan, on the main central Russian line, through Georgia and Circassia along the western shore of the Caspian Sea, to Teheran, the capital of Persia; thence to the Euphrates, at Bagdad; thence, descending along the banks of that historical river to its mouth, at the head of the Persian Gulf, there to be connected with the Oriental

telegraph system of India last before mentioned.

When we take into consideration the fact that Russia has already brought all her chief inland markets and mines, as well as her principal ports on the coasts of the Arctic Ocean, into telegraphic communication with her capital, it is readily perceived that by offering to coöperate with us in giving effect to Mr. Collins' design, Russia actually invites us to put forth our national energy from every point within our borders where industry of any kind dwells, and especially from our Northwestern and Western States, and apply that energy in the great work of renewing and restoring the long languishing civilization of the regions where our race first impressed its dominion upon the globe appointed for its residence. Certainly, it can not be necessary to say that such efforts belong to the class of human labors which are pronounced to be doubly blessed, because they bless equally those who are subjects and those who are the performers of them. It seems impossible to overestimate the direct effect of this new application of the national energy in producing a rapid and yet permanent development of the agricultural, forest, mineral, and marine resources of the United States. Nor is it any more practicable to assign limits to the increase of national influence, which must necessarily result from the new facilities we should acquire in that manner for extending throughout the world American ideas and principles of public and private economy, politics, morals, philosophy, and religion.

In attempting to make such estimates, it is important to remember that the telegraph wire is as yet a newly invented instrument, timidly employed and clumsily handled, with a very imperfect knowledge of the fullness of the power that resides in it. It costs us now one half a mill per mile to speak a single word through the cheapest telegraph wire of any considerable length. This is vastly more costly than the average transmission of messages in writing by employing the steam-engine, either on land or on water. This great expense of telegraphic communication is due, however, not at all to any inseparable quality of the telegraphic machine, for that machine is easily constructed of very simple and cheap materials. The expensiveness is due to two transient

conditions of the telegraph system—first, the charges now justly imposed upon it for rewarding the inventor; secondly, the fact that, as yet, fixed habits of communication in ancient forms prevent frequent resort to the new mode of correspondence, and customary investments of capital which are sufficiently remunerative, cause it to be sparingly applied to the perfection of the new system. When these merely ephemeral embarrassments of the magnetic telegraph shall be removed, the magnetized wire will become, for the purposes of social, commercial, and political communication, as practical as, by reason of its adoption, it is effective.

I proceed to consider the question whether the enterprise deserves the patronage Mr. Collins solicits for it. Throughout the remarks which I have thus far submitted, I have not without design called it Mr. Collins' enterprise. It is truly his, because it was he alone who conceived and projected it, and who has clothed it with the substantial form which enables the three great states, whose concerted action he solicits, to cause it to be put in operation. But, in another sense, it is entitled to be regarded as an enterprise of the government of the United States. During all the time that Mr. Collins has been engaged in maturing and developing it, and presenting it to the consideration of Russia and Great Britain, he has been acting under the instruction and with the approbation of the Department of State, and a knowledge of that fact has not been withheld from Congress.

What Mr. Collins asks of Congress, is the grant of a right of way across the public lands, with the right to take therefrom materials necessary for constructing the line; the use of a national vessel, suitably officered and equipped, to make surveys and soundings along the North Pacific coast, beyond the limits of the United States, and to aid in prosecuting the work; and, finally, a stipulated compensation for the government use of the line, when it shall be constructed. If the views I have submitted are just, this demand for patronage is neither unnecessary nor unreasonable. We could not withhold it without showing a want of appreciation of the liberality and friendship which have been manifested toward the United States by Russia and Great Britain in the proceedings they have adopted toward the

same enterprise. I do not know any one object lying within the scope of our foreign relations more directly important than the preservation of peace and friendship with those two great and enlightened Powers. Nor can I conceive of any one measure of national policy that would more effectively tend to secure that great object than the construction of this proposed inter-continental telegraph.

I forbear to urge the project in competition with the proposed line across the Atlantic from Cape Clear to Cape Race, which, notwithstanding past difficulties, I yet hope to see speedily completed. The

two lines would naturally aid and strengthen each other. If they should even come into competition, it would be more advantageous to the world to have the use of both than the use of only one of them. One might be expected to operate when the other should be accidentally suspended. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that the great interests of human society will, at a very early period, require more than one, and more than even two trans-oceanic world-encircling telegraphs.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From the Edinburgh Review.

KIRK'S CHARLES THE BOLD.

[Concluded from page 358.]

THE king had one advantage over the duke in the possession of a standing army, which was ever ready to take the field, while the ponderous feudal levies of Flanders and Burgundy were always a long time in assembling. Of this superiority he made use in reconquering Normandy for the second time, while the Burgundian forces were being slowly amassed at Péronne. Francis of Brittany, with his usual vacillation, was so impressed by this display of activity, that, persuaded by the Sire de Lescun, whose talents as an intriguer had been recognized by the king and bought over at considerable sacrifice, he entered into treaty with Louis, renounced all other alliance, and submitted the matter of the apanage of "Monsieur Charles" to the judgment of the Duke of Calabria and another.

The Duke of Burgundy was so enraged at the news of this treaty that he threatened to hang the herald who brought him the intelligence. Louis had so managed as to leave Charles alone to make head against all the forces of the crown, which under Dammartin came to confront him at Péronne. Had he possessed any capacity for prompt and vigorous action, he would

undoubtedly have taken the offensive. His forces were superior to those of Charles. Behind and around him he had a well-affected country, the towns of which had shown great readiness to make sacrifices in his behalf; while the duke of Burgundy, unpopular with all classes of his subjects, had in his rear a country only loyal under the restraint of fear, powerful cities ready to break into revolt at the slightest encouragement, and especially Liège, once more on the point of insurrection. Louis might probably on this occasion, by prompt and bold measures, have overwhelmed the duke and added Flanders to the French crown for ever; but his love of negotiation was so great that, while a chance for it remained, he never could be persuaded to run the risk of a battle; and on the present occasion it was very nearly his complete ruin. Trusting to a safe-conduct written by the hand of Charles himself, and attested by his chief nobility, he ventured to place himself within the walls of Péronne, in order himself to negotiate a peace. Many reasons conspired to make him take this step: his ancient familiarity with the duke, his belief in Charles's

knightly word, his trust in his own powers of diplomacy, his fear of an English invasion, and his intense desire to work out his schemes in peace; but even all these reasons will doubtless not account for so perilous a step in such an age of treachery, unless we consider that the most artful of men are sometimes, when their interests require it, the most credulous and confiding. Louis remembered the interview after the battle of Monthéry, when Charles unwittingly, in company with himself, walked within the French lines, and he had omitted to take advantage of the opportunity. He doubtless believed that he who had pledged his written word—in spite of any accident which might arise—that the magnificent chief of the order of the *Toison d'Or*, who piqued himself upon being the real representative of the feudalism and chivalry of old times, one of whose first duties was to respect the person of the *seigneur*, and especially of royalty, would not be less observant of good faith. Neither can we imagine that Louis was so simple as to leave the condition of Liège out of the question when he made the venture, or that the duke was really impelled by anger at its outbreak to violate his promise. Louis and Charles both were aware that the people of Liège had been again in open revolt for a month before the interview was proposed, and that an outbreak of the kind which did happen might be expected from day to day; and a simple comparison of dates proves sufficiently that the anger of the duke was, if not altogether simulated, yet created by a willing self-deception, for there was plenty of time for intelligence to arrive from Liège, to correct the false report (which might, after all, have been an invention) of the murder of the bishop, before he constrained Louis to sign the treaty of Péronne.* The account of the disturbed and sleepless nights of Charles, and the terrible conflict that was going on within him can not be read in Comines without believing that he was meditating still worse treachery than that of which he was guilty. He spared the king his life at the last; but while he did so, he imagined he had hit upon a course which would annihilate his influence, by making him

the most contemptible among sovereigns—that of being present in person under the banners of Burgundy, while executing himself the sacrifice which his perfidy and his impotence had brought upon those who had trusted him.

For now, as before, all the evil consequences, both of the king's perfidy and of this unfortunate stroke of policy, fell without delay on the unhappy people of Liège. The unfortunate town still continued in the lowest state of prostration and despair. Many thousands of its former inhabitants were living as outcasts and as mere savages in the wilds of the Ardennes. Humbercourt, the Burgundian officer, left there, governed the town in the ruthless spirit of his master, with confiscations of the property of the fugitives, with incessant executions and imprisonments. The streets were comparatively deserted and the churches empty and ruined—the very women were stripped of their personal ornaments to pay the installments of the enormous fine imposed on the city as they became due. When the news arrived that the King of France had taken the field against the Duke of Burgundy, the exiles ventured to return to the city. The unhappy outcasts entered crying, "*Vive le Roi*," armed with clubs, sticks, and stones, with naked bodies and unshorn, matted hair. Any fate, they said, were better at home than to live like beasts of prey in the woods. The legate was seized with compassion for the wretched people, and departed to seek their bishop, to bring him back and endeavor to establish order once more in the city. He had partly succeeded, and was on his way back, when the bishop fell in with Humbercourt, who easily persuaded him again to rely on the arms of the Duke of Burgundy alone for protection, and the bishop fixed his residence with Humbercourt at Tongres. This news aroused desperation once more in the hearts of the Liégeois: there was to be no end to their miseries; even the intervention of the pope was to avail them nothing. Under the frenzied excitement of popular feeling it was resolved to make an attack on Tongres, to take possession of the bishop and bring him back to Liège to carry out the plan of the legate. The night attack was successful. A few of the bishop's attendants were cut down, but the bishop himself was treated with all respect. Humbercourt was treated with the courtesies of

* The treaty of Péronne was signed on the 14th of October; the outbreak of Liège happened on the night of the 8th and 9th.

war, and even supplied with an opportunity to escape. These occurrences took place the very night of the king's arrival at Péronne, and they afforded the duke a pretext for violating the safe-conduct which he had granted.

Nothing now but a destruction of Liège even more ferocious than that of Dinant, would satisfy the duke, and he determined that Louis should appear by his side as his accomplice in the deed. The king made some slight effort to escape from this humiliation. But he found he was approaching the brink of ruin, and accordingly entered into his part and played it out with a gayety of manner which must have cost him a fearful struggle to assume. There may have existed princes who would have accepted life at the price of this frightful humiliation, but we doubt if any ever lived beside Louis, who could have appeared in so shameful a character, and not only have concealed all show of mortification, but appeared as if he took a real pleasure in it up to the very last.* The king, with three hundred archers of his Scottish guard, and wearing the cross of Saint Andrew, marched with the duke and his forces, amounting to forty thousand men, against Liège. The city, with its walls thrown down on every side, had little chance of escape against such an armament. Nevertheless, it made a valiant but hopeless resistance, which gave time for all the weak and infirm, and great part of the women, and such as had no wish for fighting, to escape with what they could save to the woods. The duke, moreover, and his forced ally, nearly paid with their lives for the fate they were bringing upon the city. Six hundred mountaineers of Franchemont resolved to penetrate by night, by a circuitous and precipitous path, into the quarter of the camp where the princes were lodged, and to kill them or die in the struggle. They failed by a few moments, which gave time for the guards, who were asleep, to rush to the spot. This brave body were slain nearly to a man, after having committed slaughter on their enemies and done a deed equal in patriotism and daring to any in antiquity.

Charles, enraged at so audacious an attempt, gave orders for an immediate as-

sault. The king advised him to wait a little longer, but the duke contemptuously rejected his advice in full council, and said: "If the king is afraid, let him go to Namur." Louis then threw himself with passion into his part. While the Liégeois whom he hired to instigate revolt wore the white cross of France, he advanced against them wearing the Cross of Burgundy; to their cries of "*Vive France*," he replied "*Vive Bourgogne*." The army entered the town — banners displayed, trumpets sounding to the cries of *Ville gagnée*. When it was clear no further resistance was to be apprehended, the town was parceled out among the troops for plunder and massacre. Many of the inhabitants had escaped, but a large portion still remained; most of them had taken refuge in the churches — of which Liège possessed four hundred — which for wealth and beauty, as well as in number, equaled those of Rome. It was Sunday, and the rites of the church were still proceeding, when the work of spoliation commenced. But no asylum was sacred in the infernal tumult which ensued. The duke by his personal efforts preserved the cathedral of Saint Lambert, but all the others were stripped of ornaments, images, reliquaries, every thing that could be removed. The consecrated chalice was snatched out of the priest's hands. The convents were forced, the nuns violated and slain. Neither age, nor sex, nor condition met with mercy except upon hope of ransom. The king, amid the horrible uproar of the place, dined joyously, as though it were a festival, praising the good fortune and valor of the duke beyond measure. "*Après dîner*," says Comines, "*le dict duc et luy se veirent en grant chière; et si le Roy avoit loué fort ses œuvres en derrière, encores le loua il mieulx en sa prtsence et y prenoit le dict duc plaisir*."

The king kept up this atrocious farce to the very last. When consulted by the duke as to what should now be done with the city, he smiled and told a tale in the manner of an Oriental apologue, which suggested absolute destruction. He appeared to be in no hurry to go. Two or three days after the capture he began, nevertheless, to sound the duke, by means of friends, about his departure; then spoke himself, "*en saige sorte*," Comines says: "If his fair cousin had any more need of him, not to spare him; but if

* His favorite maxim was, *Quand orgueil chevauche devant, honte et dommage suivent de près*.

nothing more remained to be done, he was desirous of going to Paris and getting their treaty registered in the parliament." He hoped to pass the next summer with him in Burgundy—*faisant bonne chière*. At last the duke agreed to let him go—*tousjours ung petit murmurant*—caused the treaty, however, to be read before him; asked him if he repented of any thing; and then, perhaps with some qualms of conscience, made slight excuses for having brought him there. The king, nevertheless, ratified the treaty of Péronne, to which he had been obliged to swear upon the true cross of St. Laud, the object of his most superstitious veneration. But his address was shown at the moment of parting. The great difficulty had been in settling the apanage for his brother Charles, which was always in the hands of the princes a pretext for a league against the king. The duke had consented to let Champagne be substituted for Normandy. But the king saw the immense advantage which his rival would derive from having the large open territory interposed between Flanders and Burgundy proper in his power through his influence over his weak-minded brother, and thus enabling him to overlap all the north and half the west of France. Therefore at parting, after the duke had conveyed him back half a league, the king said suddenly: "If perchance my brother, who is in Brittany, should not be content with the settlement which I make for him, for love of you, what shall I do?" The duke replied hastily: "Do what will content him. I leave the matter to be settled between you." These were precious words, which Louis carefully treasured up; they released him from the terrible penalties which ensued from a violation of an oath sworn on the cross of St. Laud, if he did not give Champagne to his brother. He then went hastily on his way, wondering to find himself safe, and when he reached the border of his own domains dismounted, and pressed his lips to the soil, devoutly thanking God for deliverance from so great a peril.

The vengeance of the duke remained to be completed, which was as terrible as the destruction of a city as large and as rich as Florence or Milan could make it: with the exception of the churches and about three hundred houses, the whole was burned to the ground. The executions, drownings, and massacres extended

over months. It is impossible to estimate the number of the slain; Charles would have effaced the very sign of its existence from the earth, and this he would have effected but for the churches, which he dared not utterly destroy; beneath their walls the wretched inhabitants again, in the course of time, found refuge, and the city was beginning to rise again out of its ashes when retribution overtook their ferocious destroyer. After leaving orders for the ruin of Liège, he proceeded to execute his wrath with fire and sword upon the surrounding country. Wherever he turned he left ashes, ruin, and havoc behind him. He devastated Franchemont, hunted unhappy fugitives like wild beasts through the forests, burnt villages, farms, mills, and all instruments of labor. It was now November, frost had set in with frightful intensity, and thousands escaped from the sword and fire of the pursuer, only to perish miserably of cold and hunger in the snowy recesses and forest-bound caves of the Ardennes. Such were the deeds by which he earned for himself the title of Charles the Terrible.

The fate of Liège spread terror throughout the cities of Flanders, and soon afterward a deputation from Ghent waited upon the duke in his palace at Brussels, to know what judgment he was pleased to pass upon them for their riotous conduct at the "Joyous Entry." Hitherto their supplications and excuses had remained without reply. The duke, after making the burghers wait in the deep snow in the court-yard for an hour and a half, caused them to be admitted. They advanced to the dais, where Charles sate in all the state of Burgundy, surrounded by princes, nobles, ambassadors, and the knights of the *Toison d'Or*. They laid the banners of their guilds on the floor, and kneeling, simultaneously asked for "mercy." The duke's mercy was the annulment of their charter granted by Philip the Fair in 1301, which his chancellor slit before them with a knife, and the abrogation of all the concessions which he had made at the joyous entry. At the same time a new line of policy now distinctly presented itself to his ambitious mind. Among the ambassadors who were present at his court at Brussels was one from George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia, the ablest of the German electoral princes, with an offer to promote the election of Charles to the dignity of "King of the Romans." The

fame of his wealth and power filled Europe, of which still more convincing testimony is offered by the advances of Sigismund, Duke of Austria, who had just been obliged to conclude a disadvantageous peace with his hereditary enemies the Swiss, by which he bound himself to pay them a large sum of money. In the hope of securing the permanent assistance of so powerful a champion as Charles against his neighbors, Sigismund came to an agreement to mortgage the possession of Alsace to Charles—the commencement of a connection and of dreams of ambition which lured the impetuous prince to his destruction.

Four years, however, intervened before he became convinced that his schemes of aggrandizement might be more easily realized through Germany than by direct attempts to undermine the monarchy of France. It is not our purpose to attempt to unravel the tangled skein of intrigue and diplomacy which runs through this period—in which the threads of the destinies of France and England find themselves strangely intermingled. This portion of Mr. Kirk's narrative is perhaps the most satisfactory in his volumes, and he has been enabled to recover from obscurity some of the hidden features of this little understood period of English history—filled up with the wars of the Roses—by viewing it through the medium of the French and the Burgundian chroniclers. That the intrigues and factions of France and England should be thus mixed together was a necessary consequence of the past history and present condition of the two countries. The House of Lancaster had secured the allegiance of the nation to the sovereignty which it had usurped by the superior abilities of its first two monarchs and the brilliant achievements with which the popular craving for French conquest had been satisfied. The fortunes of that house had fallen with the decay of the English dominion in France; and the young monarch of York who thrust the imbecile Henry from the throne, saw that the surest road to English popularity would be by opening again the career of victory in France. He was naturally, therefore, the enemy of Louis, whom he treated as a usurper, and who had endeavored in vain to enter into relations with him. The commercial interests of Flanders and of England being closely interwoven, and the

object of enmity of Edward and the duke being identical, it was hardly possible but that the latter, in spite of his Lancastrian descent, should be drawn into alliance with the English reigning monarch. Similarly, when Warwick broke away in disgust from the king whom he had made, and began with his powerful arm and intriguing brain to pull to pieces the fabric he had set up, Louis, on his side, rushed eagerly to his assistance, with the hope of establishing any other dynasty than that of York, and thus preventing England and Burgundy from being again united in arms for the conquest of France. Thus Warwick and Edward were by turns fugitives, the one in France, the other in Flanders, and the revenues of both countries were strained to supply the requirements of the contending parties. No brain, possibly, but that of Louis could have conceived, and no art but his have brought about, the unnatural alliance of Warwick, steeped in the blood of the Lancastrians, with the high-souled Margaret and her unhappy son. It was he who prepared the short-lived triumph of the Red Rose, and caused again for a few moments the pale and aged figure of Henry to appear like a ghost upon the throne; and when the star of the great earl set for ever at Barnet, and the last branch of the White Rose was cut down on the bloody field of Tewkesbury, none sorrowed more than Louis, or felt more exultation than Charles of Burgundy.

The battle of Tewkesbury was a severe blow to the French king, and his position then became extremely critical; but it was the last great reverse which he experienced, and from that time his fortune was ever on the ascendant. The lowest point, however, of his career was Péronne; and even in the two years which intervened between that period and the battle of Tewkesbury, he had contrived to recover a great deal of lost ground. Waiting patiently at first for the memory of his humiliation to fade away, he took advantage of the parting words of the duke to induce his weak-minded and unstable brother to accept the apanage of Guienne in lieu of Champagne, and by adroit management he had completely for a time recovered his confidence and affection. By similar treatment he likewise detached the duke of Brittany from the League. He called together at Tours an assembly of notables, who declared the treaty of Pé-

ronne to have been extorted by treason and violence and to be of no effect; and the parliament sent a summons to the duke by an usher to appear to answer the charge of *lèse majesté*. By these and other measures he completely isolated Charles, and while he was still in the full flow of exultation at the news of Warwick's successful invasion, he had once more got possession of the coveted towns of the Somme, which he had lost by the treaty of Conflans, but which he never again ceased to hold. Then came a counter-tide of ill-success: the Laucastrian cause was lost; his fickle-minded brother was again lured over to the side of his enemies; the Duke of Brittany followed him; the Armagnacs and the Foix, and the nobles of the south of France, all once more joined Charles of Burgundy in a solid league against Louis, who for the last time stood alone against his vassals arming and in arms. The belief was now universal that he was on the brink of ruin. His own sister, the Duchess of Savoy, deserted him and sought the protection of his rival. Nicholas, Duke of Lorraine, who was affianced to his daughter, broke off the engagement and joined the throng of suitors for the hand of the heiress of Burgundy; while foreign powers took occasion to show the slight value they put upon the friendship of the French monarch. The confederates once more employed the hypocritical pretence of the Public Weal—a pretence which Charles, however, now disdained to employ. "Do you think," he said to Comines, then his chamberlain, "that if I lead my army into France, it will be for the good of the kingdom?" Comines smiled in reply, and he added sarcastically, "I love France better than they imagine; for instead of one king I would give them six." The leaguers boasted that "English, Burgundians, Bretons, would all now hunt down the fox; and that they would put so many dogs on his track that he could not possibly escape." Louis in his extremity, though hard beset, never lost heart, and redoubled his activity; every intrigue which his fertile and ingenious mind could suggest was still employed to divide his enemies. With his brother, with the duke, with one and all, he did what could be done by negotiation; he reënforced his army, and, above all, he issued an *ordonnance* praying *son bon populaire* that henceforward in every town when the bell struck mid-

day, every one should kneel and say three *Ave Marias* for the peace of the kingdom—the origin, it is said, of the *Angelus*, continued in every Catholic country to the present day.

His negotiations with the Duke of Burgundy were significant of the times and of the men. A truce existed between the parties: Louis proposed to turn it into a peace, and offered to give up the precious towns on the Somme, if the duke would abandon his allies, the Dukes of Brittany and Guienne. The duke agreed, but at the same time sent to the princes to tell them that whatever engagement he entered into they should have no fear—it was but a trick to get the towns. Thus during the whole of the winter and spring of 1471 ensued a contest of diplomacy between the king and the duke, the duke refusing to sign the treaty or to perform any of the remaining articles in it until the towns were in his possession. At last he gave in, and agreed to sign the treaty. But it was then too late: the king refused. His brother, who had been the chief pretext of the revolt of his rebellious vassals, had died suddenly—a piece of good fortune so opportune that Louis was accused, apparently without reason, of having had him poisoned. Charles, furious at being balked in his game of duplicity, threw himself headlong into the career of violence which is associated with his name. He waged war against France: such a war as he had waged against Dinant and against Liège—a war of "fire and blood," of havoc and extermination. Bursting through the French boundaries, he fell first upon Nesle, a small and defenseless town. The troops on entering made an indiscriminate massacre of all whom they met—dragged all the townfolk they could find from their hiding-places and hanged them—took the archers, lopped off their right hands at the wrist, and let them go. The churches, as usual, being the chief places of refuge, were heaped with dead. The duke rode into the principal church without dismounting from his horse, who stepped in blood to the fellocks, and as he looked on the scattered bodies of men, women, and children, he crossed himself and said: "Saint George! here is a fair sight! I see I have good butchers with me!" Plundering, burning, and slaying on every side, the great army arrived before Beauvais. But the story of the

atrocities of Nesle gave courage even to the weakest, and an heroic defense was made. The women took part in the conflict; and the courage of one, a girl, has placed her name next on the list of French heroines to that of Joan of Arc. In the first assault, unarmed, she wrested the Burgundian standard from the hands of the soldiers who had planted it on the wall, and the trophy is still treasured in the Hôtel de Ville of the town she assisted to defend.

After some days of siege, the duke, who disdained to invest the place regularly, hurled his troops in a wild assault against the walls. But he had here to do with no unprotected city like Dinant or Liège. The assailants were driven shamefully back with a loss of twelve hundred killed and wounded. The town was reënforced, and Dammartin, with the king's troops, began maneuvering on his flanks. After raging in impotence for some time in the neighborhood of the town, and declaring "that it was easy to have taken the town had he chosen, but that he wanted to join his brother of Brittany," he retired in the night, "*sans trompettes*," and took his way across Normandy, plundering and burning every defenseless place on his route. He effected nothing, however, by this ruthless campaign. Louis, with his usual skill, partly by pressure and partly by cajolery, had drawn off the Duke of Brittany, and induced him to enter into a separate accommodation. Charles then signed a truce which, though terminable for a year, was renewed from time to time; and there were no more direct hostilities between the king and his formidable vassal. Louis who was well instructed of the schemes and complications into which the duke's insatiable ambition was now drawing him on the side of Germany, joyfully yielded him every opportunity of turning his furious force in another direction; and the ungovernable violence and imperious obstinacy of the feudal chieftain, free from all obstacles on the side of France, rushed onward up the valley of the Rhone to dash itself to pieces finally against the granite buttresses of the Alps.

Charles was now in fact under the fascination of dreams of empire which lured him to his end. Of their precise nature at various times, in absence of evidence, we are left much to conjecture. At one time he meditated a kingdom of the Rhine,

at another the acquisition of the imperial crown of Germany, at another, apparently, the resuscitation of the ancient kingdom of the Burgundian Goths. Such visionary aims were necessarily confined to his own solitary ruminations, as from time to time he withdrew in somber abstraction from the splendid and public life of his court, and shut himself up in the privacy of his own apartments. For what glimpses we can get of them, we must trust to some chance document recovered from the dusty archives of Dijon or Brussels, which treasured up a few fleeting words from his lips, or to such indications of his policy as chroniclers who were not in his confidence can afford us. He has been styled, extravagantly, the Napoleon of the middle ages; but little real similarity can be found between them; his blundering and doubtful victory at Monthéry, and the sack of defenseless towns, being the only successful military achievements of his wild career. Yet he possessed some of the virtues as well as all the vices of a conqueror: he was chaste, temperate, and indefatigably industrious both in the cabinet and in the field, although he was merciless, unscrupulous, and inexorable—qualities which marked him out to be the scourge of humanity without any of the compensating advantages with which successful conquest is sometimes attended.

The later chapters of Mr. Kirk's volumes are not so satisfactory as the portion of his work which we have now traversed: he has yielded too much to the temptation of appearing as an apologist, and the ambition of attempting to reverse one of the most unanimous judgments of history has operated unfavorably, not only on the spirit, but also on the composition of his history. Unseasonable political disquisitions, loose in argument and unsound and unphilosophic in applications of fact, break the course of events; while he has destroyed the impression which should be conveyed of the headlong violence and restless aggressions of Charles, and of the panics and apprehensions of the rest of Europe, which were their consequences, by a straggling method of narration which fails to show occurrences in their close and natural sequence. The chief cause of the duke's wild career and ultimate ruin was his anomalous position, and the anachronism, so to speak, of his very existence. Charles

inherited enormous power, whilst the duties attached to it were so multitudinous, so heterogeneous, and in many cases so conflicting, that no fixed lines of conduct were apparent for his guidance. By a culminating caprice of destiny, he was the greatest feudal chief since feudalism had existed, and this when the spirit of the institution had departed, and feudalism for all beneficial purposes was dead. The medley of States whose immense resources he wielded were assembled under his dominion by hereditary chance or by the accident of marriage. Beneath him were a diversity of tongues, dialects, laws, customs, and interests. Seated at once upon the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Saône, no unity of purpose or policy was to be discovered amid the Babel of voices, French, Burgundian, Flemish, and Walloon, who addressed him as their sovereign.

To increase his confusion he himself was of no distinct nationality, but a mixture of French, English, Portuguese, and Bavarian; and with greater power at his command than that possessed by any monarch of the time, he was at once a vassal of France and a vassal of the empire. It was perhaps not impossible to have moulded an empire out of such incongruous elements; but it required a more comprehensive and politic genius than his to achieve it, as it certainly demanded a wiser and gentler nature not to be exalted by the possession of such vast and undefined prerogatives to arrogance advancing to the verge of madness. Another characteristic, too, of his career, which Mr. Kirk has omitted to censure, is the impetuosity with which he dashed at one scheme of ambition after another, without bringing his former project to any conclusion, or taking precautions against the hostile feelings which he had excited.

The events of the last four years of his life hurried onward with frightful rapidity, until they precipitated him to destruction. In 1473, immediately on the cessation of hostilities with France, he completed the usurpation of Gueldres, and thus added a fifth duchy to the Burgundian dominions. The history of the acquisition of Gueldres was strongly characteristic of the scandalous wickedness of the age. Weary of waiting for the decease of Arnold Duke of Gueldres, his son Adolphus had the old man seized at the ducal palace of Nimeguen, in bed, in the middle of a piti-

less winter night, dragged with scanty clothing and bare feet, across the frozen waters of the Waal, and confined in a small and wretched subterranean dungeon in the castle of Buren. The aged duke lay there for five years in horrible captivity, uttering groans and lamentations which reached the ears of all who approached the spot. The Duke of Burgundy, at the requisition of the pope and emperor, interfered, liberated Arnold from prison by a body of Burgundian troops, and summoned Adolphus to appear before him. Adolphus refused all accommodation short of being allowed to retain the whole ducal sovereignty; and Arnold, before the Burgundian court, threw down his gage, and defied his son to mortal combat. Adolphus was arrested, tried before the Court of the Golden Fleece, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment; while Charles took occasion to seize the duchy of Gueldres for himself, although Adolphus had left an innocent son, in defense of whose rights the inhabitants of the duchy flew to arms. Their revolt, however, was suppressed by Charles, who entered Gueldres with an army, took possession of it in August, 1473, and kept the young duke a captive. Immediately after this exploit, he proceeded up the Rhine, to hold an interview with the Emperor of Germany, in order to bring to conclusion the weightiest negotiation of his life, and one which had been agitated backward and forward for the last four years—the permanent alliance of Burgundy and Austria—a project which, though abortive at the time, was carried into effect after his decease, and had a portentous influence on the subsequent events of European history.

This alliance had originally been conceived by Sigismund, the Duke of Austria, when he came to negotiate the surrender of Alsace, and became ocular witness of the pomp and power of Burgundy at Bruges, in 1468. Seeing that the great Duke of the Occident had but one daughter, who would probably inherit all the splendor and power which dazzled his imagination, it naturally occurred to him that her marriage with Maximilian, son of the reigning emperor, and his cousin-german, would greatly advance the prospects of the House of Hapsburg. The Princess Mary of Burgundy had up to this time been a powerful magnet in the

hands of the duke, who had promised her successively to various suitors to gain them over to his side, without any intention of keeping his faith. He said to his confidants that "he would sooner make himself a monk than give himself a son-in-law." An alliance, however, of his daughter with the son of the emperor seemed to open a way for himself to the imperial throne. After much negotiation, spread over four or five years, it was at length agreed that a betrothal should take place, and that Charles should receive the title of King of the Burgundian States, and the appointment of "vicar-general of the whole empire," irrevocably and for life, with a pledge from the electors of his elevation to the throne when vacated by Frederick's death. A personal conference was then arranged, the ostensible object of which was the investiture of Charles with his recent conquest, the imperial fiefs of Gueldres and Zutphen. To carry this negotiation through, in spite of the susceptible pride of the weak Frederick, and the suspicions of the electors of Germany, required the most delicate management; but Charles, with his usual contempt of such considerations, marched to Metz, the place appointed for the interview, with fourteen thousand men, and four hundred pieces of artillery. Before entering the town, he required possession of a gate, and that the greater part of his force should be admitted within the walls. The free city not only had cause to fear the formidable character of its proposed guest, but its suspicions were still further increased by a late attempt which had been made to get possession of the town by Nicolas of Lorraine with the connivance of Charles; it refused to give up the keys of the town, or to admit more than five hundred men. The emperor then changed the place of interview for Trèves. The conference lasted eight weeks, and during this time Charles, who chose to play the host rather than the guest, as in reality he was, exhibited in sumptuous entertainments at the Abbey of Saint Maximin all the vaunted Burgundian magnificence. But the Germans looked on all this overbearing display with no favorable eyes, while the Burgundian nobles despised the Germans as mean, poor, and dirty. Much folly is it, says Comines, for two great princes to hold interviews in person; it always breeds envy and ill-will. Nevertheless,

the negotiations still proceeded in secret between Charles and the emperor. The ceremony of the investiture of Gueldres took place in the public square. The duke on horseback, and in armor, but bareheaded, rode three times round the emperor, seated in state on a lofty platform; then ascended the steps, preceded by a herald-at-arms bearing his escutcheon, and knelt to do homage. The day on which he was to be invested with the sovereignty of Burgundy, and named vicar-general of the empire, was finally appointed for the 25th of November, 1473. Crown and scepter were already prepared, when, at the last moment, the more powerful of the electors persuaded the emperor to abandon the arrangement; and as the forces of the duke were in possession of the town, the emperor, to avoid all chance of opposition, on the night of the 24th embarked by stealth in a boat and floated down the Moselle.

Baulked thus on the eve of accomplishing a great design, Charles, nevertheless, took two steps in the same year in advance toward the dominion of the Rhineland. He caused himself, in November, to be named Protector of the Electorate of Cologne; and in December, by intriguing with the nobles of Lorraine, he secured four of the strongest frontier towns, and made his entry into Nancy by the side of the young duke, whom he had completely overawed into insignificance. These three advantages were gained in less than six months, and, under the prestige of their success, he advanced on the 21st of December, with his dreaded banner, through the defiles of the Vosges, and descended upon Alsace.

It was now five years since Sigismund, Duke of Austria, finding himself worsted in one of the interminable series of hostilities between his house and the Swiss confederacy, had mortgaged to Charles, for fifty thousand florins, the landgraviate of Alsace, the county of Ferette, Breisach, and the four "Forest Towns," Rheinfeldt, Seckingen, Lauffenberg, and Waldshut. Charles, under this instrument, was to enter into possession of the territory, engaging himself at the same time to protect Sigismund against the aggressions of the Swiss, and use all his influence to bring about an amicable settlement of the differences between them. In consequence of this convention, Char-

les possessed himself of Alsace, and appointed Peter von Hagenbach landvoght or bailiff over the district. Hagenbach was himself a native of the Sundgau in Alsace, one of the small robber nobles, who knew no law but that of force, who were the terror of industry and commerce, and continually at war with the free towns, whose vessels and caravans they unceasingly plundered. As a needy adventurer, he had become a soldier of fortune under the Burgundian banners; he had risen to be distinguished by the eye of his master—had, in fact, directed the bombardment of Dinant, and been employed in the correspondence between the duke and the court of Vienna. His conduct in Alsace did not belie his origin. His government was a government of terror, and united the most opposite interests, divided by enmities of ancient date, in unanimous execration. The nobles united with the towns and the Swiss in demanding redress for his cruelty, rapine, and extortion. Mr. Kirk attempts, in the most impassioned manner, and with a very extravagant allusion to Cromwell, to enlist the reader's sympathies in favor of Hagenbach; but we are unable to discover one particle of new evidence which he has brought forward in his favor. If any historic testimony is to be believed at all, he was a petty tyrant of the most revolting character, who, besides his merciless and wanton cruelty, practiced the most disgusting profligacy, cynicism, and impiety. He treated with the coarsest mockery and ribaldry every institution, moral and religious, and trampled upon every right and every privilege. In spite of express stipulations and traditionary exemptions, he established imposts on the necessities and commodities of life, and put to death the deputies sent to remonstrate with him. Not content with oppressing those under his rule, he began vexatious aggressions on the neighboring free towns—Colmar, Basle, Strasbourg; and Mülhausen, an imperial city, received into an alliance with the Swiss confederacy, was placed in a state of rigorous blockade. The Swiss, who were wont to travel and trade among the towns of Alsace, complained of the injuries committed against their merchants and allies, but they received an insulting reply. They appealed to the duke, who gave answer that he had appointed a governor to please himself, and not his subjects or neighbors.

Hagenbach and his creatures now knew no limits; one of the latter took prisoner a whole convoy of Swiss traders, and demanded a high ransom; in consequence of which the Swiss confederacy entered into a strict league with the free towns of Alsace.

After three years of these vexations and cruelties, the terror-stricken people heard that the implacable Charles, the destroyer of Dinant and Liège, was coming down amongst them, led by Hagenbach, at the head of eight thousand troops, among whom were two thousand cavalry, Lombard mercenaries, whose reputation for brutal and unbridled license was spread throughout Europe. Reports, moreover, had transpired of the proceedings of Trèves, which induced both Swiss and Alsations to believe that they themselves were to be the first victims to Charles's ambition of a Burgundian kingdom. A universal panic spread through the country. Many of the inhabitants fled from the face of the destroyer and took refuge in Switzerland. The peasants shut themselves up with their cattle in the castles and cities, the towns closed their gates as in time of siege. At the first village where the duke passed the night the inhabitants entrenched themselves in a cemetery. Colmar refused to admit him with more than two hundred horse. Basle put the city in a state of defense, and, to avoid surprise, illuminated, every night, the bridge over the Rhine. Berne took as much precaution as though actual war was declared. But Mülhausen, which had most raised the anger of Hagenbach, despaired of its safety. Women rushed wildly through the streets; the relics were carried in procession; litanies were sung in the churches; the children wept; and preparations were made for a siege. Charles, however, did not tarry in the country. He received the oaths of some of the towns, and heard coldly the complaints of the inhabitants and those of the city of Berne, but supported Hagenbach in all he had done. Then, with his soldiers plundering and offering violence on all sides like a conquering army, he marched on to Besançon and Dijon, which latter city he entered on the 23d of January, 1474, for the first time since the death of his father, and displayed anew, in a triumphal entry, the gorgeous state which had excited the envy of the Germans at Trèves. At the conclusion of a ban-

quet, given in the ancient capital of his duchy to the estates of the two Burgundies, he made a speech well calculated to excite the jealousy and suspicions of his neighbors. He talked of the ancient kingdom of Burgundy, which the kings of France had usurped and turned into a duchy; and then said, ominously, that he had thoughts in his mind which he would trust to none but himself. His discourse at Dijon excited anew all the fears and distrust to which the former part of his career had given rise. All his acts and thoughts now indicated the establishment of a great independent power. He set up a parliament at Malines in imitation of that of Paris, called upon the reluctant states of Flanders to provide means for establishing a permanent army, and caused researches to be made as to the limits and traditions of the ancient kingdom of Burgundy. Such manifestations, viewed in conjunction with the usurpation of Gueldres, his protectorate over Cologne, his military occupation of Lorraine and his proceedings in Alsace, and his abortive projects upon Germany, necessarily kept the attention of all Europe in suspense.

Louis XI., the *universelle arraignée*, as Chastellain calls him, had not been inactive in taking advantage of the common suspicions entertained of the designs of Charles, and the formation of the Swiss League is considered by Comines the master-piece of the king's political conceptions. Even as dauphin, he had, in his expedition against the Swiss, an opportunity of forming a judgment of the formidable strength of the Swiss infantry. At the battle of St. Jacques, a body of ten thousand had crossed a river in the front of a large army, and fought with a desperate stubbornness which testified to their inordinate obstinacy and valor. From that time he had seized every opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Swiss. The memory of Morgarten and Sempach was yet fresh, and their victories over the feudal levies of Austria held a conspicuous place in the recollections of the great adversary of feudalism.

The same offer of Alsace had been made by Sigismund to Louis as was afterwards accepted by Charles; but he had carefully avoided any engagement likely to bring him into collision with the Swiss, and had joyfully seen the dangerous position assumed by his adversary. When

he received intelligence of the discontent of Sigismund, and of the indignation which the rule of Hagenbach had excited both among Alsatians and Swiss, he entered heart and soul into the scheme of uniting all the discontented parties in a league against the duke—a league which should be a counterpoise to that which existed between Edward and Charles for the invasion of France, and which was ratified by a treaty the following year. After a good deal of intrigue and negotiation, the treaty of Constance, on the 30th of March, 1474, was signed by the representatives of France, Austria, and the Swiss Cantons, by which it was agreed that perpetual peace should exist thenceforward between Austria and the Swiss confederacy, and that, under the guarantee of the French king, the free towns would advance the money for the recovery of Alsace, which was to be redeemed by Sigismund, according to the terms of the mortgage. On the 17th of April the duke received intelligence of the treaty, and he was informed that the mortgage money, amounting, together with sums allowed for expenditure, to eighty thousand florins, was deposited at Basle, and Sigismund demanded the restitution of Alsace. But meanwhile the Alsatians, among whom greater enormities had been committed after the departure of the duke, broke out into revolt, took Hagenbach, and after an open trial on the 9th of May, before twenty-seven commissioners deputed from the free towns of Alsace and from Basle and Berne, he was publicly executed. The duke was at that moment engaged with the affairs of Cologne, but, as a temporary measure, he dispatched a body of seven or eight thousand men, under Stephen von Hagenbach, brother of Peter, to execute preliminary vengeance.

This was effected with a cruelty worthy of Charles himself. The invaders made war upon the defenseless inhabitants in his own fashion—plundering, burning, slaying without mercy or distinction, wherever they passed, and carrying off the children to be sold and enslaved. These horrors, and further solicitations from the French king, aroused anew the Swiss confederacy to a sense of their own danger, and they declared war against the duke on the 9th of October. The embassy dispatched to carry the fatal message found him engaged in the siege of Neuss, in the electorate of Cologne,

against which principally the duke was now making war on precisely the same pretext as had served him for the subjugation of Liège—the defense of the authority of the archbishop, against his chapter and people in revolt. With his usual headlong impetuosity, it seemed easy for him to overwhelm Cologne and then march to reestablish his dominion on the Upper Rhine. The small town of Neuss, however, made an obstinate defense, which utterly disconcerted his schemes, did much to destroy the terrible prestige of his name, and was one of the most powerful as well as unforeseen causes of his exemplary ruin.

Mr. Kirk's two volumes leave Charles involved in the operations of his unsuccessful siege of Neuss; the events of the two concluding years of his hero's life remain for a third volume. The execution of the portion of the work before us is extremely unequal. It exhibits, it is true, many of the best qualities which we look for in historic composition, but its demerits are many, and of a kind which will go far to destroy its permanent success. Mr. Kirk deserves great credit for the careful and copious collection of materials he has brought together; but he is not equally skillful in the use of them. His narrative is frequently disfigured by an excessive desire to produce effect, and so captious and argumentative are his political disquisitions, that he drags us through two and a half pages of successive interrogations which take our breath away before we get half through them. In judgment, which is one of the chief qualities we look for in an elaborate history, he appears to us remarkably deficient. Carried away by the desire of obtaining the *rehabilitation* of Charles the Bold, he has gone at great length into the causes of the Swiss war, and throws upon the Swiss the whole blame of the rupture. He has examined the question with great industry, but elicited no new important fact, and certainly nothing which will reverse the judgment of history. It was well known that the Swiss—a poor nation of herdsmen and mountaineers—received money from the French king to enable them to carry on hostilities; but there was nothing extravagant in the measure of such assistance, nor has it ever been considered a reproach for a nation to be subsidized in this way, if the war be a just one. The question is, whether, being urged by

Louis to declare war against Charles at that particular crisis, it was a prudent and patriotic step for them then to take; or whether it would have been better for them to wait until Charles had secured Alsace and the dominions of the Rhine, and could bring all the troops of Flanders, Holland, the Rhenish provinces, Lorraine, and Burgundy, besides mercenaries, against them. It appears to us that in this case they were justified by the result, and there was a sigh of relief throughout Europe when this terrible monster fell, whose course was marked with ruin and massacre, and who was marching on, breathing fire and vengeance, and meditating no one knew what plans of subjugation. Had he been allowed time for the consolidation of his power, it is impossible to divine how many years of universal havoc he had yet in store for his neighbors. But it is in the case of Hagenbach that Mr. Kirk is most carried away by the passion of the advocate. In his defense he is as earnest and impassioned as an Old Bailey counsel; yet neither here, nor in the case of his hero Charles, is Mr. Kirk the first to put forward these views, for both Schreiber and the Baron Gingins La Sarraz have advocated the same opinions with considerable industry. Defects and merits are mingled in Mr. Kirk's style in much the same proportion as in his matter. He is often brilliant, vigorous, and full of animation; indeed, his manner of description, if chastened by a severer taste, would be excellent. But of the value of simplicity he seems entirely ignorant: he appears to be always striving to dazzle and to overwhelm, or to deafen with a cataract of speech. Sometimes he sinks below the level of a housewife's proverb, and sometimes he strains himself to the most inflated grandiloquence. His metaphors are showered about with a reckless hand, and they are too often far-fetched, absurd, involved, and untrue, and sometimes even approach the vulgarity of a pun. A throne is a "shuttlecock," rivers are "bulwarks," treaties "radiate and dazzle," the Swiss confederacy is a "battery." We read of "Cæsar and his misfortunes," and of the "musket hanging fire for half a century." So carelessly redundant, moreover, is his verbiage, that in the course of three pages (pp. 175-177) the same sentence occurs twice in almost identical words. The work, in short, stands greatly in need of careful revision

and rigorous condensation ; the three volumes with which we are threatened might with advantage be reduced to two ; and much superfluous matter omitted. If Mr. Kirk can be induced to adopt any of these suggestions, we shall be indebted to him for a book of considerable interest and power, which may bear comparison with the best historical productions of his countrymen.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN OLD WOMAN ON WIFE-CHOOSING.

THE carelessness with which some men choose their wives is wonderful to me ; they seem to bestow more trouble and pains upon the choice of a coat. One or two instances which have lately come to my notice will account for the charge I have brought against the lords of the creation ; but only some of them, for others, finding no one good enough, end by remaining old bachelors ; and it is best they should, for men of that sort would have worried angels had they happened to marry them.

One friend of mine came to me some little time ago, and told me that he was going back to India in three months, and described with great feeling his lonely life there at some small up-country station, never seeing a European for weeks at a time. I remember taking off my spectacles, and wiping them, and leisurely putting them into the case, before I could quite make up my mind to say what I wanted. At last I said : " Alfred, why don't you marry ? "

" My dear old soul, that is just what I am thinking of," said he.

" Very well then, what's to hinder you ? " I replied.

" Well, you see, grouse-shooting begins next week ; of course I can't miss that ; and in three months I sail. But I tell you what I have been thinking you could do for me—would you mind giving a party, and asking a few eligibles ? "

" My dear Alfred, you shock me," I replied ; " I was never used to things of that sort in my youth."

" Well, but I assure you it is often done now : there's Jones of the 10th, and Wiggins of the 19th, married just in that sort

of way, and both have been just as fortunate as if they had been months at it."

So I gave my party, for my young friend was a great favorite. He would not let me introduce him to any one, but looked on, making himself generally agreeable, and asking other friends to introduce him, not me ; I think he was afraid I should look aly.

But toward the end of the evening, he came quietly up to me and said : " Goody " [that is always my name with young people], " who is that with the pink dress on, with her back toward us ? "

" That," said I, " is Miss Marian Browne, and a very nice girl too."

" That's my wife ; I like her back," said he.

And true enough, two months after he married her, and both sailed for India together. I often hear from them, and nothing can have turned out better than that hasty marriage.

Then there's young Balmayne ; I am sure I never thought he would have done so well as he has, after that imprudent, hurried marriage of his, and he heir to so much. But it's all right now, and I'll tell you how it came to pass.

You must know Balmayne hadn't much to do last winter in town, when he was up with his father, who was ill of the gout : so he used to spend a good deal of his time looking out of the dining-room window ; and as his father has one of those houses in Piccadilly not far from Mr. Beresford's, of course he saw a good many people go by in the course of the day.

One morning, it rained very hard—quite

a pelt; and as he was at his post, he saw a pretty girl run across the road from the Park, straight to the shelter of the porch, which was over the front door of his father's house. She had no umbrella; so, of course, Balmayne's first impulse was to lend her one. He put on his hat and coat, just as if he was going for a walk himself, and opened the door.

She really was very pretty, and very wet. She wouldn't come in to be dried, for she was in a hurry to be home; so, as the offered umbrella was a heavy one, Balmayne carried it for her himself. She was a girl of good family, but very poor—that evil worse than sin, in the eyes of some people. However, to make a long story short, Balmayne married her before the season was over; and more than that, had told his father that such was his intention. This brought on another fit of the gout; and the old gentleman vowed and declared that he never would see her; and so matters were in this fix, till it was time to go down for the 12th; and as the moors were in capital order, and a large party coming to the old gentleman's Highland box, Balmayne must come with him, and leave his beautiful young wife behind. This grieved him sadly; but at last a bright idea occurred to him, which he carried out, as we shall relate; for all these are true stories.

At the Euston-square railway station, when Balmayne arrived with his father, there was such a rush for seats, that they had some difficulty in finding one; and as to a carriage to themselves, that was out of the question; but they secured a compartment which, as we all know, contains only four. One lady was already in this; but with the old gentleman's innate politeness, he would not hear of her moving, though, as his gouty foot was obliged to be placed on the opposite seat, there was only just room for them.

The lady sat by the old gentleman, and the son opposite to her. The lady was very pretty, and seemed so sorry and sympathizing, whenever a twinge of the gout forced a strong expression from the old gentleman, that at last he began to take some notice of her, and to talk to her. Balmayne, absorbed in his newspaper, left them entirely to themselves; and before they had reached York, they were good friends. It so happened that the young lady, too, was going to spend the night at York; and as she was quite alone,

the old gentleman told her she had better come to the same hotel as they did, and his servant should look after her things, for evidently Balmayne did not intend to take the smallest notice of her; and seeing his son's want of proper politeness, perhaps made the good old gentleman all the more attentive.

Next morning, they again set out on their northern journey, and all together as before, for the lady seemed quite to belong to them now. Having ascertained that she was going down to a place within a few miles of his own shooting-box, the old man promised he would see her safe to the end of her journey, which was rather a long one, as she traveled slowly, being in delicate health; and owing to his gout, the old gentleman did the same; so, as it turned out, they remained together the whole way. When they got to the last station, before leaving the railway for country roads, the two gentlemen got out, the father desiring the lady to remain where she was in the waiting-room till he had found her a carriage, and had her luggage put on to it. She obeyed with a very sweet smile, but looked uncommonly nervous. Balmayne also looked nervous, which was odd. He followed his father, who was looking for a fly for his pretty *protégée*. "Upon my word, as nice a girl as ever I met," said the old gentleman. "Really, I'm quite sorry to lose sight of her. How she would enliven us at the moors; wouldn't she, Balmayne?"

But Balmayne was as white as a sheet, and could hardly speak. At last, however, he did say: "You needn't lose her unless you like, father."

"Now, now, young gentleman, what do you mean?" said his father, bristling up.

"I mean that she's my wife!" gasped out the unfortunate Balmayne.

"By Jove!" said the old gentleman, turning as purple as a turkey-cock; "who could have thought it? You impudent young rascal!"

For some moments it seemed doubtful whether anger at being taken in, or the real pleasure at his son's unknown wife being so much better than he had expected, would gain the mastery; at last, however, his natural good humor triumphed, and his son led him back to the little waiting-room, where was the poor young wife, more dead than alive with fright, not

knowing how her husband's *ruse* would succeed.

Nothing could be better. The old gentleman embraced her with real paternal affection; and one carriage took them all to his shooting-box; and from that day to this, the good father has never ceased to bless the day when his son gave him such a daughter-in-law.

Before I've done, I'll just tell you one more, which didn't turn out so well.

Captain Williams — I forget of what regiment — was quartered at one of the small stations of the Bombay presidency, many miles from any large town. A few others were with him, and the chaplain of the regiment. Any one who has been quartered any where abroad under these circumstances will know how well acquainted people get with each other.

After a time, Captain Williams and the young chaplain used to read over their home-letters together, and talk over absent friends, for the arrival of the mail was the great event of the time. Captain Williams had two sisters, who both lived with their widowed mother at home. There had been a much larger family, but all had died except the eldest and youngest daughter, the brother being somewhere about half-way between. There were nearly twenty years between the sisters; indeed, Captain Williams hardly looked upon the eldest as a sister, being born of a former marriage, and more like an aunt than any thing else.

This chaplain was rather a namby-pamby sort of fellow, always complaining of his lonely life and all that sort of thing; and Captain Williams was often his confidant.

Whenever the mail came in, he would always stroll to the captain's bungalow, and at last was allowed to read some of his sister's letters, for he kept up a very close correspondence with that dear little own sister of his; and as he talked with great delight of her, and read passages of her letters to the low-spirited young chaplain, it is no wonder if at last this young man began to wish she would write to him.

He had seen her picture; her brother had had it painted just before he left England; and it was quite pretty enough to make a romantic young man with nothing to do fancy himself in love with it; so, after a little, he went to the captain, and proposed seriously for his sister, only the

lady must put her pride in her pocket, and consent to come out to him, as he could not possibly get leave; besides, the expenses of the journey to England and back would be more than his slender finances could stand.

So Captain Williams wrote the letter; and in due time the answer came that his sister would come, and consented to be the wife of his friend the chaplain. The letter was written by the elder sister, but neither of them thought any thing of that, as very likely the bride-elect was shy, and had deputed her to write. The next mail was the time mentioned, as after that the regiment might soon be expected to move up the country further from Bombay, and leave would then be still more difficult, and the journey longer and more expensive. So about the time expected, our two friends, so soon to be brothers, got a fortnight's leave, and came down to Bombay.

You may imagine how anxiously they watched on the pier the gradual nearing of the steamer, and how nervously they watched all the passengers as they appeared. A sigh of disappointment was rising to the heart of the young chaplain—he could not see the original of the picture—when he was startled by a horror-struck exclamation of his friend: "By heavens, Arabella!" And at the same moment an elderly female rushed at the poor captain, and folded him in a sisterly embrace. "Where is Alice?" exclaimed Captain Williams in desperation.

"At home with mamma, dear brother," said the bride-expectant, glancing at his companion. The chaplain looked at her, and then at his friend. Some say his hair turned white then and there; at any rate, it did some months after.

Well, you know I said he was a namby-pamby sort of a fellow, so, instead of saying: "This is not the article I sent for," and shipping off the lady by the next steamer, he quietly accepted his destiny. But either it was too much for him, or the climate did not agree with him; somehow or other, in a year or two he died, leaving a strong, hearty widow, who returned next mail to England, and is now, as far as I know, the oracle of some of the small Cheltenham tea-parties, and tells of the romantic attachment of her dear husband, and of all the wonders she has seen in India.

This also, I am sorry to say, is a true

story, and often have I been very sorry for the poor, low-spirited chaplain. I only wish his little experience may teach young men to look well before they leap. India and the colonies are full of such histories. If, when quartered at those out-of-the-way stations, instead of flirting with those they would not speak to at home, sons and brothers would only remember, before marrying, the misery they bring upon their fond, proud mothers and sisters, I do think such catastrophes would less frequently occur.

Thank goodness, I have neither son nor brother to be anxious about. I heard of one young man the other day who as near as possible engaged himself to a handsome Hottentot. What in the world would the countess his mother, and his sisters the Ladies Anne and Louisa, have said to such a sister-in-law? And yet they would have had her, if the marriage had not been prevented by the presence

of mind of a friend of mine, a young brother-officer of his own.

It is really a serious question, now that our young men are sent all over the world when hardly out of school-room discipline, whether they ought not to marry before they go. This, anxious mothers and sisters generally try to prevent, and with some show of reason, for at that age a man can scarcely know his own mind. Then, again, if he waits till he comes home "for good," he is what is commonly called an old fogey, whom no pretty girl would really care for. Both are evils, but the worst evil of all is picking up no one knows whom, in those far-off lands, and then finding, when you come home, and take your place amongst your family and friends, that though your wife might do very well in the bush, or at small country stations, she is neither an ornament to your father's halls nor your mother's drawing-room. So, young men, beware!

From Bently's Miscellany.

T I L S I T A N D E R F U R T .

"GENERALS, colonels, officers, and men," Napoleon wrote on March 1st, 1807, from Osterode, to his brother Joseph, "have not had their clothes off for two months, and I myself have not pulled off my boots for a fortnight. Up to our knees in snow and mud, without bread, without wine, without spirits, living on potatoes and meat, we have made long marches and counter-marches without rest and relief, fighting at the bayonet's point, and very often in a shower of bullets." When a man does his day's work in that way, and is at the same time a Napoleon, he is sure to manage something. Among others, a peace at Tilsit, which was a very fine specimen of Napoleonic handicraft. And yet it was a mistake, like every thing half finished; for Napoleon in his position should have annihilated Prussia instead of humiliating and bullying her, as he unquestionably could have done, and dame history would not have saturated her pocket-handkerchief with tears if he had.

For if ever there were a thing worthy of annihilation it was the Prussia of 1806, which had been brought so low by the worst of all governments—that of mediocrities—that any man possessed of ordinary common sense can only look with satisfaction on the downfall of this abortion of stupidity and pride. How they had boasted about the "glorious army," and being the "first military state in the world!" Of course no account need be taken of the people: there were Junkers for officers and passive slaves for soldiers, who at their bivouac fires of October 14th, sang comic songs about dying for the fatherland. Von Rüchel, however, marched into the open at Jena with the conviction of proving, by means of the highly valued Prussian tactics, to Monsieur Bonaparte, that the said monsieur was a second-rate general, and when the arch braggart's attention was drawn to the fact that French columns were threatening his flanks, he snorted out: "A Prussian general does

not look either to the right or left; I shall go straight on and thrash the enemy"—that is to say, be beaten to a fine tune. Such they were, and such they would have remained had not Napoleon showed them who was master. It is no paradox to assert that the Emperor of the French was the benefactor of Prussia; for if the pigtail of the Junkers had not been so rudely cut off they would have gone on wearing it into the twentieth century. We can easily understand, too, that Napoleon, after all that had occurred, deeply despised Prussia and Germany. Besides the majority of princes, who ever behaved humbly to every foreign power that allowed them to wield the plaything of sovereignty, all ranks and classes had their full share in the shame which had fallen on the nation—the *savans* and *litterati* first of all. These German wanderers in the clouds still saw in Napoleon, who ought by this time to have been judged as what he really was, a species of new Messiah: thus, for instance, Hegel, who was his unbounded admirer. The first, indeed the only name-worthy journal of Germany at that day, the *Allgemeine*, trumpeted with full cheeks the glory of the conqueror of Germany. Here is a specimen: "The Emperor of the French guides, with all-surveying glances, the immeasurable business of the state and war, and forces his way into every thing with an omnipotence which we can only be amazed at but not comprehend." In Berlin, the French officers were disgusted at the "contemptible manner" in which they were flattered,

The war had in the mean while moved to Poland and East Prussia. At his headquarters of Posen, the Emperor of the French accepted the homage of the Elector of Saxony and the Saxon dukes, and made them his confederate vassals. Charles Augustus of Weimar was forced with a bleeding heart to condescend to become one, or at least to be called so. The Elector Frederick Augustus became one with a heart overflowing with gratitude. The continuation of the war began with gloomy auspices for Prussia. Driven back into a corner of her territory, and threatened not only by the French, but also by the Poles, who revolted on the approach of the latter, she had a force of twenty-five thousand men at her disposal. The one hundred and eighty thousand Russians, with whom Alexander promised to

hasten to the assistance of his friend Frederick William, remained a promise; for, in the first place, only sixty thousand Russians, under Bennigsen's command, had reached Prussia, while the remainder of the Russian force, fifty thousand men, were a long way behind, under Buxhōwden. The war, besides, was not to the liking of the Russian aristocrats, who did not see why they should fight for these Prussians, on whom they looked down with sovereign contempt since the battle of Jena, while the Russian officers and soldiers behaved much worse in Prussia or a friendly country than the French did, and displayed such a Mongolian brutality, as if they were still benighted savages. We mean it literally when we say that the Prussian soldiers, wherever they set their foot, converted the country into a desert. This was, in reality, the sole profit which Prussia derived in 1806 and 1807 from the czaric friendship.

The whole conduct of the war was a failure from the beginning. The Russian generals would not do any thing material for Prussia. This was especially the case with Bennigsen, who, as a foreigner, had a double motive to support the repugnance of the Russian aristocracy to the Prussian alliance. Still, he must do something, if he, one of the murderers of Paul I., did not wish to ruin himself entirely with Alexander, who, at that time, meant the war seriously, as he hoped to conquer the Emperor of the French in spite of the experience he had gained at Austerlitz. What he first did for this object would seem incredible if it were not avouched. While Bennigsen would not serve under Buxhōwden, or Buxhōwden under Bennigsen, and as, moreover, the Russian aristocracy would not have liked the supreme command given to foreigner, the king selected a native, Kamensky, an invalid in his sixty-sixth year, and at the same time a lunatic, who tried to emulate Suwarrow, but really played what he was—the fool. On reaching the scene of action, this highly successful field marshal babbled: "I will go to Silesia to attack the foe in the rear." A perfect folly as matters stood. When Prince Eugene of Würtemberg presented himself to the field-marshal, the "little thin man, merely dressed in a shirt and nightcap," rushed at him, and cried with all his might, "Prince Württembergsky! cousin de sa Majesté l'Empereur, Placennik Mariä

Feodorownă (nephew of Maria Feodorownă). *Altesse sérénissime!* Young blood! Molodez (excellent lad), *padi sjuda* (come here).” Then he drove about for some days *en grand tenue*—that is, “in a peasant’s sheepskin coat, with a small sword buckled over it, and a dirty cloth wound round his head”—to the different *corps d’armée* in a peasant’s cart, threw every thing into confusion, shouted to the soldiers, “You are betrayed and sold! All is lost! Run home, I shall do so too,” really went off at a gallop in his cart to Ostrolenka, turned up again for a moment at Lomza, was caught up at Grodno by an imperial decree which banished him to his estates, where he was eventually murdered by his serfs, whom he had driven into a state of madness.

When they had got rid of this lunatic, the Russians appeared to mean it seriously under Bennigsen’s command. But the bravely fought battle of Pultusk, on December 26th, against Lannes, Augereau, and Davoust’s corps, gained them no other success but a secured retreat. The French were also exhausted by their rapid march from Thuringian into these Polish regions, where the “fifth element”—mud—was more difficult to subdue than the foe. “The Polish *canaille* call this a country,” the brutal Davoust yelled, as he shook his mud-laden boots. They went into winter quarters, but, before the January of 1807 was at an end, the operations were begun again on both sides. Bennigsen, pressed by the czar’s orders, advanced as far as the Passarge, but, on Napoleon coming up in strong force, fell back again on Prussian Eylau. Here he fought, with sixty thousand men against seventy thousand French and Rhenish confederates, a battle on February 7th, one of the most sanguinary of those in which Napoleon was engaged. For a long distance the snow-clad fields were stained with blood. The frightful butchery led to no decision, no victory for the French, which was in a great measure owing to the six thousand Prussians who fought here on the side of the Russians, and who, led by the brave General Les- toecq, in the crisis of the action, when the Russian left wing was broken, charged with band playing and flags flying, and were the first to restore the honor of the Prussian arms in the field. What was thought in Paris of Napoleon’s assumed victory at Eylau, was shown by the fall of

the funds. The emperor was well aware that he had not conquered, and the sight of the field of Eylau appears to have been too terrible even for his nerves. At least, he said in his bulletin: “This scene is peculiarly fitted to inspire princes with a love of peace and hatred of war.” He did even more, while at the same time he shouted to his terribly maltreated troops the consoling words that they would ever be *les soldats de la grande armée*. He sent General Bertrand to Memel to offer the King of Prussia peace. We must assume that, under the first impressions of February 8th, he meant this offer seriously, and at any rate he meant his added assurance that he had learned that no independent state could be made out of Poland. In 1801 he had said to Talleyrand that it was hopeless to think of a Polish state, which sufficiently shows what he meant from the beginning with the Poles, who saw in him their saviour and the restorer of their fatherland.

The offer of peace—though only speaking in general terms of a restoration of Prussia—was seductive, doubly seductive, in the frightful position in which the few relics of the ruined state now were. The Russian allies behaved in such a fashion in the country that the peasants, driven to desperation, “implored the advent of the French on their knees.” About this time Lieutenant-Colonel von dem Knesebeck, attached to the Russian headquarters, wrote heart-rending letters to Schamhorst “about the barbarity of the Moscowites, who thought of nothing but draining and destroying the country in order to protect themselves by this desert,” and implored his friend to make every effort “that peace should not be declined if proposed on conditions at all acceptable.” Frederick William has been reproached for acting on Hardenberg’s advice, and adhering firmly to the alliance with Russia and England—the latter had been recently patched up again—for at once informing his allies of Napoleon’s offers, and assuring the czar that he would never separate from him. It has been said that such honor would have been most laudable in a private person; but he who wishes to play the part of a monarch, ought to be aware that, in politics, matters are not as in a romance of Lafontaine, and that, as regarded the alliance with Russia, a powerful confederate never yet hesitated to sacrifice the weaker

if his own advantage demanded it. Hence it was a proof of Frederick William's limited insight into affairs, that he believed the assurance brought him from St. Petersburg by General Uwarow, in February, 1807, that the czar "would sooner expose himself to the danger of losing his own crown than suffer the king to lose a grain of sand from his states." It is true that it was foolish to put faith in such assurances. But, on the other side, could any faith be placed in Napoleon's peaceful language? Could aught but a snare be seen in it? The king sent Colonel von Kleist to the French emperor at Osterode, to learn some fuller details about the peace-offering. Kleist only heard unpleasant things; for Napoleon, who had in the mean while recovered from the Eylau fright, only talked about impracticable things, and the Prussian colonel was forced to keep his ears very wide open, in order to fish out from Napoleon's deluge of words the one certain fact that the Elbe would henceforth be the western frontier of Prussia. Under such circumstances, there was no further reference to serious negotiations. Alexander sent reinforcements to his army, and himself came to Prussia, for the purpose of introducing greater energy into the army. On April 8th he reviewed the Prussian guards in the presence of the king, embraced the latter before the front, and exclaimed, with tear-laden eyes: "It is true that neither of us will fall alone. Either both together, or neither of both!" This czaric emotion was indubitably sincere; but a man does not get far with emotions in this hard and rough world, and instead of performing a scene from an opera, the czar should have made every effort to relieve the important city of Dantzic, which was invested by the French. As a competent man has said, "It was a thorough pasquinade on the art of war, that a great army should quietly look on for three months while a fortress like Dantzic, whose possession had an influence on the whole plan of operations, was being besieged and taken, and only began to act on the offensive again when the surrender was heard of." But in this strange way acted General Bennigsen, who knew, however, that he thus met the views of the large Russian party, who asked quite loudly, under the guidance of the Grand Duke Constantine, "Why should we fight any more for the personal friendship of our

emperor with the King of Prussia?" The fall of Dantzic—on May 25th the commandant Kalkreuth found himself compelled to sign a capitulation with Marshal Lefebvre—enabled Napoleon to continue the campaign; and he had so cleverly employed the rest granted him, that he was enabled to advance at the head of two hundred thousand men, while the Prusso-Russian army counted one hundred and twenty thousand combatants at the most.

Hence things happened as they must happen; for no one in the governing circles thought of the only chance of salvation—and that was certainly a desperate one. It consisted in carrying on the war against Napoleon, as it was done eventually in 1812. And yet, it is a remarkable fact that the idea was already in existence. Over in Memel the Russian general, Barclay de Tolly, who was severely wounded at Eylau, while lying on his sick-bed, explained to his friend, the historian Niebuhr, how, if ever he had the honor of commanding the Russian army, he would lead it to the heart of Russia, drawing the foe after him beyond Moscow, in order to fatigue and exhaust him, and cut him off from his resources and base of operations, so as, in the end, with the aid of the severe climate, to let Napoleon find a second Pultawa on the banks of the Wolga. In the mean while the work of blood began again early in June on the banks of the Passarge. After the French had crossed the stream, an obstinate and indecisive battle was fought on June 10th at Heilsberg, but four days later the decisive blow was struck at Friedland. Napoleon bought the victory dearly; but what did he care for the loss of twelve thousand men, if he was able to write to his brother Joseph, as he did from Tilsit on June 20th: "The battle of Friedland, which was fought on the anniversary of Marengo, decided the dispute. The Russian army is annihilated. This battle is as decisive as those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena were." He spoke the truth. At the Prussian court at Memel the ministers whined, in the Russian camp Bennigsen yelled, for peace. The czar still wanted to hold out, but the peace-current was too strong for him. He hesitatingly gave his general half full powers to offer the enemy an armistice, and Bennigsen did not hesitate to change the half into a whole, and agree with

Berthier a four weeks' truce. The vacillating czar was brutally urged by his brother Constantine, who "proved himself a poltroon in every affair of the war," to give his consent. Matters even went so far that the brothers interchanged such fraternal language as "sending to Siberia," and "deposing from the throne." Alexander gave way, and the sacrifice of Prussia was thus decided.

It was carried out. The vanquished allies did not fall "together," but one fell "without the other," and this one was Frederick William, who was now able to learn the value of czaric oaths of friendship over the coffin of Frederick the Great. But why should any one feel hurt at the falling away of the Emperor Alexander? It must be a very honestly limited intellect that supposes friendship to have any weight in politics. It is regulated by interest. What could the helpless King of Prussia offer the czar? Nothing. While Napoleon could and really did offer an immensity. Alexander naturally clutched at it, for history does not work with feelings and morality, but with facts, which are certainly generally "brutal" enough. And then, to do justice, we must not omit to repeat that the feeling among the Russian aristocracy and army was opposed to the war; nor forget that the czar had the Russian Magna Charta in terrible memory. At the same time, Napoleon was aware that Alexander was offended with England, and justly so, because England had displayed her own peculiar selfishness in this war, had done nothing noteworthy to support her continental allies, had refused Prussia subsidies, had declined, in insulting terms, to be security for a Russian loan, and, on the other hand, had persistently pursued in Asia, Africa, and America, the same policy of conquest of which she hypocritically accused the French autocrat. Napoleon made use of the czar's anti-English feelings, and at length his mental superiority, as well as his histrionic talent, gained such sway in his meeting with Alexander, that the latter was unable to stand their combined influence. He had to grow and ripen for some years longer ere he could free himself from the snares which Napoleon wove round him at Tilsit, and derive from the feeling of humiliation at having been snared an irreconcilable hatred which eventually became the principal lever in the overthrow of Napoleonism.

It was only natural that Prussia should seek an armistice from the victor when Russia had done so. Napoleon, while granting it, was careful to separate his dealings with Russia from those with Prussia, and as he might anticipate an easy victory over whiners and chattering like K $\ddot{o}$ ckeritz and Kalkreuth, he insisted that the Prussian negotiations for peace should not be managed by Hardenberg, to whose ministry this hint put an end. For, so soon as the victor had made sure of Russia, he spoke to Prussia as a master and commander. He made sure of the czar, however, by his often-described meeting with him, on June 25th, in the floating pavilion on the Niemen, near Tilsit. Napoleon wished to be enchanting, for he needed Alexander. Not only was it clear that Russia could not be subdued with the means he then had at his disposal, but he also wanted—and that could be obtained by an alliance with the czar—to have peace for a few years in northeastern Europe, in order to complete the subjugation of the southwest. For he was already yearning with his insatiable mind to fly over the Pyrenees and command in Lisbon and Madrid, as he commanded in Vienna, Rome, and Naples, in Amsterdam, Hamburg, Munich, Dresden, and Berlin. He also needed Alexander's assistance, in order to bring to full growth a monster to which he had recently given birth in the Prussian capital. This monster was called the Continental Blockade—a horrible thing, of which a dreamer might fancy that Homer had prophetically sung, "In front a lion, and behind a dragon, in the center a chimera."

Hence he wished to be enchanting on June 25th, 1807, and was so. Bonaparte's tempest was changed into a gentle, murmuring breeze. He even carried matters so far that he pretended "to be perfectly enamored with Alexander's noble and handsome form," and yet he contrived to make the hurricane roar every now and then between the dulcet murmurs, hurling colossal ideas and plans, like primeval masses of rock, at the czar's feet. When the two emperors entered the floating pavilion, the Russian saluted the French with the words: "I hate the English no less than you do, and will support you in every thing you undertake against them." To which Napoleon replied: "If that is the case, every thing can be easily arranged, and peace

concluded." These expressions may be regarded as historical, for in the summer of 1812 Napoleon wrote from Wilna to Alexander: "You said to me at Tilsit, 'I will second you against the English.' He at once began to set the vanity of the czar to the right key. "With such warriors as lately fought so murderously, the world could be conquered and ruled. Let us unite—and do so between ourselves for we can carry matters further in an hour than our ministers in many days—let us unite, and we shall accomplish the greatest things of modern times. Russia expends her strength in vain in a contest with France, while in an alliance with France she can resume her sole true policy—the policy of Catherine II." As may be supposed, during this first meeting all, or at least the majority of the points, were discussed on which they agreed "directly" in further conferences. The Napoleonic idea of establishing a duchy of Warsaw as a sort of "foundation-stone or memorial of a future kingdom of Poland," must necessarily be to Alexander a stumbling-block and rock of offense: but Napoleon sought to help him over it by demonstrating that Russia, in order not to alarm Europe, must remain behind the Niemen, and turn her glances to the East. And in this direction he brought before the czar's dazzled sight a perspective of conquest which extended not merely to Constantinople but to India—a delusion to which Napoleon constantly referred in his communications with Alexander. (Thus, for instance, he wrote in February, 1808, to Caulaincourt, his ambassador at Petersburg: "Dites à l'Empereur, que je ne suis pas loin de penser à une expédition dans les Indes, au partage de l'empire Ottoman, et à faire marcher à cet effet une armée de 20 à 25 mille Russes, de 8 à 10 mille Autrichiens, et de 35 à 40 mille Français en Asie et de là dans l'Inde.") With the snare of the establishment of the duchy of Warsaw another was closely connected, as Napoleon wished to embroil Russia and Prussia permanently, by inducing the former to accept a share of the Prussian booty, the Prusso-Polish circle of Bialystok.

There is reason for believing that Alexander seriously protested against the villany of helping to plunder his ally; but Napoleon induced him to accept, by using the threat that, in the event of refusal, he would attach the territory in question to

the threat directed against Russia, called the duchy of Warsaw. The victor further ensnared his victim with Sweden, whose madcap of a king was Alexander's brother-in-law. "The King of Sweden is certainly your relation and ally, but Sweden is a geographical foe of Russia. Finland extends to the gates of Petersburg. Can you endure the thought that your boastful Russian ladies in their palaces on the banks of the Neva may hear the thunder of Swedish cannon?" The bait was too tempting, and Alexander snapped at it. He assented to the demanded breach with England, and to join the continental blockade, although it might be foreseen that it would ruin the Russian export trade, and, with it, his own finances. Napoleon promised to give him full liberty in the East, first against Turkey, where the Danubian provinces were waiting to be carried home like a ripe harvest; and the Napoleonic magic-lantern also displayed pictures of a division of the world into an empire of the East and an empire of the West so seductively that Alexander's recollections of his assurances and oaths to his Prussian ally faded away more and more. It may be charitably assumed that the czar, when Napoleon first revealed to him that Prussia must surrender all her German provinces on the west of the Elbe, and all her Polish territories, in order that there might be carved out of the former a kingdom of Westphalia for an ex-naval lieutenant and linen-draper's clerk, Jerome Bonaparte, and out of the latter a duchy of Warsaw, whose nominal sovereign would be the newly-created King of Saxony—it may be charitably assumed, we say, that the czar raised some slight objections to the harshness of these conditions of peace. But it is certain that he took no effectual steps, for when the Prussian negotiators, Kalkreuth and Golz, a few days after reminded the Emperor of the French that, at his first meeting with the czar in the floating pavilion, he had promised more favorable terms for Prussia, Napoleon answered: "Bah! The Emperor of Russia can not have understood me correctly, owing to his hardness of hearing;" and the czar patiently allowed himself to be accused of defective hearing. Probably he did not hear correctly, or quite overheard Napoleon, when he said to him: "I do not fear Prussia: she can do me no more harm, and hence I have no cause to spare her."

And he probably appeased his conscience by the fact that Napoleon offered plundered, humiliated, and trampled Prussia the further insult of publicly declaring that he restored Frederick William one-half of his territory, "solely out of respect for the Emperor of Russia and his intervention." Really, people ought not to feel so indignant as they have done, because Napoleon, on returning from his first interview with Alexander, is reported to have said to his confidants, "C'est un Grec du bas empire." It is a fact that Russia lost nothing by the peace of Tilsit, but gained a province—a Prussian one—and that the czar, after every thing was settled with Napoleon, gave his cheated and abandoned ally "the most solemn and affecting assurances of his most tender friendship, and of the care with which he was striving to promote the interests of Prussia."

The poor King of Prussia paid bitterly on June 28th for the restraint which the victor had placed on himself the previous day in the presence of the Emperor of Russia. He bullied him like a school boy, overwhelmed his army and civil administration with abuse, and at length dismissed him so astounded, that it seems like an attack of insanity when we read how the king, returning from this interview in a very bad temper, let it out on Von Kleist, Hardenberg, and Jagow, by growling: "Napoleon is only too well acquainted with the faults of my army. I always said that the pay of the captains was too high." Frederick William must cut a sad figure in those weary days of Tilsit—so sad that the Russian general Budberg said, without hesitation, to Baron von Schlöden: "With a monarch like yours no one can save the state. He only listens to, and follows the advice of, weak men and rogues. Hence Prussia will perish through him."

The whiners and yelpers in the king's *entourage* now hit on a plan to obtain milder terms from Napoleon, which was worthy of such statesmen. They proposed to get up a grand emotional scene, in which the Queen Louise was to perform the principal character. The king was aware of the plan, and so probably was the czar. The queen was induced to come over from Memel, although she might have been spared this humiliation, the more so, because only such men as Köckeritz could hope to touch Napoleon

by a scene à Lafontaine, which was certainly adapted to the idyllic Paretz, but certainly not to Tilsit. The queen came reluctantly, but she did come. "What a self-victory it costs me, Heaven alone knows," she remarked on the road. On the 6th she entered Tilsit in a state carriage drawn by eight horses, under the escort of French dragoons of the Guard. An hour after, Napoleon arrived on a long-tailed barb. Generals held his stirrup as he dismounted. The king and the Prussian princes received him on the steps. He kept his riding-whip in his hand, took off his hat, bowed right and left, and went alone up to the queen. Louise behaved in a way at once dignified and clever to the arrogant victor. "How could you commence war with me?" he opened the conversation. "Sire, the renown of Frederick permitted us to deceive ourselves as to our strength, even if we deceived ourselves in other respects." The king and queen were afterward Napoleon's guests at dinner, and the conqueror condescended to tell Frederick William that he must console himself about the loss of his provinces. It was one of the results of the fortune of war. The king this time found a dignified answer in his grief: "Sire, you do not know what it is to lose countries to which the dearest reminiscences of youth are attached. It is as impossible to forget them as one's cradle." "Bah! a cradle! When the child has become a man, he has no time to think of his cradle." "Pardon me. He can as little forget as deny his youth, and a man of heart will gratefully remember the cradle in which he lay as a child." The queen returned to Piktupönnen not without hopes. She had attached too great a weight to the polite remarks which Napoleon employed toward her, and hoped at least to effect the restoration of Magdeburg. The conqueror did not delay in undeceiving her. He told Count Golz bluntly that what he had said to the queen was only a polite mode of speech, and bound him to nothing. There could be no idea of further negotiations, for every thing was settled with the Emperor Alexander. It was only through respect for the latter that he left the king any thing at all. In short, nothing was left, but to accept the treaty of peace as he dictated it. "Il faut en finir. I must get back to Paris." With ignoble mockery he referred the king to

the czar, who might as well sacrifice his relatives, the Dukes of Mecklenburg and Oldenburg, to the king: their lands would make a nice compensation for Prussia. When the conqueror took leave of the queen, he offered her a rose of rare beauty. She hesitated to accept it, but at length did so, with the words, "At least with Magdeburg." The condition was harshly rejected. "Fortresses are no toys for ladies," Napoleon said at home, in Paris, to Josephine, to whom he boasted that he had sacrificed none of his policy to gallantry. On the 7th and 9th of July the two treaties were signed at Tilsit. Prussia lost through it the above mentioned provinces, was, in addition, compelled to join the continental blockade, and at once close her ports against England, and recognize the new King of Westphalia and the Grand Duke of Warsaw, as well as the Bonapartist Kings of Holland and Naples. In addition to this, Prussia had to pay France a war indemnity, amounting to one hundred and fifty million francs, and until the settlement of this sum, which it was impossible for Prussia, reduced to half her former size, to raise, the fortresses of Stettin, Glogau, and Cüstrin, would remain as security in Napoleon's hands. The French were to evacuate Prussia by December 1st, but, in reality, two hundred thousand French and confederates remained till beyond the middle of 1808, living at the expense of the hapless country. Nor was this all. By virtue of further stipulations, extorted by force, Prussia must keep various military and commercial routes open through her territory for the French to Poland and Saxony, surrender new Silesia and the circle of Michelau to the duchy of Warsaw, recognize the gift of Prussian state domains to Napoleonic marshals and generals, and finally bind herself not to keep more than forty-two thousand men under arms during the next ten years.

Let us now return to Tilsit, where all sorts of secret things were being settled in the intervals between the military spectacles with which Napoleon tried to amuse the czar. Nothing less was being negotiated than a division of the world between the emperors of the East and West; at least, we may assume so, though it can not be proved. The treaty is said to have been formally signed by Talleyrand and Prince Kurakin, but the original document was burned by the former during

the czar's residence in Paris in 1814. The czar was naturally over-anxious to have such a document destroyed, and Talleyrand's polite attention to his wishes may explain many acts of attention paid Talleyrand by the czar. A copy of the treaty is said to have existed, however, which was first published in *Gazeta de Madrid* in 1812, and then in some English papers. As to the exact terms of the treaty, we may perhaps know them if Talleyrand's memoirs ever appear. But England's gold enabled her spies to discover the most secret projects of her foes, and she learned early in July, 1807, that Napoleon intended to get hold of the Danish fleet. She prevented this danger—for it was certainly a danger for England, if France should have at her disposal the fleets of Denmark, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, as was indubitably Napoleon's intention. Hence, ere the emperor's design of making Bernadotte and Victor advance in Schleswig-Holstein, and thence transport the army to the Danish islands, could be carried into effect, England dealt the counter-blow. She sent a powerful fleet into the Sound with a corps of twenty-five thousand men on board, and demanded of Denmark an offensive and defensive alliance, and the charge of the Danish fleet as a material guarantee. Denmark rejected these imperious demands. The English landed, invested Copenhagen by land and sea, bombarded the city, compelled it to surrender on September 7th, and carried off as good prize the Danish fleet lying in harbor, and consisting of eighteen ships of the line and fifteen frigates. It was certainly a scandalous breach of the peace, which must render Denmark a vassal to Napoleon, but at the same it was a necessity—a result of the anti-Napoleonic policy of the island kingdom. The fury of the conqueror at this trick was unbounded. He foamed and stormed, because another had anticipated him in what he intended to do himself, and that thus one of the most important meshes of the net made at Tilsit should be broken through. For a time, his bile was appeased by inhaling the smoke of the incense which greeted the victor's return in every nook and corner of his capital. It seemed impossible to surpass in infamy the flattery of Cambacérès and Fontaine, and yet a Count Fabre effected the impossibility by converting Madame Letitia Bonaparte into a

new Madonna, and her son into a new Saviour, in the presence of the assembled senate. Thus the great and the noble flattered: the little people, the populace, adored the emperor in their way. One day, after the return from Tilsit, Napoleon held a grand review on the Boulevards near the Madeleine. A citizen's wife held up her three-year-old daughter—her name was Aurore Dupin, and she afterward became an unhappy wife under the name of Dudevant, and a great writer under that of Georges Sand—above the shakos of the soldiers, so that she might see the emperor walking down the line. The child, raised above the soldiers for a moment, attracted the attention of the passing Cæsar. He looked at her, and the mother exclaimed in delight, "He looked at you, Aurore! Never forget it! That must bring you luck." Can we feel surprised that the deified man really began to believe in his divinity, and that the genius of the fancied god gradually made way for the demon of imperial madness?

This was the epoch of Napoleon's triumphal pomp, for it was the period of the Congress of Erfurt, to which he ordered Talma with the words: "You will play to a pit full of kings." In truth at Erfurt kings were as plentiful as blackberries; and the captain who angrily said: "Taisez vous, ce n'est qu'un roi" to the drummers of the Imperial Guard, who, deceived by the pompous appearance of the stout King of Würtemberg, struck up the triple roll reserved for the emperors, was an historical word-painter. Napoleon, who was already considerably entangled in Spain, had a pressing necessity to keep the czar in good temper till he could settle that complication. But this good temper was threatening to turn its seamy side outward, because Napoleon had grown marvelously silent as to the grand expectations he had held out, and the Sultans Mustafa and Mahmud II. displayed an unexpected and unpardonable obstinacy in retaining the Danubian provinces desired by the czar. The Swedes refused to give up Finland except after a sanguinary contest, so little sense had they of the blessings promised the world by the Tilsit project. Lastly, the results of joining the continental blockade were beginning to make themselves severely felt, and Alexander was giving way to the unpleasant conviction that he had allowed himself to be humbugged at Tilsit.

Hence, in order to defer the breaking through of this conviction for a few years longer, a second edition of the great ideas of Tilsit was got ready. Champagny must give the Russian minister a hint that all obstacles still existing between France and Russia could be removed by a second personal meeting. The hint was given, accepted by Alexander, and thus they met at Erfurt in September, 1808.

These autumn days of Erfurt were unquestionably the zenith of the Napoleonic star. For once again the thorough actor, though he stupidly forgot his part once or twice, succeeded in getting the czar into his net, or at least it looked exactly like it. Alexander was sharp-sighted enough to perceive that the great ideas of Tilsit had only been a delusion, and hence would not quit Erfurt without the assurance of real advantages. Napoleon might twist about as he pleased, but was compelled, by the treaty of October 12th, expressly to concede that the Russians might take Finland from Sweden, and Wallachia and Moldavia from the Turks, and, in addition, pledge himself to support his exalted ally, in the event of Austria or any other power taking any steps to disturb the czaric robbery. With this Alexander declared himself satisfied, or pretended to be so—for he rivaled at Erfurt his exalted ally in acting a part—and the latter was able to write to his brother Joseph: "I have settled all my business with the Emperor of Russia. Every thing is arranged exactly as I wished." In truth, the subjugation of Europe seemed secured for a long time by this Erfurt patching up of the Franco-Russian alliance.

Napoleon took a pleasure in playing the magnificent host with Alexander, and for this purpose displayed all his Byzantine gorgeous pomp. He had brought with him a glistening swarm of lacqueys, from the marshal and minister down to the piqueur and groom. It was not without an object, either, that the portion of his army which returned about this time from Prussia, marched through Erfurt. At this moment Talma's scholar suddenly changed his part as the magnificently amiable host for that of the odiously arrogant parvenu. One day he invited the czar and his suite to a parade of a regiment which had just returned from Prussia. On reaching the review-ground, Napoleon galloped down the front without troubling himself about the czar, "who

was compelled to follow him like an adjutant." When the regiment had formed into close column, Napoleon shouted to the colonel: "Les braves en avant!" and a number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, stepped forward a semi-circle round the emperor. He dismounted, all did the same; the czar and his brother Constantine stood on the right of Napoleon, Berthier, with a portfolio, on his left, while a heap of kings, princes, and dukes completed the circle. The colonel of the regiment, which had aided materially in deciding the battle of Friedland, called in turn each of the "braves," and presented him to the emperor, who inquired into all the details most closely, as to what each had done at Friedland, and rewarded them on the spot with promotion or the cross of the legion. Most of those present, the French not excepted, felt convinced that Napoleon, by his whole conduct, wished to humiliate and torture the czar, and all eyes were involuntarily fixed on the insulted man, who, during the whole scene, stood most tranquilly by the side of his host. But the arrogantly fired arrow had penetrated deep into Alexander's soul, and the barb held tight. For the present, however, he met the Napoleonic acting with Alexandrine acting. When, on one of the Erfurt evenings, the troupe brought from Paris performed Voltaire's "Cædipus," and in the first scene Philoctete utters the line: "L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux," Alexander arose and emphatically embraced Napoleon, who was sitting by his side, at which the pit of kings broke out in stormy applause. But the czar afterward said in his cabinet to his mother's brother, the King of Württemberg, who, as a fanatic satrap of the Emperor of the French, was certainly a badly-chosen confidant: "Napoleon is at present too powerful for me to fight him with success. We must first let him weaken himself. Spain will render good service in this respect. His ambition which leads him from one enterprise to another, will do the rest. The time will then come when I can take my revenge for the part I am playing here at Erfurt." Napoleon, too, felt his part wearisome: "This phrase-maker of a czar wears me out," he wrote to brother Joseph. Ah, this Congress of Erfurt was a grand mart of falsehood and deception! The Emperor of Austria only needed to feign at a distance, by sending

General Vincent to pay his respects to Napoleon, and giving his envoy a letter, in which he lied: "I hasten to seize the opportunity to renew to you, monsieur mon frère, the expression of my high respect and friendship, and to offer you the assurance of the immutability of my sentiments." The kings, grand dukes, and princes of the Rhenish confederation, however, were no actors. They seriously meant the homage which they offered their protector, and only one of them, Charles Augustus of Weimar, felt shame and anger in his heart.

But the meeting at Erfurt was full of scenes of undying interest. On October 2d, the emperor of poets was invited to an audience by the Emperor of the French, and the two potentates conversed for an hour in the presence of Talleyrand, Berthier, Savary, and Daru. "How old is Monsieur Goet?" "Sixty years, sire." "You have worn well. I have read your romance, *The Sorrows of Werther*, seven times, but the book suffers from the mixture of the motives of insulted ambition with those of passion. This is not natural: it weakens in the reader the idea of the unbounded influence which love had over Werther, and does not allow any purely poetical effect. Qu'en dit, Monsieur Goet?" The poet tried to weaken the charge by remarking that an author is allowed to employ a not easily discoverable art-trick, in order to produce a certain effect. Afterward he said to State-Chancellor Müller that Napoleon appeared to him like an artistic tailor, who "at once discovers the cleverly concealed seam in an apparently seamless sleeve." They then spoke about tragedy, and Daru took occasion to refer to Goethe's tragedies. Goethe learned with amazement that the autocrat regarded the tragic stage "with the attention of a criminal judge." The emperor remarked: "The tragedies of destiny, which are now so fashionable, are of no use. They belonged to a darker age. What will people do nowadays with destiny? Politics are destiny." Soult came in, and Napoleon teased him about certain unpleasant occurrences in Poland. Then he rose, came closer to the poet, asked kindly about his circumstances, and, reverting to tragic poetry, said, in conclusion, "Tragedy should be the school of kings and nations. That is the highest thing the poet can attain. You, Monsieur Goet, should write the

death of Cæsar in a more dignified and grander manner than Voltaire. This might be the noblest task of your life. The world must be shown how Cæsar would have blessed it, how every thing would have become different, had he been allowed time to carry out his high-minded plans. Come to Paris! there you will find abundant material for your poetry." The emperor of poets took with him from this audience an unbounded respect for Napoleon—a respect which he never overcame to the day of his death. Napoleon, for his part, turned to his marshals and ministers when Goethe had retired, and said, "Voilà un homme!"

Charles Augustus of Weimar was compelled to endure worse treatment, for he was obliged to invite the emperor to Weimar, and play the polite host. On October 6th, the whole tumult of the congress went to the quiet city of the muses on the Ilm. In the afternoon there was a grand stag-hunt—that is to say, hundreds of stags were driven together, and Napoleon fired among them, proving himself an awfully bad shot. In the evening Talma's troupe performed "La Mort de Cæsar" in the Weimar theater. The orchestra was covered over with a dais, on which the two emperors sat in throne-chairs. The kings and grand dukes were put in the stalls, and the pit was given up to the rest of the princes. The balcony was exclusively reserved for ladies, while in the gallery glistened the embroidery of marshals, generals, ministers, and court dignitaries. Talma displayed all his genius in the character of Brutus, but when Cæsar gave Antony, who warns him against the senators, the well known answer, which concludes with the words, "Allons, n'écoutez point ni soupçons ni vengeance! sur l'univers soumis regnez sans violence," the acting passed from the stage to the brilliant audience, and the assembly, "electrified by the significant passage," burst into a storm of venerated applause. "Rule over the subjugated world without violence!" This monstrous lie was applauded by German princes and German women at the same spot where Schiller had brought out his "Tell" and his "Maid of Orleans." It is truly pleasant to find amid all this shame a remark from feminine lips which produces a consoling effect. At the court ball which followed the play Napoleon was struck by the beauty of a young lady, Frau von der

Recke. On his inquiring, she told him that she lived in Weimar. "I could not have believed that there were such pretty women in Erfurt. But you are not a native?" "No, sire. I was born at Stettin." "A Prussian, then?" "Yes, sire, a Prussian, body and soul." The brave words forced respect from the conqueror. "Good!" he said; "we must be attached to our country."

After exchanging a few words with the czar, he had a long conversation with Goethe, and then said to Chancellor Müller, "But where is Wieland? Why do you not bring him to me?" Charles Augustus had the old gentleman—"the German Voltaire," as the French called him—brought to court. The emperor received him very kindly, and asked, "Which of your works do you consider the best?" "Sire, I attach no great value to any one of them. I wrote what I felt." The conversation turned to historical subjects, and Napoleon loudly praised Julius Cæsar, as he had done before with Goethe. "He would, unquestionably, be the greatest man in history, if he had not committed an unpardonable error. He knew the men thoroughly who wished to put him out of the way, and hence he ought to have put them out of the way." He spoke cleverly about history, but very badly of Tacitus. "History does not want illusions: it ought to enlighten and instruct, not merely produce effective pictures. Tacitus did not sufficiently develop the causes and inner motives of courts. The Roman emperors were not nearly so bad as he describes them to us." In the year 1812, he expressed himself to Count Narbonne about Tacitus nearly in the same words as he here used to Wieland. It is clear that Tacitus troubled him, and he was evidently afraid lest a Tacitus might one day spring up for him, who would depict him as the Roman one did Tiberius. Speaking of Christianity, the emperor said to Wieland: "I find in it a wonderful reaction of the Greek mind against the Roman. Greece, overcome by physical strength, regained her mental supremacy by reviving and fostering that beneficent germ which had spread across the sea. However"—here he walked close up to Wieland, and held his hand, so that no one but the aged poet should hear him—"it is a great question whether Christ ever existed." Wieland argued against this

doubt, which struck the autocrat, and pleased him.

On the following day, Napoleon invited Prince William of Prussia, the king's brother, and the German princes to a hare-hunt, arranged on the battle-field of Jena, and they went—really went! Charles Augustus of Weimar alone had the courage to escape from this cruel mockery of Germany. But sportsmen of another nature were there, who intended not to fire at hares, but at a noble head of game. Outside Weimar two well-mounted Prussian officers were laying wait in a coppice for the victor of Jena,

in order to settle the enormous reckoning between Prussia and France with the contents of the musketballs which they carried under their cloaks. The murder of Cæsar yesterday, performed on the Weimar stage, might thus have become for the second time a reality on the world's stage. But, fortunately for Napoleon, the Prince of Prussia was sitting by his side in the open calèche, and might, possibly, have received a bullet. Hence the musketballs in the copse were not fired, and the account between Prussia and France was not settled for several years later.

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LONDON EDITORS AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

THE "MORNING HERALD," AND THE EARLY DAYS OF THE "TIMES."

THE *Morning Herald* was established in 1780 by a discontented writer in the *Morning Post*—a man who obtained no little notoriety in his day. This was the Rev. Henry Bate, afterward the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Rector of Ferns, Chancellor of the Diocese of Ferns, and a justice of the peace. The career of this man was remarkable. He was the son of a clergyman at Worcester, and was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, after which he was ordained, and obtained a small living in Essex. The duties of marrying, burying, baptizing, catechising, and preaching in an intensely Bæotian district were not much to his mind, and he soon threw them up, and came to London about 1775, to lead the life of a man about town. About that time the newspapers indulged as freely in personal and private comment as the New-York papers were in the habit of doing before the war began—a fact which should not be forgotten when we read of the many prosecutions for libel which the publishers were called to undergo. Bate, who had thrown off the clergyman's gown with his parish, came up to the metropolis, and at once attached himself to what Sir Walter Scott would have called the Light Horse

of literature. An engagement on a newspaper as the chronicler of the fashions and follies of the day seems to be a strange descent from the grave duties of a parish priest, though it has been paralleled by a somewhat similar case in our own day; and it doubtless afforded Bate an opening into that round of frivolities which is now called fast life, which he seems to have been from the first eager to obtain. Here he did his work as caterer for scandal with too much zeal, for a paragraph reflecting on the character of a lady was of such a nature as to call forth a champion on her behalf in a Captain Storey, who challenged the ex-clergyman. Mr. Bate had enough of the clergyman left in him to wish to avoid this mode of giving satisfaction; and he sent a message to the captain assuring him that the offensive paragraph was inserted without his knowledge. This was probably true; for though editors are properly held responsible for all that is published under their care, it is impossible but that a paragraph will now and then steal through unobserved; and in former days there was less supervision than now. Whether true or not, the explanation met no credence from the enraged captain, and on an accidental meet-

ing between the parties in the street in the month of January, 1777, high words ensued, and both became so incensed that they resolved to settle their dispute at once. Dispensing with all preliminary formalities, even to the presence of seconds, they adjourned to a tavern, called for pistols, and, being shown by an accommodating waiter into a room, they shut the door, and proceeded forthwith to the duel. The pistols were discharged on both sides without effect, on which they drew the swords which were then an indispensable portion of a gentleman's walking equipment. Both were soon wounded, and Mr. Bate's sword bent from a stroke on the captain's breast-bone. The parson was thus naturally disarmed, but the captain, on perceiving his plight, courteously allowed him time to straighten it, which he was proceeding to do by pressing his foot upon the bent part, when the crowd assembled outside the door thinking the parties had done enough for honor, broke in, and parted the infuriated combatants.

Whether Mr. Bate wrote the libel on Captain Storey's friend or not, there is no doubt at all of his cognizance of another libel which appeared in the same paper about three years after this, against the Duke of Richmond. This was the radical duke, the uncle of Fox, the advocate of universal suffrage and annual parliaments, but who afterward took umbrage at his not being accepted as the whig leader on the death of Burke's Marquis of Rockingham, and went over to Pitt and the tories. But in 1780 he was in the full course of opposition, and was as severe an economist as Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright of the present day. For this he encountered the biting censure of Mr. Bate, who accused him of being in league with the French, of inviting an invasion of the country, and so forth. The duke would not condescend to meet his adversary as Captain Storey had met him formerly, but raised an action against him in the courts of law. The libel was clearly brought home, and Bate was sentenced to an imprisonment of twelve months in the King's Bench Prison; but curiously enough, the prison was at that time little better than a mass of ruins, for it had been sacked by the "No-Popery" rioters a few months before, and Bate's imprisonment was postponed till the jail was repaired; nor do we believe it was ever enforced.

But the trial and the sentence was enough to terminate his connection with the *Morning Post*. Even in those days, when the liberty of the press was often assailed, and a prosecution for libel was as often the lot of a courageous patriot as of a malignant assailant, the English people drew a distinction between fair, however rough, criticisms on public conduct and unfounded imputations of base motives. No proprietor of a newspaper who had any regard for its character, or even its pecuniary interests, could retain a convicted libeler of this class at its head; and hence we find that soon after the trial Bate's connection with the *Post* was at an end. But he had found his connection with the newspapers, and the position in society it enabled him to assume too pleasant to be given up, and accordingly we find in November of this same year the first number of the *Morning Herald* making its appearance under Mr. Bate's somewhat ominous auspices.

The future career of this singular person had a dash of romance in it. He contrived so far to ingratiate himself with a Mr. Dudley, that that gentleman bequeathed to him a large estate on condition of his assuming his name. Having thus come into possession of considerable wealth, the Rev. Bate Dudley bethought him of reverting to his early profession. He bought the patronage of the church of Bradwell, near Maldon, and, intending to present himself at the next vacancy, he laid out several thousand pounds in restoring the church and schools, and building a magnificent rectory house. A man of his stamp was not likely to see any incongruity in a duelist and a libeler, as well as a newspaper editor, becoming a parish priest; but the bishop of the diocese did, and when the living fell vacant, and the new patron issued his presentation in his own behalf, the bishop refused to induct him. A lawsuit ensued, which lasted for some years, and which ended in the fighting parson spending more money, and in not getting the living. But in another quarter fortune was more propitious: he had in the columns of the *Morning Herald* defended the cause of the Prince of Wales in the many bickerings that took place between that prince and his irritated father, and that father's responsible advisers. George IV. was never at any period of his life ungrateful, where gratitude involved no sacrifice on

his own part. And it happened that he could serve his literary hanger-on without much trouble. He could not, indeed, push him forward, nor even secure him an entrance into the Church of England: but it is, or rather let us say it was, different in Ireland. There any body was thought good enough to be a clergyman; and the royal favor was strong enough to secure for this man the rectory of Kileo-ran, in the diocese of Ferns, where he was subsequently appointed chancellor of the diocese. In temporal honors he was equally fortunate. He was made a justice of the peace and a baronet; and died at last in the year 1824 in all the odor of sanctity.

From the date of its commencement downward the *Morning Herald* has never exercised much influence on public opinion. It began, as we have seen, as a liberal, espousing the cause of the Prince of Wales and his associates, which was then considered to be identical with the progress of civil and religious liberty; and a liberal it continued to be, though its liberalism was of a very mild type, till the great year of conservative reaction, when Sir Robert Peel took office, in 1834; when the whigs, to oust him, formed their famous Lichfield House compact with O'Connell; when the conservatives, to beat the whigs at their own weapons, and to deepen that current of reactive feeling which had begun to flow, established newspapers in almost every market town of any pretensions throughout the country; and as their central organ they secured the *Morning Herald*. Under its present management it probably exercises greater influence, is oftener quoted, and is more looked to for an exposition of the views of the party it has espoused than at any former period of its existence. To recover it from the contemptible position into which it had been allowed to fall must have been no easy task. Its name had become synonymous with whatever was stupid or dull, and that dullness was not always respectable. For some time it had affected a certain amount of liberality in its opinions, and it became the vehicle through which Mr. Montagu Taylor, an amiable man, but a somewhat prolix and tedious writer, promulgated his theories, that then had the grace of novelty, on the wickedness of capital punishments—a rebound from the unnecessary and even wanton blood-shedding for minor

offenses in which our statute law at one time abounded. But about the time of the Reform bill the *Morning Herald* became decidedly conservative, or, as O'Connell phrased it when he enumerated the various schemes by which the party with Sir Robert Peel at their head hoped to return to power, "They purchased that wretched rag, the *Morning Herald*." From that time its management was of the most slovenly description: no care nor pains was taken in its editing; it floated on the sea of existence like a water-logged ship, sustained only by its advertisements and the *prestige* of its being a daily London newspaper. Its title to this latter quality was indeed sometimes, and with some justice, denied, for it seldom bestowed any news but that which was gleaned from its cotemporaries of the previous day: thus giving point and pungency to a joke of *Punch's*, embodied in such a dialogue as the following:

"*First Gentleman*.—I will thank you, sir, when you are done, for a look at the newspaper.

"*Second Gentleman*.—It is not a newspaper.

"*First Gentleman*.—What is it, then?

"*Second Gentleman*.—The *Morning Herald*.

"*First Gentleman* (turning on his heel).—Oh!"

But if there was no news in the body of the paper there were occasionally startling novelties in the editorial columns. In general they might be described as Swift described Archbishop Tenison's sermons—"hot and heavy, like a tailor's goose;" but sometimes the heat quite overcame the heaviness. The following leading article, which we print entire, as it appeared, and which proved the climax to a series of mysterious announcements respecting a probable change in Lord Palmerston's ministry about the time of the Chinese war, was probably never surpassed by any in the annals of newspaper literature:

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON!!

"A BED OF HEATHER OR A THOUSAND MARKS!!

"Those were the principles enunciated by the dualists at Drumclog, who have been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott.

"Right and Wrong!

"Morality and Money!

"Manchester and Canton!

"International laws and errors, public impurity!

"Thus fought Balfour of Burley and Bothwell, although the descendant of kings,

"The issue of this conflict, if not known to all our readers, can be bought with many other political instructions in its (now) one volume, *Old Mortality*.

"These remarks apply to the telegraphed news in relation to the Chinese war, which we give in another column. The details we wait for."

After this there was no more to be done. The writer who could pen this paragraph, and the editor who could sanction it—if, indeed, they were not one and the same person—had done enough to achieve fame, and nothing more remained than to dismiss him to repose upon his laurels. So it happened that a change soon afterward took place. The paper passed not only under another management, but into another proprietorship; and hard as the task was—and those only who have mingled in newspaper work can imagine how hard it is in this kind of property above all others to regain a character which has once been recklessly thrown away—yet, as we have already intimated, the work has been accomplished, and the *Morning Herald* has reestablished for itself a recognized place among the forces that move public opinion. Whether it and all the other high-priced papers are not doomed to pale their fires before the penny press is another question; but it is fair to add that, with the single exception of the *Times*, the *Herald* is as likely to hold its own as any of its cotemporaries.

A projector of the present day has attempted to push into notoriety what he calls a wonderful improvement in the art and mystery of typography, by which a large amount of labor is expected to be saved in having those words of our language that most frequently recur in literary composition cast complete in blocks, instead of having the types that form their component parts picked up letter by letter by the compositor. It is probable the projector did not know that his new plan, ingenious as it looks, was brought into actual practice about eighty years ago, and that it then utterly failed. Yet the fact ought to be well known in the history of the press, for it was used in the original establishment of the newspaper that is now universally recognized as the first journal of Europe, and its patron was at the head of that family of Walter which is now more closely identified with the newspaper press than

the name of Woodfall itself. In the year 1785 Mr. John Walter, the father of the man who made the *Times*, and who was then a flourishing master printer within the precincts of the city, started a new journal, which in the first instance he called the *Daily Universal Register*. In the course of the next three years he discovered that there was an inconvenience attaching to this title, arising from the hackneyed use of the word register, which was often applied to publications of the most miscellaneous nature, and led to all sorts of mistakes. What amount of cogitation was occupied in the new title we are not told: it was most probably the inspiration of the moment, but a moment of supreme luck, that suggested the apt, short, and most original appellation of the *Times*. But whether under the one title or the other, the new journal did not at first, nor for several years afterward, give any indications of its future greatness. The elder Walter had no special vocation for newspaper work. To him it was only one of many other schemes he then had on hand; and it would appear that the work was undertaken rather to illustrate the novel style of printing, which he had dignified with the sounding title of "logography," than from any taste for political pursuits, that he had engaged in the responsibilities of journalism at all. The small wits of the day ridiculed the scheme, and the columns of his cotemporaries indulged in a variety of exorciating jokes at the expense of logography. The logographer held out notwithstanding—for the Walter tenacity of purpose is proverbial; but at last even his stubborn determination was forced to bow, rather through the conviction forced upon him, that the new process, with all its boasted facilities, was really a slower process than the old one, than to any sense of the ridicule unceasingly poured upon him by his rivals. He altered his system of printing, but he did not alter his system of editing and general management, and the *Times* remained the same mediocre journal it had begun. Humble as it was, however, it did not escape the usual lot of newspapers in those days. The law of libel was wide, and its ramifications were extensive. In the course of two years Mr. Walter was twice prosecuted for no fewer than three libels on members of the royal family, and the imprisonment awarded for the first offense was not completed when

he was tried for the other two. To imprisonment was added fine; and there was even a hint of the pillory, which was far from being, in those days, the myth it has now become. It was not to be supposed that these encounters with the strong hand of power would be at all to the taste of the respectable city tradesman who had given hostages to fortune in a respectable and flourishing business, and a wife and children, and who felt that he had no special vocation to the perilous paths of political life. It was not surprising, therefore, that when his eldest son had attained to a suitable age he made over to him the sole and exclusive management of the *Times*, while he confined himself for the rest of his life to the more lucrative and steady gains of the printing-office.

With the advent of the younger Walter came the first impetus of the *Times* toward that culminating point at the head of the whole press of Europe which it has now so long maintained. This remarkable man seems to have combined all his father's enterprise, perseverance, and tenacity with a high-minded independence, which at that day at least was exceedingly rare, and an aptitude for political journalism which his father never acquired. He early formed his notion of what an English newspaper ought to be, and he determined to realize it. Independence of party was from the first his motto. The ministers that in their turn came to rule England received from him, according as he deemed of them, support or opposition; but the opposition was invariably honorable, the support was always disinterested. Whether as friend or foe, he never would cease to be the critic, the monitor, the adviser. But the principles on which he conducted his paper, and the unswerving resolution with which at all hazards he adhered to them, are so clearly set forth in an article which is believed to have emanated from himself, and the document is in other respects so interesting, that our readers will thank us for giving a few extracts from it.

The occasion which called it forth was a curious one. The disastrous results of the expedition to the Scheldt had roused the indignation of the country, and the House of Commons resolved upon an inquiry into the conduct of the government that had planned and mismanaged it. When in our times a similar inquiry was

undertaken into the conduct of the Crimean war, the matter was referred to a secret committee; but at the period to which we now refer the House of Commons itself had leisure to conduct these inquiries, and never thought of delegating their duties to a committee. But as the committee on the Crimean war was with the consent of all parties made a secret one, so it will be admitted the proposition of the government in 1810 that reporters should be excluded from the gallery while the inquiry was being conducted was in its way reasonable too. It was resisted, however; and then the ministers and their friends, instead of urging the impropriety of publishing a grave accusation one day which might be capable of a complete vindication, though the time for that vindication might not perhaps come before several weeks had elapsed, permitted themselves to make an attack upon the newspapers of the day, and those who conducted them, as unworthy of confidence. Windham especially, the friend and pupil of Burke, went beyond all the rest in offensive attacks upon newspaper writers. He declared that he could see no advantage the country gained by the publication of the parliamentary debates, and added that if the practice had been hitherto tolerated, that was no reason why persons should make a trade of what they obtained from the galleries, amongst which persons were to be found men of all descriptions—bankrupts, lottery-office keepers, footmen, and decayed tradesmen. So much for the reporters. The editors did not fare better at his hands. "He did not know any of the conductors of the press, but he understood them to be a set of men who would give in to the corrupt misrepresentations of opposite sides." It was against this ill-natured and ungentlemanly attack that Mr. Walter was moved to protest; and in vindication of himself he lets us into an acquaintance with his own high-minded character, as well as into a view of the difficulties with which an editor who was determined above all things to accept no favors and to wear no livery met in his endeavors to carry out his views. After stating that when he became joint proprietor and exclusive manager in the beginning of the year 1803, and that he then gave his support to the then existing administration of Lord Sidmouth, "but without suffering them to repay his partiality by con-

tributions calculated to produce any reduction whatsoever in the expense of managing the concern" (the contribution of ministerial or leading articles being then a favorite mode of rewarding a party journal, which must have been equally beneficial to the minister as to the newspaper), he thus proceeds:

"This ministry was dissolved in the spring of 1804, when the places of Lord Sidmouth, Lord St. Vincent, etc., were supplied by Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville, etc. It was not long before the Catamaran expedition was undertaken by Lord Melville; and again, at a subsequent period, his lordship's practices in the Victualing Department were brought to light by the 'Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry.' The editor's father" [Logographic John] "held at that time, and had held for eighteen years before, the situation of printer to the customs. The editor knew the disposition of the man whose conduct he found himself obliged to condemn: yet he never refrained a moment on that account from speaking of the Catamaran expedition as it merited, or from bestowing on the practices disclosed in the Tenth Report the terms of reprobation with which they were greeted by the general sense of the country. The result was as he had apprehended. Without the slightest allegation of a single complaint his family was deprived of the business which had so long been discharged by it, of printing for the customs—a business which was performed by contract, and which, we will venture to say, was executed with an accuracy and a precision which have not since been exceeded. The government advertisements were at the same time withdrawn.

"To pursue this matter to its conclusion, before any other topics are introduced, on the death of Mr. Pitt in January, 1805, an administration was formed containing a portion of that preceding ministry which the editor had so disinterestedly supported on his undertaking the management of the paper. It was by one of these that he was directed to state the injustice that had been sustained in the loss of the custom-house business. Various plans were proposed for the recovery of it: at last, in the following July, a copy of a memorial to be presented to the treasury was submitted to the editor for his signature. Believing, for certain

reasons, that this bare reparation of an injury was likely to be considered as a favor entitling those who granted it to a certain degree of influence over the politics of the journal, the editor refused to sign or to have any concern in presenting the memorial. But he did more than even this: for, finding that a memorial was still likely to be presented, he wrote to those from whom the restoration of the employment was to spring, disavowing, on his part (with whom the sole conducting of the paper remained), all share in an operation which he conceived was meant to fetter the freedom of that paper. The printing business to the customs has, as may perhaps be anticipated, never been restored."

Mr. Walter then proceeds to tell of the positive injuries he sustained from the government, because he would not pledge himself to give them an indiscriminate support. In the year 1805, when the war between Austria and France was raging, Mr. Walter incurred great expense to obtain information. His object was in great degree frustrated, and his money wasted, by the government refusing to allow packages addressed to him to be forwarded to the office. "Foreign captains were always asked by a government officer at Gravesend if they had papers for the *Times*. These, when acknowledged, were as regularly stopped, while those for the ministerial journals were allowed to pass." It seems incredible, at the present day, that injustice so gross would have been tolerated for a single day; but those were the days when public opinion was weak and newspapers had not become that power in the state to which they have since grown. Mr. Walter says that he did complain to the Under Secretary of State, who told him that the matter was under discussion. "Yet was the editor informed that he might receive his foreign papers as a favor from government. This, of course, implying the expectation of a corresponding favor from him in the spirit and tone of his publication, was firmly rejected. . . . The same practices were resorted to at a subsequent period. They produced the same complaints on the part of the editor; and a redress was then offered to his grievances, provided it could be known what party in politics he meant to support. This, too, was again declined, as pledging the independence of his paper. And he

it observed respecting the whole period during which the present conductor has now spoken, that it was from no determined spirit of opposition to government that he rejected the proposals made to him. On the contrary, he has on several, and those very important occasions, afforded those men his best support whose offers, nevertheless, at any time, to purchase, or whose attempts to compel that support he has deemed himself obliged to reject and resist. Nay, he can with great truth add, that advantages in the most desirable forms have been offered him and that he has refused them."

Some part of Mr. Walter's conduct on one or two of the occasions to which he here alludes savors of a superfine purity, a transcendental assertion of his resolution to be independent. But there is no doubt whatever, it was to this unswerving assertion of his own freedom that not the *Times* only but the whole newspaper press of England owes the lofty position which it at present holds. The attempt to make the public, and not a party, the patron of a journal was then a new thing in the annals of political literature, and is not even now universally recognized. Newspapers are too fond of moving by the old party measures; proprietors hesitate to budge an inch from the party track; one set of editors see in Lord Palmerston or Earl Russell modes of supernal wisdom, while another set are equally certain that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli can never go wrong; and neither one nor the other are awake to the great fact that the English people, taken as a whole, are of no party; that they sway to the one side or the other according as the acts of either attract their favor or rouse their indignation; and that that journal will—other things being equal—command the widest and the most lasting popularity which impartially distributes its applause or censure, not according to the name of the agent, but to the merits of the act. It was in this way the *Times* rose to an influence that distanced all competitors, and other journals would do well to imitate its example. The cheap press is yet in its infancy. The taste for newspaper reading received a wonderful impulse by the abolition of the stamp, and it is still extending—still penetrating down to lower and lower strata of society. There is plenty of room for additional penny journals; and we venture to predict the most bril-

liant as well as the most permanent success for that journal which, disdaining the fetters of party, shall fling itself in generous confidence on the sympathies and the impulses of the great heart of the English people, and recognize whigs and Tories only as so many instruments of more or less value for working out the national will.

Mr. Walter was the proprietor, and he long continued to be the acting manager, of the *Times*; but he soon ceased to be, if indeed he ever was, the editor. His shrewd, discerning intellect early saw the need there was for subdivision of labor, if the vast and complicated machine he had set in motion was to work with any tolerable degree of smoothness; and further, that his own special gift lay rather in the mechanical and financial. Now, in the literary department of the newspaper he was no brilliant or attractive writer himself; but no man better knew brilliant and attractive writing when he saw it. It was a natural gift of his, but, like all natural gifts, it required cultivation; and Mr. Walter had to acquire that fine, subtle, almost instinctive tact for judging of other men's excellencies, much as other men have to acquire these specialties through a series of failures. Dr. Stodart was probably not the first of his editors, though he is the first whose name has come down to us, which it has done, by-the-by, in no very dignified way. Dr. Stodart was the son of a naval officer, and after several futile efforts at distinction, and several changes, both in position and opinion, he settled at last as an advocate in Doctors' Commons and as a writer in the *Times*. His first connection with that journal was as a letter-writer, a good many letters with the signature "J. S." appearing about the years 1810-11; but in the year 1812 he was appointed the principal editor—the man who, subject of course always to the ultimate will of the proprietor, was to give the tone to the political opinions of the journal. His opinions at that time reflected accurately enough the current impressions of the day. The aristocracy and the bulk of the middle classes were firmly welded together in their determined resistance to Bonaparte and their hatred to the radicals at home. The effusions of the doctor were therefore considered by one, and that the largest class of society, to be highly patriotic; while the wits of the minority—

how is it, by the way, that the wits are always found with the minority? thus falsifying in politics, at any rate, the old proverb, "Let those laugh who win"—boasted, not only that his views were wrong, his prejudices powerful, his judgment distorted, but that, over and above all this, his matter was weak, and his style pompously heavy. Moore, in one of his political squibs, christened him "Dr. Slop;" and the nickname, though it does not appear to us of the present generation either very humorous or very suggestive, was considered so appropriate that it stuck to him to his dying day. Clearly an editor with a contemptuous epithet affixed to him, and superseding his own name, would not do for a newspaper that was already aspiring after the first place in the sphere of journalistic life and action. His separation from the *Times*, however, did not come directly from that quarter at all. As long as the great French war lasted the *Times* was as forward as any journal to meet the taste of the society of that day by heaping upon the head of the first Napoleon all the abusive epithets which our language could supply. But when the great stake of universal empire had been played for and lost, and the daring gambler was called to pay the forfeit on the rock of St. Helena, then the Corsican ogre grew human again, and allowed men to catch some glimpses of the real character of the man; and a feeling of compassion not unmingled with admiration, took the place of that mixed emotion of detestation and terror which for so long had held sway in all English hearts. But Dr. Stodart was altogether unconscious of this thaw that was going on in the national heart; to him Napoleon, caged on his ocean rock, was the same compound of tyrant and devil that he had seemed when at the height of his power. He had gone on abusing him nearly all his life: what reason was there for his learning a new lesson now? But if he did not see the need, Mr. Walter did. Their discordant views soon led to an explanation, and as it was found that reconciliation was impossible, the proprietor, glad probably in heart, suggested that they should separate, though his kind and generous nature would not allow the severance to take place without making some compensation to his old editor for the loss of his position. The arrangement of these matters

caused some delay, which was employed by Dr. Stodart in a highly ingenious, if not a very honorable manner. His mortified vanity whispered to him that after all he, the living man, and not the dead compound of types, paper, and presses, was the actual *Times*; and that, far from Mr. Walter getting rid of him, it was for him to get rid of Mr. Walter. With great secrecy, but, at the same time with swift industry, he laid his plans; and when at last Mr. Walter had completed his arrangements, and was in a condition to propose to the dismissed editor a pension of a handsome amount, Dr. Stodart was also in a condition to decline receiving any favor from his hands, and to announce that he was about to bring out a *New Times*, in the following week. The new paper, with its plagiarized title, made its appearance in due course. It was not in the title only that the plagiarism was apparent; the arrangement, the style of the typography, and the general appearance of the new paper were all cast in a style as like the old as the laws of copyright would allow; and no pains were spared to induce the public to believe that the new and not the old newspaper was the genuine *Times*. It is usual for writers of a certain class to abuse the public to whom they appeal as stupid, and some of them act as if they really believed it; but without an exception these men find, as Mr. Jenkins in the *Vicar of Wakefield* confesses he did, that the blockheads are too knowing at least for them. And this was also the experience of Dr. Stodart. Newspaper readers could not be got to believe that the new was the old *Times*; no, not though they had the familiar hand of "Dr. Slop" to testify to the averment; and after some years of painful struggle the doctor took refuge in a judgeship in the West Indies; the paper dropped the false colors under which it had sailed, and from the *New Times* became the *Morning Journal*. But the seeds of life were not in it, and a kind of fatality attended it to the last; it became incorporated with another consumptive journal, called the *Day*; and the amalgamated papers were palmed upon Mr. Eugenius Roche, a journalist who made but a small figure among the brilliant writers around him, but for whom every one of these brilliant writers had a kind word, and who seems to have been an honest, modest, loveable, genuine man. The property of the *Morning Jour-*

nal, on the terms on which he took it, proved his ruin.

In the mean time Mr. Walter, too, had his plans. Before he had made up his mind to get rid of Dr. Stodart, he had cast about for the doctor's successor. His choice had fallen upon a young, clever, ambidextrous man, who had begun his connection with newspapers by sending them his anonymous written speculations. About the time that Dr. Stodart was advanced to the editorial desk in Printing House Square, Thomas Barnes was writing political and literary essays under the signature of "Steven," in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. Walter's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and secured him; but having at the time no more appropriate place for him, he was sent to the reporters' gallery, there to go into training for the higher things that awaited him. And now the time was come. When Stodart left, Barnes was called from the gallery of the house to the editor's room, there to commence a career which it is no exaggeration to say revolutionized the whole newspaper press. Mr. Barnes had received his education at Christ's Hospital, where he was the school companion of Leigh Hunt, and the connection thus formed between them lasted through life. The warm-hearted, impulsive poet and essayist has in his biography left us some general notices of Barnes as a school-boy, an extract from which will not be unacceptable. After noticing the scholarship of Mitchell, afterward the translator of "Aristophanes," who was also a cotemporary, he says:

"Equally good scholar, but of a less zealous temperament, was Barnes, who stood next me on the Deputy-Grecian form, and who was afterward identified with the sudden and striking increase of the *Times* newspaper in fame and influence. He was very handsome when young, with a profile of Grecian regularity, and was famous among us for a certain dispassionate humor, for his admiration of the works of Fielding, and for his delight, nevertheless, in pushing a narrative to its utmost, and drawing upon his stores of fancy for intensifying it—an amusement for which he possessed an understood privilege. It was painful in after life to see his good looks swallowed up in corpulency, and his once handsome mouth thrusting his under lip out, and panting with asthma. I believe he was originally

so well constituted in point of health and bodily feeling that he fancied he could go on all through his life without taking any of the usual methods to preserve his comfort. The editorship of the *Times*, which turned his night into day, and would have been a trying burden to any man, completed the bad consequences of his negligence, and he died painfully before he was old. Barnes wrote elegant Latin verse, a classical English style, and might assuredly have made himself a name in wit and literature had he cared much for any thing beyond his glass of wine and his Fielding.

"What pleasant days have I not passed with him and other school-fellows, bathing in the New river and boating on the Thames! He and I began to learn Italian together; and any body not within the pale of the enthusiastic might have thought us mad as we went shouting the beginning of Metastasio's 'Ode to Venus' as loud as we could bawl over the Hornsey fields.

"One day Barnes fell overboard, and on getting into the boat again he drew a little edition of 'Seneca' out of his pocket which seemed to have become fat with the water. It was like an extempore dropsy. Another time, several of us being tempted to bathe on a very hot day near Hammersmith, and not exercising sufficient patience in selecting our spot, we were astonished at receiving a sudden lecture from a lady. She was in hat and feathers and riding-habit; and as the grounds turned out to belong to the Margravine of Anspach (Lady Craven), we persuaded ourselves that our admonitrix, who spoke in no measured terms, was her serene highness herself. The obvious reply to her was, that if it was indiscreet in us not to have chosen a more sequestered spot, it was not excessively the reverse in a lady to come and rebuke us. I related this story to my acquaintance Sir Robert Ker Porter, who knew her. His observation was, that nothing wonderful was to be wondered at in the margravine."

The contrast between Barnes, the innocent, pudding-faced school-boy in the quaint "blue-coat" attire of his school, roaming the streets in his long blue coat, canary-colored small-clothes, and without ever a hat to his head, and Barnes the man of the world, the sharp, cynical critic of men and things, the director of the

greatest literary enterprise of the day, the wielder of the *Times* thunder, the man whose society was alternately feared and courted by the wits, the poets, the politicians of the day, is sufficiently striking. After leaving the Blue-Coat School he was sent to Cambridge, where he fully maintained the reputation he had acquired in Christ Church School, being accounted a worthy rival of Blomfield, whose Greek scholarship, aided, it must be confessed, by qualities more decidedly ecclesiastical, raised him to the metropolitan see. Barnes never had any vocation for the Church, but on leaving Cambridge he entered himself in the Temple, intending to study for the bar. While thus engaged he commenced the series of letters to which we have already alluded, and which led to his final engagement on the editorial staff. Of course this engagement would not of itself have hindered his professional advancement had he chosen to pursue it. Mackintosh, Talfourd, Campbell, and a host of others that might be named, found the press a convenient stepping stone to higher things; and there was nothing to prevent Barnes, had he so chosen, from out-distancing them all. But Barnes was, above all, and before all, what is commonly called a "good fellow," fond of society, addicted—inordinately, it is said—to the pleasures of the table; and while there was good cheer to be made and the wine circulated freely, the graver studies of the law were put on one side. His besetting sin was resolutely grappled with and finally conquered in his later years; but in the mean time the golden opportunities had slipped by, and the man who might have left an enduring mark on the literature of his country has written his name on water; and a few vague traditions of him in the press, and a few timely notices of his more fortunate, but not more gifted cotemporaries, are all that remain of Thomas Barnes. Of these traditions there are several highly graphic, though not always reputable. Among the most characteristic, and not over coarse, take the following scene between him and one of his reporters in his later days.

Among the many coercion bills passed for Ireland in former days was one when

the late Sir Robert Peel was what his son is now—Irish Secretary. Of course the secretary had to justify his measure by showing the lawless state of the country, and one of the instances he adduced was a horrible case of a peasant's hut having been surrounded in the dead of night by a gang of Whiteboys, set on fire, and the little children, as they rushed out of the burning cottage, seized by the savages and tossed back into the flames. "Then," said Sir Robert, waxing rhetorical, as he closed his horrible tale, "then the evil genius of Ireland upraised her bloody hand." The speech happened to be taken by a reporter whose delicate susceptibilities were rather in excess, and Barnes, looking over the reports in the columns of the *Times* next morning was horrified to find that the sentence was given, "Then the evil genius of Ireland upraised her b—— hand." The reporter was sent for, and an explanation demanded. It was not far to seek.

"Why, sir," said the reporter, "I wrote the speech so because I thought the interests of the *Times* and the demands of good taste required it; for you must own, sir, that 'bloody' is rather a coarse word."

"Yes," said Barnes, restraining with difficulty his boiling indignation, "yes—yes, I admit that 'bloody' is a strong and a coarse word, but still it is sometimes appropriate. For instance, if I were to say you are a bloody fool, it would, no doubt, be very coarse—but it would be very true!"

It is understood that Barnes wrote little or nothing for the paper during the long years that he had the control of it. His judgment, his wit, his shrewd appreciation of the value of an article, his nice and ready sense of the public feeling, his quickness to discern the under-currents of political life, made him far more valuable in giving hints and directions to others than he would have been in writing himself. It may be said of him that Walter's enterprise and liberality, great as these were, would not have been enough to build up the *Times* if they had not been aided by the shrewd sense and cool judgment of Thomas Barnes.

From the London Quarterly.

P O M P E I I . *

ON the 24th of August, A.D. 79, when Titus ruled over the Roman empire, a town was basking in the bright sun upon the shores of the lovely bay of Naples. Its inhabitants were following their different callings—buying and selling, feasting and mourning, fitting out their galleys for distant seas, bringing their various wares to the crowded markets, and eagerly preparing for new shows and gladiatorial fights after the long interdict against such theatrical amusements under which Nero had placed their town. Wealthy Roman patricians—weary of the great city, and seeking a cooler and more wholesome air—were enjoying a grateful repose in the gay villas which covered a mountain-slope amidst vineyards and gardens, and which were so thickly scattered that they seemed to form but one continuous city.

Sixteen years before, indeed, an earthquake of extraordinary violence had shaken to their foundations the temples, the forum, and other public buildings, had overturned their statues, had thrown down the walls of many a humble dwelling, and had even upset parts of the more solid defenses of the town. The inhabitants of Pompeii had then fled in terror from the falling edifices; but, lulled into security by a calm of several years, they had now returned to their homes. They were busy repairing their shattered dwellings, replacing the fallen statues upon their pedestals, and ornamenting afresh their public monuments. The terrible mountain which hung over them was silent. Those who lived at its foot had inherited no other traditions from their forefathers

concerning it than those which extolled the fertility of its soil, the exquisite richness of its vegetation,* the luscious nature of its wines, and the beauty of its flowers.

The deeper student of nature read in this very soil the history of the mountain itself. It told him of fires once active, and that in some distant age that quiet, verdure-clothed summit was a destructive volcano, which had overwhelmed with lava and ashes the country at its foot.

Pompeii had been founded long before the Romans had extended their empire to the Tyrrhenian Sea. It might have been by the Oscans, or by a colony from Etruria, or even by the more polished Greeks. They have each their advocates. But, like most of the cities on the coast, it had fallen into the hands of the Samnites. Although it had become a Roman town, it had retained up to the time of the great earthquake much of its early character, and a large part of the population may still have spoken the Oscan tongue. The inhabitants, proud of their Roman citizenship, and desirous to render their town more worthy of its imperial connection, had seized the opportunity when restoring its crumbling buildings to introduce the new fashions from the capital, to ornament their dwellings more after the Roman taste, and to decorate their public edifices with greater luxury and splendor. The streets, too, worn into deep ruts by the rude wheels of the country cars, had become almost impassable for the elegant chariot of the Roman patrician. The ancient pavement was about to be removed, and fresh slabs to replace it had been cut from the hardened lava-streams which were found in the immediate neighborhood.

The inhabitants, moreover, were engaged in the struggle of an election of their municipal officers. New ædiles and duumviri were to be chosen for the town.

* *Pompeianarum Antiquitatum Historia, etc. Nunc primum collegit indicibusque instruxit.* Joa. Fiorelli. 2 vols. Naples. 1860.

Giornale degli Scavi di Pompei. Pubblicato da Giuseppe Fiorelli. Naples.

Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei disegnati e descritti da Fausto e Felice Niccolini. Folio. Naples. 1864.

Murray's Handbook for Southern Italy. 4th Edition. 1862.

* See Martial, iv. 44.

Influential citizens and voters were canvassing for their favorite candidates, and party spirit ran high. The owners of the neighboring villas and the population of the villages had gathered to the town to take part in the contest, and the moment being one of public excitement, the forum, the temples, and the theaters were thronged with an eager multitude.

Suddenly, and without any previous warning, a vast column of black smoke burst from the overhanging mountain. Rising to a prodigious height in the cloudless summer sky, it then gradually spread itself out like the head of some mighty Italian pine, hiding the sun and overshadowing the earth for many a league. The darkness grew into profound night, only broken, by the blue and sulphurous flashes which darted from the pitchy cloud. Soon a thick rain of thin, light ashes, almost imperceptible to the touch, fell upon the land. Then quickly succeeded showers of small, hot stones, mingled with heavier masses, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. After a time the sound as of approaching torrents was heard, and soon steaming rivers of dense black mud poured slowly but irresistibly down the mountain-sides, and curdled through the streets — insidiously creeping into such recesses as even the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate. There was now no place of shelter left. No man could defend himself against this double enemy. It was too late for flight for such as had remained behind. Those who had taken refuge in the innermost parts of the houses or in the subterranean passages were closed up for ever. Those who sought to flee through the streets were clogged by the small, loose pumice-stones, which lay many feet deep, or were entangled and overwhelmed in the mud streams, or were struck down by the rocks which fell from the heavens. If they escaped these dangers, blinded by the drifting ashes and groping in the dark, not knowing which way to go, they were overcome by the sulphurous vapors, and, sinking on the highways, were soon buried beneath the volcanic matter. Even many who had gained the open country at the beginning of the eruption were overtaken by the darkness and falling cinders, and perished miserably in the fields or on the shore, where they had vainly sought means of flight.

in three days the doomed town had

disappeared. It lay beneath a vast mass of ashes, pumice-stones, and hardened mud, to which subsequent eruptions, occurring at intervals during eighteen centuries, added fresh materials. Gradually above them there accumulated, from year to year, the rich vegetable mould, formed from the volcanic soil, in which were again tended the vine and the olive-tree.

The miserable inhabitants who survived the catastrophe returned, after the eruption had ceased, to the site of their buried homes. Many dug into the ruins to find the property they had abandoned in their flight. That which was most valuable was thus, in many cases, recovered. At a later period the statues were carefully sought for in the public places and were removed to adorn other sites, and the richer marbles and hewn stones were carried away for the construction of other edifices, the ruins affording to many generations a rich mine of building materials. But no attempt was ever made either to rebuild the town itself or to construct another upon its site. As years rolled on all traces of it passed away, except, perhaps, the upper part of some vast building, such as the Amphitheater, which rose above the surrounding soil. Its ruins lay deep beneath the cultivated fields, and Pompeii slept for seventeen hundred years wrapped in its shroud of lava-mud and ashes. And so it remained, forsaken and forgotten, until the middle of the last century.

Such is the tale of the fall of this now celebrated town, as written in its ruins brought to light in our days. Every incident we have mentioned is recorded in them. The history of Pompeii and of its inhabitants, neglected by cotemporary writers, and the story of its destruction, may be restored from its remains. It is not our intention to describe these remarkable and interesting ruins. The buried city—the awful catastrophe by which it was overwhelmed—its marvelous resurrection after the lapse of so many centuries—have formed the theme of many an able and poetic pen. Nor are we about to enter into any abstruse archaeological disquisitions upon the many curious questions connected with the ancient history of the people, their manners and customs, and the arts and domestic life of the Romans in general, suggested by the objects discovered. We must refer those who are disposed to inquire into

such matters to the still standard works of Mazois and Gell, to the more recent labors of Overbeck and Niccolini, and to the excellent topographical description in Murray's *Handbook for Southern Italy*. Moreover there are few persons of education who are not familiar with these things, and in these days of travel many have examined for themselves the unrivaled collection of antiquities gathered together from the buried town, which has given a wide renown to the Museum of Naples. Our object is to avail ourselves of the important additions recently made by the Cavalier Fiorelli to Pompeian literature, and to notice some interesting details in the history of the former and more recent discoveries. This gentleman, who has lately been placed by the Italian government at the head of the Royal Museum, and who was previously the director of the works at Pompeii, has collected together and published the notes and journals kept by those employed in the excavations from the first discovery of the ruins in the last century down to the present time. They consist, for the most part, of detailed reports made at short intervals, sometimes from day to day, of the progress of the works, and upon the various objects found amongst the ruins. Many of these documents had been stolen, but were traced into private hands by Signor Fiorelli. The larger number are carefully preserved in the archives of the museum. They furnish a variety of new and interesting information which had been before inaccessible to those who wrote upon Pompeii. The full and, in some cases, carefully-recorded details they contain enable us to restore, in many instances, the buildings which have perished since their discovery, and to understand much which might otherwise perplex the antiquarian. Signor Fiorelli has thus rendered an important service to archæology, and has added to the literary treasures of his country.

We learn from these records that the excavations which led to the discovery of Pompeii were made during the reign of Charles III., the first Bourbon king of Naples. The earliest journals of the proceedings are written in Spanish. In the year 1748 a certain Colonel Don Rucco Alcubierre had been sent to examine a subterranean canal which had been constructed by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, for the purpose of supplying water

to a powder manufactory in the small town of Torre dell' Annunziata, on the Bay of Naples. He heard from the inhabitants of the place that the remains of a buried house had been discovered about two miles off, and that statues and other objects of antiquity had been taken from them. It occurred to him that these ruins must belong to the ancient city of Stabiae, which had been overwhelmed, like Pompeii, by the great eruption of A.D. 79, and whose site had been sought for in this neighborhood. It was well known that beneath the soil, between the foot of the mountain and the sea, there lay buried more than one town. Remains of antiquity had been frequently discovered near this spot. The water-course we have mentioned had been dug through the very center of Pompeii, and had laid bare the foundations of many ancient edifices.

It may be well, before proceeding further, to remind the reader how Pompeii was buried. It is commonly but erroneously supposed that the town was overwhelmed by lava ejected from the crater of the volcano. Such lava-streams, like broad water-courses of black rock, may be traced down the sides of Vesuvius: some may be of the date of the great eruption which destroyed the town, but it is certain that none of them reached the town itself. Pompeii owed its destruction to two causes. Ashes and small pumice-stones, like white cinders, were thrown out of the crater, and fell in dense showers over the surrounding country. They were probably carried to a considerable distance by the wind, but the greater part seems to have fallen on the coast between the foot of the mountain and the sea on which Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae stood. The Italians call these pumice-stones "rapillo," or "lapillo;" in the earlier records the former word is used. In addition to the "lapillo," torrents of mud, formed by ashes, lava, and other volcanic matter, mingled with water abundantly ejected from the crater, rolled down the mountain-side, and, spreading in broad streams as they reached the lower country, completely covered every thing within their reach. This thick mud, called by the Italians "lava bavsosa," accumulated wherever it was checked, and penetrating into every nook and cranny, soon hardened and encased every object with which it was brought into contact. In its hard state it is called "tuono."

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year 1763,* and settled the doubts as to the town, the site of which had been discovered.

The excavations were carried on for many years on a very limited scale, and with very varying success. The workmen employed were chiefly condemned felons, who worked chained in pairs, and Mohammedan slaves taken from the Barbary pirates. The greatest secrecy was maintained, and no stranger could obtain admission to the ruins. No regular plan seems to have been made of the part of the town uncovered, nor was there any attempt to restore or keep up the buildings. The reports contain accurate descriptions of the discoveries—the statues, paintings on the walls, and the various objects in gold, silver, and other metals. Such things were diligently searched for, and were sent off to the royal collection as soon as discovered. Copies were taken of the most important paintings, which were then detached from the walls, and transferred to the museum, the edifices in which they were found being left to perish, or being again covered up with the rubbish removed from adjoining excavations.

Many of the statues found during the early period of the excavations retained the colors with which they had been originally painted, thus affording a conclusive argument to those who maintain that the ancients were in the habit of coloring their sculpture. These colors are always particularly noted in the reports. Thus, on the 18th February, 1765, we have recorded the discovery of a statue of Venus leaving the bath and wringing her tresses. "She is naked from the waist upward; her hair is tinted yellow; round her neck is a gold necklace; she has also her breasts and the upper part of the stomach gilt; the drapery which covers the lower part of the figure is painted red (*turchino*)." Again in 1766, behind the cella of the Temple of Isis, in a niche adorned with ornaments in stucco, was found a statue of Bacchus. His hair was partly gilt and partly tinted, as also his eyebrows and eyes. The bunches of grapes in the garland encircling his temples were painted. Around his neck,

arms, and wrists were golden ornaments. The goat-skin which hung from his left shoulder was spotted with gold, and his buskins, formed of two skins, were partly gilt and partly tinted. The trunk of the tree against which he leant and the tiger by his side were also colored. Many other parts of the statue appear to have been originally gilt and probably colored, but the gilding had yielded to time, and only faint traces of it could be seen.* A female figure in marble, discovered in the same temple, had the upper half of the drapery above the girdle gilt; and the lower part painted red, and studded with various ornaments in gold.

In December, 1766, were discovered the barracks of the gladiators, identified by many inscriptions containing the names of gladiatorial families and by the rude drawings of combats upon the walls. One of its numerous chambers was a prison, the contents of which are still amongst the most curious relics preserved in the Museum of Naples. The skeletons of four prisoners were found with their feet in iron stocks. A lock fastening the bar which confined their ankles still remained, and on the ground was the key, which had probably been left by the guards when they fled, abandoning their wretched charge. Four vizored helmets, several pairs of greaves, and other portions of armor, of bronze, and of exquisite workmanship, had fallen from the nails to which they had been hung against the wall. Some antiquaries are of opinion that they were not intended for use, but were prizes given to successful gladiators. Their size and weight, and the singular beauty of the embossed figures and ornaments with which they are covered, may confirm this conjecture. One or two coins of small value, an earthen pot, and a broken oil lamp, were the only other objects found in the place, except a bottomless wine-jar, in which were the bones of a new-born child. Were these the proofs

* An inscription with the name of POMPEII . . . had been discovered in 1689, but had not served to identify the site of the town.—*Giornale degli Scavi*, No. 2.

* This beautiful statue had been broken into several pieces, and had been repaired by the ancients with iron brackets. It had probably been thrown from its pedestal during the earthquake of A.D. 63. In 1863 a colossal statue of an emperor in marble was discovered—the hair of which was painted red, the mantle purple, and the buskins black. Another statue, supposed to represent Cicero, had the hair, face, and eyes painted, and the toga colored purple.—Gell, vol. I. p. 77, 2d series.

of a crime committed by one of the miserable inmates of the prison?

The 6th April, 1769, was a great day for Pompeii. The superintendent of the excavations was at that time Signor la Vega, an intelligent antiquary, who appears to have been the first to make any thing like a detailed plan of the ruins. He had prepared a "scavo" (an excavation) for the king. His majesty arrived accompanied by the queen, the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., with his celebrated minister Count Kaunitz, and the English representative at the Neapolitan court, Sir W. Hamilton, with his antiquary, M. d'Ancrevil, who, at the command of the king, became the cicerone of the distinguished party. The "scavo" was unusually successful, and a large number of interesting objects in bronze and other metals, in glass, in terra cotta and in bone, were extracted from the "lapillo." So rich was the find that the emperor, who seems to have been the most sagacious of the party, suspected a trick, which had probably already been played, as it has frequently been since, upon royal visitors. He desired to know whether these curious relics had not been artfully concealed before his arrival. Signor la Vega hastened to prove to him that his suspicions were unfounded, and to pay courtier-like compliments to his royal master, for whom alone, he declared, of all living sovereigns, such a fortunate chance was reserved. His imperial majesty was but little satisfied with the manner in which the works were carried on, and proceeded to task his royal brother roundly for his neglect. Being told that only thirty workmen were employed, he asked the king how he could allow so great a work to go on so languidly. His majesty replied, after the true Neapolitan fashion, "that little by little every thing would be done." This did not satisfy the more eager emperor. "Three thousand men, at least," he exclaimed, "should be put to such a work. Why, there is nothing like it in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, and these discoveries are the special honor of your majesty's kingdom." When shown the plan of the ruins, he asked for several buildings which he had not seen. On being informed that they had been covered up by the rubbish taken from other parts of the excavations, he turned to the king, and inquired sharply, how he could have permitted this to be done. His majesty,

of course, threw the blame upon "his late august father." Signor la Vega endeavored to furnish further explanations and excuses, which were probably considered but little satisfactory by the emperor.

One of the most interesting discoveries recorded in the journals was made on the 12th December, 1772. For some weeks workmen had been employed in clearing out the ruins of a house of considerable size, evidently the residence of a man of wealth, outside the gate leading to Herculaneum. After exploring many rooms, containing various objects of value, they came to what appeared to be a long subterranean passage. Here encased in the hardened mud they found a group of skeletons, consisting of eighteen full-grown persons, mostly women, a boy, and a very young child. It is conjectured that these were the remains of the family of the owner of the house, who is supposed without sufficient grounds, to have been a certain Diomedes, from a tomb inscribed with that name discovered in the street hard by.

These victims of the eruption had sought refuge in a vaulted corridor, forming a square, which, from the number of wine-jars found in it, is supposed to have been a wine-cellar. They had hoped that the strong stone vault would have protected them against the shower of pumice-stones and ashes, and the falling masses which first issued from the black cloud that covered the heavens, and which they vainly believed would last but for a little time. They were not, however, beyond the reach of the insidious mud, which, entering by the small windows and oozing through every opening, gradually gathered round them. There were no means of flight. The entrance was closed against them by the accumulating "lapillo." Huddled into a corner, and nestled in each other's arms, they were, little by little, covered by the rising mud. We may hope that they were not exposed to a lingering death, but that, overcome by the sulphurous fumes, they were soon lost to consciousness.

The mud rapidly hardened round the bodies, and preserved almost a perfect mould of the unhappy victims as they had clung together in the last agony of death—a more touching group than ever sculptor has invented. The flesh and all the more delicate parts of the human frame had long perished; but the bones were

left in the hollow mould which the limbs had formed. In some instances the hair was still attached to the skulls; and it was noted that a young girl had her long tresses twisted in elaborate plaits. The clothes they wore had been carbonized; but there were remains of them, which, with the impression they had left upon the mud, served to show their texture, and to prove that of those who had perished some were clothed in much coarser garments than others. The superintendent, who was present at the discovery, was even able to ascertain that most of the women wore over their heads linen drapery, which fell to their shoulders; that their dresses consisted, in most cases, of several gowns, as it were, one over the other; that their lower limbs were clothed in linen or cloth trousers, "cut in the form of long drawers;" and that whilst some wore shoes or sandals, the feet of others had been naked. One lady was distinguished by the richness of her jeweled ornaments and the fineness of her linen. The whole story was thus told; the servants and dependents of the family had died in the same struggle with their master and mistress.

Fragments of the singular casts we have described were cut from the surrounding soil. The perfect mould of the bosom of a girl, of exquisite form, with the thin drapery which partly covered it, has long been one of the most interesting objects in the Naples Museum. It has now almost crumbled away. Unfortunately the happy idea which afterward occurred to Signor Fiorelli, and to which we shall hereafter allude, had not suggested itself to those who then had the direction of the excavations.

Many ornaments in gold and silver, such as armlets, bracelets, necklaces, and finger-rings, a few engraved gems, twenty-eight coins, chiefly of Vespasian and Sergius Galba, bronze candelabra and vases, parts of a casket—probably the jewel-case of the lady of the house—a bunch of keys, a wooden comb, a piece of coral, and some other objects, were discovered near this group.

In the early part of this century the excavations were allowed to languish. No discoveries of any importance are recorded in the reports. The authorities appear to have confined themselves to preserving some of the most important buildings already uncovered, and to keeping them free from rubbish. The grass had been

allowed to grow in the streets and in the deserted ruins. The remains were so ill guarded that frequent complaints are made of robberies of interesting objects. Few strangers of distinction appear to have visited Pompeii in those unsettled times. In the records of March, 1806, Prince Joseph Bonaparte is mentioned as a visitor; and it is duly noted that he generously bestowed two louis d'ors and forty-eight carlini on the soldiers who had the custody of them.

In the same year the intelligent minister of Murat, Saliceti, gave some impulse to the work, by undertaking excavations at his own expense; but his success does not seem to have encouraged him to persevere, for the experiment was soon discontinued, as we are told, "a motivo di mancanza di denaro." In the government excavations only eight men were employed, and even these did not receive their pay. It is hinted that there was consequently much difficulty in keeping them at their work.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, the excavations were carried on with more activity. The king and the queen frequently visited them, and the superintendent always contrived to have a good crop of antiquities ready for the royal party. The reports of the discoveries now began to excite great interest throughout Europe. The ruins of Pompeii were among the principal objects which attracted the stream of travelers flowing to Italy after the peace. The visits of persons of distinction are frequently recorded in the journals. When any such appeared at Naples they were usually honored by a special "scavo." The presence of the Princes of Wales and of Canova is specially noted, and that of many crowned heads and royal personages from different parts of Europe.

In October of 1818 we find the record of a somewhat curious discovery. Two soldiers of the guard of veterans whose duty it was to take care of the excavated monuments—a duty, by the way, which they very ill performed, as frequent complaints of robberies and of the defacement of paintings still occur in the official reports—were walking on the ancient walls of the city, when they were startled by a fox. The animal took refuge in a small secret staircase leading into a subterranean passage beneath the walls, through which the Pompeian garrison is

supposed to have issued when intending to surprise an enemy investing the town. Our two gallant veterans, it is declared, did not hesitate to follow, forcing their way through the rubbish into a vaulted chamber. Instead of finding the fox they discovered parts of a bronze figure, of beautiful workmanship, lying among human skulls and bones. These fragments proved to belong to a statue of Apollo, other parts of which had in the previous year been taken out of a cistern in the center of the town, and a mile distant from the walls. Still the left arm and leg were wanting. These were found shortly after, among a mass of fragments which had been collected during former excavations, and placed in a magazine. The whole statue was thus restored, and is now one of the chief treasures of the Royal Museum. This discovery shows that before the town was overwhelmed the inhabitants had attempted to carry off many of their most precious things. It is probable that this bronze statue had been thrown down and broken up for the sake of the metal. Those who sought to bear part of it away had endeavored to escape by the secret passage. They had found the concealed outlet leading into the open country already blocked up by the pumice stones. They retraced their steps, but the entrance had in the mean while been closed against them, and they perished miserably. These little episodes in the excavations give a singular interest to the buried ruins. They bring before us in a vivid manner the horrors of the catastrophe, and chronicle, as it were in a book, the events of that fatal day.

In 1821 the Austrians had occupied the Neapolitan States. They were not less merciless to the treasures of Pompeii than they have ever been to other monuments of Italian genius. One of the principal causes of the intense and unquenchable hatred of the Italians against their former oppressors arises from the contempt which the Austrians have shown for those great works of art which are the pride and glory of the Italian people. The policy of the Austrians in Italy appears to have been to destroy, as far as they could venture, all traces and memory of the former greatness and prosperity of the country which they held in subjection—as if by such means they could trample out the traditions of the past, which had for generations formed the only hereditary wealth

of the Italian nation. They quartered their soldiers in the fresco-painted chapels and town-halls; turned the convents, full of the marvels of art, into stables and military magazines; and billeted their uncouth and filthy Croats in the lordliest mansions, where the most splendid furniture and the richest decorations of the Italian classic age served for fire-wood or were wantonly destroyed. It is singular that a government boasting of its refinement and civilization, and not insensible, north of the Alps, to the influence of the fine arts and to the good opinion of Europe, should have committed this egregious blunder in Italy. In the journals of the excavations at Pompeii we have such entries as this: "June 30th (1821). Yesterday a party of Austrian soldiers in garrison at Torre dell' Annunziata, having penetrated into various parts of this royal domain, committed serious impertinences (*delle serie impertinenze*). Among other things, they broke in pieces a fine amphora of terra cotta, and even threw down the columns which formed the peristyle of the ancient public edifice, supposed to be a Lyceum, and were connected with the Temple of Isis."

During the reign of the Bourbons the principal object of those who had the care of the ruins seems to have been to make sufficient discoveries of interest to attract strangers, and thus to increase the resources of the establishment and of the State. Nothing was done for the real love of art, or in that liberal spirit which should characterize it. The excavations at Pompeii, like every thing else in the kingdom, became a vehicle for jobbery and public robbery. They were given over to such persons as were able to bribe those about the king, or could command influence at court—at one time to a favorite scene-painter. The object was to make as much as possible out of them. Strangers were only allowed to visit them under the most stringent regulations. To draw, to copy, or even to take the roughest notes, was strictly forbidden. The mere traveler was not even allowed to make from the ruins a hasty sketch of the beautiful scenery which surrounds them. It was only when a painting or an object of interest had been discovered for some years that—after going through all manner of forms and waiting many a day—the archaeologist or the artist could obtain permission to make a drawing of it. These

illiberal rules were extended to the collections in the museum. No one was exempt from them, except the small knot of persons who had obtained the exclusive privilege of publication, and who looked upon it as a profitable monopoly. Even Sir W. Gell, whose first work upon Pompeii had done so much to call attention to the ruins and to make them known to the most profitable of visitors at that time, the English, and who, himself a resident at Naples, was ever ready to open his rich portfolios and his valuable collections and library to students of all nations, was not allowed to execute drawings for the second series of his work—the importation and sale of which were actually interdicted under a heavy penalty. It was only by stealth that he succeeded in obtaining his illustrations, and in preserving the record of many valuable monuments which have since perished.

As in every other public department of Naples, a crowd of hungry hangers-on fed upon the traveler. The principal ruins were kept under lock and key by one of these harpies, who pounced upon the visitor, and extorted a fee before he would open the gate. Of course they robbed every one alike. Some of the most interesting objects discovered in the ruins were stolen by the guardians themselves, and were sold to those who supplied the various public and private museums in Europe. Many of the choicest specimens of ancient art in the valuable collection of Greek and Roman antiquities brought together by Sir W. Temple, long our minister at Naples, and so munificently bequeathed by him to the British nation, were obtained from dealers, who openly offered the plundered property for sale. It was even suspected that the government officials themselves shared in the profit.

During this period, however, many precious discoveries were made. Probably the most remarkable was that, in 1831, of the great mosaic, supposed to represent the battle of Issus, forming the pavement of a chamber in the so-called house of the Faun. This was one of the most charming residences in Pompeii, and no doubt belonged to a man of wealth and rare taste. It had suffered from the first earthquake. Its owner was repairing it when the eruption took place. The remains of more ancient frescoes may be detected under the newly executed paintings. Piles

of bricks, a long frieze in terra cotta, covered with stucco bas-reliefs, representing Nereids riding on sea-monsters, and a large collection of various marbles for the pavements, were found in the house ready for use. In the midst of a court-yard, surrounded by a portico, there had been a flower-garden; in its center stood a graceful marble fountain; at the four corners were placed vases and statues. Opening upon this garden was a small chamber, the entrance to which was formed by two elegant columns and two pilasters of the Corinthian order, painted red. Between the columns was a pavement in colored mosaic, representing the course of the Nile. Various Egyptian animals, a crocodile, a hippopotamus, an ichneumon, and many gay birds floating on the stream, typified the river. This was the antechamber to the rich peristyle in which the pavement was formed by the great mosaic, probably the most important work of this nature preserved to us from the ancients. Its subject is a battle between Greeks and barbarians, who, from their costume, may be presumed to be Persians, or of some other Oriental race. A youthful warrior, clothed in Greek armor, his head bare, charges with his couched spear through a mass of fighting men in flowing garments and lofty head-dresses. He seeks to reach an Eastern king, who sits on a high chariot. We recognize in the two Alexander and Darius; and the battle may be one of those great victories which decided the fate of the Eastern world. The mosaic is of the finest execution. The tesserae are all, we believe, cut from natural stone, and are most skillfully and artistically laid. It is highly probable that this mosaic is a copy of some well-known picture of antiquity, Greek or Roman. So elaborate and important a design could scarcely have been made for a pavement, for which it seems but ill adapted. Moreover, we can trace in it an attempt to imitate, in very inadequate materials, the peculiar qualities of a picture. As a work of art, it is of great value, as affording the best insight we possess into the knowledge and proficiency attained by the ancients in painting. Not that there is any reason to doubt that a people so skilled in two of the highest branches of art, in architecture and sculpture, should have been deficient in the third. But owing to the far more perishable nature of pictures, no great work of that class has reached us.

We can only judge of the perfection attained by the ancients in painting through very imperfect copies, or by the still less satisfactory means of written descriptions. Worthy of particular remark in this battle-scene are the admirable grouping and expression of the figures, the spirit of the composition, the correct drawing, the knowledge of foreshortening, and the just application of the laws of light and shade. Even these qualities can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the original, of which this pavement was probably one of the many reproductions.

This mosaic appears to have been injured by the first earthquake, and it was under repair when the great eruption overwhelmed the town. It has suffered further injury by long exposure after its discovery, and by its subsequent transfer to the Museum at Naples.

Several other mosaic pavements of considerable merit, and many rooms ornamented with elegant painted decorations, were discovered in this house, which forms a block or "island," as it is technically called, between four streets. Only two human skeletons were found in it, those of an old man and a girl, who had taken refuge in an oven near the kitchen. They were probably servants who had been left in charge of the house while their master and his family had wisely taken to flight at the commencement of the eruption, carrying with them their most valuable property. But one of those touching little episodes which are so full of interest and give a living reality to Pompeii, is connected with the house of the Faun. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden. Like the sentry, who still stood as if in watch and ward at the city gate, she had been true to her duty to the last—she had sat in her nest whilst the burning shower fell around, and beneath her was the egg which contained the tiny bones of her yet unborn young one.

In 1848 the arrival of Pope Pius IX. at Naples led to the foundation of a short era of pious morality. As the ladies of the ballet were condemned to wear green nuder-garments, so the "camera riservata" of the museum was closed with brick and mortar, and all females statues with scanty clothing, and notably Venuses, were banished into an apartment only accessible to proved antiquaries of advanced years

and irreproachable reputation. The few remaining paintings at Pompeii, in which subjects of too tender a nature were treated, were carefully covered up. When the holy father visited the ruins and the collections, the righteous Neapolitan government could boast that there was nothing to offend the chastest gaze.

In 1850 Garibaldi became dictator of Naples. Amongst the many extravagant acts of that honest but easily misled man, none was more extravagant than the decree which appointed M. Alexandre Dumas head of the museums and excavations of the kingdom. This was the reward granted to the importunities of that eccentric individual for the services he had volunteered as the historiographer of the memorable expedition to Sicily and Calabria, which ended by the triumphant entry into the capital of the Italian hero as a first-class passenger by the railway. The writer of romances received as his official residence a royal palace standing upon one of the most lovely parts of the bay of Naples. He was entertained at the public expense, and forty "couverts" a day were furnished to him by the municipality for the entertainment of the strange guests he had gathered round him. We are willing to give no ear to the rumors which prevailed in Naples as to what passed within the walls, and which astonished even the inhabitants of the freest city of free Italy. At any rate, the charms of this royal life were such that M. Dumas was loth to resign them without a struggle, and it was only after "much pressure" that he gave up to the new government the palace, which had been declared national property.

It must be admitted, to the credit of M. Dumas, that no one was more fully alive than himself to the notable absurdity of his own promotion to the chief archaeological and scientific distinction in Southern Italy. He only once, we believe, visited Pompeii. He did not interfere either with the excavations or with the direction of the museum, but dropped so imperceptibly out of his functions that he ceased to exercise them without his appointment, as far as we know, having to this day been canceled.

The new government sought for the best man to fill the office of superintendent of the excavations at Pompeii. The public voice justly pointed to the Cavaliere Giuseppe Fiorelli as the one. This gen-

tleman belongs to a class of men which has not been rare in Italy even in her darkest days. He was learned, a ripe scholar, and deeply versed in the archæology of his country, yet withal singularly modest and retiring, supporting life upon the scantiest of means, enthusiastic in the pursuit of his favorite study, and eloquent in teaching its results, loving the memories and traditions of his great country, and of liberal but moderate political opinions. At the early age of twenty-three he had been elected vice-president of the congress of learned men from all parts of Italy who had assembled at Genoa. He had already attained a European reputation. This was just the man to be treated with every cruelty and ignominy under the priest-ridden government of Naples. On his return he had been appointed one of the directors of the works at Pompeii. His first endeavor was to establish some thing like an honest administration, and to put an end to the system of robbery and extortion which prevailed there. He was at once denounced as a dangerous liberal to the government by those with whose unhallowed gains he interfered. As a matter of course, he was thrown into one of the filthy prisons of Naples. There he remained a year. His innocence was so complete that even a Neapolitan tribunal could prove no charge against him. He was of necessity released, but was not less an object of persecution by the government. A ms. history of the excavations at Pompeii, which he had prepared with great labor, was seized by the police, and was never restored to him. Deprived of his place, and driven to absolute poverty, he was compelled to earn his daily bread by laying asphalte pavements on terraces. The king's brother, the Count of Syracuse, himself a lover of archæology, and a seeker after buried treasures, had heard of Fiorelli's fame, and was not the less inclined to him because he had been denounced as a liberal. He sent for him, and named him his private secretary. But this did not screen Fiorelli from the persecution of the government. On the contrary, he had now to bear, with his own sins of liberalism, those committed by his friend and patron. The police received orders to arrest him wherever he might be found; and his literary labors were stopped by the seizure of a printing-press which he employed. He remained hidden for some time in the

house of the prince, who at last saw him safely on board a steamer which conveyed him to Leghorn. After the union of Naples with the rest of Italy, M. Farini named Fiorelli Inspector of the Excavations at Pompeii, the place for which he was so eminently qualified.*

With the appointment of the Cavaliere Fiorelli a new era commenced at Pompeii. Hitherto the excavations had been carried on without definite or intelligible plan. The aim of those who directed them was to find as many objects of value as possible to add to the already magnificent collection in the Royal Museum. No very careful or accurate observations were consequently made, while the earth and rubbish were being hastily and carelessly removed. Important and interesting facts were left unrecorded, and the means of restoring many of the architectural details of the buildings discovered were neglected. Signor Fiorelli had perceived how much could be done by removing the volcanic deposits with care, and upon a regular system, taking note of every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifices. The plan he pursues is this: The excavations are commenced by clearing away from the surface the vegetable mould in which there are no remains. The volcanic substances, either "lapillo" or hardened lava-mud, in which ruins of buildings may exist, are then very gradually removed. Every fragment of brick-work is kept in the place where it is found, and fixed there by props. When charred wood is discovered, it is replaced by fresh timber. By thus carefully retaining in its original position what still exists, and by replacing that which has perished, but has left its trace, Signor Fiorelli has been able to preserve and restore a large part of the upper portion of the buried houses.

One of the first and most interesting results of the improved system upon which the excavations are thus carried on has been the discovery and restoration of the second story of a Pompeian house, and especially of the *maenium*, a projecting gallery or balcony overhanging the street. This part of a Roman building, which is

* We are indebted for this sketch of the Cavaliere Fiorelli to an interesting article on Pompeii, contributed by M. Marc Monnier to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, (vol. xlvii.) We may add, that as far as his modesty would permit, it has been confirmed by Signor Fiorelli himself.

frequently represented in the wall-paintings, but the existence of which at Pompeii has been doubted or denied, was built of brick, and supported by strong wooden beams and props. The masonry is still in many cases preserved; the carbonized wood has to be restored. Some of these galleries seem to have been entirely open, like a modern balcony, and as they are represented in the frescoes; others formed part of the upper chambers of the house, and were furnished with small windows, from which the inmates could see the passers-by. In the narrow streets of Pompeii these projecting galleries must have approached so nearly as almost to exclude the rays of even the mid-summer sun, and to throw a grateful shade below. The upper stories, which appear to have been sometimes more than one in number, were reached by stairs of brick or wood. Some of those in brick are still preserved. Those in wood have perished; but the holes for the beams are there, and the charred beams themselves can be renewed.

By Signor Fiorelli's careful and ingenious restorations, we can now for the first time picture to ourselves the appearance of a Roman town. Previously we only had the bare walls, forming nothing but a collection of shapeless ruins. Had his plan been adopted from the commencement, had the position of every fragment been noted at the time of its discovery, and had the doors, windows, and other wood-work been restored by the process we shall describe, instead of wandering amidst a confused mass of crumbling walls, we should have found ourselves in a Roman town, the houses of which might still have almost harbored its population. As far as we can now judge, Pompeii must have nearly resembled in its principal features a modern Eastern city. The outside of the houses gave but little promise of the beauty and richness of the inside. The sudden change from the naked brick walls facing the narrow street to the spacious court-yard, adorned with paintings, statues, and colored stuccoes, ornamented with flower-beds and fountains and surrounded by alcoves and porticoes, from which the burning rays of the sun were warded off by rich tapestries and embroidered hangings, will remind the Eastern traveler of Damascus or Ispahan. The overhanging galleries, with the small, latticed windows; the mean shops—mere

recesses in the outer walls of the houses; the brick-built counter, with the earthen jars and pans let into it; the marble slabs on which the tradesman exposed his wares and received his cash; the awning stretched across the street (the holes by which it was fastened are still visible); the caravanserai or khan outside the city gate, with its many small rooms opening into a stable behind and a court-yard in front (the skeletons of horses and their metal trappings were found in the ruins of such a hostelry on the Herculanean Way), are all characteristic of a modern Eastern town.

We must now notice another and a not less interesting result of the careful investigations and the ingenuity of Signor Fiorelli. It has been mentioned that the destruction of Pompeii was owing to two distinct causes—showers of small pumice-stones (lapillo), and streams of thick mud descending from the mountain. The "lapillo" lies loosely against the walls and round the objects over which it accumulated. In some instances the colors of the frescoes which it covered have changed—the red having become black, for example—while in others no alteration is visible. This change may be attributed either to the effect of heat or of those sulphurous vapors which, according to Pliny, issued from the hot cinders and proved so destructive to human life. The lapillo buried objects of metal, marble, glass, and ivory, without injuring them; but it appears to have produced that peculiar greenish blue oxidation on copper and bronze which is well known to connoisseurs as the "patina" of Pompeii. The ash-mud, on the other hand, soon hardened, forming, as we have already mentioned, a perfect mould of any object round which it had gathered. Signor Fiorelli had frequently observed hollows in this hard volcanic matter, in which were found human bones or fragments of charred wood mixed with ivory and bronze ornaments. The happy idea occurred to him of pouring liquid plaster into these hollows—in fact, using them as a sculptor would a mould. The result far exceeded his expectations. Among the first casts that he thus obtained were those of four human beings. They are now preserved in a room at Pompeii, and more ghastly and painful, yet deeply-interesting and touching objects it is difficult to conceive. We have Death itself moulded and cast—the very last

struggle, the final agony brought before us. They tell their story with a horrible dramatic truth that no sculptor could ever reach. They would have furnished a thrilling episode to the accomplished author of the *Last Days of Pompeii*.

These four persons had perished in the street. They had remained within the shelter of their homes until the thick black mud began to creep through every cranny and chink. Driven from their retreat, they sought to flee when it was too late. The streets were already buried deep in the loose pumice-stones which had been falling for many hours in unremitting showers, and which reached almost to the windows of the first floor. These victims of the eruption were not found together, and they do appear to have belonged to the same family or household. The most interesting of the casts is that of two women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet. They appear from their garb to have been people of poor condition. The elder seems to lie tranquilly on her side. Overcome by the noxious gases, she probably fell and died without a struggle. Her limbs are extended, and her left arm drops loosely. On one finger is still seen her coarse iron ring. Her child was a girl of fifteen; she seems, poor thing! to have struggled hard for life. Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clenched in agony. In one she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arm, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garments may be traced and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals.

At some distance from this group lay a third woman. She appears to have been about twenty-five years of age, and to have belonged to a better class than the other two. On one of her fingers were two silver rings, and her garments were of a finer texture. Her linen head-dress, falling over her shoulders like that of a matron in a Roman statue, can still be distinguished. She had fallen on her side, overcome by the heat and gases; but a terrible struggle seems to have preceded

her last agony. One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clenched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the soft and yielding mud, that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure, which lay scattered around her — two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she, like a good housewife, forgotten her keys, after having probably locked up her stores before seeking to escape. They were found by her side.

The fourth cast is that of a man of the people, perhaps a common soldier. He is of almost colossal size. He lies on his back, his arms extended by his side and his feet stretched out as if, finding escape impossible, he had laid himself down to meet death like a brave man. His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin and tight-fitting breeches, of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked; the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster.

The importance of Signor Fiorelli's discovery may be understood from the results we have described. It may furnish us with many curious particulars as to the dress and domestic habits of the Romans, and with many an interesting episode of the last day of Pompeii. Had it been made at an earlier period we might perhaps have possessed the perfect cast of the family of Diomedes, as they clung together in their last struggle, and of other victims whose remains are now mingled together in the bone-house.

But the casts of human forms are not the only casts obtained by Signor Fiorelli's simple process. The mud has moulded in the same way objects in wood and other perishable materials. Doors, the frames of windows, the sliding leaves of the shop-shutters, like those in modern use, elegant trellis-work, with bronze and ivory ornaments, which surrounded the little garden-plots in the court-yards, chests, and many other things, have been thus restored, and we are almost able to fit up the interior of a Pompeian house. As so much of the town still remains to be uncovered, it is impossible to conje-

ture what interesting and important discoveries may yet be made.

The most remarkable objects in metal, glass, and marble discovered at Pompeii and placed in the Museum at Naples are so well known that it is not necessary to mention them. One or two recently found, and consequently as yet seen by few travelers, require, however, some notice. The most important of these is an exquisite statuette in bronze, conjectured to represent "Narcissus listening to Echo." This is perhaps the most precious work of the class hitherto obtained from the ruins, and is a masterpiece of ancient art. It was, curiously enough, dug out of what appears to have been the house of a washerwoman—judging from the number of deep earthen basins and leaden tubs found on the ground-floor. As it was found in the "lapillo" several feet above the level of the pavement, it had stood in an upper chamber, which must have fallen in during the eruption. Like most statuettes of this kind from Pompeii, it is probably a reduced copy of some statue of great renown amongst the ancients. The figure is nude, with the exception of a goat-skin thrown over the left shoulder, and the hunter's cothurni, or boots, of exquisite workmanship, laced round the ankle and reaching to the calf of the leg. The expression of the face is very earnest, and the head is bent over the right shoulder in the act of listening. The hair is bound with a simple branch of ivy or myrtle, to which some berries are attached. The right hand is raised, and the first finger points to the spot from whence the distant sound is wafted. The left hand rests daintily on the hip. The sockets of the eyes, which had once been filled with silver or ivory, are now empty.

This statuette is probably of Greek workmanship, and is marked by that elegance, grace, and voluptuousness of form which distinguish the sculpture of Pompeii. The execution is delicate, the chiseling vigorous and sharp, as in the hair and sandals, the forms round, and the anatomy well studied, with a sufficient deviation from the strict rules of proportion to give character to the figure. The feet, for instance, may be thought somewhat too large, the sandals helping to produce this effect. The story is admirably told. It is impossible to represent more naturally and vividly the act of an earnest listener. Who can doubt that the distant

wail of the amorous nymph has struck upon the ear of the obdurate youth?

About the time of the discovery of this beautiful statuette, a lamp of solid gold, weighing thirty three and a half ounces, and a small figure in amber representing Cupid wearing a wig, were also dug up. The lamp was found without its cover, and is of considerable intrinsic value. The amber figure seems to have been considered a precious object, and one of great rarity, as it was carried away with a small collection of silver coins by one who fled from the eruption, and whose skeleton was discovered hard by. No similar object had previously been obtained from the ruins.

It would be difficult to spend a more pleasant and interesting day than in watching a "scavo" at Pompeii. There is at all times an excitement and a delight, only to be understood by those who have experienced them, in opening ancient tombs, and in digging for ancient remains. It is the excitement of a lottery with many blanks, but with an occasional prize which makes up for many disappointments. This is especially the case at Pompeii. You never know what the spade may turn up—what object of exquisite beauty or of extreme rarity it may expose. Then there is the speculation as to its nature when uncovered. What new phase of Roman life may it illustrate—what purpose may it have served? Add to this the wonderful ruins around you, and the lovely scenery beyond—Vesuvius rising majestically in the background, with its purple shadows and its thin column of white smoke capped by a broad capital of spreading vapor; the stone-pines and the white convents on its dark sides; the calm blue sea washing the rocky shores of Sorrento; the distant isles rising from its tranquil bosom; the soft, balmy air breathing upon you, and above, the clear, bright, azure sky of Southern Italy! Search the globe, and you will not find such a scene as this.

Signor Fiorelli is ever ready to gratify a traveler, who has any claim to the favor, with a "scavo;" several chambers are generally kept in readiness for this purpose. Experience has shown that objects of interest are usually found on the pavement of the ground floor in the "lapillo." Such as have been discovered at a higher level have fallen in from the upper chambers, which appear to have been usually

occupied by servants and persons of an inferior class, and rarely contained any thing of much value. The "scavo" is consequently prepared by removing all the volcanic substances which cover the building to within about four or five feet of the floor. The entrances to the chambers are then carefully closed with stones, and no one is allowed to go in until the final excavation takes place.

On the appointed day, Signor Fiorelli, with his usual courtesy, accompanies the visitor to Pompeii. Twelve or fourteen workmen, under a superintendent, who narrowly watches their proceedings to prevent petty thefts of coins and other small objects, are ready for the day's work. They usually include two experienced excavators, who have to remove, with great care and caution, using spade or pick, the deposit of loose pumice-stones or hardened mud, in which the antiquities are searched for. The remainder of the party consists of women, girls, and boys, who are employed in removing the rubbish. The mode of proceeding is as rude and primitive as that followed by Mr. Layard in the excavations at Ninevah. When the earth is loosened by the diggers, it is shoveled into baskets, which are carried away by the swarthy, black-eyed boys and girls, either on their heads or under their arms. Singing and laughing, with their naked feet and tattered garments, they toil up the steep bank and empty their loads into carts ready to receive them. Formerly the rubbish was thrown into parts of the ruins already uncovered, or even upon the ground not yet examined. Among the many improvements introduced by Signor Fiorelli is a tramway, by which the excavated soil is removed to a distance from the ruins.

On reaching the "scavo," the first thing to be ascertained is whether the former owners or the ancient robber excavators have dug there before us. This is easily learnt. If the pumice-stones are unmixed with bricks, pottery, or other remains, and if they lie in well-defined alternate strata with the lava-mud, then the soil is declared to be "virgin," and we may hope for interesting discoveries, but if the strata are not well marked, but are broken into each other, and the small pumice-stones are mingled with fragments of bricks and pottery, then we may be sure that others have been there before us at some remote period, and we must make

up our minds to disappointment. No object of value, at any rate, is likely to have escaped the earlier explorers. Sometimes the partition wall has been broken through, and a hole shows where the owners of the house, or, more probably, some treasure-seekers, have forced their way into the chamber. The director having given the order to commence, the diggers work vigorously. The girls and boys hurry away with their baskets. The superintendent, whose keen, well-practiced eye detects the smallest object, now and then picks up a coin or a fragment of metal. Suddenly the excavators stop and call the attention of the director to a discovery. The color of the "lapillo" tells us if an object in bronze or iron is about to be uncovered. If of copper or bronze, the blue oxidation, peculiar to Pompeii, tints the soil; if of iron, the secret is betrayed by the reddish-brown hue which marks the presence of that metal. The basket-carriers are now put on one side. An experienced workman, with a kind of trowel, removes the "lapillo," which lies so lightly that it can be almost brushed away with the hand. He is so dexterous, and so well accustomed to his work, that he quickly uncovers the object of which he is in search without injuring it. It may be a bronze vase of beautiful form, or an iron utensil of extreme rarity, or a glass urn of exquisite workmanship. If the thing discovered is of bronze, or lead, or glass, it is generally in the most perfect condition; if of iron, it is frequently so decomposed as to fall to pieces on exposure to the air. The object is carefully removed by the superintendent, placed on a tray, and a note at once made of the place and position in which it was found, and of any peculiar circumstances attending its discovery. It is then sent to a receiving-room, where a clerk enters all these particulars, and a more detailed description in a register. Later it is transferred to the Royal Museum at Naples, or added to the small collection now being formed at Pompeii.

The diggers and basket-carriers return to their work until the discovery of another object is announced. At length the chamber is entirely cleared. It forms part of the house of a wealthy citizen. We are in the "tablinum," a small recess opening upon the great hall or atrium. The walls are elaborately painted after the usual Pompeian fashion. If they are

found to be falling, they are at once strengthened by iron brackets, or, if necessary, sustained by wooden props or by masonry. If the paintings are of more than ordinary merit, they are carefully removed, by detaching the plaster from the wall. A varnish is laid over those which remain to preserve them from the effects of exposure. The ancients themselves were careful to keep them from damp, and many of the most richly painted walls have, for this purpose, a sheet of lead between the "intonaco" and the wall itself. The pavement is either of mosaic, sometimes rich with flowers, fruit, masks, or figures, in bright colors; or of simple patterns in white and black tesserae. On removing from it the last layer of rubbish, we come upon a perfect skeleton; it is that of a woman, probably the mistress of the house. She had attempted to fly on that fatal night, and had thought to save her jewel-case—the "mundus muliebris"—"the woman's all"—inclosed in its wooden casket or pyxis. We find the hinges, the lock, and the ornamental fittings, which, being of bronze and ivory, have been preserved, while the wood work has perished. Scattered around her are its contents—her golden ear-rings, bracelets, and a necklace hung with curious amulets, such as objects in coral, supposed to bring fecundity, a closed hand with two fingers extended to ward off the evil eye, a bee in onyx of exquisite workmanship, as an augury of good, and little bells whose sound drives away contagion, her jeweled rings, a fragment of her ivory comb, her bronze looking-glass, the ivory pins that gathered up her tresses, and a few small glass and alabaster vases and bottles which held her ointments and perfumes. If the lava-mud has penetrated into the chamber, the mould of the casket itself may be preserved, so that a perfect cast may be taken of it, and even the impression of the linen garments which formed part of her wardrobe may be plainly seen. Near her lies a terra cotta lamp, with its elegant dolphin-shaped cover. It had fallen from her hand when she sank exhausted, after in vain groping her way through the thick darkness.

But the excavations at present carried on are mostly confined to a part of the town which seems to have been inhabited by the poorer classes. The ground-floor of the houses consists of mean shops, with

an outer room entirely open to the street, and an inner, small and dark, in which the stores were probably kept.

These humble dwellings are, however, by no means devoid of interest. They afford us a curious insight into the manners and mode of life of the inhabitants of Pompeii. Many trades and crafts still well known to us were carried on in them. Some have their appropriate sign, such as we see over modern shops. A kind of eating-house was recently discovered. In the front room was the usual slab of white marble, upon which the smoking meats and probably the stewed gourds, and such like delicacies, were exposed, as in Naples at this day. On it stood an earthen pipkin containing small fish, which had apparently been cooked in oil with raisins and onions, and had been ready to serve up when the sudden cloud gathered over the town. Let into a kind of brick dresser were deep basins of earthenware and metal, beneath which were small, open fireplaces to keep the soup and other messes warm. Upon it were lying the ladles which had been used to distribute the contents of the vessels. A rude iron tripod stood upon the floor, supporting an iron pot or kettle for boiling water; and in the middle of the room was a portable iron cooking-stove, such as Soyer himself might have envied. Ranged against the walls were a number of deep bronze trays of various sizes, fitting one into the other. Such trays are still used in the East to serve up a meal. A few glass wine-jars were scattered over the floor, and one or two square panes of real window-glass, showing that the Romans were not ignorant of what, until recently, antiquaries declared to be a modern invention.* In the inner shop half-a-dozen earthen jars or amphoræ of various sizes stood upright against the wall. They had contained select wines, for which, no doubt, the host enjoyed a local reputation. Each bore its mark, and the name of the wine it held; some the year of the vintage fixed by the consular date. Thus, on one amphora we read "FERT. T. CLAUDIO. III. L. VITELLIO. III. COS." The contents were consequently thirty-two years old when the town was overwhelm-

* In one of the public baths a window with its frame and four panes of glass was discovered not long ago, and there are many such panes above eighteen inches square in the Naples Museum.

ed, having been "bottled" in the fourth year of the consulate of Tiberius Claudius and the third of Lucius Vitellius, or A.D. 47.* One wine, from the island of Cos, is called "COVM. GRANATVM." The epithet "granatum" is supposed by Signor Fiorelli to indicate some peculiar flavor which was specially esteemed. It is noted that it was bought from the cellar of Aierius Felix at Rome—no doubt a celebrated wine-merchant "of the period." Another jar is marked "KOR. OPT."—the very best Corcyra—the island was well known for the produce of its grapes. One contained a wine which was evidently considered very choice: it is called "Old Luna," and we are informed that it was bought by one Cornelia out of the cellar of M. Valerius Abinnericius (a very Eastern-sounding name—perhaps he was a Jew), and had been kept four years in the bottle.

LVN. VET
AIIIR
XIIIS

CORNELIA

M. VALERI. ABINNERICI

The letter R may indicate that it was red. The number preceding the letter S may mark the price paid for it, or the measure of the amphora. At the bottom of this inner room was a baking-oven. The mouth was still closed with an iron plate. On the floor beneath lay the iron shovel with which the loaves had been placed in the oven, and with which they were to be taken out when fit for use. When the iron door was removed it was found that it had so completely closed the entrance, that neither ashes nor mud had entered the oven, which was as it had been left by the baker after he had placed his loaves in it for baking eighteen hundred years ago. Within were the loaves themselves, eighty three in number, black and charred, but still retaining their shape, that of a modern double loaf scored on the top. Scattered about the room were found olives, onions, beans, nuts, and the bones of fish. Near the oven were other bronze trays; and various vessels in metal were on the floor. Two large leaden tubs, in a

corner of the room, had probably been used for slops and refuse. Squalid cook's shops, not unlike that discovered at Pompeii, are to be seen in many a back street of modern Naples.

At a short distance from this humble restaurant is a small mean house, opening by opposite doors into two narrow and secluded streets. Its character is sufficiently indicated by the sign placed over the entrances. It was a "lupanar." It consisted of two floors—the lower a nest of small rooms, or rather closets, over the doors of which were obscene paintings; the upper more decently decorated. It had been previously rifled, and nothing was found in it, except the bronze bell which was hung up in such places, and a metal vessel filled with beans and onions, the dish which had been prepared for the frugal supper of the unhappy inmates of the place on the 24th of August, A.D. 79. The curious antiquary should not fail to visit this singular building. Judging from the inscriptions scratched upon the walls of the rooms, it was chiefly frequented by gladiators. These rude inscriptions are called "graffiti" by the Italians. Signor Fiorelli has published a valuable comment upon them. They are of considerable interest as illustrating the manners of the people, but are for the most part too coarse to be quoted. A lady, whose charms had made many victims, is appropriately and elegantly saluted as "Victrix victorum"—conqueress of the conquerors. One inscription is a terrible record of the brutalizing effect of the scenes of the Amphitheater upon the Roman character. A gladiator, apparently a rude country youth, and new in his profession, and hence called "Puer rusticus,"* had slain his adversary, and had sought his mistress fresh from the bloody arena. He thus recorded his visit: "Victor cum Attine hic fuit. Africanus moritur. . . Condisces qui dolet pro Africano?" Africanus is dead—Prithee, who will mourn for Africanus?

Such "graffiti," are constantly found at Pompeii, and are amongst the most curious illustrations of the customs and everyday life of its inhabitants. In one street

* Signor Fiorelli conjectures that "vinum frutum" may have been wine boiled or otherwise prepared, "vino cotto," in order to preserve it. All the amphoræ mentioned in the text were not found in one house.

* Scratched on a wall in the barrack of the gladiators was "AVETICE FELICITER," probably the same "Rusticus" who, with the good wishes of his companions, had proved successful in the arena.

a school-boy has rudely scratched his Greek alphabet upon the wall of a house. We may conjecture that he was a very small boy, as his little hand could scarcely reach above three feet. Some idler has elsewhere scribbled part of the first verse of the *Æneid*, writing the words as they were probably pronounced in the dialect of the South of Italy.

ALMA VILVMQVE CANO TLO. . *

On another wall may be traced a verse from Ovid's *Art of Love*. These are the only fragments from any known classic authors which, as far as we know, have been discovered at Pompeii. On the wall of the Basilica itself some disappointed and spiteful lover has written what we trust was a scandalous libel upon a faithless mistress—*LVCILLA EX CORPORE LVCIVM FACIEBAT*. On the wall of a room the mistress of the house or her cook had noted that on the 15th July she had laid in part of her household stock, two hundred pounds of "Axungia," which Signor Fiorilli conjectures to have been a kind of lard, and two hundred and fifty handfuls (*manuplos*) of garlic—not uncommon contents of a modern Italian larder. In many parts of the town we find sentences and words in Greek, Oscan, Etruscan, and other ancient characters. The great room of the baths, the Spoliation room in which, as in the modern Eastern bath, the bather reposed and gossiped, is very rich in these "graffiti." In one may be detected, in ill-shaped Hebrew characters, the Jewish proper name of "Sirach." People of all nations, from the East and West, congregated in these public places.

The inscriptions painted on the outer walls of many houses in black and red colors are not less interesting than the "graffiti." They refer chiefly to the periodical elections of the *ædiles* and *duumviri*, which were taking place at the time of the eruption. Each householder had a favorite candidate, and solicited the votes of the electors in earnest terms, painting his name and qualifications at the sides of the house-door after the fashion of our election placards. "I beg you," writes one, "to choose Capella for one of your *duumviri*." Another entreats his friends

to vote for Cneius Helvius, "for he is worthy." Another declares that Pansa, who seems so have had many supporters, is "dignissimus." One Popidius, a youthful candidate, and, from the frequent occurrence of his name, evidently very popular, is pronounced "*verecundum adolescentem*"—a modest youth, and "*egregium adolescentem*." An elector asks Proculus to vote for Sabinus, promising that Sabinus shall vote for him in return. "*SAMNUM. AED. PROCULE. FAC. ET ILLE. TE. FACIET.*" Other inscriptions refer to the protection which the inhabitant of the house claimed as the client of some powerful patrician.

Amongst the several inns recently discovered, one has the sign of the elephant rudely painted on the pilaster which divides two doors. The animal is in the folds of a huge serpent, and is led by a pigmy. An inscribed tablet states that one Sittius had recently restored the tavern—*SITTIVS RIISTITVIT IILIIRANTV.* (for elephantum), and our host informs travelers that he has a triclinium with three beds, and every comfort—

HOSPITIUM. HIC. LOCATVR
TRICLINIVM. CVM. TRIBVS. LECTIS
IIT. COMM. . . .

Other inscriptions announce the performances of gladiators, and inform the public that there will be combats with wild beasts, and that the Amphitheater, open to the sky, will be supplied with awnings—"*VENATIO ET VELA ERUNT.*"

Space will not permit us to dwell any longer upon many other new and interesting discoveries which have been made at Pompeii since the Cavaliere Fiorelli has directed the excavations, but we must not omit to mention what he has done for the greater comfort and convenience of the traveler. Those who visited Pompeii in former days will not easily forget the swarms of hungry "*custodi*," or guardians, who infested the place, and pounced, like a spider upon an entangled fly, upon the helpless traveler. In every building of interest there lurked one of these plagues, who, keeping its treasures under lock and key, exacted his fee before he opened the door.

This curse of the sight-seer in Italy has been abolished. The ruins are now entered at two points—by the Street of the Tombs, as formerly, and by the gate lead-

* In another inscription we find *PARMAM FERET* for "*palmam feret*," showing that *r* and *l* were interchangeable letters.

ing to the Forum, which is close to the railway-station, and to which a road has recently been cleared. The number of visitors is checked by a turn-stile. Each pays an entrance fee of two francs, and no further gratuity is required. A guide is then selected to conduct him through the ruins. A very intelligent class of men has been appointed to this office. The visitor further receives a printed plan of the excavations and a list of the principal buildings, those of peculiar interest being marked with a star, so that he may either examine all that is to be seen, or, if his time should be limited, may make the most of it. He is left, as much as possible, to himself. It is expected that a sense of propriety will restrain him from injuring any of the monuments, and from indulging in the low habit of writing his name upon the walls. Signor Fiorelli has devised a method of bringing to shame those who are guilty of this breach of good manners. He has ordered the names thus written to be published weekly in the Naples paper which has the largest circulation. He has been requested to furnish a list of those of our own countrymen, that they may be similarly exposed to public reprobation at home. Notices in several languages are placed at the entrances and in different parts of the ruins, calling upon visitors not to give gratuities, and threatening with instant dismissal those who venture to receive them. And these rules are rigorously enforced, and have already had a salutary effect upon this formerly demoralized race of Italian custodi. A bright-eyed, smiling boy, who had been employed for a whole day in carrying the drawing materials of a sketcher, and in performing various little services with that singular quickness and intelligence which distinguish the Italian peasant, resolutely refused the "*buonamano*" to which, it was believed, he was fully entitled for his extra work; and this instance of his virtue was the more remarkable as no superintendent was near. It is impossible to overrate the effect that these seemingly trifling rules—now enforced in all the public institutions in Naples—will have upon the character of the people. Where but a short time ago there was every where corruption, from the throne to the beggar—where every public officer, from the highest to the lowest, lived upon the bribes which he exacted—this attempt to inculcate principles of honesty deserves

the highest praise and should meet with every encouragement.

The illiberal and foolish rule which formerly prevented a stranger from making the slightest sketch of the ruins or of any object discovered in them, and even from taking a few hurried notes, has now been abolished. Every one, under necessary regulations, may draw, describe, and publish as he thinks fit. A small museum has been opened at Pompeii to contain such objects as may specially serve to illustrate the ruins and the manners and mode of life of the former inhabitants; and a collection of the remains of various animals—such as dogs, horses, goats, tortoises, and a sucking pig still in the baking pan—and of various edible objects, adds much to its interest. In addition, Signor Fiorelli has established a library, which is destined to contain a complete collection of works on Pompeii and of such as illustrate the arts and manners of the ancients. The student of archæology and history, as well as the mere tourist, may thus spend many profitable and pleasant hours amongst the ruins.

The nomenclature of the houses and streets has been changed. Formerly, the principal buildings were named after some distinguished person who may have been present when they were discovered. There was the House of the Queen of England, the House of the Grand Duke, etc. Signor Fiorelli has endeavored, by consulting the inscriptions painted on the walls, and from other sources, such as seals and relics found in the ruins of the house itself, to restore to it the name of the owner. When this can not be done, the house is numbered and the occupation of the owner is noted; we have, for instance, the house and shop of the dyer, in which his pans, with the remains of the dye in them, are still seen, of the baker, of the colorman, of the jeweler, the eating-house, the inn, etc.

Many important statues and other objects, such as furniture, which have been taken to the Museum at Naples, have been replaced by plaster casts, so that their original site and the use for which they served may be understood.

We must not conclude without alluding to the magnificent work on the ruins of Pompeii, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, now in course of publication by Signor Niccolini, the secretary to the Royal Museum, and the

son of the original editor of the *Museo Borbonico*. Thirty-three numbers, forming half of the entire work, have already been issued. Colored lithographic plates represent with great fidelity, and in the most pleasing form, the paintings, architectural decorations, statues, and various objects in glass, metal, marble, and other materials, discovered in the principal buildings. Each house and its contents are separately illustrated. The plates are mostly executed from the faithful and spirited drawings of Signor Abbate, an artist of great merit and experience, well known in this country from his admirable restoration of a Pompeian house in the Crystal Palace.

This work will furnish a much better idea than any yet published of the extreme beauty and elegance of the houses of the richer classes in a Roman city. There is no doubt much at Pompeii opposed to the purest taste, as shown in remains of the best period of classic art. The ornamentation is sometimes coarse in execution, inharmonious in color, wanting in purity of design, defective in drawing, and perhaps ill calculated for interior decoration. But at other times it is of a very high character, and singularly pleasing and effective. It must be remembered that after all Pompeii was but an unimportant provincial town, in which probably there was no school of art of any merit, and where the common workman sought to imitate, to the best of his means, the skilled and highly trained artists of Rome, or to copy and reproduce those remains of more ancient art which had even in those days been accepted as the standards of the highest taste and perfection. It is probable that the paintings on the walls of the houses of Pompeii, like the mosaic pictures of the pavements, are for the most part copies from well-known Greek or Roman works which were esteemed by the refined and cultivated citizens of Imperial Rome as masterpieces of art. This is especially so with regard to those beautiful groups of figures representing familiar subjects taken from the Homeric poems and from the classic writers of Greece. However, to some of the frescoes discovered the ancients themselves must have attached considerable value, for we find an instance of one representing Bacchus and Silenus, which had been very carefully removed from another site and so neatly fitted into the wall with iron cramps and cement

that it was almost impossible to detect that it did not originally form part of it. The subjects are limited in number, generally Bacchus and Ariadne, with groups of fauns and nymphs, Hermaphroditus with Silenus, Bacchantes and Satyrs, Hercules and Omphale surrounded by cupids, who are sporting with his club and shield, Achilles discovered by Ulysses amidst the maidens of Lycomedes, Orestes and Pylades, Thetis obtaining from Vulcan the arms of Achilles, etc.

The treatment is singularly simple, the disposition of the figures reminding us of a bas-relief, and conveying the impression of having been suggested by a sculptured frieze. The execution is almost always inferior to what the Germans call the "motive"—that is, the attempt to tell the story by the general composition, and the attitude and expression of each person represented: this is a sufficient proof to the practiced eye that the work is a copy, or that the painting has been made up with figures or groups taken from other pictures. Even in technical execution, however, many of these paintings have no ordinary merit. There is a richness and glow in the color, a subtle gradation in the flesh-tints, a rich and voluptuous harmony of tone, and a vigorous outline, which remind us of the finest productions of the Venetian school, and especially of Giorgione. In violent and picturesque contrasts of light and shade they are wanting. No attempt is made to produce those striking and exaggerated effects of chiaro-oscuro which distinguish the Italian and Dutch schools of the seventeenth century. Every thing is represented in the broad glare of day, and is beaming with sunlight. The colors have faded after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, but when the soil which covers a painting is first removed they are still bright and luminous, and produce a magical effect in the clear Italian atmosphere. Some have changed completely after long exposure to the air,* and this must be borne in mind in examining the paintings detached from the walls and preserved in the Naples Museum. The details of the decoration of the rooms are frequently marked by the greatest elegance of outline, and the

* See, for example, Gell's account of the change of color which had taken place in parts of the beautiful picture of Leda presenting her infant progeny to Tyndareus—vol. i. 2d series, p. 172.

most exquisite harmony of color, as in the dancing fauns and nymphs, set in borders of beautiful design or introduced into landscapes and architectural scenes, and the wanton cupids sporting amidst festoons of fruit and flowers. This graceful ornamentation was in harmony with the furniture of the room and the rich hangings, and must have produced the most pleasing effect. But if the dwelling of a country gentleman at Pompeii was such as we have described, what must have been the magnificence and luxury of that of the proud and wealthy patrician in the capital itself?

It has been the fashion of late years to underrate the style of decoration employed in the private dwellings of Pompeii. There is much in it which might, in our opinion, be advantageously introduced into our own domestic architecture. It is true that at the beginning of this century, when an affectation of classic taste prevailed in Europe, the experiment was tried and failed. But the reason was obvious. Too much was attempted. The true principles of application were misunderstood. The walls were overladen with color and gilding, and comfort and utility were sacrificed to classic forms. Furniture, fire-irons, teapots, and the various objects of daily domestic use, made after the manner of the ancients, could scarcely be turned to their legitimate purposes, however well adapted they may have been to the sacrifices and ceremonies of a Greek or Roman temple. Chairs and sofas strictly made upon the model of the *sella curulis*, and the bronze *bisellium*, might have been comfortable in the forum, but were execrable in the drawing-room. We were at last fairly driven out of the classic mood. We could neither eat, drink, nor sit in comfort. As things are rarely done by halves with us, we rushed into the other extreme, and hailed the Gothic regeneration. We have not gained much. The narrow seat and knobby back of a Gothic chair are not more pleasant to our persons than the ancient *sedilia*. Nor have we derived much advantage, as far as our comfort is concerned, from the ponderous furniture and the terrible domestic instruments, which distinguish the Gothic dwelling, constructed on unexceptionable authority after the true fashion of our ancestors. Neither has our national taste been improved by the hideous deformities in the shape of human and bes-

tial monsters which inhabit our modern medieval buildings. We shudder as we think of the Houses of Parliament, where honest Joe Hume plaintively protested, in the name of the expectant mothers of England, against the monstrous shapes which peep in at the windows and sprawl over the walls.

But to return to Pompeii. The simplest style of ornamentation of the Pompeian house—the border of graceful patterns in stucco, or painted, running round the room, or forming panels; the enframing lines of bright and well-selected colors; pictures, and especially those in water-colors, not hung with tarnished wire, or a dirty cord, but let into the wall, and forming, as it were, part of it; the walls themselves of stucco, hard and polished as marble, cream-colored, or of some other grateful tint—forms neither a very expensive nor a very elaborate style of interior decoration. We have seen the experiment tried with complete success in English houses of no great pretensions. It can be carried out at not much greater cost than is frequently expended on a vulgar papier-mâché cornice and paper-hangings, the meanest and most perishable covering for a wall that was ever devised. Imagine what the ruins of Pompeii would have been had the houses been lined with our fashionable papers! We may form some idea of the effect they would have produced by contemplating a modern dwelling which has been deserted for a few months, with its shabby walls hung with tattered strips of tawdry hangings.

Nothing conveys a loftier conception of the grandeur, might, wealth, and civilization of the Roman empire at its most flourishing period than the remains of its provincial towns, and especially of its colonial cities. It is not the public edifices of Rome herself, unequalled as they are for vastness and magnificence, which impress us most with her former power. They are such monuments as we might expect from those who peopled the capital of the world. But it is the third or fourth class towns, such as Pompeii, with its two theaters, its amphitheater, its temples, its basilica, and its forum, all upon a scale of singular splendor adorned with hundreds of statues in bronze and marble, with exquisite paintings, and with the most precious marbles; it is the distant colonial cities of Palmyra, Philadelphia, Gerasa, and others whose names are al-

most unknown to history, with their long avenues of graceful columns, their shrines of marble carved with an unrivaled luxury and richness of detail, their stupendous granaries of hewn stone, and their vast edifices directed to political and religious purposes, or to public amusements, now rising in solitary grandeur amidst the wastes of the Syrian desert—that fill our minds with wonder, and enable us to form some conception of the greatness and power of that mighty people.

Of these great colonial cities but the principal bones, as it were, have been preserved to us. We must restore them to the mind's eye as the geologist does the primeval monster from a few scattered remains found in the hardened rock. Fortunately, however, Pompeii furnishes us, to a certain extent, with the means of doing so. There we have more than the mere skeleton, we have such traces of the flesh and muscles as will enable us to build up the living form, and to obtain some insight into the manners, habits, and daily life of that great Roman people. And there is still much to be done, and much to be discovered. But one third of the town has yet been exposed to view.

Twenty years must elapse, if the works are carried on as they now are,* before the whole is uncovered. It is impossible to conjecture what additions may be made to the treasures already discovered. It is true that the most important edifices, and consequently the more wealthy quarters of the town, have been explored; but there still remain a vast number of private dwellings which are in many respects even more interesting than the public buildings, because not found elsewhere, and likely, under the skillful direction of Signor Fiorelli, to furnish us with new and most reliable particulars relating to the domestic life of the Romans.

We are thus indebted to Vesuvius for the preservation of the most perfect monument of the ancient world. The terrible mountain while it destroyed has also saved Pompeii; and when the shroud of lava-mud and ashes shall have been altogether raised from it, the traveler will gaze upon the almost perfect form of a Roman city.

* During the winter months about 500 men, women, and boys are employed in the excavation; during the summer, owing to the unhealthiness of the place, only 50.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHoy.

It is now exactly a year ago, that the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a teak-built, copper-bottomed steam-transport, started from Singapore with a cargo of Hindu convicts, sentenced to transportation in the Andaman Islands.

This transport, named after its original proprietor, the benevolent Parsee merchant, had been hired by our government to carry native convicts, a most strange gang of whom filled it between decks, the June evening, 1862, that followed that in which the ship had left its anchorage.

The first few hours after leaving port are full of bustle and excitement—there is rope to coil away, cargo to shake into its place; the men need an hour or two to

forget their license on shore, and to return to steady discipline. By-and-by, every one gets into his own groove, the sails fill, the ropes tighten, the rudder works, the ship "gets her stride," she forgets the land, and away she goes, true and steadfast, on her destined mission.

This transformation, this taming down, had taken place on board the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. The carpenter was busy arranging the hatchway for the prisoners' sleeping-berths; the second mate was superintending the transfer of stores from one part of the hold to another; the men were splicing and knotting, scraping and scouring; the doctor was rating the "lob-lolly boy," a tall, freckled, ungainly Scotch lad, Sandy Patterson, who was always

pondering over an old copy of the *Seaman's Manual*, when he ought to have been compounding medicines; and the boatswain was reviling Jack Davis, the ship's boy, a brave little fellow, but rather too fond of mischief.

The ship was like a great sea-bird, which, ere it finally quits land, rests a moment on some foreland to prune its wings and ruffle out its plumage for its long flight. The great white canvas was shaking out aloft; the vessel rose buoyantly upon the large waves; cheering shouts ran from stem to stern; the boatswain's whistle piped shrill and chidingly; the vessel began to "walk," as sailors call it, before as fresh a gale as captain could desire to have at his back.

The convicts on board were Sikh fanatics, chiefly from Lahore and Umritsur. They were followers of that pseudo-prophet, Baloo Singh, who had all but excited an insurrection in the Punjab. By trade a tailor, he had declared himself to be Baluk Singh, the founder of the sect, who died sixteen years ago, risen from the dead to preach down caste and sutteeism, and to expel the English. This dangerous man's disciples wore black and yellow turbans, rosaries of white woolen cord; practiced military drill, and used the words "Wah Gooroo" as their mystic watchwords. The only good thing about the deported sect was, that they preached temperance, cleanliness, and truth-telling. In all other respects, these Hindu fanatics were as sensual, blood-thirsty, and insane scoundrels as ever abused the name of religion. They had been several days on board before the ship left port, under the somewhat loose guard of the second mate, a mere youth, in the service of the company to which the steamer belonged.

It was just sunset—such a sunset as can only be seen in such seas as the convict vessel was now traversing—a sunset as unlike an English sunset as a daisy is unlike the Marvel of Peru—one of those volcanic outbursts of golden flame, and streams of crimson, and wafts of purple fire, and rainbow radiance of green and yellow, that seem to mantle the whole western sky, and turn the ocean to a whirlpool of blood. It was coloring all the sails and ropes, and every plank of the convict vessel, and bathed the walls of the state-cabin, wherein the officers were just sitting down to dinner.

The bell had rung, and the steward had just brought in the soup; but one officer, the ensign in charge of the convicts, still stood at the cabin-window, watching the burning path the setting cast upon the tranquil ocean.

The doctor laughed, and said: "When I was eighteen, I used to look at sunsets; now, I only regard them as signals for dinner. Come, Crawford, the chaplain is waiting to say grace. We are not to wait for the captain."

The ensign colored and took his place; he was thinking of other scenes far away across the sea.

The party consisted of the captain, Crawford, the doctor, the chaplain, the first mate, and a second ensign.

"How's the rajah to-day?" said the first mate to the doctor.

"Oh, well enough; but the rascal misses his opium, and shams ill.—Soup, Jobson?"

"Thank you.—I should like to give him a round dozen. I catch him sometimes looking murder at me out of the corner of his eye."

At that moment, the captain entered, and, laying his cap and double-glass on a side-table, bowed to the company, and took his place at the head of the table.

"Always some worry," he said, "in this delightful life of ours. Now it is that boy Davis falls down the companion-ladder, larking; now it is a head-wind that keeps us at four knots an hour; by-and-by, we find all the coal on board is bad, and the engineer does nothing but grumble at the little heat it gives. And yet these young gentlemen" (looking at the ensigns) "rave over their cigars about the glorious life of a sailor! Pshaw! we always like what we haven't got. I should like them to have our work, Mr. Jobson" (to the first mate) "for four-and-twenty hours—that'd sicken them."

Mr. Jobson laughed, as in duty bound.

"Glass of wine, Captain Favers?" said Crawford.

"With pleasure.—Steward, hand Ensign Crawford the sherry."

"We shall have a fine passage," said the chaplain.

"May be, if the wind keeps up." The captain was evidently put out. "But hang me at high-water mark, if I wouldn't rather carry parrots and monkeys, than these niggers, with their particular food and their perpetual complaints."

The soup was removed, and the second course was brought in. The steward had just lifted the cover from a magnificent joint of beef, that smoked like a great sacrifice, when Patterson entered, and whispered in his ear.

The captain threw down the knife and fork in a pet. "There again," he said. "Here, Mr. Jobson, take the joint. Not a moment, night or day, one's own. Excuse me, gentlemen; a ship's captain is every body's servant."

There was a howl heard, and the next moment the captain entered, red and furious.

"Mare's nest again," he said. "By Jove, sir, if that boy Patterson didn't call me out, doctor, to tell me there was a mutiny going to break out among the convicts. 'Why?' said I. 'Because I heard them whisper together,' said he, cool as you like. 'Blockhead and lubber,' said I, giving him a backhander, 'what harm can niggers, whom I could snap over my knee, do by whispering? Let them whisper; and if you come and interrupt me again with your mares' nests, by Jove, sir, I'll keelhaul you.'"

"Well, that's very odd," said the chaplain, "for this morning, when Davis brought the coffee to my berth, he told me he was afraid to tell the mate, but he was sure that there was mischief brewing among the Hindus. He told me one of the men had seen the rajah, as they call him, slip one hand nearly out of his handcuffs."

"Nonsense!" said the mate. "I examined every handcuff myself at eight bells. Those boys are the pest of the vessel with their cock-and-bull stories. If I see them again near the prisoners, I'll keep them all day scraping the mast."

"Crawford and I always sleep with revolvers under our pillows," said the second ensign; "and there's a sentinel at the door night and day."

"Mutiny be —," said the captain testily, "and revolvers too! If the fellows did rise, I'd tame them in five minutes with the ship's fire-engine."

"An excellent thing for lowering the pulse," said the doctor. "By the by, Crawford, you must remember I challenge you to chess to-night."

"Here's the mate to check you," said Crawford, pointing to Jobson.

"Jobson's hard to beat," said the doctor; "but I back the chaplain."

That night in the dead of the darkness, the boy Davis, who had fallen asleep in the cook's galley, was awakened by a storm of musketry, a splash overboard, a clash of sabers, groans, shouts, and cries.

As he lay irresolute and frightened, a hairy, bony hand clutched him by the arm; then a voice he knew to be Patterson's cried: "Davis, the villains have risen and murdered every soul on board save us and the firemen—but three, and those they're chasing into the state-cabin. They've put a guard over the engine-room. I stumbled over the captain just now; he was stabbed at the companion-ladder. O God, guide us! Davis, he is guid and great, and he holds the seas in the hollow of his hand. He is a strong tower and a fortress. Davis, pray, for here they come."

A dozen ship's lanterns moved swiftly toward them, and the next moment the two boys were in the clutch of a dozen Hindus, whose white tunics were splashed with the blood of the murdered men.

They were about to plunge their bayonets into their kneeling victims, when their leader, the rajah, appeared, and with his saber struck up their weapons as he shouted the watchword of the sect, "Wah, Gooroo!"

The rajah was a fat, smooth-faced Hindu, with small, half-shut eyes, and a cruel mouth. He had the captain's double-glass slung round him, and the captain's gold watch-chain twisted round his black and yellow turban.

Davis clung to his feet, and prayed for his life.

"Hooly, hooly, Jack," said Patterson to him, but without looking toward his companion; "let me alone wi' the bluid-thirsty deevil, and I'll try him wi' just a word or two of his ain lingo that I picked up at Singapore. They wanna twist our thrapples if I can help it. No fear, man; we must make the best of a bad business. Speak them gently, man, and don't screech there as if you'd got a dizzen knives in your wame."

Patterson was a raw-boned Scotch lad, ungainly in body, large-footed, red-haired, shambling. But he was a brave, thoughtful, shrewd lad, and forgot his own danger in his care for his younger companion.

He did not utter these exhortations in one breath, but piecemeal, as they were both led to the state-cabin, where Baloo Singh was now enthroned.

"Take heart, Jack," he said, "reman-

ber how David, the son of Jesse, slew the big thief of a giant wi' a wee flint-stane."

"I am not afraid, Sandy," replied the little fellow, his cheek flushing; "I'm only a wee skeared. Look! the murdering rogues, they've got poor Mr. Jobson."

"God help him!" said Patterson.

"Poor Mr. Jobson!" groaned Jack; "look, how he's cut on the forehead."

In the cabin, with one foot on the dead body of the murdered captain, sat the chief fanatic, Baloo Singh. He was a tall, thin man, with dead-colored eyes, a face of a corpse color, blue lips, and long shriveled hands. He sat erect, with no trace of any human expression upon his face. He certainly acted well the part of a resuscitated dead man. Thirty or forty Hindus, mad with excitement, stood round their leader, holding lighted candles, boarding-pikes, blood-stained sabers, and ship-muskets still smoking at the muzzles.

"Worship him, worship Baluk Singh," they cried, as they dragged the unfortunate mate to the feet of their chief.

The brave man stood erect, without a look of fear.

"I be cussed if I do!" he said, and turned his quid, and spat on the ground.

The chief made a sweeping movement with his right hand, and the mate was dragged from the room. There was a struggle, a yell, and a pistol-shot, then silence.

"Wah Gooroo!" shouted the fanatics with one voice.

"Wah Gooroo!" said Baloo Singh, with a voice that seemed to rise from a tomb. "So perish the unbelievers!"

A weasel-faced Hindu, thin as a girl, and his dark, mean features almost hidden by rank, straight, black hair, now seized Patterson, and, saber in hand, dragged him to the feet of Baloo Singh.

"Guid-by, Jack," said Patterson, with a rueful grimace, and clasping the boy's hand. "It's guid-by to my harns [brains] now—the dour deevils. Yet God's still aboon a', and I'll hae a try for my life still."

Hadji Hanna, the bloated wretch we have already seen, stepped forward, and sticking his fat fingers in the red hair of the Scotch lad, raised a carving-knife that he had snatched from the steward's pantry.

"Son of Heaven," he said to his chief, "let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the goddess Khalee: she has told us to purge

sea and land of these infidels, who deny your resurrection."

"Guid-by to old Aberdeen!—the Lord have mercy upon me!" groaned Patterson. Then a sudden light came in his eye, and he struggled forward, and seized the robe of the false prophet. "Baloo Singh, son of Heaven!" he cried in broken Hindustance, "I worship thee."—(Then, under breath: "Haud up your heart, Jack; there's precedent for it. Remember Naaman bowed himself in the house of Rimmon.")—"There is but one God, and Baloo Singh rose from the dead to be his Prophet."

"Let him go—he is one of us! Wah Gooroo!" cried Baloo Singh.

"Wah Gooroo!" shouted the disciples.

Hadji Hanna put a yellow and black turban on Patterson's head, and bound round his waist the mystic knotted cord.

"This lad, too," said Patterson, pushing forward Jack, "is also a believer; the miracles wrought to-day have convinced us both. Baloo Singh, son of Heaven, we are your slaves."

Again the shout of "Wah Gooroo!" was raised.

"Sons of the unbelievers, saved by Heaven from the doom of thy race! your lives are given back to you!" exclaimed the corpse-like chief. "Hadji Hanna, put on this young convert the turban and the cord: these converts will help us with the accursed vessel."

"The gabblin' skate," muttered Patterson; and then he shouted like a madman the watchword, "Wah Gooroo!" till he was out of breath.

"Stay below here till we have proved your fidelity," said the chief, rising; "you shall wait on ourselves, and help to steer the vessel. Khalee still cries for victims. Come, Hadji Hanna—come, my disciples—come, and let us perfect the work."

As he uttered these words, the chief left the cabin, followed by the other fanatics. Hadji Hanna stayed for a moment behind. "Beware!" he said, with a hand on the throat of either lad—"any treachery, and you die by my hand. You are now followers of the great Son of Heaven, Baloo Singh. I place two armed men on the cabin door; if you move from the door, they shoot you both, and fling you to the sharks." As he uttered these threats, Hadji Hanna's bloodshot eyes glared on the two survivors.

The next moment, the door closed behind him, the key turned, and there was a sound of two muskets being cocked.

The moment the door closed, Patterson leaped up and hugged Jack in his arms. "God guide us and protect us," he cried, "and forgive me for telling the blackest and biggest lee man ever uttered! The accursed seed of Satan, the revin' God-forsaken blasphemers, the cut-throat sons of Belial; but I'll be even with them. Quick, Davis, help me with this table, that I may see out of the sky-light what they're doing. Eh, man, just hear them! They've found one of our poor fellows up in the rigging, and they're worrying him as terriers do a rat."

In a moment the ready lad was on the table, and with his eye cautiously raised to the level of the glass. He was silent for a moment; but his hands were clenched, and the perspiration dripped from his brow. There was a sound of a heavy body dragged over the deck, then a sound of shattered glass.

"Oh, what is it, dear Sandy? Do tell me. Oh, what dreadful things are they doing?" said Jack.

Patterson replied in a low voice, and with face glued to the glass: "It is the poor steward, Jack. They've tied him to the mast, and they're pelting him with champagne bottles. He is streaming with blood, and his hands are clasped. Hear the cries! Now one of them steps up with a drawn knife—O merciful Father! I dare not look again."

As he uttered this exclamation, Patterson leaped down from the table, and sat himself on a chair, and hid his face with his hands. "Jack," said he, at last looking up, "as I live by bread, it would be doing a duty to set fire to the vessel, and burn these wretches. It had been better for us to have cursed their prophet, and died holy martyrs like Mr. Jobson."

"No, no, dear Sandy," said Jack, cuddling himself near him. "Think of David. God has not saved us without a good purpose. There's many a lowering morning, you used to say, that brings on a fine day."

"Ye're right, ye're right, bairn," said Patterson. "Come and kneel down, and pray the Lord Jehovah—who put to flight the armies of Assyrians, who set the stars to fight in their courses against Sisera, who made the Red Sea like bird-lime for those awful rascals, the Egyptians—to give our hands strength, and our brains

wisdom to beguile these children of Belial."

The cruel massacre had been but too complete. Two sailors only were left, and they stood by the wheel, with six armed men with drawn sabers to guard them. The firemen below were left to manage the furnaces; and the scuttle leading down into the engine room was also watched by a dozen men with loaded pistols. The murdered men's bodies had been flung overboard to the sharks, and the decks washed. Three or four of the Malays, who had been sailors, were up aloft taking in a sail, for the ship's course had been altered, and the little wind there was, was now against them.

The chief and some twenty of the fanatics were eating their simple meal of rice and curry in the chief cabin. Patterson and Jack were waiting on the guests with feigned humility, closely watched by the suspicious Hadji Hanna. Once, and once only, Patterson contrived to get close to Jack as he removed a dish, and said: "If I could only get to the doctor's room, Jack, I could get enough arsenic to kill all these rats in half an hour; but they won't let me out of their sight."

A howl, as from a wild beast, made the boys start. It was Hadji Hanna.

"Red Head," he said, "thou hadst the care of the hakim's druge, where are they? The Son of Heaven desires opium; find it within half an hour, or thou diest."

Patterson's heart leaped for joy. "Son of the Faithful," he exclaimed, prostrating himself, "I know where there is opium, but it is unprepared. Let thy servant prepare it. One of thy followers can go with me, and stand over me, armed, till it is ready."

"Go; and Yassaktshi, go thou with him; so that we may have the dream-producer, that gladdeneth the heart of the Prophet and his followers."

When Patterson was gone, Jack's heart leaped for joy, for he saw, desperate as was their condition, some hope of deliverance.

In the mean time, the wretches in their language, unknown to the boy, discussed the murders of the day.

"And thou, too, wert not idle," said the chief to Hadji Hanna.

"I slew the captain with my own hand; and I slew and stabbed four of the infidels—one in the rigging, one in his hammock, one in the hold, and one on the cabin

stairs. Heaven be praised, and glory to his Prophet!"

"And I threw an infidel overboard," said another.

"And I beat out the brains of the cook."

"And I chopped down the Christian priest as he tried to shoot me; but we are invulnerable. Glory be to Heaven and the Prophet! But here the Red Head comes with the opium. Wah Gooroo! it sends blessed dreams."

"It is good," said Hadji Hanna; "it is fit only for the faithful; it takes us to heaven before the time. Quick, Red Head; and you, Yellow Hair, bring the smoking-tubes of the dead infidels; we can turn them into opium-pipes."

Patterson left, and returned in a moment with twenty or thirty pipes, and some hot charcoal from the cook's galley. A large cake of the moist black paste was prepared; and the taciturn chief and his followers, arranging cushions on the floor, settled themselves to their intoxicated sleep.

Patterson eyed them with the eye of a raven watching a sick lamb. Jack was breathless, because he saw that Patterson had some scheme in contemplation, and he dreaded its failure.

The opium was powerful. One by one ceased to talk, and fell back in dreamy repose, and eyes fixed and dilated, upon their cushions, the pipes still in their mouths. One or two made faint efforts to rise, then fell back, with hands half-raised to their swords; but the most, including the chief, Hadji Hanna, and Yasaktschi, lapsed slowly into a deathlike torpor—pale, but breathing heavily and loud.

Patterson and Jack stood by the sideboard surrounded by twenty entranced and helpless men. "It gangs weel—it gangs weel," said Patterson in a whisper, as if afraid of awaking the sleeping ruffians, "thanks to the *Papaver dioscorides* and the drachms of morphine. A little more, and I could have sent the blood-thirsty gang to their ain place, but I just thought I'd keep 'em alive for an English gibbet. But, Jack, our work's not half done yet; quick, gather up the pipes; we must take them on deck, fresh loaded, to the scoundrels at the wheel and on the engine-room stairs. As sure as there's heather in the Highlands, another day, and I'd have dosed their rice with arsenic, and they ought to be thankful. Come, Jack, quick, the pipes."

Jack and Patterson gathered up the pipes, and in a minute afterward were on deck with them, fresh filled and re-lit.

"Brothers of the faith," said Patterson, "the Prophet has sent you two hours of heaven in these opium-pipes. The relief-guard will be up before your sleep begins. Take them, and thank God for sending his blessed Prophet."

The men took them with shouts of "Wah Gooroo!" and needed no inducement to at once begin.

The Hindus at the engine-room stairs accepted them with no less alacrity. In a few minutes, the irresistible drug worked its effects, and the deck was strewn with sleeping men.

Then Patterson seemed all of a sudden to go stark staring mad—he hugged Jack; he danced the Highland fling; he shouted, he screamed; he ran a little way up the rigging, and down again; finally, he ran to the astonished men at the wheel, and dragging them on their knees, cried: "Down with ye, Johnson; down with ye, Jarvis; down with ye, Jack, and thank God—who smote in the night the whole camp of Assyria, who made the earth open and swallow up Dathan and the whole company of Abiram—for delivering the good ship Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy from the hands of the Philistines. Here, let me take a spell at the wheel, while I turn her head back to Singapore, and ye run and take a look at the God-forsaken sons of Belial, all lying like drugged fish down in the state-cabin—thanks to the essence of morphine and the *Papaver dioscorides*."

"But you don't mean that you really have done this!" cried Johnson.

"Sandy, you're mad," exclaimed Jarvis.

"Come and see for yourselves," returned Jack, taking their hands, as if they were children going walking. "Come and see what brave Sandy has been and done; and call up the firemen too—all that can leave the fires—and give a hurra, for the ship's our own, and we've got a rope round the blackguards' necks."

"Well, they have got pluck, eh, Bill?" said Johnson to Jarvis.

"It's the neatest go I ever see," said Jarvis to Johnson, as he rolled Baloo Singh under his foot.

"Well, I never," said one of the firemen.

"That chap'll be admiral some day, or my name's not Jarvis," said that worthy.

"And when I am," said Patterson, with a grim smile, "Jack here shall be post-captain. But quick, lads—I'm in command now—to business before pleasure. Get some three-quarter-inch rope, and tie these fellows hand and foot, and throw them in the hold. Remove all their knives and pistols, and search their pockets; then batten down the hatches; and I and Jack'll mount guard over them, and tell them our minds when they come to."

"My eyes, when they come to, old Hulabaloo'll think he is dead again," said Jarvis.

"And that fat butcher of his, won't he cut up rough?"

A murderous passion of revenge suddenly shone in Johnson's eyes; he swore a dreadful oath, and slowly cocked a revolver, and bent over Hadji Hanna.

"He spared none of our messmates," he said grinding his teeth; "and now I'll settle his account."

Patterson leaped forward, seized the revolver, and threw it into a side-cabin.

"Come; no mutiny, Jarvis," he said; "I tell you I'll not have a hair of their heads touched. They shall answer for these crimes in another way. We'll not repay murder with murder. Remember the holy book: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay it, saith the Lord.' Touch these men, and I will shoot you down as I would a mad-dog, Jarvis."

"Well, I'll be hanged if Sandy is not a mixture of the parson and the king of the Sandwich Islands," grumbled Jarvis. "But I suppose we must knock under, for he got us out of the mess."

The sleeping men were collected, and thrown, not very gently (especially by

Jarvis), into the hold like so many cotton bales. It took two days to get back to Singapore with that insufficient crew; and the quantity of food given to the prisoners during that time was hardly worth mentioning.

Small as the crew was, they were sufficient, thanks to Patterson's energy, to crowd up every piece of colored bunting that was in the vessel an hour before they entered Singapore.

It was soon known that the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy had had a mutiny on board; but, thanks to the courage and prudence of two boys—the cabin-boy and the doctor's boy—the mutineers had been seized, and the ship recovered.

An hour after the arrival of the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Patterson and Davis stood blushing, and yet delighted, before the harbor-master and several officers, who had come to hear the convicts examined. Pale and scowling, the Prophet and his followers stood in the compound adjoining the harbor-master's house, guarded by a detachment of English soldiers.

"And now, my brave boy," said the harbor-master, "tell us by what means you succeeded so admirably in counterplotting these murdering niggers."

"Weel, it was just *Papaver dioscorides*," replied Patterson, pulling at the tuft of his Scotch bonnet. "I was doctor's boy on board the Jamsetjee, and when I was not reading the Word of God or the *Seaman's Manual*, I was just studying the nature of herbs, drugs, and minerals, little thinking what use I should one day make of them against these sons of Belial."

A FLORENCE letter says: "The committee charged with the erection of a statue to Dante having heard that there is now at Verona a family of that name, the present head of which is Count Sarago Alighieri, have addressed to King Victor Emmanuel an application praying him to confer the Florentine patriciate, with exemption from taxes, on all the members of that illustrious family, and on their male descendants. At the same time the municipality of Florence have, at a general meeting, decided upon applying to the authorities of Ravenna, where the mortal remains of the great poet have been deposited since his death, to have them removed to his native city.

The interest now shown by the good people of Florence for every thing concerning Dante forms a remarkable contrast to the oblivion in which his memory has been so long allowed to remain."

"You have played the *duce* with my *heart*," said a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the *knave*."

"I AM surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

From the Leisure Hour.

DAGMAR AND ALEXANDRA.

THE events which have occurred during the last eighteen months, and more particularly that most auspicious event the marriage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra, naturally caused many to look with more attention into the history of the Danish people. Not the least among their early kings was Valdemar II., a man of energetic mind, but of unbridled passions. He married, at an early age, in the year 1205, the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Ottocar, of Bohemia.

The memory of this princess is cherished by the Danes with the deepest affection, and the "joy of the Danes," as she is termed, is known not by the name of Margaret, but as Queen Dagmar, "lovely maiden of the day." In truth, but little that is authentic is recorded of her, but in the ballads and legends of Scandinavia the name often occurs.

Many years ago her tomb was opened, and a curiously enameled cross was discovered, suspended around her neck. It is one of the earliest known specimens of the art, and is now placed in the Museum at Copenhagen. So highly is it prized that the late King of Denmark considered that he could offer nothing more appropriate to the Princess Alexandra, on her departure from her native country, than a fac simile; it is suspended from a magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds, also the gift of the late king, and both were exhibited at the Kensington Museum among the bridal gifts.

Mr. Horace Marryat has given, in his interesting work, *A Residence in Jutland and the Danish Isles*, some further information respecting Queen Dagmar. He quotes some ancient ballads:

"Queen Dagmar lies sick in Ribe;*
In Ringsted they do expect her;
All the ladies in Denmark
Stand round about her couch."

* Ribe, a town in the south of Jutland, on the west coast. Scanderborg is about sixty-five miles to the northeast of it.

As she lies sick she cries—

"If then it be the will of God,
And I must surely die,
Fetch quick my lord from Skanderborg,
And hither let him fly."

At Skanderborg King Valdemar stood on his "high lofty bridge," and spied from afar the "lille smaa dreng" (little page boy) galloping on the white "ors." Let no one for the future laugh and jeer at those who talk of "orses;" it is pure Scandinavian, and as such should be respected. The king rides off in great haste.

"As the king set off from Skanderborg,
Thirty squires they swelled his train;
But when he came to Gridoted Bridge,
Did the page alone remain."

He arrives in time to receive the last words of the queen, and is told that he

"must neither grieve nor lament,"

for to him that day a son is born.

Dagmar died in 1212 or 1213, and was buried at Ringsted, in the Island of Zealand. Valdemar afterward married again, Berengaria, Princess of Portugal. Her memory is as much execrated as that of her predecessor is revered. They sleep side by side; but so great was the hatred of the people, that after death they severed Berengaria's head from her body, and when her coffin was opened a large round stone was found in its place, on her shoulders. She is commonly called Bengjerd, and the term is now synonymous for a bad woman. "Strange it is," says Mr. Marryat, "how, in this traditional land, old customs are handed down, and, like a machine, the peasant does what his father has done before him, without even asking the reason why. Hvitfeldt relates how, in his time, the people still sang a song, the refrain of which ran—

'Shame be to Bengjerd and honor to the king.'

And in much more modern days my old friend Professor Thomsen told me that,

when a young man, while lingering in the Abbey Church of Ringsted, he observed a peasant, on entering the sacred building, to drop on one knee and murmur a prayer at the tomb of Dagmar, and then, rising with a 'God bless you, good queen!' he turned sharply around to the other side and spat on the sepulchral stone under which Berengaria slumbers. He could give no explanation; he said he followed the custom of his forefathers."

Valdemar II., as we have before remarked, was a man of violent passions and bad reputation. Count Henry of Schwerin, one of his vassals, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and confided his countess to the care of his sovereign. Valdemar shamefully abused the trust, and, to revenge himself, Count Henry captured the king and his son, the heir-apparent and son of Dagmar. They were reposing in their tents after a hard day's hunting, little imagining the danger by which they were menaced. Suddenly, in the dead of night, they were attacked

and carried off by the armed bands of the count. They were imprisoned in the fortress of Lengen, in Altmach for three years. The pope threatened, and equally in vain other sovereigns solicited their liberation. The historian Hvitfeldt quaintly describes the event: "They sat in the tower in irons and strong chains for three years, at which every man, both princes and people, were greatly surprised that so insignificant a count could imprison so powerful a king and his son without a blow being struck in their behalf, or the spilling of blood."

The fate of Dagmar's son was tragical, and similar to that of our William Rufus. He was hunting at Refsnies, in the Island of Zealand. Well might King Valdemar, and the Danes as one man, lament the death of the heir-apparent (already elected in his father's lifetime), sole offspring of good Queen Dagmar; for three more vicious sovereigns than his half-brothers, sons of Berengaria, never ascended the Danish throne.

From Chambers's Journal.

S H A K S P E A R E .

A CELEBRATION ODE.

Ring out, glad bells, your blithest lays
In honour of our poet's fame;
Join, heart and voice, with loud acclaim,
To flood the land with grateful praise.
Not all the trophies he hath won
Are worthy of his skill divine.
Bow, nation—bow before his shrine,
And own your greatest, grandest son.
No hero, crushing human wrongs—
No champion, bleeding for the right,
Hath equaled in the great world's fight
Our conqueror in the strife of tongues.
O myriad mind! whose matchless lyre
Could only speak with living word,
Whose sound, full oft, dead hearts hath
stirred
To fervent breathings of desire;
The music thou dost richly pour,
In silver cadence far and near,
Like Oberon's love-juice, charms the ear,
And all who listen must adore.
First scholar of Dame Nature's throng,
And by no other teacher taught,

He dug his treasure-caves of thought
From Avon with its silver song.
And yet, though men have yearned to find,
Through thrice a hundred years of toil,
Those Alpine heights of unturned soil
Where towers the summit of his mind;
Their mightiest efforts are but vain
To grasp it greatness—scale its height;
The mountain-top eludes the sight
Of weary watchers on the plain!
His glory glimmers from afar,
Through hecatombs of buried years;
Yet fairer now its light appears,
And queenlier than the evening-star.
Let all, to-day, his name revere;
Ring, happy land, with grateful praise!
And crown with never-fading bays
Our poet, preacher, sage, and seer.
Chime on, ye tuneful bells—chime on!
Proclaim to all our generous pride;
And let the nations far and wide
Behold how Britain loves her son!

NAVAL BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

THE embellishment in this number of THE ECLECTIC presents a historic picture of one of the most brilliant feats of the war—we may say one of the most brilliant feats in naval history. As a battle, it was as unique, in many of its features, as it was exciting and thrillingly interesting in many of its details. Ship not only fought ship, and cannon thundered responsively to cannon, but ships fought forts, wooden ships fought iron-clad rams, fought chain barriers, masked batteries, fire-rafts, fire-eaters, and whatever other enginery Southern ingenuity could devise. The rebel mind had literally exhausted itself in its efforts to render the Southern metropolis impregnable. All that was thought necessary to render the city absolutely safe was to render the Mississippi river impassable, and the entrance to Lake Pontchartrain impossible for our fleet; and this had been thoroughly accomplished.

But neither the vauntings of the rebels nor the formidable obstacles frightened our gallant sailors, or prevented the triumphant success of our wooden navy. Their casemated forts were reduced, eleven of their gunboats were destroyed, their invulnerable iron ram was sent to the bottom, their fire-ships were boldly confronted, and annihilated, their great iron chain was demolished, and our gallant ships steamed past their earthworks and masked batteries unharmed, for the most part, and appeared before the city, and compelled its surrender.

It was truly an American naval fight, this, of the old style, in the pluck, audacity, and persistence of purpose exhibited by all engaged, as well as in the Yankee tact, shrewdness, and genius displayed.

The engraving pictures the scene at the culminating point of interest, and shows the vessels of our fleet passing between the rebel forts on the night of April 24th, when five sloops of war and nine gunboats ran the gauntlet. The bombardment of Fort Jackson had been going on since the 18th, without intermission and with terrific violence. And now the hour had come for the squadron to move.

A correspondent of the New-York *Times*, in a graphic and detailed account of the fight, says:

"The night was calm and starlight, the serenity of the scene being rudely broken upon every ten minutes, by a bang from a mortar from each of the vessels of the division on watch, which awakened echoes and rolled the sound in reverberating waves far down the river. The rebels all day had preserved an ominous silence. . . . A deathlike stillness hung over every ship, unrelieved by the faintest glimmer of lamplight. There were no warm colors in the picture, and its cold, dreary aspect was suggestive of any but pleasant thoughts. Precisely at two o'clock two signal lanterns were hoisted upon the Hartford's mizen peak, and in a few moments the voices of the boatswains rang clearly over the river, 'up all hammocks,' which meant that the men were to forego their sleep, and get the ships under way. There was some delay in getting up anchors, and ranging into position, and it was not until half-past three o'clock that the vessels began to move, which they did in three divisions, in order as follows:

"The steam sloops Hartford, Brooklyn, and Richmond, and the gunboats Sciota, Iroquois, Kennebec, Pinola, Itasca, and Winona. These vessels were especially under the command of Commodore Farragut, and were to fire upon Fort Jackson.

"The steam sloops Pensacola, Mississippi, Onida, and Varuna, and the gunboats Katadin, Kineo, Wissahicon, and Cayuga, under Captain Bailey, formed the second division, and were to operate against Fort Philip.

"The Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasco, Miami, Clifton, and Jackson, comprised the third division, under Captain Porter. These were to take a position from which they could pour an enfilading fire of grape and shrapnel into Fort Jackson, and they were joined by the Portsmouth, sloop-of-war.

"As soon as the vessels got under headway a furious fire was thrown in the direction of the forts from the whole line of mortar vessels, which seemed to shake the very waters, and at one time I could count nine bombs lit once in their flight as they twinkled through the air, radiantly as falling stars. The rebels seemed cognizant of our coming, for the foremost of the fleet had scarcely got abreast of the line of fire from the forts when signal rockets were made from St. Philip, and shot began to fall rapidly upon them. For a time there was no reply; but soon we could hear the noise of the

broad-sides, which sounded, in comparison to the bombs, like a pack of Chinese fire-crackers set off together.

"I had got a boat's crew, and ventured along the river bank as near to the forts as was prudent, in order to get a fair sight of the engagement; but I could make out nothing distinctly. Broad flashes of light momentarily burst through banks of clouds on the horizon, which resembled sheet-lightning on a sultry day. A fire-raft cast a lurid glare near Fort St. Philip, and for half an hour the din was terrible. Pandemonium could scarcely be more awe-inspiring. At the end of that time it began to grow lighter, and I soon saw the Harriet Lane, with Captain Porter, and all the vessels of his division coming rapidly down the river. Behind them were the gunboats Kennebec, Winona, and Itasca, which had been unable to pass the forts.

"It was now about five o'clock, and the mortars, which had kept up their fire incessantly, were signalized to cease. Then a report was spread that the larger part of the squadron had passed beyond the forts, and cheers upon cheers of exultation made the welkin ring."

Before the fleet was out of sight the

celebrated rebel ram *Manassas* was seen approaching as if to attack, but she was soon discovered to be used up, and after a little exploded. "Her only gun went off, and emitting flames through her bow port, like some huge animal, she gave a plunge and disappeared under the water." Next came a steamer on fire, and after her two others, all burning and floating down the stream. Fires seemed to be raging all along up the river.

The sight of this night attack, says Commodore Porter, was awfully grand. The river was lit up with rafts, filled with pine knots, and the ships seemed to be fighting literally amidst flames and smoke.

The bearing of the officers and men throughout was worthy of the highest praise. They never once flagged during the six days bombardment, never had an accident to one of the vessels by firing, and when shell and shot were flying thick above them, showed not the least desire to have the vessels removed to a place of safety.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE SHAKSPEARE FESTIVAL.

At the approach of the three-hundredth birthday of Shakspeare, it might be looked on as very natural that the universal heart of England should spring up in flood-tide, with the thought that—*something ought to be done*. There was a precedent. When the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns was drawing nigh, arrangements were made all over Scotland, in many parts of England and Ireland, in America, in India, and the British colonies, for celebrating the day; and actually festive celebrations took place in these countries to the number of *eight hundred on a considerable scale*, besides thousands of less note and importance. Never, in the whole history of literature, had a literary name been done such honor to as was that of the Ayrshire peasant on that occasion. It might well be assumed that, at the end of the third century since Shakspeare's birth—the cen-

tury which had seen his fame ripened—a fitting time had arrived for expressing in a similar manner the national sense of the merits of that more illustrious bard.

There was a strong feeling, and it took various directions. In almost all the large cities of the United Kingdom, there were banquets with orations—the favorite, and after all, the best way of giving shape to a general sentiment; for men after dinner, sitting at ease, and in a more or less happy state, are open to generous sentiments, and prepared to sympathize in them. London very much muddled itself with a project for "a monument embracing a statue," and a quarrel about an honorary secretary, but yet got up a popular procession to Primrose Hill for the planting of a tree in Shakspeare's memory, and had a good holiday at the Crystal Palace, enlivened by a "concert of Shakspearian music;" which was per-

haps as much as could be expected of London, incapable, as it notoriously is, of that concentrated local feeling and action which often shines out with such brilliant results in the second cities of the empire. Of all places, however, there was one which made a truly distinguished appearance, and this was the little borough of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace and burial-place of the poet.

It pleased the corporation of this place to erect a wooden pavilion capable of seating about five thousand persons, with the view of celebrating the tercentenary of Shakspeare's birth, in a style of unequalled magnificence, on what might be called his own ground. It was an extraordinary effort for so small a town, for it involved the outlay of several thousand pounds and a vast amount of trouble, besides the possible shame of a failure; but it so happened that there were spirits in the place which would allow nothing to daunt them. For three or four months did this little group of people go on laboring at their building, and in organizing the week's entertainments that were contemplated, some of them doing hardly anything else, though all of them men who had plenty of affairs of their own to attend to. They tried to interest the large cities near and far in their intended festival, but with little or no effect: the truth is, they, too, muddled themselves with a monument—a monument at Stratford—a thing that no other town would listen to. Had they asked the large cities to send honorary deputations of men of learning and taste, with the promise of handsome usage, they would probably have been more successful, and a valuable additional feature for the intended festival would have been secured.

As it was, admitting all oversights and confusions, the Stratford celebration rewarded its authors with success, and proved really an interesting affair. The heavens themselves seemed to favor it, for, wonderful to tell, during the whole of that April week not a drop of rain fell. The beautiful country around the town was brightly green with the new-sprung verdure and foliage. One could not walk a furlong beyond the streets without hearing the lark singing as it sang to Shakspeare's infant ears, and seeing the lady-smocks and lilies white painting the meadows as he had seen them painted. For those who came from a distance—barring the

over-crowding in the hotels—it was a week of as pure and hilarious holiday as any of them perhaps ever experienced—Seged emperor of Ethiopia's ordered week of pleasure, without the drawbacks and disappointments which we all know made that affair so sad an example of the vanity of human wishes.

There was something extremely pleasing, we might almost say affecting, in the consideration of the locality of the celebration. Shakspeare's biography, we all know, is lamentably meager; yet of few great men of three hundred years ago can we say that they are so clearly connected with topography. We have not merely the natal town—still a small town, and with many of the features of his time—but we have preserved to us the plain half-timber house in which he was, (in all probability) born, the school in which he was educated, the base of the walls and the garden of the goodly house in which he spent his years of dignified retirement, and finally the graves of himself and his kindred occupying a distinguished and prominent situation in the chancel of the beautiful parish church. To meditate on these spots, to hear his wonderful words in a temple which had risen like Paribanou's fairy palace not two hundred yards from his bones, to mingle with the simple burgal population amidst whom he grew and decayed, and who seemed to feel as if he had departed from amongst them but yesterday, was altogether no common experience in life. We felt there the Man Shakspeare to be more a reality than he used to be. Nor were there wanting some other things of a more accidental kind contributing to this effect. There was a museum containing original documents concerning him, and a picture-gallery in which a score of oil-portraits of him, of whatever degrees of authenticity, had been assembled. Every man you met wore a badge-ribbon and medallion, which might be called his *confession* of Shakspeare.

The pavilion was a large polyhedral structure, containing the arrangements of a theater and a music-hall combined, beautifully decorated within, eloquent with Shakspearian legends and mottoes. In internal space it seemed equal to two of any of the larger London theaters; so that when nearly full, as it was on the night of Wednesday the 27th of April, it presented an impressive spectacle. The

transactions forming the celebration were, besides a banquet and a ball, solely theatrical and musical. It might be questioned whether there ought not to have been, as at Garrick's jubilee in 1769, a procession and a meeting for the recitation of poetical addresses—something clearly and directly expressive of the popular feelings regarding the illustrious subject of the festival. The only approach to a procession was the walk of the stewards from the Town-hall to the banquet on the first day, headed by the mayor and the noble president. It was in itself of little account, but it remained impressed on our memory afterward by reason of the striking figure of the chief of the corporation. Of all the personalities of the occasion, none was more remarkable than the mayor, to whom, besides, more was due than to any other individual for the working out of the project. Tall, manly, and venerable, with a noble visage and a grand white beard, Mr Flower hardly required robes or insignia to enable him to grace the public appearances which he made. He was likened by the *Times* to one of the Doges of Venice when the doges were doges indeed; and it occurred to ourselves that the senatorial figures which we see recumbent on some of the sepulchral monuments of the sixteenth century could no longer be considered as without copy in our generation, after seeing Mr. Flower.

Taking the *Res Gestæ* as they were, there might be room for criticism, but they were to a great extent appropriate, and on the whole satisfactory. At the banquet, every one was charmed with the graceful eloquence of Lord Carlisle, rising to this climax: "I call upon you, in the right of all the recollections which must throng in your own breasts far more copiously and vividly than I could hope to present them to you—by the thrill you have felt in the crowded theater, amid all the splendor of dramatic pageantry—by the calmer enjoyment of your closet leisure—by the rising of your soul when the lines which breathe and warm have led you to recognize and adore the Giver of such gifts to men—to join me in drinking, not with the solemn silence which a more recent death might have enjoined, but with the reverential love and the admiring fervor due to the day and the man—"The memory of Shakspeare!" And it may be noted, as Shakspeare has so wonderfully justified and graced the

calling of the player, that no speech of the evening was more appreciated than that of Mr. Creswick, when, in acknowledgment of the toast of "The Drama," he told how the study of the great dramatist had been the pleasant labor of his life; and remarked with grateful wonder how it had pleased Providence to "inspire the greatest genius, humanly speaking, not to counsel them from the senate, not to judge them from the bench, not to admonish them from the pulpit, but to teach, move, soften, mould, and instruct them from the stage."

It was in great harmony with this remark that two sermons were preached next day by two prelates on the graces of the writings of Shakspeare. The parish church of Stratford is well known to be a beautiful Gothic structure, of the time when the Perpendicular was beginning to set in, having a spacious chancel, seated like that of a cathedral, and possessing aisles filled with the recumbent sepulchral images of great people of three centuries ago. Its long area and galleries, even the passages, were filled on this occasion with the parishioners and visitors—what, in a less sacred place, might have been called a very comely assembly. Here, over the very bones of the great poet, to hear his merits pointedly acknowledged and commented on by two men of such rank in their respective churches as Drs. Trench and Wordsworth, and in the sympathizing presence of so many estimable men and women of the nineteenth century, was felt to be not the least, but in reality one of the most interesting of all the occurrences of the week.

The archbishop's sermon was a sort of thanksgiving for Shakspeare. He was grateful that, in Shakspeare, power was accompanied by so much goodness, and that there was a moral soundness and healthiness in nearly all he wrote. Nowhere such images of female purity and loveliness; no writer of his time, from whose writings we could wish so little away. Reared in the spirit of the Reformation, and knowing how welcome would have been ridicule of the proud prelate, the scandalous friar, and inconsistent nun, he was forbidden by "a grand self-respect" to fall in with popular cries. "As often as he does introduce members of the religious orders, they are represented as men full of kindly help to others, grave, serious, and devout." To the puri-

tans, he was equally tender, for he knew the danger of bringing true religion into reproach. He has been accused of making "no just distribution of good and evil" in his writings; but from this Dr. Trench vindicated him, alleging that "to no one of the uninspired writers has it been granted so strongly to apprehend that man reaps as he has sown—that the end lies in the beginning." On the whole, the discourse was as pure and direct a tribute to the value of a noble example of secular literature as could have been expected to proceed from the pulpit, and we believe there was a general feeling of gratification throughout the audience.

The performances of the "Messiah," of the Shakspearian music, of the "Twelfth Night," of "Romeo and Juliet," the "Comedy of Errors," and "As You Like It," on various days and evenings, though, in our opinion, not sufficiently direct demonstrations for the occasion, were all of them highly appreciated. The artistes employed in these performances were not in every instance those originally contemplated and bargained with, but they were all good, and their merits were enormously enhanced by the gallantry which induced them to come forward, in order to save the Shakspeare jubilee from the discreditable failure in which others (under whatever circumstances of self-justification) would have left it. The characters of Juliet and Rosalind were respectively sustained by very clever artistes, in the place of Miss Helen Faucit, who ought to have been their representative. It affords us pleasure to learn regarding this highly respectable lady, that she was in no degree to blame for her non-appearance. The mirth-provoking power of Buckstone's inimitable face in Sir Andrew Aguecheek had an additional charm, in our reflection on the good-nature which induced him to come down with his company and his scenes to realize one of Shakspeare's matchless creations on his natal soil. Something to the same effect might be said of Mr. Vining of the Princess's Theater. To these gentlemen and Mr. Creswick, who had the entire management of "As You Like It," the lovers of Shakspeare may well feel hereafter a debt of ceaseless gratitude. It was, by the way, a curious illustration of the improved communications of the present time, that the scenes and the actors required on any particular night at Stratford did not

need to be absent from their proper places in London more than a single day. They reached the town in the middle of the day, and by midnight they were again on their way back. Actually the scenes required for the "Comedy of Errors" were on their march homeward, while the subsequent play of the evening was still performing in the pavilion.

An excursion to Charlecote Hall, four miles from Stratford, attractive from its connection with Shakspeare's biography, was the business of one forenoon. By good fortune, this fine example of the Elizabethan hall, and its ancient deer-park and plentiful estate, remain in possession of the same family which held them in the days of the poet: the only difference is, that the house has been extended, at a recent date, by the addition of a new dining-room and library; every thing else, even to the curious old-fashioned wooden park-paling, remains as it was in the sixteenth century. The house, being in constant occupation by the family, is not a show-place, and admission to see it is usually difficult; but on this occasion, the liberality of the owner threw it open to all connected with the Stratford celebration. Hundreds that day streamed through the rooms, the pleasure outside, the deer-park, and the family chapel, rich with marble monuments of former generations. Of course, the interest centered in the connection of Shakspeare with the spot. As is well known, a tradition as old as the time of Rowe, relates that he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote for deer-stealing; that this was the cause of his going to London and becoming a player; and that thus are explained some satirical allusions in his plays to the family of Lucy. With the old Hall of Sir Thomas reposing on the bank of the Avon, the beautiful park of old timber stretching around, the flocks of deer, both red and fallow, walking along as they did three hundred years ago on the same spot, and the tombs of Lucy, his father, and successors, yet to be seen in the chapel near by, a chapter of Shakspeare's life was brightly realized to the dullest minds there assembled. The deer-slaying story has been wholly disbelieved by various modern Shakspearian writers, merely on the ground that it does not sound creditable to the poet; but most people seem disinclined to give it up, and we do not see any good reason why it should be

abandoned. Human life is for the most part a blotted page; why expect a perfect exemption from youthful indiscretions in Shakspeare? After all, it is nowhere alleged that Shakspeare stole deer out of Sir Thomas Lucy's own park, which would have been a misdemeanor of some depth of shade. In a very curious pamphlet lately published by Mr. C. H. Bracebridge, good reason is shown for the belief that the deer in question were taken in an open manner from the contiguous Fulbroke Park, which was then under attainder (the former owner an exile), while Sir Thomas had only some dubious pretensions to the use of its herds. If Lucy was only asserting such a right against the young men of his neighborhood, who thought they had as good a right to the deer as himself, there was little to make a work about, either then or now; and yet we can easily conceive how the affair might lead to Shakspeare's fortunate migration to London.

Reviewing the entire celebration at the distance of a cool fortnight, we feel thankful for what has been done, but sorry that

it was not something more. The national feeling on the occasion ought to have taken some still more prominent shape; there ought to have been assembled at Stratford representatives of all the great classes, all the great corporations, and an abundant selection of the great literary names of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and America. It is said deprecatingly: "We are not a demonstrative people." But why, on an occasion so interesting, should we not be a demonstrative people? Why, if we have a feeling, should we not show it? We believe the great mistake throughout was in seeking to avoid demonstration; above all, in trying to limit the proceedings to the getting up of some one more temple or statue in addition to all the unsatisfactory things of the kind which already exist. If all energy had from the first been concentrated on a week of solemn and joyous Shakspeare mania on the natal spot—including processions, performances, excursions—ravings if you will—we should probably have had a very different account to give of the last week of April, 1864.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

THE POTOMAC AND THE RAPIDAN. *Army Notes, from the Failure at Winchester to the Reinforcement of Rosecrans. 1861-3.* By ALONZO H. QUINT, Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Infantry. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New-York: O. S. Felt. 1864. Pp. 407.

THIS is one of the very best books which the war has called forth; graphic, reliable, and full of information; the living record of an eye-witness and actor in the scenes and events which it records. Chaplain Quint, the author, was extensively and favorably known as one of New-England's live pastors before the war broke out, and he was among the first to give his services to the country. Thousands have read his interesting and stirring letters from the army as they have appeared from time to time in the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, of which he was a regular correspondent. These letters form the basis of the present volume, which deserves and we doubt not will command an extensive sale.

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS. Arranged and edited by FRANK MOORE. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1864.

THESE songs are all of the patriotic stamp. They are by a great number of authors, and possess, of

course, various grades of merit. There are some in the volume which can not fail to stir the blood of the patriot-soldier and nerve him for battle. It was a happy thought to collect these fugitive hymns into a convenient and attractive volume. It must be popular not only in the army, but among the many friends of the soldier. The war is creating quite a literature of its own, which will possess great interest fifty years hence.

HOW THACKERAY WROTE HIS LAST NOVEL.—The reading public has already been made familiar, through Harper's *Monthly*, with Thackeray's last work, *Denis Duval*. As far as completed it has been republished in Harper's *Library of Select Novels*. It closes with this paragraph—the last the author ever wrote:

"I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23d September, which ended in our glorious captain striking his own colors to our superior and irresistible enemy. Sir Richard has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fearful action in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and his motley crew, saw but a very small portion of the battle which ended so fatally for us. It did not commence till nightfall. How well I remember the sound of the

enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side in reply to the challenge of our captain who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle.”

It is rather a curious coincidence that in this time of war and tumult, the last word that the great novelist ever wrote should have been the dread word “battle.”

Charles Dickens's touching memorial of Thackeray, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, forms the preface to this edition of *Denis Duval*, while as an appendix we have some very interesting editorial notes explaining how the novel was written.

HURD & Houghton have published in pamphlet form a full report of the testimony at the coroner's inquest, the charge of Dr. Norris to the jury, and the two verdicts in the case of the Chenango—the unfortunate explosions of the Martin boiler on that vessel on the 14th of April last.

A *Traveler's Guide* for tourists in this country has just been published by the American News Company, at 121 Nassau-street. It has been compiled by J. Disturnell, and gives ample directions for tourists who may wish to visit the various springs, mountains, lakes, and other places of summer resort in the United States or Canada. It is also illustrated with engravings and furnished with a map. It is published as a pocket edition, and is useful without being cumbersome.

The poetical works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed will be published in London in two volumes in July, and will include a number of youthful poems never before printed, and now furnished by the poet's sister. The revision of the text is by Sir George Young, a nephew of Praed's, while the memoir of the poet will be from the pen of Rev. Derwent Coleridge.

“HORSBUR, a tale of the Old Dutch Manor, by Mansfield T. Walworth, author of *Lulu*,” is one of the latest publications of G. W. Carleton. The scene is chiefly laid in New-York State, and the story professes to give an insight into some style of American aristocratic life which is only to be found in “sensation” novels. The ladies have Grecian noses and faultless necks and throats, and the gentlemen seem to have nothing to do but to pay them attention and take their parts in weak dialogue.

An appeal in behalf of the struggling republic of St. Domingo has lately been made in a little anonymous pamphlet, printed in this city, by Siebert, of 30 Centre-street, under the title, *Santo Domingo y España*. It is written in Spanish, but should be translated into our language, for it gives an admirably clear and concise account of the intrigues of Spain to gain a further foothold on this side of the Atlantic.

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.—A correspondent of the London *Reader* gives the following details regarding the production of statues:

“The sculptor, having designed a figure, first makes a sketch of it in clay a few inches only in height. When he has satisfied himself with the general attitude, a cast is taken of his sketch, and from it a model in clay is prepared of the full size he designs for his statue, whether half the

natural height, or life-size, or colossal. The process of burning the clay, as it is called, upon the strong iron *armatura* or skeleton on which it stands on its pedestal, and the bending and fixing this *armatura* into the form of the limbs, constitute a work of vast labor of a purely manual sort, for whose performance all artists able to afford it employ the skilled workmen to be obtained in Rome. The rough clay, rudely assuming the shape of the intended statue, then passes into the sculptor's hands and undergoes his most elaborate manipulation, by which it is reduced (generally after the labor of several months) to the precise and perfectly-finished form he desires should hereafter appear in marble. This done, the *formatore* takes a cast of the whole, and the clay is destroyed. From this last plaster cast again, in due time, the marble is hewn by three successive workmen. The first gives it rough outline, the second brings it by rule and compass to close resemblance with the cast, and the third finishes it to perfection.”

REVIEWING NEW BOOKS.—The effect which a favorable review in certain of the periodicals and newspapers has on the sale of a book will scarcely be credited by the uninitiated. After a sensational review which appeared of a shilling biography called *Anonyma*, forty thousand copies of the book were sold, and this the publisher attributes to the review. The publisher of a work recently reviewed in the *Times* sold every copy he had on hand within twelve hours after the review appeared; and he told the author that he could have sold another large edition within twenty-four hours.

RELIGIOUS CENSUS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—A parliamentary return states that in April, 1864, 109,760 non-commissioned officers and men in her majesty's land forces were Episcopalians, 20,798 Presbyterians, 5290 other Protestants, and 58,508 Roman Catholics. The number of Episcopalians is decreasing. The Roman Catholics in the artillery increase; in 1861 they were but 3344, but by April, 1864, they had increased to 8161. But still, out of the 58,508 Roman Catholics in the army 46,348 were in the infantry; of the 135,848 Protestants only 82,518. In the royal marines there were in the first quarter of 1864, 12,398 Episcopalians, 416 Presbyterians, 2379 other Protestants, and 1448 Roman Catholics.

It appears from a parliamentary return that the total number of electors for cities and boroughs in England and Wales was 478,447 in 1862-3, and 491,229 in 1863-4. In Scotland the numbers were 52,519 in 1862-3, and 52,618 in 1863-4. The total number of electors for counties in England and Wales amounted to 534,085 in 1862-3, and 535,788 in 1863-4. In Scotch counties the numbers have decreased from 49,643 in 1862-3 to 49,109 in 1863-4.

DANISH NOTES.—The Dannewerke was built during the reign of Gorm den Gamle (840-935) by his queen, Thyra Dannebod, as a stronghold against the Germans, who constantly invaded Denmark. Sleswig was a province of Denmark, and called South Jutland. During the period 1200-1400 the Holstein counts were very powerful, and several times conquered Sleswig, and even Jutland (1340), but were driven out in 1342. In the year 1449, Christian I., the head of the Olden-

burg family, was elected King of Denmark; and when the old ducal house expired in Holstein (1459), he was also elected Duke of Holstein in that year. In the year 1490 King Hans divided the duchies with his younger brother, and, with short intervals, the duchies remained separated, or partly separated, from Denmark. In the year 1608, "Johan Adolph," Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, gave the duchies a fundamental law, which received the confirmation of King Christian IV. of Denmark, and in which he promised that the duchies never should be separated. In the year 1721 Sleswig was conquered, and incorporated with the mother country, Denmark, and its possession was guaranteed for ever by England and France. For 330 years Sleswig has been either separated, or partly separated, from the mother country, Denmark, namely, 1386-1860, reigned over by Holstein counts, and since, with short intervals (1460-1490 and 1623-1644), by the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp; and during that period the German language was forced upon the inhabitants in schools, churches, law, and in every other respect; but the majority of the inhabitants still clung to their mother language. In the year 1739 it was ordered that Danish should be the language in churches, schools, etc., in every part of Sleswig, where the inhabitants spoke Danish; but this law was never kept up.—G. R.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY MONUMENTS.—The power of granting or refusing permission to erect monuments in the Abbey rests exclusively with the dean, except when the House of Commons, by a vote and grant of public money, takes the matter out of his hands. I have invariably refused to allow the erection of statues, as encroaching on space which ought to belong to worshipers, and is already unduly encumbered with stone and marble. The fine and fees, amounting to £200, which have been charged for the erection of a bust and tablet to the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis (being the same as were paid in the case of Sir James Mackintosh) will be thus distributed: Fabric fund, £184 13s. 1d.; dean and canons, £4 6s. 8d.; clerk of the works and other officers, £11 0s. 3d.: total, £200. The above sum of £184 13s. 1d., apportioned according to fixed usage to the fabric, is not so much spared to the dean and chapter, which they must otherwise have spent for the sustenance of the building, inasmuch as a fixed proportion of their income is annually assigned to that object, entirely irrespective of any accidental additions of this kind. If the fees seem high, I can only urge that we are anxious to reduce as far as possible the number of monuments admitted into the Abbey.—Dean Trench.

CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL FORCES.—Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, motion, and chemical affinity, are all convertible material affections; assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect. Thus, heat may be said to produce electricity, electricity heat; magnetism to produce electricity, electricity magnetism; and so of the rest. Cause and effect, therefore, in their abstract relation to these forces, are words solely of convenience; we are totally unacquainted with the ultimate generating power of each and all of them, and probably shall ever remain so; we can only ascertain the limits of their action; we must humbly refer their causation to one omnipresent

influence, and content ourselves with studying their effects, and developing by experiment their mutual relations.—"*The Correlation of Physical Forces*," by W. R. Grove, Q. C.

HOW A CURATE BECAME RECTOR.—Archbishop Whately, in his *Annotations on Bacon's Essays*, relates the following anecdote: "A curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan: they drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, this very living quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation."

SCHOOLMASTERS IN FRANCE.—The Emperor of the French has of late taken decisive steps toward the amelioration of the state of schoolmasters in France. Their annual income, which formerly was at a minimum 600 francs, has, from the commencement of this year, been raised to 700. The schoolmistresses, 4755 in number, who have hitherto received 400 francs annually, are to have 500 francs for the future. Nor are delays and irregularities, such as they have hitherto not unfrequently complained of, to be suffered any longer. The head-masters in the primary schools will have their salaries increased from 2000 and 3000 francs to 2400 to 3600 francs respectively; the ushers from 1000 and 1800 to 1200 to 2000 francs. The school in the rural communities is henceforth to be, together with the parsonage, the "model-house of the village" with respect to architecture, neatness, cleanliness, and airiness. Whenever a new teacher is installed, the communities are to pay 300 francs, to which the state will add an equal sum, in order to procure decent furniture for his house. In case of need the public chest of the department is further to aid the communities. The State would thus encourage and supplement local efforts. An imperial decree, dated September 4th, 1863, confirmed these proposals of the Minister of Instruction: 100,000 francs have been granted, and the head-masters of "Normal Schools" receive henceforth from 2400 to 3600 francs; the first-class ushers 1800 to 2000 francs; those of the second, 1500 to 1800 francs; and those of the third, 1200 to 1400 francs.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD'S HISTORY.—Great men, it has been truly said, far more than any arts and colosseums, are the true world wonders. It has, indeed, of late years, been the fashion with certain historians to deny to any single man—even the greatest—that he exercised any mighty moulding influence on the events of his time. According to the reading of the world's history by these historians, the men

who seemed to us to have dominated over their own time, only brought to a head the floating tendencies of their own age, which would inevitably have been done by some others if it had not been done by them. These tendencies, in fact, are every thing, and the men nothing. This, which had a certain air of philosophy and show of wisdom, came to a head in the writings of Buckle, which would always secure a large amount of acceptance. It was welcome to small men by the assurance it seemed to give, that great men did not really contribute to shape and mould the world more than themselves—that there are none really great men after all, that men do not mould events, but that events mould men. But who could affirm that there would have been a free Holland except for William the Silent? or a revival of imperial France, and all the mighty issues with which this revival was pregnant both to our generation and generations to come, except for Napoleon III.? Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, each fashioned the world, or a very large portion of it, for long successive ages. One stands in awe of the world-shaping influence which some single men have exercised. It is a solemn, and it would be a terrible thing to contemplate, if we did not believe that a Mightier than man rules over all; that those mightiest, not less than the smallest, are in his hands. Helpers or hinderers of his kingdom are alike raised up by him to work out his plans, and to bring about in the end, by strange and diverse ways, that kingdom which shall finally rule over all.—*Archbishop Trench.*

RANSOM OF CERVANTES.—A very curious document has just been discovered in the archives of Madrid, translated as follows: "Madrid, July 23d, 1579.—On page 32 of the book of redemption of captives, kept by the fathers of the Trinity of this city, appears the following: No. 10. Miguel de Cervantes, of Alcala. It appears from evidence brought before me on the 31st July, that the Fathers Juan Gil and Anton de Cabella received 112,000 maravedis, 250 ducats, given by Dona Eleonora de Tortinas, widow of Rodrigo de Cervantes, and fifty ducats given by Dona Andrea de Cervantes, residing at Alcala, but passing by here, in order to assist in the ransom of Miguel de Cervantes, of Alcala, son and brother of the above-named donas, now captive in Algiers, in the power of Alman, captain of the Royal Guard of the King of Algiers. This Cervantes is crippled in one arm. The above-named fathers have signed two receipts for the above maravedis, in the presence of Juan de Cundros and Juan de la Pana, resident in Madrid. In confirmation of which, have signed with me this paper, FATHERS GIL, DE CABELLA, DE ANAYA ZUNIGAL."

FATHER MATHEWS' LABORS.—By 1843, the consumption of spirits (which had been 12,296,000 gallons four years before) had sunk to 5,290,650 gallons, only 500,000 more than it had been in 1802; the number of commitments had dropped from 12,049 to 8620; the sentences to transportation from 916 to 482, and the sentences to death from 66 to 16. Father Mathew had destroyed half the crime of the land; and George Roe, the great Dublin distiller, could say to him: "No man has done me more injury than you have, Father Mathew; but I forget all in the great good you have done my country." That the mass of the

Irish people have not adhered to the pledge, is true; but in every city, in every town, in every parish, there are still numbers who have remained faithful to the practice of total abstinence, and there are every where to be found the ready elements of future revival. Living examples of the value of sobriety—its value to character, to position, to worldly prosperity, to domestic happiness and public esteem—are to be found in every part of the country; and these examples preach a lesson more eloquent than words can frame or tongue can utter.—*Maguire's "Life of Father Mathew."*

THE LATE DR. MALAN.—In the *Musical Pioneer*—a monthly journal published in this city—we find from the pen of the editor an interesting account of a visit made some years ago to Rev. Dr. Malan, at his beautiful home in Geneva. The distinguished divine and linguist is thus described:

"We remember well a visit made to him more than a dozen years ago. He was a man of most venerable aspect; noble in form and feature, his long silvery locks hanging upon his shoulders. He bade us welcome with a benediction, and began to converse in fluent English on the progress of every good cause in various parts of the world. We spoke to him of a son of his, a clergyman of the English Church, of whose extraordinary skill in all the languages of the East we had heard repeatedly in the course of an Oriental tour. 'Yes,' said the doctor, with evident pride, 'when that boy was born, and before he was born, I determined that the language he should use with me should be Latin. I prayed for him in Latin; I received him from the Lord with a blessing in Latin; I baptized him in Latin, and I trained him in the nurture of the Lord in Latin. And now, whenever he comes home, he always talks to me in Latin.'

"When the short hours of our visit were passed, the venerable patriarch attended us to the door, to bid us God-speed. As we lingered to say our farewell, it was beautiful to see the calm benignity of his face, and then to read, just over his head, the inscription which he had carved in deep letters on the stone lintel, over the door:

'*Quant à moi et ma maison nous servirons l'Eternel.*
'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

"Dr. Malan cherished a natural interest in America; for in the wide dispersion of his household, three of his daughters married American clergymen. Of the other two, the husband of one is a native of Holland, of the other an eminent citizen of Edinburgh. Two of his sons are settled in England. Thus, by his family ties, as well as by his Christian sympathies, and his 'gift of tongues,' he was a cosmopolitan, a Catholic in the best sense of the word; by his works and influence also, for of few men of this time can it be said as of him, 'His line is gone out into all the earth, and his words to the ends of the world.'"

ROYAL EXCHANGE IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.—There is at this time a lamentable change from our ancient simplicity. I am much offended at the neglect of the Royal Exchange and the walks appertaining thereunto. This fabric was called the Royal Exchange to express that our monarch's highest glory consists in being the patrons of trade, and is commodious for business. At present it hardly seems set apart for any such purpose. Instead of the assembly of honorable men

chants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of shops, the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of trash, apples, plums; your ragamuffins, rake-shames, and wenches have jostled the greater number of the former out of that place, especially on the evening change; so that, what with the din of squalling, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city absent themselves. I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a beadle. Then the walnut trade is carried on by an old woman within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches are so filthy that no one can sit down; yet the beadles at Christmas have the impudence to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado.—*Spectator*, No. 509.

THE *Saturday Review* is savage on *Daleth* a splendidly illustrated volume on Egypt, recently published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston:

"*Daleth* then, after all, is nothing but another book about Egypt, by an American traveler, certainly very prettily illustrated and got up; but there our praises must end. The matter is such as might have been expected from the absurdity of the title. Mr. Clark writes throughout in an excited sort of style, though, as far as mere style goes, we have certainly seen wilder specimens. But we know very few books where blunders lie thicker on the ground. Mr. Clark prudently avoids giving references; but his text is crowded with names, quotations, and allusions, and, as a general rule, every name, quotation, or allusion is made the occasion for a blunder. It is hard to throw one's self into the position of such a writer as Mr. Clark. The position of the real scholar and that of the mere sight-seer are both of them simple and intelligible. But Mr. Clark belongs to neither class. He must have read a good deal—at least he must have turned over a good many books—to have got together the necessary raw material for his blunders. Such a process implies some desire of knowledge, some trouble laid out in the vain attempt to acquire it, and even something approaching to the nature of thought. How is it that all this brings forth so little result? The philosophy of blundering is really a very curious subject, and might well deserve an essay to itself.

"One thing, however, is plain in the particular case of Mr. Clark. It is evident that all his Egyptian lore was got up for the nonce. Books, authors, princes, are all spoken of in that particular way in which they are spoken of only by those who have just made their acquaintance. We are half inclined to envy Mr. Clark when he shows that some familiar story has still for him all the charms of novelty; still he need hardly have written a book merely to set forth his own gushing feelings. Because things are new to him, he is eager to show off his knowledge of them; but, alas, the sort of knowledge acquired by getting up one's Greek and Latin on purpose for an Egyptian pilgrimage can really come to nothing except such displays as we find in the pages of *Daleth*."

CAN A LAKE HAVE MORE THAN ONE OUTLET?—Lake St. John, in Lower Canada, discharges itself by three outlets into the river Saguenay, first by two branches called the "Grand Décharge," and next by a series of rivers and lakes, which join

the main stream after a course of fifty miles. Herschel, in his *Physical Geography*, certainly recognizes the possibility of a lake having more than one outlet, and gives Lake Yojoa, in Honduras, on the authority of Squier, as an instance. Humboldt, also (*Aspects of Nature*, Sabine's Transl., p. 245, vol. 1), in discussing the origin of the Orinoco, states that Surville's map makes three rivers issue from one lake, and does not allude to this as an impossibility, though it is not the case. If it had been contrary to physical geography, I think he would have said so.—*C. Woodward, R. E., (in Athenæum.)*

THE *Military Gazette* of Vienna copies from the Darmstadt *Allgemeine Militar Zeitung* the following notice complimentary of our American military journal:

"Since the first of October of last year, the United States of North America have possessed a large military newspaper, the *Army and Navy Journal*, etc., published every Saturday by Wm. C. Church, in New-York. It is of folio form, and we know of no military paper which surpasses it in comprehensive range of subjects. Of course, the *Army and Navy Journal* is chiefly occupied with America, and the war in that country absorbs, in one form or another, the greater part of the journal. It not only gives regularly a comprehensive survey of the military situation, but also more or less extended notices of all the events of the war. Particularly interesting are the official reports of the American generals, not only of battles and skirmishes, but of the whole interior economy of the war. Details of new inventions, proposals of improvements, are touched upon by numerous correspondents. The changes in the corps of officers of the army and navy constitute a standing article; to this are added appointments, dismissals, and deaths. The action of Congress in regard to military matters is of course a feature of the paper. A thorough review of the military condition of Europe is also given. It can not be said that the knowledge, the views, the talent for presenting opinions and facts displayed in the columns of this journal, are surpassed in any European military paper. American humbug finds in it a vigilant enemy. But we particularly prize this journal because it gives us a direct view of American military affairs, which hitherto we have been compelled to regard through the partial spectacles of French and English writers."

BIRD TRADE.—There are twenty thousand song-birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New-York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stock of canaries, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October.

It was recently asserted in the French Chambers by a government orator in reply to M. Thiers, that the value of the real property of France was eighty-three thousand millions of francs, or about sixteen thousand six hundred millions of dollars; and of personal property one hundred and twenty thousand millions of francs, or twenty-four thousand millions of dollars. Of these last, seven thousand millions of francs were in moneyed securities.